THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. VI.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

J. BEAUMONT,
G. AND P. FLETCHER,
F. BEAUMONT,
BROWNE,
DAVENANT,
HABINGTON,
SUCKLING,
CARTWRIGHT,
CRASHAW,
SHERBURNE,
BROME,
C. COTTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON: W. OTRIDGE AND SON; LEIGH AND SOTHEBY; R. FAULDER AND SON; G. NICOL AND SON; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; C. DAVIES; T. EGERTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN, J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; R. LEA; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; CLARKE AND SONS; J. WHITE AND CO.; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; J. BARKER; JOHN RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. CARPENTER; B. CROSBY; E. JEFFERY; J. MURRAY; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. BOOKER; S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; J. MACKINLAY; J. HATCHARD; R. H. EVANS; MATTHEWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYNNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON AND SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

1810.

C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer,
Goswell Street, London.

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THE

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

THE

LIFE OF SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

OF this author we have only a very short notice in the last edition of the Biographia Britannica, augmented, however, by the successful researches of Mr. Nichols in his history of Leicestershire, a work to which we shall have occasion to acknowledge yet more substantial obligations, in the life of the dramatic poet of this family.

Sir John Beaumont was the son of Francis Beaumont, one of the judges of the Common Pleas in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and brother of Francis, the dramatic colleague of Fletcher. He was born in 1582 at Grace-dieu, the family seat, in Leicestershire, and admitted a gentleman commoner of Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College) Oxford, the beginning of Lent Term, 1596. After three years' study here, during which he seems to have attached himself most to the poetical classics, he became a member of one of the inns of court, but soon quitted that situation, and returned to Leicestershire, where he married Elizabeth, daughter of John Fortescue, esq.

In 1626, king Charles conferred on him the dignity of a baronet, which sir John survived only two years, dying in the winter of 1628. He is said by Anthony Wood to have been buried at Grace-dieu: but this is a mistake for Belton, as the priory church was not then existing. The cause of his death is obscurely hinted at in the following lines by Drayton:

> Thy care for that, which was not worth thy breath,
> Brought on too soon thy much lamented death.
> But Heav'n was kind, and would not let thee see
> The plagues that must upon this nation be,
> By whom the Muses have neglected been,
> Which shall add weight and measure to their sin.

What these lines imply it is not easy to conjecture. Sir John died at the age of forty-six, almost in the prime of life, and his poetical attempts were the amusement of his young days, which he had relinquished for more serious studies.

He had seven sons and four daughters. Of his sons the most noticeable were John, his successor, the editor of his father's poems, and himself a minor poet: Francis, the author of some verses on his father's poems, who became afterwards a Jesuit: Gervase, who died at seven years old, and was lamented by his father in some very pathetic

verses in the present collection: and Thomas, the third baronet. Sir John, who succeeded his father, is recorded as a man of prodigious bodily strength. He was killed in 1644, at the siege of Gloucester, and dying unmarried, was succeeded in title by his brother Thomas, who, like him, was plundered by the republicans.

Besides the present collection, Wood ascribes to our author a poem in eight books, entitled The Crown of Thorns, and a work under this title is alluded to in Hawkins's commendatory verses, but it has escaped the researches of the poetical collectors.

His other poems were published in 1629, under the title of "Bosworth-field: with a Taste of the Variety of other Poems, left by Sir John Beaumont, Baronet, deceased: set forth by his Sonne, Sir Iohn Beavmont, Baronet; and dedicated to the King's most Excellent Maiestie." They are prefixed by a loyal dedication to the king, and commendatory verses by Thomas Hawkins, the author's sons John and Francis, George Fortescue, the brother of his lady, Ben Jonson, Drayton, &c[1].

Bosworth Field is the most considerable of this collection, and in Mr. Headley's opinion "merits republication for the easy flow of its numbers, and the spirit with which it is written." It certainly contains many original specimens of the heroic style, not exceeded by any of his contemporaries, and the imagery is frequently just and striking. The lines describing the death of the tyrant may be submitted with confidence to the admirers of Shakspeare. Among his lesser poems, a few sparklings of invention may now and then be discovered, and his translations are in general spirited and correct. His verses on the true form of English poetry, addressed to king James I. entitle him to a place among the most judicious critics of his time, and the chaste complexion of the whole shows that to genius he added virtue and delicacy.

[1] The copy used on the present occasion was that which belonged to the late Mr. Isaac Reed, who in a MS. note makes the following remark: "All the copies of this book which I have seen (and I have seen many) want the leaf p. 181." Mr. Nichols, who has likewise had an opportunity to examine some copies, confirms this singularity. A few illustrative notes are now added to the poems, for which the editor is obliged to the historian of Leicestershire. C.

TO

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVERAINE,

I HERE present at the feet of your sacred maiesty these orphan verses, whose author (had hee suruiued) might haue made this gift somewhat more correspondent to so great a patron. I haue only endeauored without art, to set this iewell, and render it apt for your maiesty's acceptance; to which boldness I am led by a filiall duty in performing the will of my father, who, whil'st he liued, did euer intend to your maiesty these poems: poems, in which no obscene sport can bee found (the contrary being too frequent a crime among poets), while these (if not too bold I speake) will challenge your maiestie for their patron, since it is most conuenient, that the purest of poems should be directed to you, the vertuousest & most vntoucht of princes, the delight of Brittaine, and the wonder of Europe; at the altar of whose iudgement, bright erected flames, not troubled fumes, dare approach. To your maiestie must bee directed the most precious off-springs of each Muse, which though they may well bee esteemed starres, yet how can they subsist without the aspect of you their sun? Receiue them, great king, these my father's verses, and let them find

(what his son hath found) your princely clemency. Effect on them (I beseech your maiesty) a kingly worke, giue them life, and withal graciously please to accept the sincere wishes for your felicity, and the humble vowes of,

your maiesty's euer

loyall subiect,

IOHN BEAUMONT.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

AN ELEGY,

TO THE LIUING MEMORY OF HIS DECEASED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, KNIGHT, BARONET.

To tell the world what it hath lost in thee,
Were but in vaine; for such as cannot see,
Would not be grieu'd to heare, the morning light
Should neuer more succeed the gloomy night.
Such onely whom thy vertue made, or found
Worthy to know thee, can receiue this wound:
Of these each man will duly pay his teares
To thy great memory, and when he heares
One fam'd for vertue, he will say, " So blest,
So good, his Beaumont was," and weepe the rest.
If knowledge shall be mention'd, or the arts,
Soone will he reckon vp thy better parts:
At naming of the Muses, he will streight
Tell of thy workes, where sharpe and high conceit,
Cloath'd in sweet verse, giue thee immortall fame,
Whil'st ignorance doth scorne a poet's name:
And then shall his imagination striue,
To keepe thy gratefull memory aliue,
By poems of his owne; for that might bee,
Had he no Muse, by force of knowing thee.
This maketh me (who in the Muses' quire
Sing but a meane) thus boldly to aspire,
To pay sad duties to thy honor'd herse,
With my vnpolish'd lines, and ruder verse.
Yet dreame I not of raysing amongst men
A lasting fame to thee by my fraile pen:
But rather hope, something may liue of me,
(Perhaps this paper) hauing mention'd thee.

THOMAS NEUILL.

AN ELEGY,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

I write not elegies, nor tune my verse,
To waite in mouruing notes vpon thy herse
For vaine applause, or with desire to rank
My slender Muse 'mongst those, who on the bank
Of Aganippe's streame can better sing,
And to their words more sence of sorrow bring.
That stirres my genius, which should excite
Those pow'rfull wits: to doe a pious right
To noble vertue, and by verse conuay
Truth to posterity, and shew the way
By strong example, how in mortall state
We heau'nly worth may loue, and imitate.
Nay, 'twere a great iniustice, not to saue
Him from the ruines of a silent graue,
Who others from their ashes sought to raise,
To weare (giu'n from his hand) eternall bayes.
It is by all confess'd, thy happy straines,
Distill'd from milky streames of natiue veines,
Did like the liuing source of Naso's song,
Flow to the eare, thence gently glide along
Downe to the heart, in notes so heau'nly sweet,
That there the sister-graces seem'd to meet,
And make thy brest their seate for soft retire,
And place from whence they fetch'd Promethean fire,
To kindle other hearts with purest flame
Of modest verse, and vnaffected fame:
While pedant poetasters of this age,
(Who stile their saucy rimes, poëtique rage)
Loose humours vent, and ballad-lines extrude,
Which grieue the wise, captiue the multitude.
And that thy poems might the better take,
Nor with vaine sound, or for the author's sake,
Which often is by seruile spirits tryde,
Whil'st heau'n-bred soules are left vnsatisfyde;
Like to the bee, thou didd'st those flow'rs select,
That most the tastefull palate might affect,
With pious relishes of things diuine,
And discomposed sence with peace combine.
Which (in thy Crown of Thorns) we may discerne,
Fram'd as a modell for the best to learne:
That verse may vertue teach, as well as prose,
And minds with natiue force to good dispose,
Deuotion stirre, and quicken cold desires,
To entertaine the warmth of holy fires.
There may we see thy soule exspaciate,
And with true feruor sweetly meditate
Vpon our Sauiour's sufferings; that while
Thou seek'st his painefull torments to beguile,
With well-tun'd accents of thy zealous song,
Breath'd from a soule transfix'd, a passion strong,
We better knowledge of his woes attaine,
Fall into teares with thee, and then againe,

Rise with thy verse to celebrate the flood
Of those eternall torrents of his blood.
Nor lesse delight (things serious set apart)
Thy sportiue poems yeeld, with heedfull art
Composed so, to minister content,
That though we there thinke onely wit is meant,
We quickly, by a happy errour, find
In cloudy words, cleare lampes to light the mind.
Then blesse that Muse, which, by vntrodden wayes
Pursuing vertue, meetes deserued bayes
To crowne it selfe, and wand'ring soules reduce
From paths of ignorance, and wits abuse;
And may the best of English laureats striue,
Thus, their owne fun'rall ashes to suruiue.

THOMAS HAWKINS.

TO THE WORTHY MUSE OF HIS NOBLE FRIEND,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT,

KNIGHT BARONET.

We doe not vsher forth thy verse with these,
That thine may by our prayse the better please:
That were impertinent, and we too weake,
To adde a grace, where eu'ry line doth speake,
And sweetly eccho out, in this rich store,
All we can any way pretend, and more.
Yet since we stand engag'd, we this make knowne,
Thy layes are vnaffected; free; thine owne;
Thy periods, cleare; expressions, genuine;
Muse most emphaticall; and wit, diuine.

THOMAS HAWKINS.

A CONGRATULATION TO THE MUSES,

FOR THE IMMORTALIZING OF HIS DEARE FATHER, BY THE SACRED VERTUE OF POETRY.

Ye heau'nly sisters, by whose sacred skill,
Sweet sounds are rays'd vpon the forked hill
Of high Parnassus: you, whose tuned strings
Can cause the birds to stay their nimble wings,
And silently admire: before whose feet,
The lambs, as fearelesse, with the lions meet:
You, who the harpe of Orpheus so inspir'd,
That from the Stygian lake he safe retir'd;
You could Amphion's harpe with vertue fill,
That euen the stones were pliant to his will.
To you, you, therefore, I my verse direct,
From whom such beames celestiall can reflect
On that deare author of my life, inspir'd
With heauenly heate, and sacred fury fir'd;
Whose vigour, quencht by death, you now reuiue,
And in this booke conserue him still aliue.
Here liues his better part, here shines that flame,
Which lights the entrance to eternall fame.
These are his triumphs ouer death, this spring
From Aganippe's fountaines he could bring
Cleare from all drosse, through pure intentions drain'd,
His draughts no sensuall waters euer stain'd.
Behold, he doth on euery paper strow
The loyall thoughts he did his sou'raigne owe.
Here rest affections to each nearest friend,
And pious sighs, which noble thoughts attend;
Parnassus him containes, plast in the quire
With poets: what then can we more desire
To haue of him? Perhaps an empty voyce,
While him we wrong with our contentlesse choyce:
To you I this attribute, sisters nine;
For onely you can cause this worke diuine;
By none but you could these bright fires be found;
Prometheus is not from the rocke vnbound;
No Æsculapius still remaines on Earth,
To giue Hippolitus a second birth.
Since then such godlike pow'rs in you remaine,
To worke these wonders, let some soule containe
His spirit of sweet musicke, and infuse
Into some other brest his sparkling Muse.
But you, perhaps, that all your pow'r may speake,
Will chuse to worke on subiects dull and weake:
Chuse me, inspire my frozen brest with heat,
No deed you euer wrought can seeme more great.

IOHN BEAUMONT.

VPON THE FOLLOWING POEMS OF MY DEARE FATHER,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT,

BARONET, DECEASED.

You, who prepare to reade graue Beaumont's verse,
And at your entrance view my lowly straines,
Expect no flatt'ring prayses to reherse,
The rare perfections, which this booke containes.

But onely here in these few lines, behold
The debt which I vnto a parent owe;
Who, though I cannot his true worth vnfold,
May yet at least a due affection show.

For should I striue to decke the vertues high,
Which in these poems (like faire gemmes) appeare;
I might as well adde brightnesse to the skie,
Or with new splendour make the Sunne more cleare.

Since eu'ry line is with such beauties grac'd,
That nothing farther can their prayses sound:
And that deare name which on the front is plac'd,
Declares what ornaments within are found.

That name, I say, in whom the Muses meete,
And with such heate his noble spirit raise,
That kings admire his verse, whil'st at his feete,
Orpheus his harpe, and Phœbus casts his bayes.

Whom, though fierce Death hath taken from our sights,
And caus'd that curious hand to write no more;
Yet maruell not if from the fun'rall rites
Proceed these branches neuer seene before.

For from the corne arise not fruitfull eares,
Except at first the earth receiue the same:
Nor those rich odours which Arabia beares,
Send forth sweet smells, unlesse consum'd with flame.

So from the ashes of this phœnix flye
These off-springs, which with such fresh glory shine;
That whil'st time runneth, he shall neuer dye,
But still be honour'd in this famous shrine:
To which, this verse alone I humbly giue;
He was before: but now begins to liue.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

VPON THESE POEMS OF HIS DEAREST BROTHER,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.

When lines are drawn greater than nature, art
Commands the object and the eye to part,
Bids them to keepe at distance, know their place,
Where to receiue, and where to giue their grace;
I am too neere thee, Beaumont, to define
Which of those lineaments is most diuine,
And to stand farther off from thee, I chuse
In silence rather to applaude thy Muse,
And lose my censure; 'tis enough for mee
To ioy, my pen was taught to moue by thee.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.

ON THE HONORED POEMS OF HIS HONORED FRIEND,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.

This booke will liue; it hath a genius: this
Aboue his reader, or his prayser, is. [pense
Hence, then, prophane: here needs no words' ex-
In bulwarkes, rau'lins, ramparts, for defense,
Such, as the creeping common pioners vse
When they doe sweat to fortifie a Muse.
Though I confesse a Beaumont's booke to bee
The bound, and frontier of our poëtrie;
And doth deserue all muniments of praise,
That art, or ingine, on the strength can raise.
Yet, who dares offer a redoubt to reare?
To cut a dyke? or sticke a stake vp, here,
Before this worke? where Enuy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a battry plac't?
Stay, till she make her vaine approches. Then
If, maymed, she come off, 'tis not of men
This fort of so impregnable accesse,
But higher power, as spight could not make lesse,
Nor flatt'ry! but secur'd, by the author's name,
Defies, what's crosse to piety, or good fame.
And like a hallow'd temple, free from taint
Of ethnicisme, makes his Muse a saint.

BEN. IONSON.

TO THE DEARE REMEMBRANCE OF HIS NOBLE FRIEND,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.

This Posthumus, from the braue parents' name,
Likely to be the heire of so much fame,
Can haue at all no portion by my prayse:
Onely this poor branch of my with'ring bayes
I offer to it; and am very glad,
I yet haue this; which if I better had,
My loue should build an altar, and thereon
Should offer vp such wreaths as long agone,
Those daring Grecians, and proud Romans, crown'd;
Giuing that honour to their most renown'd.
But that braue world is past, and we are light,
After those glorious dayes, into the night
Of these base times, which not one heröe haue,
Onely an empty title, which the graue
Shall soone deuoure; whence it no more shall sound,
Which neuer got vp higher than the ground.
Thy care for that which was not worth thy breath,
Brought on too soone thy much lamented death.
But Heau'n was kind, and would not let thee see
The plagues that must vpon this nation be,
By whom the Muses haue neglected bin,
Which shall adde weight and measure to their sinne;
And haue already had this curse from vs,
That in their pride they should grow barbarous.
There is no splendour, that our pens can giue
By our most labor'd lines, can make thee liue
Like to thine owne, which able is to raise
So lasting pillars to prop vp thy prayse,
As time shall hardly shake, vntill it shall
Ruine those things, that with it selfe must fall.

MI. DRAYTON.

AD POSTHUMUM OPUS D.

IO. BELLO-MONTIJ,

EQUITIS AURATI ET BARONETTI, VIRI NOBLISSIMI,

HENDECASYLLABON.

Lectum discubui; biceps gemello
Parnassus bijugo imminebat: vnde
Fontes desiliunt leues, loquaces;
Pellucent vitreo liquore fontes.
Sudo sub Ioue, sydere & secundo
Discumbo. Teneras rosas pererro
Narcissum, violas odore gratas,
Vnguento Ambrosio has & has refectas.
Quas inter Philomela cantitillat
Præpes, blandula, mellilinguis ales.
Quas inter volitant Apollinesque,
Et Musæ Veneresque mille, mille.
Insomne hoc sibi somnium quid audet?
Altùm effare noëma bello-montis:
Effatum euge! Poëma Bello-montî est
Dium, castalium nitens, politum;
Libatum salibus, lepore tinctum.
Decurrens velut amnis alti monte
Feruet delicijs, ruit profundo
Beaumontus latice. Altiùs resultat
Fertur, nec tenui nec vsitatâ
Pennâ per liquidam ætheram, biformis.
Hic Phœbi deus est, decus cohortis
Summum Palladiæ, iubar sororum,
Ipse & flos Venerum, resurgo; legi.

PH. KEN.

VPON THE HONORED POEMS OF HIS VNKNOWNE FRIEND,

SIR IOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.

I knew thee not, I speake it to my shame:
But by that cleare, and equall voyce of fame,
Which (with the Sunne's bright course) did ioyntly
Thy glorious name about each hemisphere. [beare
Whiles I, who had confin'd my selfe to dwell
Within the straite bounds of an obscure cell,
Tooke in those pleasing beames of wit and worth,
Which, where the Sunne could neuer shine, breake
Wherewith I did refresh my weaker sight, [forth:
When others bath'd themselues in thy full light.
But when the dismall rumour was once spred,
That struck all knowing soules, of Beaumont dead:
Aboue thy best friends 'twas my benefit,
To know thee onely by thy liuing wit;
And whereas others might their losse deplore,
Thou liu'st to me iust as thou didst before.
In all that we can value great or good,
Which were not in these cloathes of flesh and blood,
Thou now hast laid aside, but in that mind,
That onely by it selfe could be confin'd,
Thou liu'st to me, and shalt for euer raine,
In both the issues of thy blood and braine.

IA. OS.

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

THE winter's storme of ciuill warre I sing,
Whose end is crown'd with our eternall spring,
Where roses ioin'd, their colours mixe in one,
And armies fight no more for England's throne.
Thou, gracious Lord, direct my feeble pen,
Who (from the actions of ambitious men)
Hast by thy goodnesse drawne our ioyfull good,
And made sweet flowres and oliues grow from blood,
While we, delighted with this faire release,
May clime Parnassus, in the dayes of peace.
The king (whose eyes were neuer fully clos'd,
Whose minde opprest, with feareful dreames suppos'd,
That he in blood had wallow'd all the night)
Leapes from his restlesse bed, before the light:
Accursed Tirell is the first he spies,
Whom threatning with his dagger, thus he cries.
" How darst thou, villaine, so disturbe my sleepe?
Were not the smother'd children buried deepe?
And hath the ground againe been ript by thee,
That I their rotten carkases might see?"
The wretch, astonisht, hastes away to slide,
(As damned ghosts themselues in darkenesse hide)
And calles vp three, whose counsels could asswage
The sudden swellings of the prince's rage:
Ambitious Louell, who, to gaine his grace,
Had stain'd the honour of his noble race:
Perfidious Catesby, by whose curious skill,
The law was taught to speake his master's will:
And Ratcliffe, deepely learn'd in courtly art,
Who best could search into his sou'raigne's hart:
Affrighted, Richard labours to relate
His hideous dreames, as signes of haplesse fate:
" Alas!" said they, " such fictions children feare,
These are not terrours, shewing danger neare,
But motiues sent by some propitious power,
To make you watchfull at this early hower:
These proue that your victorious care preuents
Your slouthfull foes, that slumber in their tents.
This precious time must not in vaine be spent,
Which God (your helpe) by heau'nly meanes hath lent."
He (by these false coniectures) much appeas'd,
Contemning fancies, which his minde diseas'd,
Replies: " I should haue been asham'd to tell
Fond dreames to wise men: whether Heau'n or Hell,
Or troubled nature, these effects hath wrought:
I know, this day requires another thought,
If some resistlesse strength my cause should crosse,
Feare will increase, and not redeeme the losse;
All dangers, clouded with the mist of feare,
Seeme great farre off, but lessen comming neare.
Away, ye black illusions of the night,
If ye combin'd with Fortune, haue the might
To hinder my designes: ye shall not barre
My courage seeking glorious death in warre."
Thus being chear'd, he calls aloud for armes,
And bids that all should rise, whom Morpheus charmes.
" Bring me," saith he, " the harnesse that I wore
At Teuxbury, which from that day no more
Hath felt the battries of a ciuill strife,
Nor stood betweene destruction and my life."
Vpon his brest-plate he beholds a dint,
Which in that field young Edward's sword did print:
This stirres remembrance of his heinous guilt,
When he that prince's blood so foulely spilt.
Now fully arm'd, he takes his helmet bright,
Which, like a twinkling starre, with trembling light
Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire;
This maske will make his wrinkled visage faire.
But when his head is couer'd with the steele,
He telles his seruants, that his temples feele
Deepe-piercing stings, which breed vnusuall paines,
And of the heauy burden much complaines.
Some marke his words, as tokens fram'd t' expresse
The sharpe conclusion of a sad successe.
Then going forth, and finding in his way
A souldier of the watch, who sleeping lay,
Enrag'd to see the wretch neglect his part,
He strikes a sword into his trembling heart;
The hand of death, and iron dulnesse, takes
Those leaden eyes, which nat'rall ease forsakes:
The king this morning sacrifice commends,
And for example, thus the fact defends:
" I leaue him, as I found him, fit to keepe
The silent doores of euerlasting sleepe."
Still Richmond slept: for worldly care and feare
Haue times of pausing, when the soule is cleare,

While Heau'n's Directer, whose reuengefull brow
Would to the guilty head no rest allow,
Lookes on the other part with milder eyes:
At his command an angel swiftly flies
From sacred Truth's perspicuous gate, to bring
A crystall vision on his golden wing.
This lord, thus sleeping, thought he saw and knew
His lamblike vnkle, whom that tiger slew,
Whose powerfull words encourage him to fight:
"Goe on, iust scourge of murder, vertue's light,
The combate, which thou shalt this day endure,
Makes England's peace for many ages sure:
Thy strong inuasion cannot be withstood,
The Earth assists thee with the cry of blood;
The Heav'n shall blesse thy hopes, and crowne thy ioyes,
See, how the fiends, with loud and dismall noyse,
(Presaging vultures, greedy of their prey)
On Richard's tent their scaly wings display."
The holy king then offer'd to his view
A liuely tree, on which three branches grew:
But when the hope of fruit had made him glad,
All fell to dust: at which the earle was sad;
Yet comfort comes againe, when from the roote
He sees a bough into the north to shoote,
Which, nourisht there, extends it selfe from thence,
And girds this iland with a firme defence:
There he beholds a high and glorious throne,
Where sits a king by lawrell garlands knowne,
Like bright Apollo in the Muses' quires,
His radiant eyes are watchfull heauenly fires;
Beneath his feete pale Enuie bites her chaine,
And snaky Discord whets her sting in vaine.
"Thou seest," said Henry, "wise and potent Iames,
This, this is he, whose happy vnion tames
The sauage feudes, and shall those lets deface,
Which keepe the bordrers from a deare imbrace:
Both nations shall, in Britaine's royall crowne,
Their diffring names, the signes of faction drowne;
The siluer streames which from this spring increase,
Bedew all Christian hearts with drops of peace;
Obscrue how hopefull Charles is borne t' asswage
The winds, that would disturbe this golden age.
When that great king shall full of glory leaue
The Earth as base, then may this prince receiue
The diadem, without his father's wrong,
May take it late, and may possesse it long;
Aboue all Europe's princes shine thou bright,
O God's selected care, and man's delight!"
Here gentle sleepe forsooke his clouded browes,
And full of holy thoughts, and pious vowes,
He kist the ground assoone as he arose,
When watchfull Digby, who among his foes
Had wanderd vnsuspected all the night,
Reports that Richard is prepar'd to fight.
Long since the king had thought it time to send
For trusty Norfolke, his vndaunted friend,
Who, hasting from the place of his abode,
Found at the doore a world of papers strow'd;
Some would affright him from the tyrant's aide,
Affirming that his master was betray'd;
Some laid before him all those bloody deeds,
From which a line of sharpe reuenge proceeds,
With much compassion, that so braue a knight
Should serue a lord, against whom angels fight;
And others put suspicions in his minde,
That Richard, most obseru'd, was most vnkind.
The duke awhile these cautious words reuolues
With serious thoughts, and thus at last resolues:
"If all the campe proue traytors to my lord,
Shall spotlesse Norfolke falsifie his word?
Mine oath is past, I swore t' vphold his crowne,
And that shall swim, or I with it will drowne.
It is too late now to dispute the right;
Dare any tongue, since Yorke spred forth his light,
Northumberland, or Buckingham, defame,
Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumonts, name,
Because they in the weaker quarrell die?
They had the king with them, and so haue I.
But eu'ry eye the face of Richard shunnes,
For that foule murder of his brother's sonnes:
Yet lawes of knighthood gaue me not a sword
To strike at him, whom all with ioynt accord
Haue made my prince, to whom I tribute bring:
I hate his vices, but adore the king.
Victorious Edward, if thy soule can beare
Thy seruant Howard, I deuoutly sweare,
That to haue sau'd thy children from that day,
My hopes on Earth should willingly decay;
Would Glouster then my perfect faith had tryed,
And made two graues, when noble Hastings died."
This said, his troopes he into order drawes,
Then doubled haste redeemes his former pause:
So stops the sayler for a voyage bound,
When on the sea he heares the tempests sound,
Till pressing hunger to remembrance sends,
That on his course his houshold's life depends:
With this he cleares the doubts that vext his minde,
And puts his ship to mercy of the winde.
The duke's stout presence and couragious looke,
Were to the king as falls of sliding brookes,
Which bring a gentle and delightfull rest
To weary eyes, with grieuous care opprest:
He bids that Norfolke and his hopefull sonne
(Whose rising fame in armes this day begun)
Should leade the vantguard: for so great command
He dares not trust in any other hand;
The rest he to his owne aduice referres,
And as the spirit in that body stirres;
Then putting on his crowne, a fatall signe,
(So offer'd beasts neere death in garlands shine)
He rides about the rankes, and striues t' inspire
Each brest with part of his vnwearied fire:
To those who had his brother's seruants been,
And had the wonders of his valour seene,
He saith: "My fellow souldiers, tho' your swords
Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words;
Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes,
In which we treasur'd vp immortall prayse;
If when I seru'd, I euer fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so:
But if my father, when at first he try'd,
How all his sonnes could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle, whose vndazled eyes
Affront the beames which from the steele arise,
And if I now in action teach the same, [name;
Know, then, ye haue but chang'd your gen'rall's
Be still your selues, ye fight against the drosse
Of those, that oft haue runne from you with losse:
How many Somersets, dissention's brands,
Haue felt the force of our reuengefull hands?
From whome this youth, as from a princely floud,
Deriues his best, yet not vntainted bloud:
Haue our assaults made Lancaster to droupe?
And shall this Welshman, with his ragged troupe,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That onely Merlin may be thought diuine?
See, what a guide these fugitiues haue chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,

Forgets the English language, and the ground,
And knowes not what our drums and trumpets sound."
To others' minds their willing oaths he drawes,
He tells his iust decrees, and healthfull lawes,
And makes large proffers of his future grace.
Thus hauing ended, with as chearefull face,
As Nature, which his stepdame still was thought,
Could lend to one, without proportion wrought,
Some, with loud shouting, make the valleyes ring,
But most with murmur sigh, "God saue the king."
Now carefull Henry sends his seruant Bray
To Stanley, who accounts it safe to stay,
And dares not promise, lest his haste should bring
His sonne to death, now pris'ner with the king.
About the same time, Brakenbury came,
And thus to Stanley saith, in Richard's name:
"My lord, the king salutes you, and commands
That to his ayde you bring your ready bands,
Or else he sweares by him that sits on high,
Before the armies ioyne, your sonne shall die."
At this the lord stood, like a man that heares
The iudge's voyce, which condemnation beares;
Till, gath'ring vp his spirits, he replies:
"My fellow Hastings' death hath made me wise,
More than my dreame could him, for I no more
Will trust the tushes of the angry bore;
If with my George's bloud he staine his throne,
I thanke my God, I haue more sonnes than one:
Yet, to secure his life, I quiet stand
Against the king, not lifting vp my hand."
The messenger departs of hope deny'd.
Then noble Stanley, taking Bray aside,
Saith: "Let my sonne proceede, without despaire,
Assisted by his mother's almes, and prayre,
God will direct both him and me to take
Best courses, for that blessed woman's sake."
The earle, by this delay, was not inclin'd
To feare nor anger, knowing Stanley's mind;
But, calling all his chiefe commanders neare,
He boldly speakes, while they attentiue heare:
"It is in vaine, braue friends, to shew the right
Which we are forc'd to seeke by ciuill fight.
Your swords are brandisht in a noble cause,
To free your country from a tyrant's iawes.
What angry planet, what disastrous signe,
Directs Plantagenet's afflicted line?
Ah! was it not enough, that mutuall rage
In deadly battels should this race ingage,
Till by their blowes themselues they fewer make,
And pillers fall, which France could neuer shake?
But must this crooked monster now be found,
To lay rough hands on that vnclosed wound?
His secret plots haue much increast the flood;
He, with his brother's and his nephews' blood,
Hath stain'd the brightnesse of his father's flowres,
And made his owne white rose as red as ours.
This is the day, whose splendour puts to flight
Obscuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
We see no hindrance of those wished times,
But this vsurper, whose depressing crimes
Will driue him from the mountaine where he stands,
So that he needs must fall without our hands.
In this we happy are, that by our armes,
Both Yorke and Lancaster reuenge their harmes.
Here Henry's seruants ioyne with Edward's friends,
And leaue their priuat griefes for publike ends."
Thus ceasing, he implores th' Almightie's grace,
And bids, that euery captaine take his place.
His speach was answer'd with a gen'rall noyse
Of acclamations, doubtlesse signes of ioyes
Which souldiers vtterd, as they forward went,
The sure forerunners of a faire euent:
So when the Winter to the Spring bequeathes
The rule of time, and mild Fauonius breathes,
A quire of swans to that sweete musicke sings,
The ayre resounds the motion of their wings,
When ouer plaines they flie in orderd rankes,
To sport themselues vpon Caïster's bankes.
Bold Oxford leades the vantguard vp amaine,
Whose valiant offers heretofore were vaine,
When he his loue to Lancaster exprest,
But now, with more indulgent fortune blest,
His men he toward Norfolke's quarter drew,
And straight the one the other's ensignes knew;
For they in seu'rall armies were display'd,
This oft in Edward's, that in Henry's ayde:
The sad remembrance of those bloudy fights,
Incenst new anger in these noble knights.
A marish lay betweene, which Oxford leaues
Vpon his right hand, and the Sunne receiues
Behind him, with aduantage of the place;
For Norfolke must endure it on his face,
And yet his men aduance their speares and swords
Against this succour, which the Heau'n affords;
His horse and foote possest the field in length,
While bowmen went before them, for their strength:
Thus marching forth, they set on Oxford's band,
He feares their number, and with strict command,
His souldiers closely to the standard drawes:
Then Howard's troupes, amaz'd, begin to pause;
They doubt the slights of battell, and prepare
To guard their valour with a trench of care.
This sudden stop made warlike Vere more bold,
To see their fury in a moment cold;
His rankes he in a larger forme displayes,
Which all were archers counted in those dayes,
The best of English souldiers, for their skill
Could guide their shafts according to their will;
The feather'd wood they from their bowes let flie,
No arrow fell, but caus'd some man to die:
So painfull bees, with forward gladnesse, striue
To ioyne themselues in throngs before the hiue,
And with obedience till that hour attend,
When their commander shall his watchword send:
Then to the winds their tender sailes they yield,
Depresse the flowres, depopulate the field:
Wise Norfolke, to auoyde these shafts the more,
Contriues his battaile thin, and sharpe before;
He thus attempts to pierce into the hart,
And breake the orders of the aduerse part:
As when the cranes direct their flight on high,
To cut their way, they in a trigon flie,
Which pointed figure may with ease diuide
Opposing blasts, through which they swiftly glide.
But now the wings make haste to Oxford's ayde,
The left by valiant Sauage was display'd;
His lusty souldiers were attir'd in white,
They moue like drifts of snow, whose sudden fright
Constraines the weary passenger to stay,
And, beating on his face, confounds his way.
Braue Talbot led the right, whose grandsire's name
Was his continuall spurre to purchase fame:
Both these rusht in, while Norfolke, like a wall,
Which, oft with engines crackt, disdaines to fall,
Maintaines his station by defensiue fight,
Till Surrey pressing forth, with youthfull might,
Sends many shadowes to the gates of Death.
When dying mouths had gaspt forth purple breath,

His father followes: age and former paines
Had made him slower, yet he still retaines
His ancient vigour; and with much delight
To see his sonne do maruailes in his sight,
He seconds him, and from the branches cleaues
Those clusters, which the former vintage leaues.
Now Oxford flyes (as lightning) thro' his troupes,
And with his presence cheares the part that
droupes:
His braue endeuours Surrey's force restraine
Like bankes, at which the ocean stormes in vaine.
The swords and armours shine as sparkling coales,
Their clashing drownes the grones of parting soules;
The peacefull neighbours, who had long desir'd
To find the causes of their feare expir'd,
Are newly grieu'd, to see this scarlet flood,
And English ground bedew'd with English blood.
Stout Rice and Herbert leade the power of Wales,
Their zeale to Henry moues the hills and dales
To sound their country-man's beloued name,
Who shall restore the British off-spring's fame;
These make such slaughter with their glaues and
hooks,
That carefull bardes may fill their precious bookes
With prayses, which from warlike actions spring,
And take new themes, when to their harpes they
sing.
Besides these souldiers borne within this ile,
We must not of their part the French beguile,
Whom Charles for Henry's succour did prouide,
A lord of Scotland, Bernard, was their guide,
A blossome of the Stuarts' happy line,
Which is on Britaine's throne ordain'd to shine:
The Sun, whose rayes the Heau'n with beauty
crowne,
From his ascending, to his going downe,
Saw not a brauer leader in that age;
And Bosworth field must be the glorious stage,
In which this northerne eagle learnes to flie,
And tries those wings, which after rayse him high,
When he, beyond the snowy Alpes renown'd,
Shall plant French lillies in Italian ground;
And cause the craggy Apennine to know,
What fruits on Caledonian mountaines grow.
Now in this ciuill warre, the troupes of France
Their banners dare on English ayre aduance,
And on their launces' points destruction bring
To fainting seruants of the guilty king;
When heretofore they had no powre to stand
Against our armies in their natiue land,
But melting fled, as wax before the flame,
Dismay'd with thunder of Saint George's name.
Now Henry with his vnkle Pembroke moues,
The rereward on, and Stanley then approues
His loue to Richmond's person, and his cause,
He from his army of three thousand drawes
A few choyse men, and bids the rest obay
His valiant brother, who shall proue this day
As famous as great Warwick, in whose hand
The fate of England's crowne was thought to stand:
With these he closely steales to helpe his friend,
While his maine forces stirre not, but attend
The younger Stanley, and to Richard's eye
Appeare not parties, but as standers by.
Yet Stanley's words so much the king incense,
That he exclaimes: "This is a false pretense:
His doubtfull answere shall not saue his sonne,
Yong Strange shall die: see, Catesby, this be done."
Now like a lambe, which taken from the folds,
The slaughter-man with rude embraces holds,
And for his throte prepares a whetted knife,
So goes this harmelesse lord to end his life;
The axe is sharpen'd, and the block prepar'd,
But worthy Ferrers equall portion shar'd
Of griefe and terrour which the pris'ner felt,
His tender eyes in teares of pity melt,
And hasting to the king, he boldly said:
"My lord, too many bloody staines are laid
By enuious tongues vpon your peacefull raigne;
O may their malice euer speake in vaine!
Afford not this aduantage to their spite,
None should be kill'd to day, but in the fight:
Your crowne is strongly fixt, your cause is good;
Cast not vpon it drops of harmelesse blood;
His life is nothing, yet will dearely cost,
If, while you seek it, we perhaps haue lost
Occasions of your conquest: thither flie,
Where rebels arm'd, with cursed blades shall die,
And yeeld in death to your victorious awe:
Let naked hands be censur'd by the law."
Such pow'r his speech and seemely action hath,
It mollifies the tyrant's bloody wrath,
And he commands, that Strange's death be stay'd.
The noble youth (who was before dismay'd
At death's approching sight) now sweetly cleares
His cloudy sorrowes, and forgets his feares:
As when a steare to burning altars led,
Expecting fatall blowes to cleaue his head,
Is by the priest, for some religious cause,
Sent backe to liue, and now in quiet drawes
The open ayre, and takes his wonted food,
And neuer thinkes how neere to death he stood.
The king, though ready, yet his march delayd,
To haue Northumberland's expected ayde.
To him industrious Ratcliffe swiftly hies;
But Percy greets him thus: "My troubled eyes
This night beheld my father's angry ghost,
Aduising not to ioyne with Richard's host:
'Wilt thou,' said he, 'so much obscure my shield,
To beare mine azure lion in the field
With such a gen'rall? Aske him, on which side
His sword was drawne, when I at Towton died.'"
When Richard knew that both his hopes were
He forward sets with cursing and disdaine, [vaine,
And cries: "Who would not all these lords detest?
When Percy changeth, like the Moone, his crest."
This speech the heart of noble Ferrers rent:
He answers: "Sir, though many dare repent,
That which they cannot now without your wrong,
And onely grieue they haue been true too long,
My brest shall neuer beare so foule a staine;
If any ancient blood in me remaine,
Which from the Norman conqu'rours tooke descent,
It shall be wholly in your seruice spent;
I will obtaine to day, aline or dead,
The crownes that grace a faithfull souldier's head."
"Blest be thy tongue," replies the king, "in thee
The strength of all thine ancestors I see,
Extending warlike armes for England's good,
By thee their heire, in valour as in blood."
But here we leaue the king, and must reuiew
Those sonnes of Mars, who cruell blades imbrue
In riuers, sprung from hearts that bloodlesse lie,
And staine their shining armes in sanguine die.
Here valiant Oxford and fierce Norfolke meet,
And with their speares each other rudely greete;
About the ayre the shiuered pieces play,
Then on their swords their noble hands they lay,
And Norfolke first a blow directly guides
To Oxford's head, which from his helmet slides

Vpon his arme, and, biting through the steele,
Inflicts a wound, which Vere disdaines to feele;
He lifts his fauchion with a threatning grace,
And hewes the beuer off from Howard's face.
This being done, he, with compassion charm'd,
Retires, asham'd to strike a man disarm'd:
But straight a deadly shaft, sent from a bow,
(Whose master, though farre off, the duke could know)
Vntimely brought this combat to an end,
And pierc'd the braine of Richard's constant friend.
When Oxford saw him sinke, his noble soule
Was full of griefe, which made him thus condole:
"Farewell, true knight, to whom no costly graue
Can giue due honour: would my teares might saue
Those streames of blood, deseruing to be spilt
In better seruice: had not Richard's guilt
Such heauy weight vpon his fortune laid,
Thy glorious vertues had his sinnes outwaigh'd."
Couragious Talbot had with Surrey met,
And after many blowes begins to fret,
That one so young in armes should thus, vnmou'd,
Resist his strength, so oft in warre approu'd.
And now the earle beholds his father fall;
Whose death like horrid darknesse frighted all:
Some giue themselues as captiues, others flie,
But this young lion casts his gen'rous eye
On Mowbray's lion, painted in his shield,
And with that king of beasts repines to yeeld:
"The field," saith he, "in which the lion stands,
Is blood, and blood I offer to the hands
Of daring foes; but neuer shall my flight
Die blacke my lion, which as yet is white."
His enemies (like cunning huntsmen) striue
In binding snares, to take their prey aliue,
While he desires t' expose his naked brest,
And thinkes the sword that deepest strikes is best.
Young Howard single with an army fights,
When, mou'd with pitie, two renowned knights,
Strong Clarindon, and valiant Coniers, trie
To rescue him, in which attempt they die;
For Sauage, red with blood of slaughter'd foes,
Doth them in midst of all his troopes inclose,
Where, though the captaine for their safetie striues,
Yet baser hands deprive them of their liues.
Now Surrey fainting, scarce his sword can hold,
Which made a common souldier grow so bold,
To lay rude hands vpon that noble flower;
Which he disdaigning, (anger giues him power)
Erects his weapon with a nimble round,
And sends the peasant's arme to kisse the ground.
This done, to Talbot he presents his blade,
And saith: "It is not hope of life hath made
This my submission, but my strength is spent,
And some, perhaps of villaine blood, will vent
My weary soule. this fauour I demand,
That I may die by your victorious hand."
"Nay, God forbid that any of my name,"
Quoth Talbot, "should put out so bright a flame
As burnes in thee, braue youth! where thou hast
It was thy father's fault, since he preferr'd [err'd,
A tyrant's crowne before the iuster side."
The earle, still mindfull of his birth, replied:
"I wonder, Talbot, that thy noble hart
Insults on ruines of the vanquisht part:
We had the right, if now to you it flow,
The fortune of your swords hath made it so:
I neuer will my lucklesse choyce repent,
Nor can it staine mine honour or descent;
Set England's royall wreath vpon a stake,
There will I fight, and not the place forsake:
And if the will of God hath so dispos'd,
That Richmond's brow be with the crowne inclos'd,
I shall to him, or his, giue doubtlesse signes,
That duty in my thoughts, not faction, shines."
The earnest souldiers still the chase pursue:
But their commanders grieue they should imbrue
Their swords in blood which springs from English veines,
The peacefull sound of trumpets them restraines
From further slaughter, with a milde retreat
To rest contented in this first defeate.
The king intended, at his setting out,
To helpe his vantguard, but a nimble scout
Runnes crying: "Sir, I saw not farre from hence,
Where Richmond houers with a small defence,
And, like one guilty of some heynous ill,
Is couer'd with the shade of yonder hill."
The rauen, almost famisht, ioyes not more,
When restlesse billowes tumble to the shore
A heap of bodies shipwrackt in the seas,
Than Richard with these newes himselfe doth [please:
He now diuerts his course another way,
And, with his army led in faire array,
Ascends the rising ground, and taking view
Of Henry's souldiers, sees they are but few:
Imperiall courage fires his noble brest,
He sets a threatning speare within his rest,
Thus saying: "All true knights, on me attend,
I soone will bring this quarrell to an end:
If none will follow, if all faith be gone,
Behold, I goe to try my cause alone."
He strikes his spurres into his horse's side,
With him stout Louell and bold Ferrers ride;
To them braue Ratcliffe, gen'rous Clifton, haste,
Old Brakenbury scornes to be the last:
As borne with wings, all worthy spirits flye,
Resolu'd for safety of their prince to dye;
And Catesby to this number addes his name,
Though pale with feare, yet ouercomne with shame.
Their boldnesse Richmond dreads not, but admires;
He sees their motion like to rolling fires,
Which by the winde along the fields are borne
Amidst the trees, the hedges, and the corne,
Where they the hopes of husbandmen consume,
And fill the troubled ayre with dusky fume.
Now as a carefull lord of neighb'ring grounds,
He keepes the flame from entring in his bounds,
Each man is warn'd to hold his station sure,
Prepar'd with courage strong assaults t' endure:
But all in vaine, no force, no warlike art,
From sudden breaking can preserue that part,
Where Richard like a dart from thunder falles:
His foes giue way, and stand as brazen walles
On either side of his inforced path,
While he neglects them, and reserues his wrath
For him whose death these threatning clouds would cleare,
Whom now with gladnes he beholdeth neere,
And all those faculties together brings,
Which moue the soule to high and noble things.
Eu'n so a tyger, hauing follow'd long
The hunter's steps that robb'd her of her young:
When first she sees him, is by rage inclin'd
Her steps to double, and her teeth to grind.
Now horse to horse, and man is ioyn'd to man,
So strictly, that the souldiers hardly can
Their aduersaries from their fellowes know:
Here each braue champion singles out his foe.

In this confusion Brakenbury meetes
With Hungerford, and him thus foulely greetes:
"Ah, traytor! false in breach of faith and loue,
What discontent could thee and Bourchier moue,
Who had so long my fellowes been in armes,
To flie to rebels? What seducing charmes
Could on your clouded minds such darknesse bring,
To serue an out-law, and neglect the king?"
With these sharpe speeches Hungerford, enrag'd,
T' vphold his honour, thus the battaile wag'd:
"Thy doting age," saith he, "delights in words,
But this aspersion must be try'd by swords."
Then leauing talke, he by his weapon speakes,
And driues a blow, which Brakenbury breakes,
By lifting vp his left hand, else the steele
Had pierc'd his burgonet, and made him feele
The pangs of death: but now the fury fell
Vpon the hand that did the stroke repell,
And cuts so large a portion of the shield,
That it no more can safe protection yeeld.
Bold Hungerford disdaines his vse to make
Of this aduantage, but doth straight forsake
His massy target, render'd to his squire,
And saith: "Let cowards such defence desire."
This done, these valiant knights dispose their [blades,
And still the one the other's face inuades;
Till Brakenbury's helmet giuing way
To those fierce strokes that Hungerford doth lay,
Is brus'd and gapes, which Bourchier, fighting [beare,
neare,
Perceiues, and cries: "Braue Hungerford, for-
Bring not those siluer haires to timelesse end,
He was, and may be once againe, our friend."
But, oh! too late! the fatall blow was sent
From Hungerford, which he may now repent,
But not recall, and digges a mortall wound
In Brakenbury's head, which should be crown'd
With precious metals, and with bayes adorn'd
For constant truth appearing, when he scorn'd
To staine his hand in those young princes' blood,
And like a rocke amidst the ocean stood
Against the tyrant's charmes and threats vnmou'd,
Tho' death declares how much he Richard lou'd.
Stout Ferrers aimes to fixe his mighty launce
In Pembroke's heart, which on the steele doth glaunce,
And runnes in vaine the empty ayre to presse:
But Pembroke's speare, obtaining wisht successe,
Through Ferrers' brest-plate and his body sinkes,
And vitall blood from inward vessels drinkes.
Here Stanley, and braue Louel, trie their strength,
Whose equall courage drawes the strife to length;
They thinke not how they may themselues defend,
To strike is all their care, to kill their end.
So meete two bulls vpon adioyning hills
Of rocky Charnwood, while their murmur fills
The hollow crags, when, striuing for their bounds,
They wash their piercing hornes in mutuall wounds.

If, in the midst of such a bloody fight,
The name of friendship be not thought too light,
Recount, my Muse, how Byron's faithfull loue
To dying Clifton did it selfe approue:
For Clifton, fighting brauely in the troope,
Receiues a wound, and now begins to droope:
Which Byron seeing, though in armes his foe,
In heart his friend, and hoping that the blow
Had not been mortall, guards him with his shield
From second hurts, and cries: "Deare Clifton, yeeld;
Thou hither cam'st, led by sinister fate,
Against my first aduice; yet now, though late,
Take this my counsel." Clifton thus replied:
"It is too late, for I must now prouide
To seeke another life: liue thou, sweet friend,
And when thy side obtaines a happy end,
Vpon the fortunes of my children looke,
Remember what a solemne oath we tooke,
That he whose part should proue the best in fight,
Would with the conqu'rour trie his vtmost might,
To saue the other's lands from rau'nous pawes,
Which seaze on fragments of a lucklesse cause.
My father's fall our house had almost drown'd,
But I by chance aboord in shipwracke found.
May neuer more such danger threaten mine:
Deale thou for them, as I would doe for thine."
This said, his senses faile, and pow'rs decay,
While Byron calles: "Stay, worthy Clifton, stay!
And heare my faithfull promise once againe,
Which, if I breake, may all my deeds be vaine."
But now he knowes, that vitall breath is fled,
And neediesse words are vtter'd to the dead;
Into the midst of Richard's strength he flies,
Presenting glorious acts to Henry's eyes,
And for his seruice he expects no more
Than Clifton's sonne from forfeits to restore.

While Richard, bearing downe with eager mind
The steps by which his passage was confin'd,
Laies hands on Henrie's standard as his prey,
Strong Brandon bore it, whom this fatall day
Markes with a blacke note, as the onely knight,
That on the conqu'ring part forsakes the light.
But Time, whose wheeles with various motion runne,
Repayes this seruice fully to his sonne,
Who marries Richmond's daughter, borne betweene
Two royall parents, and endowed a queene.
When now the king perceiues that Brandon striues
To saue his charge, he sends a blow that riues
His skull in twaine, and, by a gaping hole,
Giues ample scope to his departing soule;
And thus insults: "Accursed wretch, farewell!
Thine ensignes now may be display'd in Hell!
There thou shalt know, it is an odious thing,
To let thy banner flie against thy king."
With scorn he throwes the standard to the ground,
When Cheney, for his height and strength renown'd,
Steps forth to couer Richmond, now expos'd
To Richard's sword: the king with Cheney clos'd,
And to the earth this mighty giant fell'd.
Then like a stag, whom fences long with-held
From meddowes, where the spring in glory raignes,
Now hauing leuell'd those vnpleasing chaines,
And treading proudly on the vanquisht flowres,
He in his hopes a thousand ioyes deuoures:
For now no pow'r to crosse his end remaines,
But onely Henry, whom he neuer daines
To name his foe, and thinkes he shall not braue
A valiant champion, but a yeelding slaue.
Alas! how much deceiu'd, when he shall find
An able body and couragious minde:
For Richmond boldly doth himselfe oppose
Against the king, and giues him blowes for blowes,
Who now confesseth, with an angry frowne,
His riuall not vnworthy of the crowne.

The younger Stanley then no longer staid,
The earle in danger needs his present aide,
Which he performes as sudden as the light,
His comming turnes the ballance of the fight.

So threatning clouds, whose fall the ploughmen feare,
Which long vpon the mountaine's top appeare,
Dissolue at last, and vapours then distill
To watry showres that all the valleys fill.
The first that saw this dreadfull storme arise,
Was Catesby, who to Richard loudly cries:
"No way but swift retreate your life to saue,
It is no shame with wings t' auoide the graue."
This said, he trembling turnes himselfe to flie,
And dares not stay to heare the king's replie,
Who, scorning his aduice as foule and base,
Returnes this answer with a wrathfull face:
"Let cowards trust their horses' nimble feete,
And in their course with new destruction meete;
Gaine thou some houres to draw thy fearefull breath:
To me ignoble flight is worse than death."
But at th' approach of Stanley's fresh supply,
The king's side droopes: so gen'rous horses lie
Vnapt to stirre, or make their courage knowne,
Which vnder cruell masters sinke and grone.
There at his prince's foote stout Ratcliffe dies;
Not fearing, but despairing, Louell flies,
For he shall after end his weary life
In not so faire, but yet as bold a strife.
The king maintaines the fight, though left alone:
For Henrie's life he faine would change his owne,
And as a lionesse, which compast round
With troopes of men, receiues a smarting wound
By some bold hand, though hinder'd and opprest
With other speares, yet slighting all the rest,
Will follow him alone that wrong'd her first:
So Richard, pressing with reuengefull thirst,
Admits no shape but Richmond's to his eye;
And would in triumph on his carcase die:
But that great God, to whom all creatures yeeld,
Protects his seruant with a heau'nly shield;
His pow'r, in which the earle securely trusts,
Rebates the blowes, and falsifies the thrusts.
The king growes weary, and begins to faint,
It grieues him that his foes perceiue the taint:
Some strike him, that till then durst not come neare,
With weight and number they to ground him beare,
Where trampled down, and hew'd with many swords,
He softly vtter'd these his dying words:
"Now strength no longer fortune can withstand,
I perish in the center of my land."
His hand he then with wreathes of grasse infolds,
And bites the earth, which he so strictly holds,
As if he would haue borne it with him hence,
So loth he was to lose his right's pretence.

AN

EXPRESSION OF SIBYLL'S ACROSTICHS.

I n signe that iudgement comes, the Earth shall sweat:
E xpected times, behold the Prince, whose might
S hall censure all within his kingdome great:
V ntrue and faithfull shall approach his sight,
S hall feare this God, by his high glory knowne,
C ombin'd with flesh, and compast with his saints,
H is words diuiding soules before his throne,
R edeeme the world from thornes and barren taints.
I n vaine then mortals leaue their wealth, and sinne:
S trong force the stubborne gates of Hell shall tame:
T he saints, though dead, shall light and freedome winne:
S o thriue not wicked men, with wrathfull flame
O pprest, whose beames can search their words and deeds,
N o darkesome brest can couer base desires,
N ew sorrow, gnashing teeth, and wailing breeds;
E xempt from sunny rayes, or starry quires,
O Heau'n, thou art roll'd vp, the Moone shall die,
F rom vales he takes their depth, from hilles their height,
G reat men no more are insolent and high:
O n seas no nimble ships shall carry weight:
D ire thunder, arm'd with heat, the Earth confounds,
S weet springs and bubbling streames their course restraine,
A heau'nly trumpet sending dolefull sounds,
V pbraydes the world's misdeeds, and threatens paine,
I n gaping Earth infernall depths are seene;
O ur proudest kings are summon'd by his call
V nto his seate, from Heau'n with anger keene
R euengefull floods of fire and brimstone fall.

VIRGIL. ECLOG. IV.

Cicilian Muses, sing we greater things,
All are not pleas'd with shrubs and lowly springs,
More fitly to the consull woods belong.
Now is fulfild Cumæan Sibyl's song,
Long chaines of better times begin againe,
The Maide returnes, and brings backe Saturne's raigne;
New progenies from lofty Heau'n descend:
Thou, chaste Lucina, be this infant's friend,
Whose birth the dayes of ir'n shall quite deface,
And through the world the golden age shall place:
Thy brother Phœbus weares his potent crowne,
And thou (O Pollio!) know thy high renowne,
Thy consulship this glorious change shall breed,
Great months shall then endeuour to proceed:
Thy rule the steps of threatning sinne shall cleare,
And free the Earth from that perpetuall feare:
He with the gods shall liue, and shall behold,
With heauenly spirits noble soules enroll'd,
And seene by them shall guide this worldly frame,
Which to his hand his father's strength doth tame.
To thee (sweet child) the earth brings natiue dowres,
The wandring iuy, with faire bacchar's flowres,
And colocasia sprung from Egypt's ground,
With smiling leaues of greene acanthus crown'd;
The gotes their swelling vdders home shall beare,
The droues no more shall mighty lions feare;
For thee thy cradle pleasing flowres shall bring,
Imperious Death shall blunt the serpent's sting,
No herbes shall with deceitfull poyson flow,
And sweet amomum cu'ry where shall grow.
But when thou able art to reade the facts
Of worthies, and thy father's famous acts,
To know what glories Vertue's name adorne,
The fields to ripenesse bring the tender corne;

Ripe grapes depend on carelesse brambles' tops,
Hard oakes sweat hony, form'd in dewy drops.
Yet some few steps of former fraudes remaine,
Which men to trie, the sea with ships constraine,
With strengthning walles their cities to defend,
And on the ground long furrowes to extend,
A second Tiphys, and new Argo then,
Shall leade to braue exploits the best of men,
The warre of Troy that towne againe shall burne,
And great Achilles thither shall returne.
But when firme age a perfect man thee makes,
The willing sayler straight the seas forsakes,
The pine no more the vse of trade retaines,
Each countrie breeds all fruits, the earth disdaines
The harrowe's weight, and vines the sickle's strokes;
Strong ploughmen let their bulls go free from yokes,
Wooll feares not to dissemble colours strange,
But rammes their fleeces then in pastures change
To pleasing purple or to saffron die,
And lambes turne ruddy, as they feeding lie.
The Fates, whose wills in stedfast end agree,
Command their wheeles to run, such daies to see.
Attempt great honours, now the time attends,
Deare childe of gods, whose line from Ioue descends.
See how the world with weight declining lies;
The earth, the spacious seas, and arched skies:
Behold againe, how these their griefe asswage
With expectation of the future age:
O that my life and breath so long would last
To tell thy deeds! I should not be surpast
By Thracian Orpheus, nor if Linus sing,
Though they from Phœbus and the Muses spring:
Should Pan (Arcadia iudging) striue with me,
Pan by Arcadia's doome would conquer'd be.
Begin, thou little childe; by laughter owne
Thy mother, who ten months hath fully knowne
Of tedious houres: begin, thou little childe,
On whom as yet thy parents neuer smil'd,
The god with meate hath not thy hunger fed,
Nor goddesse laid thee in a little bed.

AN EPIGRAM CONCERNING MAN'S LIFE,

COMPOSED BY CRATES, OR POSIDIPPUS.

What course of life should wretched mortals take?
In courts, hard questions, large contention make,
Care dwels in houses, labour in the field,
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yeeld.
In forraine lands thou neuer canst be blest;
If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.
In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell:
Vnmarried persons, as in desarts dwell.
How many troubles are with children borne?
Yet he that wants them, counts himselfe forlorne.
Young men are wanton, and of wisedome void:
Gray haires are cold, vnfit to be imploid.
Who would not one of these two offers choose:
Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose?

THE ANSWER OF METRODORUS.

In euery way of life, true pleasure flowes,
Immortall fame, from publike action growes:
Within the doores is found appeasing rest;
In fields, the gifts of Nature are exprest.
The sea brings gaine, the rich abroad prouide
To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide:
All housholds best are govern'd by a wife;
His cares are light, who leades a single life.
Sweet children are delights, which marriage blesse:
He that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the lesse.
Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds:
Old age the soule with pious motion feeds.
All states are good, and they are falsly led,
Who wish to be vnborne, or quickly dead.

HORAT. LIB. II. SAT. VI.

This was my wish: no ample space of ground,
T' include my garden with a mod'rate bound,
And neere my house a fountaine neuer dry,
A little wood, which might my wants supply:
The gods haue made me blest with larger store:
It is sufficient, I desire no more,
O sonne of Maia! but this grant alone,
That quiet vse may make these gifts mine owne.
If I increase them by no lawlesse way,
Nor through my fault will cause them to decay;
If not to these fond hopes my thoughts decline,
O that this ioyning corner could be mine,
Which with disgrace deformes and maimes my field;
Or Fortune would a pot of siluer yeeld,
(As vnto him who, being hir'd to worke,
Discouer'd treasure, which in mold did lurke,
And bought the land, which he before had till'd,
Since friendly Hercules his bosome fill'd)
If I with thankfull minde these blessings take,
Disdaine not this petition which I make.
Let fat in all things, but my wit, be seene,
And be my safest guard as thou hast been.
When from the citty I my selfe remoue
Vp to the hills, as to a towre aboue,
I find no fitter labours, nor delights,
Than Satyres, which my lowly Muse indites:
No foule ambition can me there expose
To danger, nor the leaden wind that blowes
From southerne parts, nor Autumne's grieuous raine,
Whence bitter Libitina reapes her gaine.
O father of the morning's purple light!
Or if thou rather would'st be Ianus' hight,
From whose diuine beginning mortalls draw
The paines of life, according to the law,
Which is appointed by the gods' decree,
Thou shalt the entrance of my verses be.
At Rome thou driu'st me, as a pledge to goe,
That none himselfe may more officious show.
Although the fury of the northerne blast
Shall sweepe the earth; or Winter's force hath cast
The snowy day into a narrow sphere,
I must proceede, and hauing spoken cleare
And cirtaine truth, must wrestle in the throng,
Where, by my haste, the slower suffer wrong,
And crie, "What ayles the mad man? whither tend
His speedy steps?" while mine imperious friend
Intreates, and chafes, admitting no delay,
And I must beate all those that stop my way.
The glad remembrance of Mecænas lends
A sweete content: but when my iourney bends
To blacke Esquiliæ, there a hundred tides
Of strangers' causes presse my head and sides.
"You must, before the second houre, appeare
In court to morrow, and for Roscius sweare.
The scribes desire you would to them repaire,
About a publike, great, and new affaire,
Procure such fauour from Mecænas' hand,
As that his scale may on this paper stand."

I answer, " I will trie:" he vrgeth still.
" I know you can performe it, if you will."
Seu'n yeeres are fled, the eighth is almost gone,
Since first Mecænas tooke me for his owne,
That I with him might in his chariot sit,
And onely then would to my trust commit
Such toyes as these: What is the time of day?
The Thracian is the Syrian's match in play.
Now carelesse men are nipt with morning cold:
And words which open eares may safely hold.
In all this space for eu'ry day and houre
I grew more subiect to pale Enuie's pow'r.
This sonne of Fortune to the stage resorts,
And with the fau'rite in the field disports.
Fame from the pulpits runnes thro' eu'ry streete,
And I am strictly askt by all I meete:
" Good sir, (you needes must know, for you are
Vnto the gods) doe you no tidings heare [neare
Concerning Dacian troubles?" " Nothing I."
" You alwayes loue your friends with scoffes to try."
" If I can tell, the gods my life confound."
" But where will Cæsar giue his souldiers ground,
In Italie, or the Trinacrian ile?"
I sweare I know not: they admire the while,
And thinke me full of silence, graue and deepe,
The onely man that should high secrets keepe;
For these respects (poore wretch) I lose the light,
And longing thus repine: " When shall my sight
Againe bee happy in beholding thee,
My countrey farme? or when shall I be free
To reade in bookes what ancient writers speake,
To rest in sleepe, which others may not breake,
To taste (in houres secure from courtly strife)
The soft obliuion of a carefull life?
O when shall beanes vpon my boord appeare,
Which wise Pythagoras esteem'd so deare?
Or when shall fatnesse of the lard anoint
The herbes, which for my table I appoint?
O suppers of the gods! O nights diuine!
When I before our Lar might feast with mine,
And feede my prating slaues with tasted meate,
As eu'ry one should haue desire to eate."
The frolike guest, not bound with heauy lawes,
The liquor from vnequall measures drawes:
Some, being strong, delight in larger draughts,
Some call for lesser cups to cleere their thoughts.
Of others house and lands no speaches grow,
Nor whether Lepos danceth well or no.
We talke of things which to our selues pertaine,
Which not to know would be a sinfull staine.
Are men by riches or by vertue blest?
Of friendship's ends is vse or right the best?
Of good what is the nature, what excells?
My neighbour Ceruius old wiues fables tells:
When any one Arellius' wealth admires,
And little knowes what troubles it requires,
He thus beginnes: " Long since a countrey mouse
Receau'd into his low and homely house
A citty mouse, his friend and guest before;
The host was sharpe and sparing of his store,
Yet much to hospitality inclin'd:
For such occasions could dilate his mind.
He chiches giues for winter layd aside,
Nor are the long and slender otes deny'd:
Dry grapes he in his lib'rall mouth doth beare,
And bits of bacon, which halfe eaten were:
With various meates to please the stranger's pride,
Whose dainty teeth through all the dishes slide.
The father of the family in straw
Lies stretcht along, disdaigning not to gnaw
Base corne or darnell, and reserues the best,
To make a perfect banquet for his guest.
To him at last the citizen thus spake:
' My friend, I muse what pleasure thou canst take,
Or how thou canst endure to spend thy time
In shady groues and vp steepe hills to clime.
In sauage forrests build no more thy den:
Goe to the city, there to dwell with men.
Begin this happy iourney; trust to me,
I will thee guide, thou shalt my fellow be.
Since earthly things are ty'd to mortall liues,
And eu'ry great and little creature striues,
In vaine, the certaine stroke of death to flie,
Stay not till moments past thy ioyes denie.
Liue in rich plenty and perpetuall sport:
Liue euer mindfull, that thine age is short.'
The rauisht field mouse holds these words so sweet,
That from his home he leapes with nimble feet.
They to the citie trauaile with delight,
And vnderneath the walles they creepe at night.
Now darknesse had possest Heau'n's middle space,
When these two friends their weary steps did place
Within a wealthy palace, where was spred
A scarlet cou'ring on an iu'ry bed:
The baskets (set farre off aside) contain'd
The meates, which after plenteous meales remain'd:
The citie mouse with courtly phrase intreates
His country friend to rest in purple seates;
With ready care the master of the feast
Runnes vp and downe to see the store increast:
He all the duties of a seruant showes,
And tastes of eu'ry dish that he bestowes.
The poore plaine mouse, exalted thus in state,
Glad of the change, his former life doth hate,
And striues in lookes and gesture to declare
With what contentment he receiues this fare.
But straight the sudden creaking of a doore
Shakes both these mice from beds into the floore.
They runne about the roome halfe dead with feare,
Through all the house the noise of dogs they heare,
The stranger now counts not the place so good,
He bids farewell, and saith, ' The silent wood
Shall me hereafter from these dangers saue,
Well pleas'd with simple vetches in my caue.'"

HORAT. CARM. LIB. III. OD. XXIX.

MECÆNAS, (sprung from Tuscan kings) for thee
  Milde wine in vessels, neuer toucht, I keepe,
Here roses, and sweete odours be,
  Whose dew thy haire shall steepe:

O stay not! let moyst Tibur be disdain'd,
  And Æsulae's declining fields and hills,
Where once Telegonus remain'd,
  Whose hand his father kills;

Forsake that height where lothsome plenty cloyes,
  And towres, which to the lofty clouds aspire,
The smoke of Rome, her wealth and noyse,
  Thou wilt not here admire.

In pleasing change the rich man takes delight,
  And frugall meales in homely seates allowes,
Where hangings want, and purple bright,
  He cleares his carefull browes.

Now Cepheus plainely shewes his hidden fire,
  The Dog-starre now his furious heate displayes,
The Lion spreads his raging ire,
  The Sunne brings parching dayes.

The shepheard now his sickly flocke restores,
With shades, and riuers, and the thickets finds
Of rough Siluanus, silent shores
Are free from playing winds.

To keepe the state in order is thy care,
Sollicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the warres,
Which barbrous easterne troopes prepare,
And Tanais vs'd to iarres.

The wise Creator from our knowledge hides
The end of future times in darksome night;
False thoughts of mortals he derides,
When them vaine toyes affright.

With mindfull temper present houres compose,
The rest are like a riuer, which, with ease,
Sometimes within his channell flowes
Into Etrurian seas.

Oft stones, trees, flocks, and houses, it deuoures,
With echoes from the hills and neighb'ring woods,
When some fierce deluge, rais'd by showres,
Turnes quiet brookes to floods.

He, master of himselfe, in mirth may liue,
Who saith, "I rest well pleas'd with former [dayes,
Let God from Heau'n to morrow giue
Blacke clouds, or sunny rayes."

No forse can make that voide, which once is past,
Those things are neuer alter'd, or vndone,
Which from the instant rolling fast,
With flying moments run.

Proud Fortune, ioyfull sad affaires to find,
Insulting in her sport, delights to change
Vncertaine honours: quickly kinde,
And straight againe as strange.

I prayse her stay; but if she stirre her wings,
Her gifts I leaue, and to my selfe retire,
Wrapt in my vertue: honest things
In want no dowre require.

When Lybian stormes the mast in pieces shake,
I neuer God with pray'rs and vowes implore,
Lest precious wares addition make
To greedy Neptune's store.

Then I, contented with a little bote,
Am through Ægean waues by winds conuay'd,
Where Pollux makes me safely flote,
And Castor's friendly aide.

HORAT. EPOD. II.

He happy is, who, farre from busie sounds,
(As ancient mortals dwelt)
With his owne oxen tills his father's grounds,
And debts hath neuer felt.
No warre disturbes his rest with fierce alarmes,
Nor angry seas offend:
He shunnes the law, and those ambitious charmes,
Which great men's doores attend.
The lofty poplers with delight he weds
To vines that grow apace,
And with his hooke vnfruitfull branches shreds,
More happy sprouts to place,
Or else beholds, how lowing heards astray,
In narrow valleys creepe,
Or in cleane pots doth pleasant hony lay,
Or sheares his feeble sheepe,
When Autumne from the ground his head vpreares,
With timely apples chain'd,
How glad is he to plucke ingrafted peares,
And grapes with purple stain'd!
Thus he Priapus or Syluanus payes,
Who keepes his limits free,
His weary limbes in holding grasse he layes,
Or vnder some old tree.
Along the lofty bankes the waters slide,
The birds in woods lament,
The springs with trickling streames the ayre diuide,
Whence gentle sleepes are lent.
But when great Ioue, in winter's days, restores
Vnpleasing showres and snowes,
With many dogs he driues the angry bores
To snares which them oppose.
His slender nets, dispos'd on little stakes,
The greedy thrush preuent:
The fearefull hare and forraine crane he takes,
With this reward content.
Who will not in these ioyes forget the cares,
Which oft in loue we meete?
But when a modest wife the trouble shares
Of house and children sweete,
(Like Sabines or the swift Apulians' wines)
Whose cheekes the sun-beames harme,
When from old wood she sacred fire contriues,
Her weary mate to warme,
When she with hurdles her glad flockes confines,
And their full vdders dries,
And from sweet vessels drawes the yearely wines,
And meates vnbought supplies;
No Lucrine oysters can my palate please,
Those fishes I neglect,
Which tempests thundring on the easterne seas
Into our waues direct.
No bird, from Affrike sent, my taste allowes,
Nor fowle which Asia breeds:
The oliue (gather'd from the fatty boughes)
With more delight me feeds.
Sowre herbs, which loue the meades, or mallowes
To ease the body pain'd: [good,
A lambe which sheds to Terminus her blood,
Or kid from wolues regain'd.
What ioy is at these feasts, when well-fed flocks
Themselues for home prepare?
Or when the weake necke of the weary oxe
Drawes back th' inuerted share?
When slaues (the swarmes that wealthy houses
Neere smiling Lar sit downe, [charge)
This life when Alphius hath describ'd at large,
Inclining to the clowne,
He at the Ides calles all that money in,
Which he hath let for gaine:
But when the next month shall his course begin,
He puts it out againe.

PER. SAT. II.

Macrinus, let this happy day be knowne
As white, and noted with a better stone,
Which to thine age doth sliding yeeres combine:
Before thy genius powre forth cups of wine;
Thy pray'rs expect no base and greedy end,
Which to the gods thou closely must commend:
Though most of those whom honours lift on high,
In all their offrings silent incense frie,

All from the temple are not apt to take
Soft lowly sounds, and open vowes to make.
The gifts of minde, fame, faith, he vtters cleare,
That strangers may farre off his wishes heare:
But this he mumbles vnderneath his tongue:
" O that mine vnkle's death, expected long,
Would bring a fun'rall which no cost shall lacke!
O that a pot of siluer once would cracke
Beneath my harrow, by Alcides sent!
Or that I could the orphan's hopes preuent,
To whom I am next heire, and must succeed!
(Since swelling humours in his body breed,
Which threaten oft the shortnesse of his life.)
How blest is Nerius, thrice to change his wife!"
Those are the holy pray'rs for which thy head
(When first the morning hath her mantle spred)
Is dipt so many times in Tiber's streames,
Where running waters purge the nightly dreames.
I thus demand: in answer be not slow,
It is not much that I desire to know:
Of Ioue what think'st thou? if thy judgement can
Esteeme him iuster than a mortall man?
Than Staius? doubt'st thou which of these is best,
To iudge aright the fatherlesse opprest?
The speech with which thine impious wishes dare
Prophane Ioue's eares, to Staius now declare:
" O Ioue! O good Ioue!" he will straight exclaime,
And shall not Ioue crie out on his owne name?
For pardon canst thou hope, because the oke
Is sooner by the sacred brimstone broke,
When thunder teares the ayre, than thou and thine,
Because thou ly'st not, as a dismall signe
In woods, while entrailes, and Ergennae's art,
Bid all from thy sad carkase to depart,
Will therefore Ioue his foolish beard extend,
For thee to pull? What treasure canst thou spend
To make the eares of gods by purchase thine?
Can lights and bowels bribe the pow'rs diuine?
Some grandame, or religious aunt, whose ioy
Is from the cradle to take out the boy,
In lustrall spittle her long finger dips,
And expiates his forehead and his lips.
Her cunning from bewitching eyes defends,
Then in her armes she dandles him, and sends
Her slender hope, which humble vowes propound
To Crassus' house, or to Licinius' ground.
Let kings and queenes wish him their sonne in law;
Let all the wenches him in pieces draw;
May eu'ry stalke of grasse on which he goes,
Be soone transform'd into a fragrant rose.
No such request to nurses I allow:
Ioue, (though she pray in white) refuse her vow.
Thou would'st firme sinewes haue, a body strong,
Which may in age continue able long;
But thy grosse meates and ample dishes stay
The gods from granting this, and Ioue delay.
With hope to raise thy wealth, thou kill'st an oxe,
Inuoking Hermes: " Blesse my house and flockes."
How can it be (vaine foole!) when in the fires
The melted fat of many steeres expires?
Yet still thou think'st to ouercome at last,
While many offrings in the flame are cast:
" Now shall my fields be large, my sheepe increase;
Now will it come! now! now!" Nor wilt thou cease,
Vntill deceiu'd, and in thy hopes deprest,
Thou sigh'st to see the bottome of thy chest.
When I to thee haue cups of siluer brought,
Or gifts in solid golden metall wrought,
The left side of thy brest will dropping sweate,
And full of ioy thy trembling heart will beate.
Hence comes it, that with gold in triumph borne,
Thou do'st the faces of the gods adorne:
Among the brazen brethren they that send
Those dreames, where euill humours least extend,
The highest place in men's affections hold,
And for their care receiue a beard of gold:
The glorious name of gold hath put away
The vse of Saturne's brasse, and Numae's clay.
This glitt'ring pride to richer substance turnes
The Tuscan earthen pots and vestall vrnes.
O crooked soules, declining to the earth,
Whose empty thoughts forget their heau'nly birth:
What end, what profit, haue we, when we striue
Our manners to the temples to deriue?
Can we suppose, that to the gods we bring
Some pleasing good for this corrupted spring?
This flesh, which casia doth dissolue and spoyle,
And with that mixture taints the natiue oyle:
This boyles the fish with purple liquor full,
And staines the whitenesse of Calabrian wooll.
This from the shell scrapes out the pearle, and strainc
From raw rude earth the feruent metal's veines.
This sinnes, it sinnes, yet makes some vse of vice:
But tell me, ye great flamins, can the price
Raise gold to more account in holy things,
Than babies, which the maide to Venus brings?
Nay, rather let vs yeeld the gods such gifts,
As great Messallae's off-spring neuer lifts,
In costly chargers stretcht to ample space,
Because degen'rate from his noble race:
A soule, where iust and pious thoughts are chain'd;
A mind, whose secret corners are vnstain'd;
A brest, in which all gen'rous vertues lie,
And paint it with a neuer-fading die.
Thus to the temples let me come with zeale,
The gods will heare me, though I offer meale.

AVSON. IDYLL. XVI.

A MAN, both good and wise, whose perfect mind
Apollo cannot in a thousand find,
As his owne iudge, himselfe exactly knowes,
Secure what lords or vulgar brests suppose:
He, like the world, an equall roundnesse beares,
On his smooth sides no outward spot appeares:
He thinkes, how Cancer's starre increaseth light,
How Capricorne's cold tropicke lengthens night,
And by iust scales will all his actions trie,
That nothing sinke too low, nor rise too high,
That corners may with euen parts incline,
And measures erre not with a faulty line,
That all within be solid, lest some blow
Should by the sound the empty vessell show.
Ere he to gentle sleepe his eyes will lay,
His thoughts reuolue the actions of the day,
" What houres from me with dull neglect haue runne,
What was in time, or out of season done?
Why hath this worke adorning-beauty lackt,
Or reason wanted in another fact?
What things haue I forgotten, why design'd,
To seeke those ends, which better were declin'd?
When to the needy wretch I gaue reliefe,
Why was my broken soule possest with griefe?

In what haue my mistaking wishes err'd?
Why profit more than honesty preferr'd?
Could my sharpe words another man incense?
Or were my bookes compos'd to breed offence?
How comes it, that corrupted nature drawes
My will from discipline's amending lawes?"
Thus going slowly through his words and decds,
He from one eu'ning to the next proceeds:
Peruerting crimes he checkes with angry frownes,
Straight leuell'd vertues he rewards with crownes.

CLAUDIAN'S EPIGRAM OF THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

THRICE happy he, whose age is spent vpon his owne, [known;
The same house sees him old, which him a child hath
He leanes vpon his staffe in sand where once he crept, [kept;
His mem'ry long descents of one poore cote hath
He through the various strife of fortune neuer past,
Nor as a wand'ring guest would forraine waters taste; [warres,
He neuer fear'd the seas in trade, nor sound of
Nor, in hoarse courts of law, hath felt litigious iarres;
Vnskilfull in affaires, he knowes no city neare,
So freely he enioyes the sight of Heau'n more cleare;
The yeeres by seu'rall corne, not consuls, he computes, [the fruits;
He notes the Spring by flowres, and Autumne by
One space put downe the Sunne, and brings againe the rayes.
Thus by a certaine orbe he measures out the dayes,
Remembring some great oke from small beginning spred, [was bred.
He sees the wood grow old, which with himselfe
Verona, next of townes, as farre as India seemes,
And for the ruddy sea, Benacus he esteemes:
Yet still his armes are firme, his strength vntam'd and greene; [seene.
The full third age hath him a lusty grandsire
Let others trauaile farre, and hidden coasts display, [of way.
This man hath more of life, and those haue more

VPON THE TWO GREAT FEASTS OF THE

ANNUNCIATION AND RESURRECTION

FALLING ON THE SAME DAY, MARCH 25, 1627.

THRICE happy day, which sweetly do'st combine
Two hemispheres in th' equinoctiall line:
The one debasing God to earthly paine,
The other raising man to endlesse raigne.
Christ's humble steps declining to the wombe,
Touch heau'nly scales erected on his tombe:
We first with Gabriel must this Prince conuay
Into his chamber on the marriage day,
Then with the other angels, cloth'd in white,
We will adore him in this conqu'ring night:
The Sonne of God assuming humane breath,
Becomes a subiect to his vassall Death,
That graues and Hell laid open by his strife,
May giue vs passage to a better life.
See for this worke how things are newly styl'd,
Man is declar'd, almighty! God, a child!
The Worde made flesh, is speechlesse, and the Light
Begins from clouds, and sets in depth of night;
Behold the Sunne eclips'd for many yeeres,
And eu'ry day more dusky robes he weares,
Till after totall darknesse shining faire,
No Moone shall barre his splendour from the aire.
Let faithfull soules this double feast attend
In two processions: let the first descend
The temple's staires, and with a downe-cast eye
Vpon the lowest pauement prostrate lie,
In creeping violets, white lillies shine
Their humble thoughts, and eu'ry pure designe;
The other troope shall climbe, with sacred heate,
The rich degrees of Salomon's bright seate,
In glowing roses feruent zeale they beare,
And in the azure flowre-de-lis appeare
Celestiall contemplations, which aspire
Aboue the skie, vp to th' immortal quire.

OF THE EPIPHANY.

FAIRE easterne starre, that art ordain'd to runne
Before the sages, to the rising Sunne,
Here cease thy course, and wonder that the cloud
Of this poore stable can thy Maker shroud:
Ye, heauenly bodies, glory to be bright,
And are esteem'd, as ye are rich in light:
But here on Earth is taught a diff'rent way,
Since vnder this low roofe the Highest lay;
Ierusalem erects her stately towres,
Displayes her windowes, and adornes her bowres:
Yet there thou must not cast a trembling sparke,
Let Herod's palace still continue darke,
Each schoole and synagogue thy force repels,
There Pride, enthron'd in misty errours, dwels.
The temple, where the priests maintaine their quire,
Shall taste no beame of thy celestiall fire.
While this weake cottage all thy splendour takes,
A ioyfull gate of eu'ry chinke it makes.
Here shines no golden roofe, no iu'ry staire,
No king exalted in a stately chaire,
Girt with attendants, or by heralds styl'd,
But straw and hay inwrap a speechlesse child;
Yet Sabae's lords before this babe vnfold
Their treasures, off'ring incense, myrrh, and gold.
The cribbe becomes an altar; therefore dies
No oxe nor sheepe, for in their fodder lies
The Prince of Peace, who, thankfull for his bed,
Destroyes those rites, in which their blood was shed:
The quintessence of earth he takes and fees,
And precious gummes distill'd from weeping trees,
Rich metals, and sweet odours, now declare
The glorious blessings, which his lawes prepare
To cleare vs from the base and lothsome flood
Of sense, and make vs fit for angels' food,
Who lift to God for vs the holy smoke
Of feruent pray'rs, with which we him inuoke,
And trie our actions in that searching fire,
By which the seraphims our lips inspire:
No muddy drosse pure min'ralls shall infect,
We shall exhale our vapours vp direct:
No stormes shall crosse, nor glitt'ring lights deface
Perpetuall sighes, which seeke a happy place,

OF THE

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

Ye that in lowly valleyes weeping sate,
And taught your humble soules to mourne of late
For sinnes, and suff'rings breeding griefes and feares,
And made the riuers bigger with your teares;
Now cease your sad complaints, till fitter time,
And with those three belou'd apostles clime
To lofty Thabor, where your happy eyes
Shall see the Sunne of Glory brightly rise:
Draw neere, and euer blesse that sacred hill,
That there no heate may parch, no frost may kill,
The tender plants, nor any thunder blast
That top, by which all mountaines are surpast.
By steepe and briery paths ye must ascend:
But if ye know to what high scope ye tend,
No let nor danger can your steps restraine,
The crags will easie seeme, the thickets plaine.
Our Lord there stands, not with his painefull crosse
Laid on his shoulders, mouing you to losse
Of precious things, nor calling you to beare
That burden, which so much base worldlings feare.
Here are no promist hopes obscur'd with clouds,
No sorrow with dim vailes true pleasure shrowds,
But perfect ioy, which here discover'd shines,
To taste of heauenly light your thoughts inclines,
And able is to weane deluded mindes
From fond delight, which wretched mortals blinds:
Yet let not sense so much your reason sway,
As to desire for euer here to stay,
Refusing that sweet change which God prouides,
To those whom with his rod and staffe he guides:
Your happinesse consists not now alone
In those high comforts, which are often throwne
In plenteous manner from our Sauiour's hand,
To raise the fall'n, and cause the weake to stand:
But ye are blest, when, being trodden downe,
Ye taste his cup, and weare his thorny crowne.

ON ASCENSION DAY.

Ye that to Heau'n direct your curious eyes,
And send your minds to walk the spacious skies,
See how the Maker to your selues you brings,
Who sets his noble markes on meanest things:
And hauing man aboue the angels plac'd,
The lowly Earth more than the Heau'n hath grac'd.
Poore clay! each creature thy degrees admires;
First, God in thee a liuing soule inspires,
Whose glorious beames hath made thee farre more bright
Than is the Sunne, the spring of corp'rall light:
He rests not here, but to himselfe thee takes,
And thee diuine by wondrous vnion makes.
What region can afford a worthy place
For his exalted flesh? Heau'n is too base,
He scarce would touch it in his swift ascent,
The orbes fled backe (like Iordan) as he went:
And yet he daign'd to dwell a while on Earth,
As paying thankefull tribute for his birth:
But now this body all God's works excels,
And hath no place, but God, in whom it dwels.

AN ODE OF THE BLESSED TRINITIE.

Mvse, that art dull and weake,
Opprest with worldly paine,
If strength in thee remaine,
Of things diuine to speake:
Thy thoughts awhile from vrgent cares restraine,
And with a chearefull voice thy wonted silence breake.

No cold shall thee benumme,
Nor darknesse taint thy sight;
To thee new heate, new light,
Shall from this obiect come,
Whose praises if thou now wilt sound aright,
My pen shall giue thee leaue hereafter to be dumbe.

Whence shall we then begin
To sing, or write of this,
Where no beginning is?
Or if we enter in,
Where shall we end? The end is endlesse blisse;
Thrice happy we, if well so rich a thread we spinne.

For Thee our strings we touch,
Thou that art Three, and One,
Whose essence, though vnknowne,
Beleeu'd is to be such;
To whom what ere we giue, we giue thine owne,
And yet no mortall tongue can giue to thee so much.

See, how in vayne we trie
To find some tipe, t' agree
With this great One in Three,
Yet can none such descrie,
If any like, or second were to thee,
Thy hidden nature then were not so deepe and high.

Here faile inferiour things,
The Sunne, whose heate and light
Make creatures warme and bright,
A feeble shadow brings:
The Sunne shewes to the world his Father's might,
With glorious raies, from both our fire (the spirit) springs.

Now to this toplesse hill
Let vs ascend more neare,
Yet still within the spheare
Of our connat'ral skill,
We may behold how in our soules we beare
An vnderstanding pow'r, ioyn'd with effectual will.

We can no higher goe
To search this point diuine;
Here it doth chiefly shine,
This image must it show:
These steppes as helpes our humble minds incline,
T' embrace those certaine grounds, which from true faith must flow.

To him these notes direct,
Who not with outward hands,
Nor by his strong commands,
Whence creatures take effect:
While perfectly himselfe he vnderstands,
Begets another selfe, with equall glory deckt.

From these, the spring of loue,
The holy Ghost proceeds,
Who our affection feeds
With those cleare flames, which moue
From that eternall Essence which them breeds,
And strike into our soules, as lightning from aboue.

Stay, stay, Parnassian girle,
Here thy descriptions faint,
Thou humane shapes canst paint,
And canst compare to pearle
White teeth, and speak of lips which rubies taint,
Resembling beauteous eies to orbs that swiftly
whirle.

But now thou mayst perceiue
The weakness of thy wings;
And that thy noblest strings
To muddy obiects cleaue:
Then praise with humble silence heau'nly things
And what is more than this, to still deuotion leaue.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE THE WORLD, A PILGRIM, AND VERTUE.

PILGRIM.

What darknes clouds my senses! Hath the day
Forgot his season, and the Sunne his way?
Doth God withdraw his all-sustaining might,
And works no more with his faire creature light,
While Heau'n and Earth for such a losse complaine,
And turne to rude vnformed heapes againe?
My paces with intangling briers are bound,
And all this forrest in deepe silence drownd,
Here must my labour and my iourney cease,
By which in vaine I sought for rest and peace;
But now perceiue that man's vnquiet mind,
In all his waies can onely darknesse find.
Here must I starue and die, vnlesse some light
Point out the passage from this dismall night.

WORLD.

Distressed Pilgrim, let not causelesse feare
Depresse thy hopes, for thou hast comfort neare,
Which thy dull heart with splendour shall inspire,
And guide thee to thy period of desire.
Cleare vp thy browes, and raise thy fainting eyes,
See how my glitt'ring palace open lies
For weary passengers, whose desp'rate case
I pitie, and prouide a resting place.

PILGRIM.

O thou whose speeches sound, whose beauties shine!
Not like a creature, but some pow'r diuine,
Teach me thy stile, thy worth and state declare,
Whose glories in this desert hidden are.

WORLD.

I am thine end, Felicity my name;
The best of wishes, Pleasures, Riches, Fame,
Are humble vassals, which my throne attend,
And make you mortals happy when I send:
In my left hand delicious fruits I hold,
To feede them who with mirth and ease grow old:
Afraid to lose the fleeting dayes and nights,
They seaze on times, and spend it in delights.
My right hand with triumphant crownes is stor'd,
Which all the kings of former times ador'd:
These gifts are thine: then enter where no strife,
No griefe, no paine, shall interrupt thy life.

VERTUE.

Stay, hasty wretch! here deadly serpents dwell,
And thy next step is on the brinke of Hell:
Wouldst thou, poore weary man, thy limbs repose?
Behold my house, where true contentment growes:
Not like the baites, which this seducer giues,
Whose blisse a day, whose torment euer liues.

WORLD.

Regard not these vaine speeches, let them goe,
This is a poore worme, my contemned foe,
Bold thredbare Vertue; who dare promise more
From empty bags, than I from all my store:
Whose counsels make men draw vnquiet breath,
Expecting to be happy after death.

VERTUE.

Canst thou now make, or hast thou euer made,
Thy seruants happy in those things that fade?
Heare this my challenge, one example bring
Of such perfection; let him be the king
Of all the world, fearing no outward check,
And guiding others by his voice or beck:
Yet shall this man at eu'ry moment find
More gall than hony in his restlesse mind.
Now, monster, since my words haue struck thee dumb,
Behold this garland, whence such vertues come,
Such glories shine, such piercing beames are throwne,
As make thee blind, and turne thee to a stone.
And thou, whose wand'ring feet were running downe
Th' infernall steepenesse, looke vpon this crowne:
Within these folds lie hidden no deceits,
No golden lures, on which perdition waites:
But when thine eyes the prickly thornes haue past,
See in the circle boundlesse ioyes at last.

PILGRIM.

These things are now most cleare, thee I imbrace:
Immortall wreath, let worldlings count thee base,
Choyce is thy matter, glorious is thy shape,
Fit crowne for them who tempting dangers scape.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

When first my reason, dawning like the day,
Disperst the clouds of childish sense away:
God's image fram'd in that superior tow'r,
Diuinely drew mine vnderstanding pow'r
To thinke vpon his greatnesse, and to feare
His darts of thunder, which the mountaines teare.
And when with feeble light my soule began
T' acknowledge him a higher thing than man,
My next discourse, erected by his grace,
Conceiues him free from bounds of time or place,
And sees the furthest that of him is knowne,
All spring from him, and he depends of none.
The steps which in his various workes are seal'd,
The doctrines in his sacred church reueal'd,
Were all receiu'd as truths into my mind,
Yet durst I breake his lawes, O strangely blind!
My festring wounds are past the launcing cure,
Which terrour giues to thoughts at first impure:
No helpe remaines these vleers to remoue,
Vnlesse I scorch them with the flames of loue.
Lord, from thy wrath my soule appeales, and flyes
To gracious beames of those indulgent eyes,
Which brought me first from nothing, and sustaine
My life, lest it to nothing turne againe,

Which in thy Sonne's blood washt my parents' sinne,
And taught me waies eternall blisse to winne.
The starres which guide my barke with heau'nly [calls,
My boords in shipwrack after many falls:
In these I trust, and, wing'd with pleasing hope,
Attempt new flight to come to thee, my scope,
Whome I esteeme a thousand times more deare
Than worldly things, which faire and sweat appeare.
Rebellious flesh, which thee so oft offends,
Presents her teares: alas! a poore amends,
But thou accept'st them. Hence they precious [grow,
As liuing waters which from Eden flow.
With these I wish my vitall blood may runne,
Ere new eclipses dimme this glorious Sunne:
And yeeld my selfe afflicting paines to take
For thee, my spouse, and onely for thy sake.
Hell could not fright me with immortall fire,
Were it not arm'd with thy forsaking ire:
Nor should I looke for comfort and delight
In Heau'n, if Heau'n were shadow'd from thy sight.

IN DESOLATION.

O thou, who sweetly bend'st my stubborne will,
Who send'st thy stripes to teach, and not to kill:
Thy chearefull face from me no longer hide,
Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride;
I sinke to Hell, if I be lower throwne:
I see what man is, being left alone.
My substance, which from nothing did begin,
Is worse then nothing by the waight of sin:
I see my selfe in such a wretched state,
As neither thoughts conceiue, or words relate.
How great a distance parts vs! for in thee
Is endlesse good, and boundlesse ill in mee.
All creatures proue me abiect, but how low,
Thou onely know'st, and teachest me to know.
To paint this basenesse, nature is too base;
This darknesse yeelds not but to beames of grace.
Where shall I then this piercing splendour find?
Or found, how shall it guide me, being blind?
Grace is a taste of blisse, a glorious gift,
Which can the soule to heau'nly comforts lift.
It will not shine to me, whose mind is drown'd
In sorrowes, and with worldly troubles bound.
It will not daigne within that house to dwell,
Where drinesse raignes, and proud distractions swell.
Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome dayes
Of my first feruour, when few winds did raise
The waues, and ere they could full strength obtaine,
Some whisp'ring gale straight charmed them downe again:
When all seem'd calm, and yet the Virgin's child,
On my deuotions in his manger smild;
While then I simply walkt, nor heed could take
Of complacence, that slye deceitfull snake;
When yet I had not dang'rously refus'd
So many calls to vertue, nor abus'd
The spring of life, which I so oft enioy'd,
Nor made so many good intentions voyd,
Deseruing thus that grace should quite depart,
And dreadfull hardnesse should possesse my heart:
Yet in that state this onely good I found,
That fewer spots did then my conscience wound,
Though who can censure, whether in those times,
The want of feeling seem'd the want of crimes?
If solid vertues dwell not but in paine,
I will not wish that golden age againe,
Because it flow'd with sensible delights
Of heauenly things: God hath created nights
As well as dayes, to decke the varied globe;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolation, as in white attire,
Which better fits the bright celestiall quire.
Some in foule seasons perish through despaire,
But more thro' boldnesse when the daies are faire.
This then must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yeeld to what my Sauiour shall dispose:
To glory in my basenesse, to reioyce
In mine afflictions, to obey his voyce,
As well when threatnings my defects reproue,
As when I cherisht am with words of loue,
To say to him, in eu'ry time and place,
"Withdraw thy comforts, so thou leaue thy grace."

IN SPIRITUALL COMFORT.

Enough delight, O mine eternall good!
I feare to perish in this fiery flood:
And doubt, least beames of such a glorious light
Should rather blind me, than extend my sight:
For how dare mortals here their thoughts erect
To taste those ioyes, which they in Heau'n expect?
But God inuites them in his boundlesse loue,
And lifts their heauy minds to things aboue.
Who would not follow such a pow'rful guide
Immid'st of flames, or through the raging tide?
What carelesse soule will not admire the grace
Of such a Lord, who knowes the dang'rous place
In which his seruants liue; their natiue woes,
Their weake defence, and fury of their foes:
And casting downe to Earth these golden chaines,
From Hel's steepe brinke their sliding steps restraines?
His deare affection flies with wings of haste;
He will not stay till this short life be past:
But in this vale, where teares of griefe abound,
He oft with teares of ioy his friends hath drown'd.
Man, what desir'st thou? Wouldst thou purchase health,
Great honour, perfect pleasure, peace, and wealth?
All these are here, and in their glory raigne:
In other things these names are false and vaine.
True wisdome bids vs to this banquet haste,
That precious nectar may renew the taste
Of Eden's dainties, by our parents lost
For one poore apple, which so deare would cost,
That eu'ry man a double death should pay,
But Mercy comes the latter stroke to stay,
And (leauing mortall bodies to the knife
Of Iustice) striues to saue the better life.
No sou'raigne med'cine can be halfe so good
Against destruction, as this angel's food,
This inward illustration, when it finds
A seate in humble and indiff'rent minds.
If wretched men contemne a Sunne so bright,
Dispos'd to stray and stumble in the night,
And seeke contentment where they oft haue knowne
By deare experience, that there can be none,
They would much more neglect their God, their end,
If ought were found whereon they might depend,

Within the compasse of the gen'rall frame:
Or if some sparkes of this celestiall flame
Had not ingrau'd this sentence in their brest:
"In him that made them is their onely rest."

AN ACT OF HOPE.

Sweet Hope is soueraigne comfort of our life:
Our ioy in sorrow, and our peace in strife:
The dame of beggers, and the queene of kings:
Can these delight in height of prosp'rous things,
Without expecting still to keepe them sure?
Can those the weight of heauy wants endure,
Vnlesse perswasion i stant paine allay,
Reseruing spirit for a better day?
Our God, who planted in his creatures' brest
This stop, on which the wheeles of passion rest,
Hath rays'd, by beames of his abundant grace,
This strong affection to a higher place.
It is the second vertue which attends
That soule, whose motion to his sight ascends.
Rest here, my mind, thou shalt no longer stay
To gaze vpon these houses made of clay:
Thou shalt not stoope to honours, or to lands,
Nor golden balles, where sliding fortune stands:
If no false colours draw thy steps amisse,
Thou hast a palace of eternall blisse,
A paradise from care, and feare exempt,
An obiect worthy of the best attempt.
Who would not for so rich a country fight?
Who would not runne, that sees a goale so bright?
O thou who art our Author and our End,
On whose large mercy chaines of hope depend;
Lift me to thee by thy propitious hand:
For lower I can find no place to stand.

OF TEARES.

Behold what riuers feeble nature spends,
And melts vs into seas at losse of friends!
Their mortall state this fountaine neuer dries,
But fills the world with worlds of weeping eies.
Man is a creature borne, and nurst in teares,
He through his life the markes of sorrow beares;
And dying, thinkes he can no off'ring haue
More fit than teares distilling on his graue.
We must these floods to larger bounds extend;
Such streames require a high and noble end.
As waters in a chrystall orbe contain'd
Aboue the starry firmament are chain'd
To coole the fury of those raging flames,
Which eu'ry lower spheare by motion frames:
So this continuall spring within thy head
Must quench the fires in other members bred.
If to our Lord our parents had been true,
Our teares had been like drops of pleasing dew:
But sinne hath made them full of bitter paines,
Vntimely children of afflicted braines:
Yet they are chang'd, when we our sinnes lament,
To richer pearles than from the East are sent.

OF SINNE.

What pensill shall I take, or where begin,
To paint the vgly face of odious Sinne?
Man sinning oft, though pardon'd oft, exceeds
The falling angels in malicious deeds:
When we in words would tell the sinner's shame,
To call him Diuell is too faire a name.
Should we for euer in the chaos dwell,
Or in the lothsome depth of gaping Hell:
We there no foule and darksome formes shall find
Sufficient to describe a guilty mind.
Search thro' the world, we shall not know a thing,
Which may to reason's eye more horrour bring,
Than disobedience to the Highest cause,
And obstinate auersion from his lawes.
The sinner will destroy God, if he can.
O what hath God deseru'd of thee, poore man,
That thou should'st boldly striue to pull him downe
From his high throne, and take away his crowne?
What blindnesse moues thee to vnequall fight?
See how thy fellow creatures scorne thy might,
Yet thou prouok'st thy Lord, as much too great,
As thou too weake for his imperiall seate!
Behold a silly wretch distracted quite,
Extending towards God his feeble spite,
And by his poys'nous breath his hopes are faire
To blast the skies, as it corrupts the aire.
Vpon the other side thou mayst perceiue
A mild Commander, to whose army cleaue
The sparkling starres, and each of them desires
To fall and drowne this rebell in their fires.
The cloudes are ready this proud foe to tame,
Full fraught with thunderbolts, and lightnings' flame.
The Earth, his mother, greedy of his doome,
Expects to open her vnhappy wombe,
That this degen'rate sonne may liue no more,
So chang'd from that pure man, whom first she bore.
The sauage beasts, whose names his father gaue,
To quell this pride, their Maker's licence craue.
The fiends, his masters, in this warlike way
Make sute to seaze him as their lawfull prey.
No friends are left: then whither shall he flie?
To that offended King, who sits on high,
Who hath deferr'd the battell, and restrain'd
His souldiers, like the winds in fetters chain'd:
For let the sinner leaue his hideous maske,
God will as soone forgiue, as he shall aske.

OF THE MISERABLE STATE OF MAN.

Is man, the best of creatures, growne the worst?
He once most blessed was, now most accurst:
His whole felicity is endlesse strife,
No peace, no satisfaction, crownes his life;
No such delight as other creatures take,
Which their desires can free and happy make:
Our appetites, which seeke for pleasing good,
Haue oft their wane and full; their ebbe and floud;
Their calme and stormes: the neuer-constant Moone,
The seas, and nimble winds, not halfe so soone
Incline to change; while all our pleasure rests
In things which vary, like our wau'ring brests.
He who desires that wealth his life may blesse,
Like to a iayler, counts it good successe
To haue more pris'ners, which increase his care;
The more his goods, the more his dangers are:
This sayler sees his ship about to drowne,
And he takes in more wares to presse it downe.

Vaine honour is a play of diuers parts,
Where fained words and gestures please our hearts;
The flatter'd audience are the actor's friends;
But lose that title when the fable ends.
The faire desire that others should behold,
Their clay well featur'd, their well temper'd mould,
Ambitious mortals make their chiefe pretence,
To be the obiects of delighted sense:
Yet oft the shape and hue of basest things
More admiration moues, more pleasure brings.
Why should we glory to be counted strong?
This is the praise of beasts, the pow'r of wrong:
And if the strength of many were inclos'd
Within one brest, yet when it is oppos'd
Against that force which art or nature frame,
It melts like waxe before the scorching flame.
We cannot in these outward things be blest;
For we are sure to lose them; and the best
Of these contentments no such comfort beares,
As may waigh equall with the doubts and feares
Which fixe our minds on that vncertaine day,
When these shall faile, most certaine to decay.
From length of life no happinesse can come,
But what the guilty feele, who, after doome,
Are to the lothsome prison sent againe,
And there must stay to die with longer paine.
No earthly gift lasts after death, but fame;
This gouernes men more carefull of their name
Than of their soules, which their vngodly taste
Dissolues to nothing, and shall proue at last
Farre worse than nothing: prayses come too late,
When man is not, or is in wretched state.
But these are ends which draw the meanest hearts:
Let vs search deepe and trie our better parts:
O knowledge! if a Heau'n on Earth could be,
I would expect to reape that blisse in thee:
But thou art blind, and they that haue thy light,
More clearely know, they liue in darksome night.
See, man, thy stripes at schoole, thy paines abroad,
Thy watching, and thy palenesse, well bestow'd:
These feeble helpes can scholars neuer bring
To perfect knowledge of the plainest thing:
And some to such a height of learning grow,
They die perswaded, that they nothing know.
In vaine swift houres spent in deepe study slide,
Vnlesse the purchast doctrine curbe our pride.
The soule, perswaded that no fading loue
Can equall her imbraces, seekes aboue:
And now aspiring to a higher place,
Is glad that all her comforts here are base.

OF SICKNESSE.

The end of sicknesse, health, or death, declare
The cause as happy, as the sequells are.
Vaine mortals! while they striue their sense to please,
Endure a life worse than the worst disease:
When sports and ryots of the restlesse night,
Breede dayes as thicke possest with fenny light:
How oft haue these (compell'd by wholsome paine)
Return'd to sucke sweet Nature's brest againe,
And then could in a narrow compasse find
Strength for the body, clearenesse in the mind?
And if Death come, it is not he whose dart,
Whose scalpe, and bones, afflict the trembling heart:
(As if the painters with new art would striue,
For feare of bugs, to keepe poore men aliue)
But one, who from thy mother's wombe hath been
Thy friend and strict companion, though vnseene,
To leade thee in the right appointed way,
And crowne thy labours at the conqu'ring day.
Vngratefull men, why doe you sicknesse loath,
Which blessings giue in Heau'n, or Earth, or both?

OF TRUE LIBERTY.

He that from dust of worldly tumults flies,
May boldly open his vndazled eyes,
To reade wise Nature's booke, and with delight
Surueyes the plants by day, and starres by night.
We neede not trauaile, seeking wayes to blisse:
He that desires contentment, cannot misse:
No garden walles this precious flower imbrace:
It common growes in eu'ry desart place.
Large scope of pleasure drownes vs like a flood,
To rest in little, is our greatest good.
Learne ye that clime the top of Fortune's wheele,
That dang'rous state which ye disdaine to feele:
Your highnesse puts your happinesse to flight,
Your inward comforts fade with outward light,
Vnlesse it be a blessing not to know
This certaine truth, lest ye should pine for woe,
To see inferiours so diuinely blest
With freedome, and your selues with fetters prest.
Ye sit like pris'ners barr'd with doores and chaines,
And yet no care perpetuall care restraines.
Ye striue to mixe your sad conceits with ioyes,
By curious pictures and by glitt'ring toyes,
While others are not hind'red from their ends,
Delighting to conuerse with bookes or friends,
And liuing thus retir'd, obtaine the pow'r
To reigne as kings, of euery sliding houre:
They walke by Cynthiae's light, and lift their eyes
To view the ord'red armies in the skies.
The Heau'ns they measure with imagin'd lines,
And when the northerne hemisphere declines,
New constellations in the south they find,
Whose rising may refresh the studious mind.
In these delights, though freedome shew more high,
Few can to things aboue their thoughts apply.
But who is he that cannot cast his looke
On earth, and read the beauty of that booke?
A bed of smiling flow'rs, a trickling spring,
A swelling riuer, more contentment bring
Than can be shadow'd by the best of art:
Thus still the poore man hath the better part.

AGAINST

INORDINATE LOUE OF CREATURES.

Ah! who would loue a creature? who would place
His heart, his treasure, in a thing so base?
Which time consuming, like a moth destroyes,
And stealing Death will rob him of his ioyes.
Why lift we not our minds aboue this dust?
Haue we not yet perceiu'd that God is iust,
And hath ordain'd the obiects of our loue
To be our scourges, when we wanton proue?
Go, carelesse man, in vaine delights proceed,
Thy fansies and thine outward senses feede,

And bind thy selfe, thy fellow-seruant's thrall:
Loue one too much, thou art a slaue to all.
Consider when thou follow'st seeming good,
And drown'st thy selfe too deepe in flesh and blood,
Thou, making sute to dwell with woes and feares,
Art sworne their souldier in the vale of teares:
The bread of sorrow shall be thy repast,
Expect not Eden in a thorny waste,
Where grow no faire trees, no smooth riuers swell,
Here onely losses and afflictions dwell.
These thou bewayl'st with a repining voyce,
Yet knew'st before that mortal was thy choyse.
Admirers of false pleasures must sustaine
The waight and sharpenesse of insuing paine.

AGAINST ABUSED LOUE.

Shall I stand still, and see the world on fire,
While wanton writers ioyne in one desire,
To blow the coales of loue, and make them burne,
Till they consume, or to the chaos turne
This beauteous frame, by them so foully rent,
That wise men feare, lest they those flames preuent,
Which for the latest day th' Almightie keepes
In orbes of fire, or in the hellish deepes?
Best wits, while they, possest with fury, thinke
They taste the Muses' sober well, and drinke
Of Phœbus' goblet, (now a starry signe)
Mistake the cup, and write in heat of wine.
Then let my cold hand here some water cast,
And drown their warmth with drops of sweeter taste.
Mine angry lines shall whip the purblind page,
And some will teade them in a chaster age;
But since true loue is most diuine, I know,
How can I fight with loue, and call it so.
Is it not loue? It was not now: (O strange!)
Time and ill custome, workers of all change,
Haue made it loue: men oft impose not names
By Adam's rule, but what their passion frames.
And since our childhood taught vs to approue
Our fathers' words, we yeeld and call it loue.
Examples of past times our deeds should sway;
But we must speake the language of to day:
Vse hath no bounds; it may prophane once more
The name of God, which first an idoll bore.
How many titles, fit for meaner groomes,
Are knighted now, and marshal'd in high roomes!
And many, which once good and great were thought,
Posterity to vice and basenesse brought,
As it hath this of loue, and we must bow,
As states vsurping tyrants' raignes allow,
And after ages reckon by their yeeres:
Such force possession, though iniurious, beares:
Or as a wrongfull title, or foule crime,
Made lawfull by a statute for the time,
With reu'rend estimation blindes our eies,
And is call'd iust, in spight of all the wise.
Then, heau'nly Loue, this loathed name forsake,
And some of thy more glorious titles take:
Sunne of the soule, cleare beauty, liuing fire,
Celestial light, which dost pure hearts inspire,
While Lust, thy bastard brother, shal be knowne
By Loue's wrong'd name, that louers may him owne.
So oft with hereticks such tearmes we vse,
As they can brooke, not such as we would chuse:
And since he takes the throne of Loue exil'd,
In all our letters he shall Loue be stil'd:
But if true Loue vouchsafe againe his sight,
No word of mine shall preiudice his right:
So kings by caution with their rebels treate,
As with free states, when they are growne too great.
If common drunkards onely can expresse
To life the sad effects of their excesse:
How can I write of Loue, who neuer felt
His dreadfull arrow, nor did euer melt
My heart away before a female flame,
Like waxen statues, which the witches frame?
I must confesse, if I knew one that had
Bene poyson'd with this deadly draught, and mad,
And afterward in Bedlem well reclaym'd
To perfect sence, and in his wits not maym'd:
I would the feruour of my Muse restraine,
And let this subiect for his taske remaine:
But aged wand'rers sooner will declare
Their Eleusinian rites, than louers dare
Renounce the Deuil's pompe, and Christians die:
So much preuailes a painted idol's eye.
Then since of them, like Iewes, we can conuert
Scarce one in many yeeres, their iust desert,
By selfe confession, neuer can appeare;
But on presumptions wee proceed, and there
The iudge's innocence most credit winnes:
True men trie theeues, and saints describe foule sinnes.
This monster Loue by day, and Lust by night,
Is full of burning fire, but voyde of light,
Left here on Earth to keepe poore mortals out
Of errour, who of hell-fire else would doubt.
Such is that wandring nightly flame, which leades
Th' vnwary passenger, vntill he treades
His last step on the steepe and craggy walles
Of some high mountaine, whence he headlong falles:
A vapour first extracted from the stewes,
(Which with new fewell still the lampe renewes)
And with a pandar's sulph'rous breath inflam'd,
Became a meteor, for destruction fram'd,
Like some prodigious comet which foretells
Disasters to the realme on which it dwells.
And now hath this false light preuail'd so farre,
That most obserue, it is a fixed starre,
Yea as their load-starre, by whose beames impure
They guide their ships, in courses not secure,
Bewitcht and daz'led with the glaring sight
Of this proud fiend, attir'd in angels' light,
Who still delights his darksome smoke to turne
To rayes, which seeme t' enlighten, not to burne:
He leades them to the tree, and they beleeue
The fruit is sweete, so he deluded Eue.
But when they once haue tasted of the feasts,
They quench that sparke, which seuers men from beasts,
And feele effects of our first parents' fall,
Depriu'd of reason, and to sence made thrall.
Thus is the miserable louer bound
With fancies, and in fond affection drown'd.
In him no faculty of man is seene,
But when he sighs a sonnet to his queene:
This makes him more than man, a poet fit
For such false poets, as make passion wit.
Who lookes within an emptie caske, may see,
Where once a soule was, and againe may be,
Which by this difference from a corse is knowne:
One is in pow'r to haue life, both haue none:

For louers' slipp'ry soules (as they confesse,
Without extending racke, or straining presse)
By transmigration to their mistresse flow:
Pithagoras instructs his schollers so,
Who did for penance lustfull minds confine
To leade a second life in goates and swine.
Then loue is death, and driues the soule to dwell
In this betraying harbour, which like Hell
Giues neuer backe her bootie, and containes
A thousand firebrands, whips, and restlesse paines:
And, which is worse, so bitter are those wheeles,
That many hells at once the louer feeles,
And hath his heart dissected into parts,
That it may meete with other double harts.
This loue stands neuer sure, it wants a ground,
It makes no ordred course, it finds no bound,
It aymes at nothing, it no comfort tastes,
But while the pleasure and the passion lasts.
Yet there are flames, which two hearts one can make;
Not for th' affections, but the obiect's sake.
That burning glasse, where beames disperst incline
Vnto a point, and shoot forth in a line:
This noble loue hath axeltree and poles
Wherein it moues, and gets eternall goales:
These reuolutions, like the heau'nly spheres,
Make all the periods equall as the yeeres:
And when this time of motion finisht is,
It ends with that great yeere of endlesse blisse.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOUE.

Loue is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires,
An obiect seekes, of which possest,
The wheeles are fixt, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie opprest:
This meteor, striuing high to rise,
(The fewell spent) falles downe and dies.

Much sweeter and more pure delights
Are drawne from faire alluring sights,
When rauisht minds attempt to praise
Commanding eyes, like heau'nly rayes;
Whose force the gentle heart obayes:
Than where the end of this pretence
Descends to base inferiour sense.

"Why then should louers" (most will say)
Expect so much th' enioying day?"
Loue is like youth, he thirsts for age,
He scornes to be his mother's page:
But when proceeding times asswage
The former heate, he will complaine,
And wish those pleasant houres againe.

We know that Hope and Loue are twinnes;
Hope gone, fruition now beginnes:
But what is this? Vnconstant, fraile,
In nothing sure, but sure to faile:
Which, if we lose it, we bewaile;
And when we haue it, still we beare
The worst of passions, daily feare.

When Loue thus in his center ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
Are shaken off: while Doubt and Griefe,
The weakest giuers of reliefe,
Stand in his councell as the chiefe:
And now he to his period brought,
From Loue becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remoue
Vnited soules from serious loue:
The best attempts by mortals made,
Reflect on things which quickly fade;
Yet neuer will I men perswade
To leaue affections, where may shine
Impressions of the Loue diuine.

THE SHEPHERDESSE.

A Shepherdesse, who long had kept her flocks
On stony Charnwood's dry and barren rocks,
In heate of summer to the vales declin'd,
To seeke fresh pasture for her lambes halfe pin'd.
She (while her charge was feeding) spent the houres
To gaze on sliding brookes and smiling flowres.
Thus hauing largely stray'd, she lifts her sight,
And viewes a palace full of glorious light.
She finds the entrance open, and as bold
As countrey maids, that would the court behold,
She makes an offer, yet againe she stayes,
And dares not dally with those sunny rayes.
Here lay a nymph, of beauty most diuine,
Whose happy presence caus'd the house to shine,
Who much conuerst with mortals, and could know
No honour truly high, that scornes the low:
For she had oft been present, though vnseene,
Among the shepherds' daughters on the greene,
Where eu'ry homebred swaine desires to proue
His oaten pipe and feet before his loue,
And crownes the eu'ning, when the daies are long,
With some plaine dance, or with a rurall song.
Nor were the women nice to hold this sport,
And please their louers in a modest sort.
There that sweet nymph had seene this countrey dame
For singing crown'd, whence grew a world of fame
Among the sheepecotes, which in her reioyce,
And know no better pleasure than her voyce.
The glitt'ring ladies, gather'd in a ring,
Intreate the silly shepherdesse to sing:
She blusht and sung, while they with words of praise,
Contend her songs aboue their worth to raise.
Thus being chear'd with many courteous signes,
She takes her leaue, for now the Sunne declines,
And hauing driuen home her flocks againe,
She meets her loue, a simple shepherd swaine;
Yet in the plaines he had a poet's name:
For he could roundelayes and carols frame,
Which, when his mistresse sung along the downes,
Was thought celestiall musick by the clownes.
Of him she begs, that he would raise his mind
To paint this lady, whom she found so kind:
"You oft," saith she, "haue in our homely bow'rs
Discours'd of demi-gods and greater pow'rs:
For you with Hesiode sleeping learnt to know
The race diuine from Heau'n to Earth below."
"My dear," said he, "the nymph whom thou hast seene,
Most happy is of all that liue betweene
This globe and Cynthia, and in high estate,
Of wealth and beauty hath an equall mate,
Whose loue hath drawne vncessant teares in floods,
From nymphs, that haunt the waters and the woods.

Oft Iris to the ground hath bent her bow
To steale a kisse, and then away to goe:
Yet all in vaine, he no affection knowes
But to this goddesse, whom at first he chose:
Him she enioyes in mutuall bonds of loue:
Two hearts are taught in one small point to moue.
Her father, high in honour and descent,
Commands the Syluans on the northside Trent.
He at this time, for pleasure and retreate,
Comes downe from Beluoir, his ascending seate,
To which great Pan had lately honour done:
For there he lay, so did his hopefull sonne.
But when this lord by his accesse desires
To grace our dales, he to a house retires,
Whose walles are water'd with our siluer brookes,
And makes the shepherds proud to view his lookes.
There in that blessed house you also saw
His lady, whose admired vertues draw
All hearts to loue her, and all tongues inuite
To praise that ayre where she vouchsafes her light.
And for thy further ioy thine eyes were blest,
To see another lady, in whose brest
True wisdome hath with bounty equall place,
As modesty with beauty in her face.
She found me singing Florae's natiue dowres,
And made me sing before the heau'nly pow'rs:
For which great fauour, till my voice be done,
I sing of her, and her thrice-noble sonne."

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY DAY OF HIS MAIESTIE'S REIGNE OVER ENGLAND,

MARCH THE 24.

WRITTEN AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS TWENTIETH YEERE.

The world to morrow celebrates with mirth
The ioyfull peace betweene the Heau'n and Earth:
To day let Britaine praise that rising light,
Whose titles her diuided parts vnite.
The time since safety triumph'd ouer feare,
Is now extended to the twenti'th yeere.
Thou happy yeere, with perfect number blest,
O slide as smooth and gentle as the rest:
That when the Sunne, dispersing from his head
The clouds of winter on his beauty spred,
Shall see his equinoctiall point againe,
And melt his dusky maske to fruitfull raine,
He may be loth our climate to forsake,
And thence a patterne of such glory take,
That he would leaue the zodiake, and desire
To dwell foreuer with our northerne fire.

A THANKSGIVING

FOR THE DELIVERANCE OF OUR SOVERAIGNE, KING IAMES, FROM A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT, IANUARY 8.

O Gracious Maker! on whose smiles or frownes
Depends the fate of scepters and of crownes:
Whose hand not onely holds the hearts of kings,
But all their steps are shadow'd with thy wings,
To thee immortall thanks three sisters giue,
For sauing him, by whose deare life they liue.
First, England, crown'd with roses of the spring,
An off'ring, like to Abel's gift, will bring:
And vowes that she for thee alone will keepe
Her fattest lambes, and fleeces of her sheepe.
Next, Scotland triumphs, that she bore and bred
This ile's delight, and, wearing on her head
A wreath of lillies gather'd in the field,
Presents the min'rals which her mountaines yeeld.
Last, Ireland, like Terpsichore attir'd
With neuer-fading lawrell, and inspir'd
By true Apollo's heat, a Pæan sings,
And kindles zealous flames with siluer strings.
This day a sacrifice of praise requires,
Our brests are altars, and our ioyes are fires.
That sacred head, so soft, so strangely blest
From bloody plots, was now (O feare!) deprest
Beneath the water, and those sunlike beames
Were threat'ned to be quencht in narrow streames.
Ah! who dare thinke, or can endure to heare,
Of those sad dangers, which then seem'd so neare?
What Pan would haue preseru'd our flocks' increase
From wolues? What Hermes could with words of peace
Cause whetted swords to fall from angry hands,
And shine the starre of calmes in Christian lands?
But Thou, whose eye to hidden depths extends,
To shew that he was made for glorious ends,
Hast rays'd him by thine all-commanding arme,
Not onely safe from death, but free from harme.

TO HIS LATE MAIESTY,

CONCERNING THE TRUE FORME OF ENGLISH POETRY.

Great king, the sou'raigne ruler of this land,
By whose graue care our hopes securely stand:
Since you, descending from that spacious reach,
Vouchsafe to be our master, and to teach
Your English poets to direct their lines,
To mixe their colours, and expresse their signes:
Forgiue my boldnesse, that I here present
The life of Muses yeelding true content
In ponder'd numbers, which with ease I try'd,
When your iudicious rules haue been my guide.
He makes sweet musick, who in serious lines,
Light dancing tunes, and heauy prose declines:
When verses like a milky torrent flow,
They equall temper in the poet show.
He paints true formes, who with a modest heart
Giues lustre to his worke, yet couers art.
Vneuen swelling is no way to fame,
But solid ioyning of the perfect frame:
So that no curious finger there can find
The former chinkes, or nailes that fastly bind.
Yet most would haue the knots of stitches seene,
And holes, where men may thrust their hands between.
On halting feet the ragged poem goes
With accents, neither fitting verse nor prose:
The stile mine eare with more contentment fills
In lawyers' pleadings, or phisicians' bills.
For though in termes of art their skill they close,
And ioy in darksome words as well as those:
They yet haue perfect sense more pure and cleare
Than enuious Muses, which sad garlands weare
Of dusky clouds, their strange conceits to hide
From humane eyes: and (lest they should be spi'd
By some sharpe Oedipus) the English tongue
For this their poore ambition suffers wrong.

In eu'ry language now in Europe spoke
By nations which the Roman empire broke,
The rellish of the Muse consists in rime,
One verse must meete another like a chime.
Our Saxon shortnesse hath peculiar grace
In choise of words, fit for the ending place,
Which leaue impression in the mind as well
As closing sounds, of some delightfull bell:
These must not be with disproportion lame,
Nor should an eccho still repeate the same.
In many changes these may be exprest:
But those that ioyne most simply run the best:
Their forme surpassing farre the fetter'd staues,
Vaine care, and needlesse repetition saues.
These outward ashes keepe those inward fires,
Whose heate the Greeke and Roman works inspires:
Pure phrase, fit epithets, a sober care
Of metaphors, descriptions cleare, yet rare,
Similitudes contracted, smooth and round,
Not vext by learning, but with nature crown'd.
Strong figures drawne from deepe inuentions springs,
Consisting lesse in words, and more in things:
A language not affecting ancient times,
Nor Latine shreds, by which the pedant climes:
A noble subiect which the mind may lift
To easie vse of that peculiar gift,
Which poets in their raptures hold most deare,
When actions by the liuely sound appeare.
Giue me such helpes, I neuer will despaire,
But that our heads which sucke the freezing aire,
As well as hotter braines, may verse adorne,
And be their wonder, as we were their scorne.

TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY OF OUR LATE

SOUERAIGNE LORD, KING IAMES.

WEEPE, O ye nymphs! that from your caues may flow
Those trickling drops, whence mighty riuers flow.
Disclose your hidden store: let eu'ry spring
To this our sea of griefe some tribute bring:
And when ye once haue wept your fountaines dry,
The Heau'n with showres will send a new supply.
But if these cloudy treasures prooue too scant,
Our teares shall helpe, when other moystures want.
This ile, nay Europe, nay the world, bewailes
Our losse, with such a streame as neuer failes.
Abundant floods from eu'ry letter rise, [dies.
When we pronounce great Iames, our soueraigne,
And while I write these words, I trembling stand,
A sudden darknesse hath possest the land.
I cannot now expresse my selfe by signes:
All eyes are blinded, none can reade my lines;
Till Charles ascending, driues away the night,
And in his splendour giues my verses light.
Thus by the beames of his succeeding flame,
I shall describe his father's boundless fame.
The Grecian emp-rours gloried to be borne,
And hurst in purple, by their parents worne.
See here a king, whose birth together twines
The Britan, English, Norman, Scottish lines:
How like a princely throne his cradle stands;
White diadems become his swathing bands.
His glory now makes all the Earth his tombe,
But enuious fiends would in his mother's wombe
Interre his rising greatnesse, and contend
Against the babe, whom heau'nly troopes defend,
And giue such vigour in his childhood's state,
That he can strangle snakes, which swell with hate.
This conquest his vndaunted brest declares
In seas of danger, in a world of cares:
Yet neither cares oppresse his constant mind,
Nor dangers drowne his life for age design'd.
The Muses leaue their sweet Castalian springs
In forme of bees, extending silken wings
With gentle sounds, to keepe this infant still,
While they his mouth with pleasing hony fill.
Hence those large streames of eloquence proceed,
Which in the hearers strange amazement breed;
When laying by his scepters and his swords,
He melts their hearts with his mellifluous words.
So Hercules in ancient pictures fain'd,
Could draw whole nations to his tongue enchain'd.
He first considers, in his tender age,
How God hath rays'd him on this earthly stage,
To act a part, expos'd to eu'ry eye:
With Salomon he therefore striues to flie
To him that gaue this greatnesse, and demands
The precious gift of wisdome from his hands:
While God, delighted with this iust request,
Not onely him with wondrous prudence blest,
But promis'd higher glories, new encrease
Of kingdomes, circled with a ring of peace.
He, thus instructed by diuine commands,
Extends this peacefull line to other lands.
When warres are threaten'd by shril trumpets' sounds,
His oliue stancheth bloud, and binds vp wounds.
The Christian world this good from him deriues,
That thousands had vntimely spent their liues,
If not preseru'd by lustre of his crowne,
Which calm'd the stormes, and layd the billowes down,
And dimm'd the glory of that Roman wreath
By souldiers gain'd for sauing men from death.
This Denmarke felt, and Swethland, when their strife
Ascended to such height, that losse of life
Was counted nothing: for the dayly sight
Of dying men made death no more than night.
Behold, two potent princes deepe engag'd
In seu'rall int'rests, mutually enrag'd
By former conflicts: yet they downe will lay
Their swords, when his aduice directs the way.
The northerne climates from dissention barr'd,
Receiue new ioyes by his discreete award.
When Momus could, among the godlike-kings,
Infect with poyson those immortall springs
Which flow with nectar; and such gall would cast,
As spoyles the sweetnesse of ambrosiae's taste;
This mighty lord, as ruler of the quire,
With peacefull counsels quencht the rising fire.
The Austrian arch-duke, and Batauian state,
By his endeuours, change their long-bred hate
For twelue years' truce: this rest to him they owe,
As Belgian shepherds and poore ploughmen know.
The Muscouites, opprest with neighbours, flie
To safe protection of his watchfull eye.
And Germany his ready succours tries,
When sad contentions in the empire rise.
His mild instinct all Christians thus discerne:
But Christ's malignant foes shall find him sterne.
What care, what charge, he suffers to preuent,
Lest infidels their number should augment.
His ships restraine the pirates' bloody workes;
And Poland gaines his ayde against the Turkes.
His pow'rfull edicts, stretcht beyond the Line,
Among the Indians seu'rall bounds designe;

By which his subiects may exalt his throne,
And strangers keepe themselues within their owne.
This ile was made the Sunne's ecliptick way;
For here our Phœbus still vouchsaf'd to stay:
And from this blessed place of his retreat,
In diff'rent zones distinguisht cold and heate,
Sent light or darknesse, and by his commands
Appointed limits to the seas and lands.
Who would imagine that a prince, employ'd
In such affaires, could euer haue enioy'd
Those houres, which, drawne from pleasure and from rest,
To purchase precious knowledge were addrest?
And yet in learning he was knowne t' exceed
Most, whom our houses of the Muses breed.
Ye English sisters, nurses of the arts,
Vnpartiall iudges of his better parts;
Raise vp your wings, and to the world declare
His solid iudgment, his inuention rare,
His ready elocution, which ye found
In deepest matters that your schooles propound.
It is sufficient for my creeping verse,
His care of English language to rehearse.
He leades the lawlesse poets of our times,
To smoother cadence, to exacter rimes:
He knew it was the proper worke of kings,
To keepe proportion, eu'n in smallest things.
He with no higher titles can be styl'd,
When seruants name him lib'rall, subiects, mild.
Of Antonine's faire time, the Romans tell,
No bubbles of ambition then could swell
To forraine warres; nor ease bred ciuill strife:
Nor any of the senate lost his life.
Our king preserues, for two and twenty yeeres,
This realme from inward and from outward feares.
All English peeres escape the deadly stroke,
Though some with crimes his anger durst prouoke.
He was seuere in wrongs, which others felt;
But in his owne, his heart would quickly melt.
For then (like God, from whom his glories flow)
He makes his mercy swift, his iustice slow.
He neuer would our gen'rall ioy forget,
When on his sacred brow the crowne was set;
And therefore striues to make his kingdome great,
By fixing here his heir's perpetuall seate:
Which eu'ry firme and loyall heart desires,
May last as long as Heau'n hath starry fires.
Continued blisse from him this land receiues,
When leauing vs, to vs his sonne he leaues,
Our hope, our ioy, our treasure: Charles our king,
Whose entrance in my next attempt I sing.

A PANEGYRICK AT THE CORONATION OF OUR

SOUERAIGNE LORD, KING CHARLES.

AURORA, come: why should thine enuious stay
Deferre the ioyes of this expected day?
Will not thy master let his horses runne,
Because he feares to meete another Sunne?
Or hath our northerne starre so dimm'd thine eyes,
Thou knowst not where (at east or west) to rise?
Make haste; for if thou shalt denie thy light,
His glitt'ring crowne will driue away the night.
Debarre not curious Phœbus, who desires
To guild all glorious obiects with his fires.
And could his beames lay open peoples' harts,
As well as he can view their outward parts;
He here should find a triumph, such as he
Hath neuer seene, perhaps shall neuer see.
Shine forth, great Charles, accept our loyall words,
Throw from your pleasing eies those conqu'ring swords,
That when vpon your name our voyces call,
The birds may feele our thund'ring noise, and fall:
Soft ayre, rebounding in a circled ring,
Shall to the gates of Heau'n our wishes bring:
For vowes, which with so strong affection flie
From many lips, will doubtlesse pierce the skie:
And God (who knowes the secrets of our minds,
When in our brests he these two vertues finds,
Sincerity and Concord, ioin'd in pray'r
For him, whom Nature made vndoubted heyre
Of three faire kingdoms) will his angels send
With blessings from his throne this pompe t' attend.
Faire citty, England's gemme, the queene of trade,
By sad infection lately desart made,
Cast off thy mourning robes, forget thy teares,
Thy cleare and healthfull Iupiter appeares:
Pale Death, who had thy silent streets possest,
And some foule dampe or angry planet prest
To worke his rage, now from th' Almightie's will
Receiues command to hold his iauelin still.
But since my Muse pretends to tune a song
Fit for this day, and fit t' inspire this throng;
Whence shall I kindle such immortall fires?
From ioyes or hopes, from prayses or desires?
To prayse him, would require an endlesse wheele;
Yet nothing told but what we see and feele.
A thousand tongues for him all gifts intreate,
In which felicity may claime her seate:
Large honour, happy conquest, boundlesse wealth,
Long life, sweete children, vnafflicted health:
But, chiefely, we esteeme that precious thing,
(Of which already we behold the spring)
Directing wisdome; and we now presage
How high that vertue will ascend in age.
In him, our certaine confidence vnites
All former worthy princes' spreading lights;
And addes his glorious father to the summe:
From ancient times no greater name can come.
Our hopefull king thus to his subiects shines,
And reades in faithfull hearts these zealous lines:
"This is our countrie's father, this is hee
In whome we liue, and could not liue so free,
Were we not vnder him; his watchfull care
Preuents our dangers: how shall we declare
Our thankfull minds, but by the humble gift
Of firme obedience, which to him we lift?
As he is God's true image choicely wrought,
And for our ioy to these dominions brought:
So must we imitate celestiall bands,
Which grudge not to performe diuine commands.
His brest, transparent like a liquid flood,
Discouers his aduice for publike good:
But if we iudge it by deceiuing fame,
Like Semele, we thinke Ioue's piercing flame
No more than common fire in ashes nurst,
Till formelesse fancies in their errours burst.
Shall we discusse his counsels? We are blest
Who know our blisse, and in his iudgement rest."

OF THE PRINCE'S IOURNEY.

The happy ship that carries from the land
Great Britaine's ioy, before she knowes her losse,
Is rul'd by him, who can the waues command.
No ennious stormes a quiet passage crosse:
See, how the water smiles, the wind breathes faire,
The clouds restraine their frownes, their sighes, their teares,
As if the musicke of the whisp'ring ayre
Should tell the sea what precious weight it beares.
A thousand vowes and wishes driue the sayles
With gales of safety to the Neustrian shore.
The ocean, trusted with this pledge, bewailes
That it such wealth must to the earth restore:
Then France receiuing with a deare imbrace
This northerne starre, though clouded and disguis'd,
Beholds some hidden vertue in his face,
And knowes he is a iewell highly priz'd.
Yet there no pleasing sights can make him stay;
For, like a riuer sliding to the maine,
He hastes to find the period of his way,
And, drawne by loue, drawes all our hearts to Spaine.

OF THE

PRINCE'S DEPARTURE AND RETURNE.

When Charles from vs withdrawes his glorious [light,
The Sunne desires his absence to supply:
And that we may nothing in darknesse lie,
He striues to free the north from dreadfull night.
Yet we to Phœbus scarce erect our sight,
But all our lookes, our thoughts, to Charles apply,
And in the best delights of life we die,
Till he returne, and make this climate bright.
Now he ascends, and giues Apollo leaue
To driue his horses to the lower part,
We by his presence like content receiue,
As when fresh spirits aide the fainting heart.
Rest here (great Charles) and shine to vs alone,
For other starres are common: Charles our owne.

OF THE

PRINCE'S MOST HAPPY RETURNE.

Our Charles, whose horses neuer quencht their [heate
In cooling waues of Neptune's watry seate:
Whose starry chariot, in the spangled night,
Was still the pleasing obiect of our sight:
This glory of the north hath lately runne
A course as round and certaine as the Sunne:
He to the south inclining halfe the yeere,
Now at our tropike will againe appeare.
He made his setting in the westerne streames,
Where weary Phœbus dips his fading beames:
But in this morning our erected eyes
Become so happy as to see him rise.
We shall not euer in the shadow stay,
His absence was to bring a longer day;
That hauing felt how darknesse can affright,
We may with more content embrace the light,
And call to mind, how eu'ry soule with paine
Sent forth her throwes to fetch him home againe:
For want of him we wither'd in the spring,
But his returne shall life in winter bring:
The plants, which, when he went, were growing [greene,
Retaine their former liu'ries to be seene,
When he reuiewes them: his expected eye
Preseru'd their beauty, ready oft to die.
What tongue, what hand, can to the life display
The glorious ioy of this triumphant day?
When England, crown'd with many thousand fires,
Receiues the scope of all her best desires.
She at his sight, as with an earthquake swells,
And strikes the Heau'n with sound of trembling bells.
The vocall goddesse, leauing desart woods,
Slides downe the vales, and dancing on the floods,
Obserues our wordes, and with repeating noise
Contends to double our abundant ioyes.
The world's cleare eye is iealous of his name,
He sees this ile like one continuall flame,
And feares lest Earth a brighter starre should breed,
Which might vpon his meate, the vapours, feed.
We maruell not, that in his father's land
So many signes of loue and seruice stand:
Behold, how Spaine retaines in eu'ry place
Some bright reflection of his chearefull face!
Madrid, where first his splendour he displayes,
And driues away the clouds that dimm'd his rayes,
Her ioyes into a world of formes doth bring,
Yet none contents her, while that potent king,
Who rules so farre, till now could neuer find
His realmes and wealth too little for his mind.
No words of welcome can such planets greete,
Where in one house they by coniunction meete.
Their sacred concord runnes through many signes,
And to the zodiakes better portion shines:
But in the Virgin they are seene most farre,
And in the Lyon's heart the kingly starre.
When toward vs our prince his iourney moues,
And feeles attraction of his seruants' loues,
When (hauing open brests of strangers knowne)
He hastes to gather tribute of his owne,
The ioyfull neighbours all his passage fill
With noble trophees of his might and skill,
In conqu'ring men's affections with his darts,
Which deepely fixt in many rauisht hearts,
Are like the starry chaines, whose blazes play
In knots of light along the milkey way.
He heares the newes of his approaching fleet,
And will his nauy see, his seruants greete;
Thence to the land returning in his barge,
The waues leape high, as proud of such a charge;
The night makes speed to see him, and preuents
The slothfull twilight, casting duskie tents
On roring streames, which might all men dismay,
But him, to whose cleare soule the night is day.
The pressing windes, with their officious strife,
Had caus'd a tumult dang'rous to his life.
But their Commander checks them, and restraines
Their hasty feruour in accustom'd chaines:
This perill (which with feare our words decline)
Was then permitted by the hand diuine,
That good euent might prooue his person deare
To Heau'n, and needfull to the people here.
When he resolues to crosse the watry maine,
See what a change his absence makes in Spaine!
The Earth turnes gray for griefe that she conceiues,
Birds lose their tongues, and trees forsake their leaues.
Now floods of teares expresse a sad farewell,
Ambitious sayles as with his greatnesse swell:
To him old Nereus on his dolphin rides,
Presenting bridles to direct the tides:

He calles his daughters from their secret caues,
(Their snowy necks are seene aboue the waues)
And saith to them: "Behold the onely sonne
Of that great lord, about whose kingdomes run
Our liquid currents, which are made his owne,
And with moyst bulwarks guard his sacred throne:
See how his lookes delight, his gestures moue
Admire and praise, yet flye from snares of loue:
Not Thetes, with her beauty and her dowre,
Can draw this Peleus to her watry bowre,
He loues a nymph of high and heau'nly race,
The eu'ning Sunne doth homage to her face.
Hesperian orchards yeeld her golden fruit,
He tooke this iourney in that sweet pursuit."
When thus their father ends, the Nereids throw
Their garlands on this glorious prince, and strow
His way with songs, in which the hopes appeare
Of ioyes too great for humane eares to heare.

VPON THE

ANNIVERSARY DAY OF THE PRINCE'S RETURNE,

OCTOBER THE FIFTH.

We now admire their doctrine, who maintaine
The world's creation vnder Autumne's reigne,
When trees abound in fruit, grapes swell with iuice,
These meates are ready for the creatures' vse:
Old Time resolues to make a new suruay
Of yeeres and ages from this happy day,
Refusing those accounts which others bring,
He crownes October, as of moneths the king.
No more shall hoary Winter claime the place,
And draw cold proofes from Ianus' double face;
Nor shall the Ram, when Spring the Earth adornes,
Vnlocke the gate of Heau'n with golden hornes:
Dry Summer shall not of the Dog-starre boast,
(Of angry constellations honour'd most)
From whose strong heate Egyptians still begun,
To marke the turning circle of the Sunne.
Vertumnus, who hath lordly power to change
The seasons, and can them in order range,
Will from this period fresh beginning take,
Yet not so much for his Pomonae's sake,
Who then is richly drest to please her spouse,
And with her orchard's treasure deckes her browes.
It is our Charles, whose euer loued name
Hath made this point of Heau'n increase in fame:
Whose long-thought absence was so much deplor'd,
In whom our hopes and all our fruits are stor'd.
He now attaines the shore, (O blessed day!)
And true Achates waites along his way,
Our wise Anchises for his sonne prouides
This chosen seruant, as the best of guides.
A prince's glory cannot more depend
Vpon his crowne, than on a faithfull friend.

TO THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE CHARLES,

OF THE EXCELLENT VSE OF POEMS.

Diuine example of obedient heires,
High in my hopes, and second in my prayers:
True image of your father to the life,
Whom Time desir'd, and Fates in ielous strife,
With chearefull voices taught their wheeles to runne,
That such a father might haue such a sonne;
Since God exalts you on this earthly stage,
And giues you wisedome farre aboue your age,
To iudge of men, and of their actiue pow'rs:
Let me lay downe the fruits of priuate houres
Before your feet; you neuer will refuse
This gift, which beares the title of a Muse.
Among your serious thoughts, with noble care
You cherish poets, knowing that they are
The starres which light to famous actions giue,
By whom the mem'ries of good princes liue:
You are their prince in a peculiar kind,
Because your father hath their art refin'd.
And though these priests of greatnesse quiet sit,
Amid'st the silent children of their wit,
Without accesse of sutours, or dispatch
Of high affaires, at which th' ambitious catch;
They are not idle, when their sight they rayse
Beyond the present time to future daies;
And braue examples sage instructions bring
In pleasing verses, which our sonnes may sing.
They oft erect their flight aboue the land,
When graue Vrania ioyning hand in hand
With soft Thalia, mix their diff'rent strings,
And by their musick make celestiall things;
More fit for humane eares, whose winding rounds
Are easly fill'd with well digested sounds.
Pale Enuy and dull Ignorance reproue
This exercise, as onely apt for loue,
Deuis'd t' allure the sense with curious art;
But not t' enrich the vnderstanding part.
So might they say, the Sunne was onely fram'd
To please the eye, and onely therefore nam'd
The eye of Heau'n, conceiuing not his wheele
Of liuely heate, which lower bodies feele.
Our Muses striue, that common-wealths may be
As well from barb'rous deedes as language free:
The seu'rall sounds in harmony combin'd
Knit chaines of vertue in the hearer's mind:
And that he still may haue his teacher by
With measur'd lines, we please his curious eye.
We hold those works of art or nature best,
Where order's steps most fully are exprest:
And therefore all those ciuill men that liue
By law and rule, will to our numbers giue
The name of good, in which perfection rests;
And feele their strokes with sympathyzing brests.
Not oratours so much with flowing words
Can sway the hearts of men, and whet their swords
Or blunt them at their pleasure, as our straines,
(Whose larger spheare the orbe of prose containes)
Can men's affections lessen or increase,
And guide their passions, whisp'ring warre or peace.
Tyrtæus, by the vigour of his verse,
Made Sparta conquer, while his lines reherse
Her former glory, almost then subdude
By stronger foes, and when the people rude
Contend among themselues with mutuall wrongs,
He tempers discord with his milder songs:
This poore lame poet hath an equall praise
With captaines and with states-men of his dayes:
The Muses claime possession in those men,
Who first aduentur'd with a nimble pen
To paint their thoughts in new inuented signes,
And spoke of Nature's workes in numbred lines:
This happy art, compar'd with plainer wayes,
Was sooner borne, and not so soone decayes:

She safer stands from time's deuouring wrong,
As better season'd to continue long;
But as the streames of time still forward flow,
So wits more idle and distrustfull grow:
They yeeld this fort, and cowardly pretend
Prose is a castle easier to defend:
Nor was this change effected in a day,
But with degrees, and by a stealing way:
They pull the Muses' feathers one by one,
And are not seene, till both the wings be gone.
If man, inioying such a precious mine,
Esteem'd his nature almost made diuine,
When he beheld th' expression of his thought,
To such a height, and godlike glory brought;
This change may well his fading ioy confound,
To see it naked, creeping on the ground:
Yet in the lands that honour'd learning's name,
Were alwayes some that kept the vestall flame
Of pow'rfull verse, on whose increase or end
The periods of the soul's chiefe raigne depend.
Now in this realme I see the golden age
Returne to vs, whose comming shall asswage
Distracting strife, and many hearts inspire,
To gather fewell for this sacred fire:
On which, if you, great prince, your eyes will cast,
And, like Fauonius, giue a gentle blast,
The liuely flame shall neuer yeeld to death,
But gaine immortall spirit by your breath.

TO THE PRINCE.

If eu'ry man a little world we name,
You are a world most like the greatest frame:
Your loue of learning spreads your glory farre,
Lifts you to Heau'n, and makes you there a starre.
In actiue sports, and formes of martiall deeds,
Like fire and ayre your nimble courage breeds
A rare amazement and a sweet delight
To Britaines, who behold so deare a sight:
Though higher orbes such glorious signes containe,
Doe not (braue prince), this lower globe disdaine.
In pure and fruitfull water we may see
Your minde from darknesse cleare, in bounty free:
And in the steddy resting of the ground,
Your noble firmenesse to your friend is found:
For you are still the same, and where you loue,
No absence can your constant mind remoue.
So goodnesse spreads it selfe with endlesse lines,
And so the light in distant places shines:
He that aduentures of your worth to sing,
Attempts in vaine to paint a boundlesse thing.

AN EPITHALAMIUM

VPON THE HAPPY MARRIAGE OF OUR SOUERAIGNE LORD, KING CHARLES, AND OUR GRACIOUS LADY, QUEENE MARY.

The ocean long contended (but in vaine)
To part our shore from France.
Let Neptune shake his mace, and swelling waues aduance:
The former vnion now returnes againe,
This isle shall once more kisse the maine
Ioyn'd with a flowry bridge of loue, on which the Graces dance.

Leander here no dang'rous iourney takes,
To touch his Hero's hand: [land,
Our Hellespont with ships becomes as firme as
When this sweete nymph her place of birth forsakes,
And England signes of welcome makes,
As many as our gladsome coasts haue little graines of sand.

That voyce, in which the continent was blest,
Now to this iland calls [walls:
The liuing woods and rocks, to frame new rising
The mooning hills salute this happy guest,
The riuers to her seruice prest,
Seine into Thames, Garonne to Trent, and Loire to Seuerne falls.

This royall payre, the bridegroome and the bride,
With equall glory shine: [
Both full of sparkling light, both sprung from race diuine.
Their princely fathers, Europe's highest pride,
The westerne world did sweetly guide:
To them, as fathers of their realmes, we golden crownes assigne.

Great Henry, neuer vanquisht in the field,
Rebellious foes could tame. [name:
The wisdome of our Iames bred terrour in his
So that his proudest aduersaries yeeld,
Glad to be guarded with his shield,
Where peace with drops of heau'nly dew supprest dissention's flame.

Our Charles and Mary now their course prepare,
Like those two greater lights, [
Which God in midst of Heau'n exalted to our sights,
To guide our footsteps with perpetual care,
Time's happy changes to declare:
The one affoords vs healthfull daies, the other quiet nights.

See how the planets, and each lesser fire,
Along the zodiake glide,
And in this stately traine their offices diuide!
No starre remaines exempted from this quire,
But all are ioyn'd in one desire,
To moue as these their wheeles shall turne, and rest where they abide.

What can these shouts and glitt'ring showes portend,
But neuer fading ioyes? [
The lords in rich attire, the people with their noyse,
Expresse to what a height their hopes ascend,
Which like a circle haue no end:
Their strength no furious tempests shake, nor creeping age destroyes.

On this foundation we expect to build
The towers of earthly blisse.
Mirth shall attend on Health, and Peace shall fill'd,
Plenty kisse: [
The trees with fruite, with flowres our gardens
Sweete honey from the leaues distill'd,
For now Astræa's raigne appeares to be a tipe of this.

O may our children with their rauish't eyes
A race of sonnes behold,
Whose birth shal change our ir'n to siluer, may rise
brasse to gold. [
Proceede white houres, that from this stocke
Victorious kings, whom Fame shall prize
More dearely, than all other names within her booke enroll'd.

AT THE

END OF HIS MAIESTIE'S FIRST YEERE.

SONNET FIRST.

Your royall father Iames, the good and great,
Proclaim'd in March, when first we felt the spring,
A world of blisse did to our iland bring:
And at his death he made his yeeres compleate,
Although three days he longer held his seate.
Then from that houre when he reioic'd to sing,
Great Britaine torne before, enioyes a king:
Who can the periods of the starres repeate?
The Sunne, who in his annuall circle takes
A daye's full quadrant from th' ensuing yeere,
Repayes it in foure yeeres, and equall makes
The number of the dayes within his spheare:
Iames was our earthly Sunne, who, call'd to Heau'n,
Leaues you his heire, to make all fractions eu'n.

SONNET SECOND.

About the time when dayes are longer made,
When nights are warmer, and the aire more cleare,
When verdant leaues and fragrant flowres appeare;
Whose beauty winter had constrained to fade.
About the time, when Gabriel's words perswade
The blessed Virgin to incline her eare,
And to conceyue that Sonne, whom she shall beare;
Whose death and rising driue away the shade.
About this time, so oft, so highly blest,
By precious gifts of nature and of grace,
First glorious Iames the English crowne possest:
Then gracious Charles succeeded in his place.
For him his subiects wish with hearty words,
Both what this world and what the next affords.

AN EPITHALAMIUM

TO MY LORD MARQUESSE OF BUCKINGHAM, AND TO HIS FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADY[1].

Seuere and serious Muse,
Whose quill the name of loue declines,
Be not too nice, nor this deare worke refuse:
Here Venus stirs no flame, nor Cupid guides thy lines,
But modest Hymen shakes his torch, and chast [Lucina shines.
The bridegroome's starres arise,
Maydes, turne your sight, your faces hide:
Lest ye be shipwrack't in those sparkling eyes,
Fit to be seene by none, but by his lonely bride:
If him Narcissus should behold, he would forget his pride.
And thou, faire nymph, appeare
With blushes, like the purple morne;
If now thine eares will be content to heare
The title of a wife, we shortly will adorne
Thee with a ioyfull mother's name, when some sweet child is borne.
We wish a sonne, whose smile,
Whose beauty, may proclaime him thine,
Who may be worthy of his father's stile,
May answere to our hopes, and strictly may combine [land's line.
The happy height of Villiers' race with noble Rut-
Let both their heads be crown'd
With choysest flowers, which shall presage
That loue shall flourish, and delights abound,
Time, adde thou many dayes, nay, ages to their age; [asswage.
Yet neuer must thy freezing arme their holy fires
Now when they ioyne their hands,
Behold, how faire that knot appeares!
O may the firmenesse of these nuptiall bands
Resemble that bright line, the measure of the yeeres, [ioynes the hemispheres.
Which makes a league betweene the poles, and

[1] This was lady Catherine Manners, daughter of Francis, eatl of Rutland, whom our author compliments in the preceding poem of the Shepherdess. *C.*

OF HIS MAIESTIE'S VOW

FOR THE FELICITY OF MY LORD MARQUESSE OF BUCKINGHAM.

See what a full and certaine blessing flowes
From him that, vnder God, the Earth commands:
For kings are types of God, and by their hands
A world of gifts and honours he bestowes.
The hopefull tree, thus blest, securely growes,
Amidst the waters in a fertile ground; [crown'd,
And shall with leaues, and flowres, and fruites, be
Abundant dew on it the planter throwes.
You are this plant, my lord, and must dispose
Your noble soule, those blossomes to receiue;
Which euer to the roote of vertue cleaue,
As our Apollo by his skill foreshowes:
Our Salomon, in wisedome and in peace,
Is now the prophet of your faire increase.

MY LORD OF BUCKINGHAM'S WELCOME TO THE KING AT BURLEY.

Sir, you haue euer shin'd vpon me bright,
But now, you strike and dazle me with light:
You, England's radiant Sunne, vouchsafe to grace
My house, a spheare too little and too base:
My Burley as a cabinet containes
The gemme of Europe, which from golden veines
Of glorious princes to this height is growne,
And ioynes their precious vertues all in one:
When I your praise would to the world professe;
My thoughts with zeale and earnest feruour presse
Which should be first, and their officious strife
Restraines my hand from painting you to life.
I write, and hauing written, I destroy,
Because my lines haue bounds, but not my ioy.

A CONGRATULATION TO MY LORD MARQUESSE OF BUCKINGHAM,

AT THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

My lines describ'd your marriage as the spring,
Now, like the reapers, of your fruite I sing,

And shew the haruest of your constant loue,
In this sweete armefull, which your ioy shall proue:
Her sex is signe of plenty, and fore-runnes
The pleasing hope of many noble sonnes:
Who farre abroad their branches shall extend,
And spread their race, till time receiue an end.
Be euer blest, (faire childe) that hast begunne
So white a threed, by hands of angels spunne:
Thou art the first, and wilt the rest beguile;
For thou shalt rauish with a chearefull smile
Thy parents' hearts, not wonted to such blisse:
And steale the first fruites of a tender kisse.

OF TRUE GREATNESSE.

TO MY LORD MARQUESSE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Sir, you are truely great, and euery eye,
Not dimme with enuy, ioyes to see you high:
But chiefely mine, which, buried in the night,
Are by your beames rais'd and restor'd to light.
You, onely you, haue pow'r to make me dwell
In sight of men, drawne from my silent cell:
Where oft in vaine my pen would haue exprest
Those precious gifts, in which your minde is blest.
But you as much too modest are to reade
Your prayse, as I too weake your fame to spreade.
All curious formes, all pictures, will disgrace
Your worth, which must be studied in your face,
The liuely table, where your vertue shines
More clearely, than in strong and waighty lines.
In vaine I striue to write some noble thing,
To make you nobler for that prudent king,
Whose words so oft, you happy are to heare,
Hath made instruction needlesse to your eare:
Yet giue me leaue, in this my silent song,
To shew true greatnesse, while you passe along;
And if you were not humble, in each line
Might owne your selfe, and say, "This grace is mine."
They that are great, and worthy to be so,
Hide not their rayes, from meanest plants that grow.
Why is the Sunne set in a throne so hie,
But to giue light to each inferiour eye?
His radiant beames distribute liuely grace
To all, according to their worth and place;
And from the humble ground those vapours draine,
Which are set downe in fruitefull drops of raine.
As God his greatnesse and his wisdome showes
In kings, whose lawes the acts of men dispose;
So kings among their seruants those select,
Whose noble vertues may the rest direct:
Who must remember that their honour tends
Not to vaine pleasure, but to publike ends,
And must not glory in their stile or birth;
The starres were made for man, the Heau'n for Earth.
He whose iust deedes his fellow-seruants please,
May serue his sou'raigne with more ioy and ease,
Obeying, with sincere and faithfull loue,
That pow'rfull hand, which giues his wheele to moue:
His spheare is large, who can his duty know
To princes? and respect to vs below!
His soule is great, when it in bounds confines,
This scale, which, rays'd so high, so deepe declines:
These are the steps, by which he must aspire
Beyond all things which earthly hearts desire:
And must so farre dilate his noble minde,
Till it in Heau'n eternall honour finde.
The order of the blessed spirits there
Must be his rule, while he inhabits here:
He must conceiue that worldly glories are
Vaine shadowes, seas of sorrow, springs of care:
All things which vnder Cynthia leade their life,
Are chain'd in darknesse, borne and nurst in strife:
None scapes the force of this destroying flood,
But he that cleaues to God, his constant good:
He is accurst that will delight to dwell
In this black prison, this seditious Hell:
When with lesse paine he may imbrace the light,
And on his high Creator fixe his sight,
Whose gracious presence giues him perfect rest,
And buildes a paradise within his brest:
Where trees of vertues to their height increase,
And beare the flowres of ioy, the fruites of peace.
No enuie, no reuenge, no rage, no pride,
No lust, nor rapine, should his courses guide:
Though all the world conspire to doe him grace,
Yet he is little, and extremely base,
If in his heart these vices take their seate;
(No pow'r can make the slaue of passions great.)

VPON

MY LORD OF BUCKINGHAM'S ARMES.

Behold, the ensignes of a Christian knight,
Whose field is, like his minde, of siluer bright:
His bloudy crosse supports fiue golden shels,
A precious pearle in euery scallop dwels:
Fiue vertues grace the middle and the bounds,
Which take their light from Christ's victorious wounds:
Vpon the top commanding Prudence shines,
Repressing Temp'rance to the foote declines;
Braue Fortitude and Iustice are the hands,
And Charity as in the center stands;
Which binding all the ends with strong effect,
To euery vertue holds the same respect:
May he that beares this shield, at last obtaine
The azure circle of celestiall raigne;
And hauing past the course of sliding houres,
Enioy a crowne of neuer-fading flow'rs!

VPON

MY LORD OF BUCKINGHAM'S SHIELD AT A TILTING,

HIS IMPRESSE BEING A BIRD OF PARADISE.

See how this bird erects his constant flight
Aboue the cloudes, aspiring to the light:
As in a quiet paradise he dwels
In that pure region, where no winde rebels:
And fearing not the thunder, hath attain'd
The palace, where the demigods remaind:
This bird belongs to you, thrice glorious king;
From you the beauties of his feathers spring:
No vaine ambition lifts him vp so high,
But, rais'd by force of your attractiue eye,
He feedes vpon your beames, and takes delight,
Not in his owne ascent, but in your sight.
Let them, whose motion to the Earth declines,
Describe your circle by their baser lines,

And enuy at the brightnesse of your seate:
He cannot liue diuided from your heate.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AT HIS RETURNE FROM SPAINE.

My lord, that you so welcome are to all,
You haue deseru'd it; neuer could there fall
A fitter way to prooue you highly lou'd,
Than when your selfe you from our sights remou'd.
The clouded lookes of Brittaine sad appeare,
With doubtfull care (ah, who can bridle feare!)
For their inestimable gemme perplext;
The good and gracefull Buckingham is next
In their desires: they to remembrance bring
How oft, by mediation with the king
You mitigate the rigour of the lawes,
And pleade the orphan's and the widowe's cause.
My Muse, which tooke from you her life and light,
Sate like a weary wretch, whome suddaine night
Had ouerspred: your absence casting downe
The flow'rs, and Sirens' feathers from her crowne,
Your fauour first th' anointed head inclines
To heare my rurall songs, and reade my lines:
Your voyce my reede with lofty musick reares
To offer trembling songs to princely eares.
But since my sou'raigne leaues in great affaires
His trusty seruant to his subiects' pray'rs:
I willing spare for such a noble end
My patron and (too bolde I speake) my friend.

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The words of princes iustly we conceiue,
As oracles inspir'd by pow'r diuine,
Which make the vertues of their seruants shine,
And monuments to future ages leaue.
The sweet consent of many tongues can weaue
Such knots of honour in a flowry line,
That no iniurious hands can them vntwine,
Nor enuious blasts of beauty can bereaue.
These are your helpes, my lord, by these two
You lifted are aboue the force of spite: [wings
For, while the publike quire your glory sings,
The arme that rules them keepes the musicke right:
Your happy name with noble prayse to greet,
God's double voyce, the king and kingdome meet.

TO MY GRACIOUS LORD,

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

VPON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST SONNE[2].

Give leaue (my lord) to his abounding heart,
Whose faithfull zeale presumes to beare a part
In eu'ry blessing which vpon you shines,
And to your glory consecrates his lines;
Which, rising from a plaine and countrey Muse,
Must all my boldnesse with her name excuse.
Shall Burley onely triumph in this child,
Which by his birth is truly happy stil'd?

Nay, we will striue that Eccho, with her notes,
May draw some ioy into our homely cotes:
While I to solitary hills retire,
Where quiet thoughts my songs with truth inspire,
And teach me to foretell the hopes that flow
From this young lord, as he in yeeres shall grow.
First, we behold (and neede not to presage)
What pleasing comfort in this tender age
He giues his parents, sweetning eu'ry day
With deare contentments of his harmelesse play.
They in this glasse their seu'rall beauties place,
And owne themselues in his delightfull face.
But when this flowry bud shall first beginne
To spread his leaues, which were conceal'd within,
And casting off the dew of childish teares,
More glorious then the rose at noone appeares;
His minde extends it selfe to larger bounds;
Instinct of gen'rous nature oft propounds
(Great duke) your actiue graces to his sight,
As obiects full of wonder and delight:
These in his thoughts entire possession keep,
They stop his play, and interrupt his sleepe.
So doth a carefull painter fixe his eyes
Vpon the patterne, which before him lies,
And neuer from the boord his hand withdrawes,
Vntill the type he like th' exemplar cause.
To courtly dancing now he shall decline,
To manage horses, and in armes to shine.
Such ornaments of youth are but the seeds
Of noble vertues, and heroick deeds.
He will not rest in any outward part,
But striues t' expresse the riches of your heart
Within a litle modell, and to frame
True title to succession of your fame.
In riper yeeres he shall your wisedome learne,
And your vndaunted courage shall discerne;
And from your actions, from your words and lookes,
Shall gather rules, which others reade in bookes:
So in Achilles more those lessons wrought,
Which Peleus show'd, than those which Chiron taught.

VPON

THE EARL OF COVENTRY'S[3] DEPARTURE FROM VS TO THE ANGELS.

Sweet babe, whose birth inspir'd me with a song,
And call'd my Muse to trace thy dayes along;
Attending riper yeeres, with hope to finde
Such braue endeuours of thy noble minde,
As might deserue triumphant lines, and make
My fore-head bold a lawrell crowne to take:
How hast thou left vs, and this earthly stage,
(Not acting many months) in tender age?
Thou cam'st into this world a little spie, [eye
Where all things that could please the eare and
Were set before thee, but thou found'st them toyes,
And flew'st with scornefull smiles t' eternall ioyes:
No visage of grim Death is sent t' affright
Thy spotlesse soule, nor darknesse blinds thy sight;
But lightsome angels, with their golden wings,
Ore-spread thy cradle, and each spirit brings
Some precious balme, for heau'nly physicke meet,
To make the separation soft and sweet.
The sparke infus'd by God departs away,
And bids the earthly weake companion stay

[2] Charles lord Villiers, earl of Coventry, who died an infant, March 17, 1626-7. *C.*

[3] See the preceding note. *C.*

With patience in that nurs'ry of the ground,
Where first the seeds of Adam's limbes were found:
For time shall come when these diuided friends
Shall ioyne againe, and know no seu'rall ends,
But change this short and momentary kisse,
To strict embraces of celestiall blisse.

TO MY LORD VICOUNT PURBECK[4].

A CONGRATULATION FOR HIS HEALTH.

If we inlarge our hearts, extend our voyce,
To shew with what affection we reioyce,
When friends or kinsmen wealth and honour gaine,
Or are return'd to freedome from the chaine:
How shall your seruants and your friends (my lord)
Declare their ioy? who find no sound, no word,
Sufficient for their thoughts, since you haue got
That iewell health, which kingdomes equall not,
From sicknesse freed, a tyrant farre more fell
Than Turkish pirates, who in gallies dwell.
The Muses to the friend of musicke bring
The signes of gladnesse: Orpheus strikes a string
Which can inspire the dull, can cheare the sad,
And to the dead can liuely motion adde:
Some play, some sing: while I, whose onely skill,
Is to direct the organ of my quill,
That from my hand it may not runne in vaine,
But keepe true time with my commanding braine.
I will bring forth my musicke, and will trie
To rayse these dumbe (yet speaking) letters high,
Till they contend with sounds; till arm'd with wings
My feather'd pen surmount Apollo's strings.
We much reioice that lightsome calmes asswage
The fighting humours, blind with mutuall rage:
So sing the mariners exempt from feare,
When stormes are past, and hopefull signes appeare:
So chaunts the mounting larke her gladsome lay,
When night giues place to the delightfull day.
In this our mirth, the greatest ioy I finde,
Is to consider how your noble minde
Will make true vse of those afflictions past,
And on this ground will fix your vertue fast;
You hence haue learn'd th' vncertaine state of man,
And that no height of glitt'ring honour can
Secure his quiet: for almighty God,
Who rules the high, can with his pow'rful rod
Represse the greatest, and in mercy daignes
With dang'rous ioyes to mingle wholsome paines.
Though men in sicknesse draw vnquiet breath,
And count it worst of euils, next to death:
Yet such his goodnesse is, who gouernes all,
That from this bitter spring sweete riuers fall.
Here we are truly taught our selues to know,
To pitty others who indure like woe:
To feele the waight of sinne, the onely cause
Whence eu'ry body this corruption drawes:
To make our peace with that correcting hand,
Which at each moment can our liues command.
These are the blest effects, which sicknesse leaues,
When these your serious brest aright conceaues,
You will no more repent your former paine;
Than we our ioy, to see you well againe.

[4] Sir John Villiers, elder brother to the duke of Buckingham, created baron of Stoke and viscount Purbeck, June 1620. *C.*

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FAIRE AND THRICE VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN,

MISTRIS ELIZABETH NEUELL.

A nymph is dead, milde, vertuous, young, and faire,
Death neuer counts by dayes, or months, or yeeres:
Oft in his sight the infant old appeares,
And to his earthly mansion must repaire.
Why should our sighes disturbe the quiet aire?
For when the flood of time to ruine beares,
No beauty can preuaile, nor parents' teares.
When life is gone, we of the flesh despaire,
Yet still the happy soule immortall liues
In Heauen, as we with pious hope conceiue,
And to the Maker endlesse prayses giues,
That she so soone this lothsome world might leaue.
We iudge that glorious spirit doubly blest,
Which from short life ascends t' eternall rest.

OF THE TRULY NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LADY, THE

LADY MARQUESSE OF WINCHESTER.

Can my poore lines no better office haue,
But lie like scritch-owles still about the graue?
When shall I take some pleasure for my paine,
Commending them that can commend againe?
When shall my Muse in loue-sicke lines recite
Some ladie's worth, which she of whom I write,
With thankfull smiles may reade in her owne dayes?
Or when shall I a breathing woman prayse?
O neuer! Mine are too ambitious strings,
They will not sound but of eternall things;
Such are freed-soules: but had I thought it fit,
T' exalt a spirit to a body knit,
I would confesse I spent my time amisse,
When I was slow to giue due praise to this.
Now when all weepe, it is my time to sing,
Thus from her ashes must my poem spring:
Though in the race I see some swiftly runne,
I will not crowne them till the goale be won.
Till death ye mortals cannot happy be:
What can I then but woe and dangers see,
If in your liues I write? now when ye rest,
I will insert your names among the blest:
And now, perhaps, my verses may increase
Your rising fame, though not your boundlesse peace:
Which if they euer could, may they make thine,
Great lady, further, if not clearer, shine.
I could thy husband's highest styles relate,
Thy father's earledome, and that England's state
Was wholy manag'd by thy grandsire's brow:
But those that loue thee best, will best allow
That I omit to praise thy match and line,
And speake of things that were more truely thine.
Thou thought'st it base to build on poore remaines
Of noble bloud, which ranne in others' veines;
As many doe, who beare no flowres, nor fruite,
But shew dead stocks, which haue beene of repute,
And liue by meere remembrance of a sound,
Which was long since by winds disperst and drown'd;
While that false worth, which they suppose they haue,
Is digg'd vp new from the corrupting graue:
For thou hadst liuing honours, not decay'd
With wearing time, and needing not the ayd

Of heraulds, in the harnest of whose art
None but the vertuous iustly clayme a part:
Since they our parents' memories renew,
For imitation, not for idle view.
Yet what is all their skill, if we compare
Their paper works with those which liuely are,
In such as thou hast been, whose present lookes,
If many such were, would surpresse all bookes?
For their examples would alone suffice:
They that the countrey see, the map despise.
For thee a crowne of vertues we prepare,
The chiefe is wisdome, in thy sex most rare,
By which thou didst thy husband's state maintaine,
Which sure had falne without thee; and in vaine
Had aged Paulet wealth and honours heap'd
Vpon his house, if strangers had them reapt.
In vaine to height, by safe still steps he climes,
And serues fiue princes in most diff'rent times.
In vaine is he a willow, not an oke,
Which winds might easly bend, yet neuer broke.
In vaine he breakes his sleepe, and is diseas'd,
And grieues himselfe that others may be pleas'd.
In vaine he striues to beare an equall hand,
'Twixt Somerset and bold Northumberland;
And to his owne close ends directing all,
Will rise with both, but will with neither fall.
All this had been in vaine, vnlesse he might
Haue left his heires cleare knowledge as their right.
But this no sonne infallibly can draw
From his descent, by nature or by law:
That treasure which the soule with glory decks,
Respects not birth-right nor the nobler sex:
For women oft haue men's defects suppli'd,
Whose office is to keepe what men prouide.
So hast thou done, and made thy name as great,
As his who first exalted Paulet's seate:
Neere drew, yet not too neere, the thunder's blow,
Some stood 'twixt Ioue and him, though most be-
O well waigh'd dignity, selected place, [low.
Prouided for continuance of his race,
Not by astrologie, but prudence farre,
More pow'rfull than the force of any starre!
The dukes are gone, and now (tho' much beneath)
His coronet is next th' imperiall wreath,
No richer signe his flowry garland drownes,
Which shines alone aboue the lesser crownes.
This thou inioyd'st, as sicke men tedious houres,
And thought'st of brighter pearles, and fairer
flowres, [serues,
And higher crownes, which Heau'n for thee re-
When this thy worldly pompe decayes and starues.
This sacred feruour in thy mind did glow:
And tho' supprest with outward state and show,
Yet at thy death those hind'ring clouds it clear'd,
And like the lost Sunne to the world appear'd;
Euen as a strong fire vnder ashes turn'd,
Which with more force long secretly hath burn'd,
Breakes forth to be the obiect of our sight,
Aimes at the orbe, and ioynes his flame with light[5].

VPON HIS NOBLE FRIEND,

SIR WILLIAM SKIPWITH.

To frame a man, who in those gifts excels,
Which makes the country happy where he dwels,
We first conceiue, what names his line adorne?
It kindles vertue to be nobly borne.
This picture of true gentry must be grac'd
With glitt'ring iewels, round about him plac'd;
A comely body, and a beauteous mind;
A heart to loue, a hand to giue inclin'd;
A house as free and open as the ayre;
A tongue which ioyes in language sweet and faire,
Yet can, when need requires, with courage bold,
To publike eares his neighbour's griefes vnfold.
All these we neuer more shall find in one,
And yet all these are clos'd within this stone.

AN EPITAPH VPON MY DEARE BROTHER,

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

On Death, thy murd'rer, this reuenge I take:
I slight his terrour, and iust question make,
Which of vs two the best precedence haue,
Mine to this wretched world, thine to the graue:
Thou shouldst haue followed me, but Death too
blame,
Miscounted yeeres, and measur'd age by fame.
So dearely hast thou bought thy precious lines,
Their praise grew swiftly; so thy life declines:
Thy Muse, the hearer's queene, the reader's loue,
All eares, all hearts, (but Death's) could please
and moue.

OF MY DEARE SONNE,

GERVASE BEAUMONT.

Can I, who haue for others oft compil'd
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flow'r crusht, with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,
Expecting with cleare hope to liue anew,
Among the angels fed with heau'nly dew?
We have this signe of joy, that many dayes,
While on the Earth his struggling spirit stayes,
The name of Iesus in his mouth containes,
His onely food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.
Deare Lord, receiue my sonne, whose winning loue
To me was like a friendship, farre aboue
The course of nature, or his tender age,
Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes asswage;
Let his pure soule, ordain'd seu'n yeeres to be
In that fraile body, which was part of me,
Remaine my pledge in Heau'n, as sent to shew,
How to this port at eu'ry step I goe.

TEARES FOR THE DEATH OF THE TRULY HONOURABLE,

THE LORD CHANDOS.

Let him whose lines a priuate losse deplore,
Call them to weepe, that neuer wept before;
My griefe is more audacious: giue me one
Who eu'ry day hath heard a dying grone.
The subiect of my verses may suffice
To draw new teares from dry and weary eyes.
We dare not loue a man, nor pleasure take
In others' worth for noble Chandos' sake:

[5] This lady marquesse was Lucy, daughter to Thomas, earl of Exeter. *C.*

And when we seeke the best with reasons light,
We feare to wish him longer in our sight.
Time had increast his vertue and our woe,
For sorrow gathers weight by comming slow:
Should him the God of life, to life restore
Againe, we lose him, and lament the more.
If mortals could a thousand liues renew,
They were but shades of death which must insue.
Our gracious God hath fitter bounds assign'd,
And earthly paines to one short life confin'd;
Yet when his hand hath quench'd the vitall flame,
It leaues some cinders of immortall fame.
At these we blow, and (like Prometheus) striue
By such weake sparkes, to make dead clay aliue:
Breath flyes to ayre, the body falls to ground,
And nothing dwels with vs but mournfull sound.
O, might his honour'd name live in my song,
Reflected as with ecchoes shrill and strong!
But when my lines of glorious objects treate,
They should rise high, because the worke is great.
No quill can paint this lord, vnlesse it haue
Some tincture from his actions free and braue:
Yet from this height I must descend againe,
And (like the calm sea) lay my verses plaine,
When I describe the smoothnesse of his mind,
Where reason's chaines rebellious passions bind:
My poem must in harmony excell,
His sweet behauiour and discourse to tell;
It should be deepe, and full of many arts,
To teach his wisdome, and his happy parts.
But since I want these graces, and despaire
To make my picture (like the patterne) faire;
These hasty strokes vnperfect draughts shall stand,
Expecting life from some more skilfull hand.

VPON THE VNTIMELY DEATH OF THE HONOURABLE,

HOPEFULL YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

EDWARD STAFFORD,

SONNE AND HEIRE TO THE LORD STAFFORD.

Dead is the hope of Stafford, in whose line
So many dukes, and earles and barons shine:
And from this Edward's death his kinred drawes
More griefe, than mighty Edward's fall could cause;
For to this house his vertue promis'd more,
Than all those great ones that had gone before.
No lofty titles can securely frame
The happinesse, and glory of a name:
Bright honours at the point of noone decay,
And feele a sad declining like the day.
But he that from the race of kings is borne,
And can their mem'ries with his worth adorne,
Is farre more blest, than those of whom he springs,
He from aboue the soule of goodnesse brings,
T' inspire the body of his noble birth,
This makes it mone, before but liuelesse earth.
Of such I write, who show'd he would haue been
Complete in action, but we lost him greene.
We onely saw him crown'd with flowres of hope:
O that the fruits had giu'n me larger scope!
And yet the bloomes which on his hearse we strow,
Surpasse the cherries, and the grapes that grow
In others gardens. Here fresh roses lie,
Whose ruddy blushes modest thoughts descry;
In flowre-de-luces, dide with azure hue.
His constant loue to heau'nly things we view:
The spotlesse lillies shew his pure intent,
The flaming marigold his zeale present,
The purple violets his noble minde,
Degen'rate neuer from his princely kind;
And last of all the hyacinths we throw,
In which are writ the letters of our woe.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LEARNED AND RELIGIOUS

FERDINANDO PULTON, ESQ.

As at a ioyfull marriage, or the birth
Of some long wished child; or when the earth
Yeelds plenteous fruit, and makes the ploughman sing:
Such is the sound and subject of my string:
Ripe age, full vertue, need no fun'rall song,
Here mournefull tunes would grace and nature wrong.
Why should vaine sorrow follow him with teares,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
Whose thread exceeds the vsuall bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatall knife?
The Destinies enioyne their wheeles to run,
Vntill the length of his whole course be spun:
No enuious cloud obscures his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than eu'ry little moment whence it springs,
Vnlesse imploy'd in workes deseruing praise;
Most weare out many yeeres, and liue few dayes.
Time flowes from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is comming, and before our eyes:
Let it but slide into th' eternall maine,
No realmes, no worlds can purchase it againe:
Remembrance onely makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixt the prints, is past.
This he well knowing, all occasions tries,
T' enrich his owne, and other's learned eyes.
This noble end, not hope of gaine, did draw
His minde to trauaile in the knotty law:
That was to him by serious labour made
A science, which to many is a trade;
Who purchase lands, build houses by their tongue,
And study right, that they may practise wrong.
His bookes were his rich purchases: his fees,
That praise which fame to painefull works decrees:
His mem'ry hath a surer ground than theirs,
Who trust in stately tombes, or wealthy heires.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE FAIREST AND MOST VERTUOUS LADY,

THE LADY CLIFTON.

Her tongue hath ceast to speake, which might make dumbe
All tongues, might stay all pens, all hands benum;
Yet I must write, O that it might haue beene
While she had liu'd, and had my verses seene,
Before sad cries deaf'd my vntuned eares,
When verses flow'd more easily than teares.
Ah why neglected I to write her prayse,
And paint her vertues in those happy dayes!
Then my now trembling hand and dazled eye
Had seldome fail'd, hauing the patterne by;

Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amisse,
(For who can portray vertue as it is?)
Art might with nature haue maintain'd her strife,
By curious lines to imitate true life.
But now those pictures want their liuely grace,
As after death none can well draw the face:
We let our friends passe idlely like our time,
Till they be gone, and then we see our crime,
And think what worth in them might haue beene known,
What duties done, and what affection showne:
Vntimely knowledge, which so deare doth cost,
And then beginnes when the thing knowne is lost.
Yet this cold loue, this enuie, this neglect,
Proclaimes vs modest, while our due respect
To goodnesse is restrain'd by seruile feare,
Lest to the world, it flatt'ry should appeare:
As if the present houres deseru'd no prayse:
But age is past, whose knowledge onely stayes
On that weake prop which memory sustaines,
Should be the proper subject of our straines:
Or as if foolish men asham'd to sing
Of violets, and roses in the spring,
Should tarry till the flow'rs were blowne away,
And till the Muse's life and heate decay;
Then is the fury slak'd, the vigour fled,
As here in mine, since it with her was dead:
Which still may sparkle, but shall flame no more,
Because no time shall her to us restore:
Yet may these sparks, thus kindled with her fame,
Shine brighter and liue longer than some flame.
Here expectation vrgeth me to tell
Her high perfections, which the world knew well.
But they are farre beyond my skill t' vnfold,
They were poore vertues if they might be told.
But thou, who faine would'st take a gen'rall view
Of timely fruites which in this garden grew,
On all the vertues in men's actions looke,
Or reade their names writ in some morall booke;
And summe the number which thou there shalt find:
So many liu'd, and triumph'd in her minde.
Nor dwelt these graces in a house obscure,
But in a palace faire, which might allure
The wretch who no respect to vertue bore
To loue it, for the garments which it wore.
So that in her the body and the soule
Contended, which should most adorne the whole.
O happy soule, for such a body meete,
How are the firme chaines of that vnion sweete,
Dissouer'd in the twinkling of an eye?
And we amaz'd dare aske no reason why,
But silent think, that God is pleas'd to show,
That he hath workes, whose ends we cannot know:
Let vs then cease to make a vaine request,
To learne why die the fairest, why the best;
For all these things, which mortals hold most deare,
Most slipp'ry are, and yeeld lesse ioy then feare;
And being lifted high by men's desire,
Are more perspicuous markes for heau'nly fire;
And are laid prostrate with the first assault,
Because, our loue makes their desert their fault.
Then iustice, vs to some amends should moone
For this our fruitelesse, nay our hurtfull loue;
We in their honour piles of stone erect,
With their deare names and worthy prayses deckt:
But since those faile, their glories we rehearse,
In better marble, euerlasting verse:
By which we gather from consuming houres,
Some parts of them, though time the rest deuoures;
Then if the Muses can forbid to die,
As we their priests suppose, why may not I?
Although the least and hoarsest in the quire,
Cleare beames of blessed immortality inspire
To keepe thy blest remembrance euer young,
Still to be freshly in all ages sung:
Or if my worke in this vnable be,
Yet shall it euer liue, vpheld by thee:
For thou shalt liue, though poems should decay,
Since parents teach their sonnes, thy prayse to say;
And to posterity, from hand to hand
Conuay it with their blessing and their land.
Thy quiet rest from death, this good deriues
Instead of one, it giues thee many liues:
While these lines last, thy shadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame, it selfe extendeth eu'ry where;
In Heau'n our hopes haue plac'd thy better part:
Thine image liues, in thy sad husband's heart:
Who as when he enioy'd thee, he was chiefe
In loue and comfort, so is he now in griefe.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE

LORD HENRY, EARLE OF SOUTHAMPTON,

1624.

When now the life of great Southampton ends,
His fainting seruants, and astonish'd friends
Stand like so many weeping marble stones,
No passage left to vtter sighes, or grones:
And must I first dissolue the bonds of griefe,
And straine forth words, to giue the rest reliefe?
I will be bold my trembling voyce to trie,
That his dear name, may not in silence die.
The world must pardon, if my song bee weake;
In such a case it is enough to speake:
My verses are not for the present age:
For what man liues, or breathes on England's stage,
That knew not braue Southampton, in whose sight
Most plac'd their day, and in his absence night?
I striue, that vnborne children may conceiue,
Of what a iewell angry fates bereaue
This mournefull kingdome, and when heauy woes
Oppresse their hearts, thinke ours as great as those:
In what estate shall I him first expresse,
In youth, or age, in ioy, or in distresse?
When he was young, no ornament of youth
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
Which Cyrus did in shadow, and to men
Appear'd like Peleus' sonne from Chiron's den;
While through this island fame his praise reports,
As best in martial deedes, and courtly sports:
When riper age with winged feete repaires,
Graue care adornes his head with siluer haires;
His valiant feruour was not then decaide,
But ioyn'd with counsell, as a further aide.
Behold his constant and vndaunted eye,
In greatest danger when condemn'd to dye,
He scornes th' insulting aduersaries breath,
And will admit no feare, though neere to death:
But when our gracious soueraigne had regain'd
This light, with clouds obscur'd in walls detain'd:
And by his fauour plac'd this starre on high,
Fixt in the garter, England's azure skie;
He pride (which dimms such change) as much did hate,
As base deiection in his former state:
When he was call'd to sit, by Ioues command,
Among the demigods, that rule this land,

No pow'r, no strong perswasion could him draw
From that, which he conceiu'd as right and law.
When shall we in this realme a father finde
So truly sweet, or husband halfe so kinde?
Thus he enioyde the best contents of life,
Obedient children, and a louing wife.
These were his parts in peace; but O how farre
This noble soule excell'd it selfe in warre:
He was directed by a nat'rall vaine,
True honour by this painefull way to gaine.
Let Ireland witnesse, where he first appeares,
And to the fight his warlike ensignes beares.
And thou O Belgia, wert in hope to see
The trophees of his conquests wrought in thee,
But Death, who durst not meete him in the field,
In priuate by close trech'ry made him yeeld.
I keepe that glory last, which is the best,
The loue of learning, which he oft expres
By conuersation, and respect to those
Who had a name in artes, in verse or prose:
Shall euer I forget with what delight,
He on my simple lines would cast his sight?
His onely mem'ry my poore worke adornes,
He is a father to my crowne of thornes:
Now since his death how can I euer looke,
Without some teares, vpon that orphan booke?
Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit
My name into the roll, which ye haue writ
Of all your seruants, to my thoughts display
Some rich conceipt, some vnfrequented way,
Which may hereafter to the world commend
A picture fit for this my noble friend:
For this is nothing, all these rimes I scorne;
Let pens be broken, and the paper torne:
And with his last breath let my musick cease,
Vnlesse my lowly poem could increase
In true description of immortall things,
And rays'd aboue the Earth with nimble wings,
Fly like an eagle from his fun'rall fire,
Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

AN EPITAPH

VPON THAT HOPEFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN, THE LORD WRIOTHESLEY.

HERE lies a souldier, who in youth desir'd
His valiant father's noble steps to tread,
And swiftly from his friends and countrey fled,
While to the height of glory he aspir'd.

The cruell Fates with bitter enuy fir'd,
To see warre's prudence in so young a head,
Sent from their dusky caues, to strike him dead,
A strong disease in peacefull robes attir'd.

This murd'rer kills him with a silent dart,
And hauing drawne it bloody from the sonne,
Throwes it againe into the father's heart,
And to his lady boasts what he hath done.

What helpe can men against pale Death prouide,
When twice within few dayes Southampton dide?

IVVENAL. SAT. X.

IN all the countries, which from Gades extend
To Ganges, where the morning's beames ascend,
Few men the clouds of errour can remoone,
And know what ill t' auoide, what good to loue:
For what do we by reason seeke or leaue,
Or what canst thou so happily conceiue,
But straight thou wilt thine enterprise repent,
And blame thy wish, when thou behold'st th' euent?
The easie gods cause houses to decay,
By granting that, for which the owners pray;
In warre we aske for hurtfull things,
The copious flood of speech to many brings
Vntimely death; another rashly dyes,
While he vpon his wond'rous strength relyes:
But most by heapes of money choked are,
Which they haue gather'd with too earnest care,
Till others they in wealth as much excell,
As British whales above the dolphins swell:
In bloody times by Nero's fierce commands,
The armed troope about Longinus stands,
Rich Seneca's large gardens circling round,
And Lateranus palace much renown'd.
The greedy tyrant's souldier seldome comes,
To ransack beggers in the vpper roomes.
If siluer vessels, though but few thou bear'st,
Thou in the night the sword and trunchion fear'st;
And at the shadow of each reed wilt quake,
When by the moonelight thou perceiu'st it shake:
But he that trauailes empty feeles no griefe,
And boldly sings in presence of the thiefe:
The first desires, and those which best we know
In all our temples, are that wealth may grow,
That riches may increase, and that our chest
In publike banke may farre exceed the rest;
But men in earthen vessels neuer drinke
Dyre poysons: then thy selfe in danger thinke,
When cups beset with pearles thy hand doth hold,
And precious wine burnes bright in ample gold:
Dost thou not perceiue sufficient cause,
To giue those two wise men deseru'd applause,
Who when abroad they from their thresholds
stept,
The one did alwaies laugh, the other wept?
But all are apt to laugh in euery place,
And censure actions with a wrinkled face;
It is more maruell how the other's eyes
Could moysture find his weeping to suffice.
Democritus did euer shake his splcene
With laughter's force; yet had there neuer been
Within his natiue soyle such garments braue,
And such vaine signes of honour as we haue.
What if he saw the pretor standing out
From lofty chariots in the thronging rout,
Clad in a coate with noble palme-trees wrought,
A signe of triumph, from Ioue's temple brought,
And deckt with an imbrodred purple gowne,
Like hangings from his shoulders trailing downe:
No necke can lift the crowne which then he weares,
For it a publike seruant sweating beares;
And lest the consull should exceed in pride,
A slaue with him in the same coach doth ride.
The bird which on the iu'ry scepter stands,
The cornets, and the long officious bands
Of those that walke before to grace the sight,
The troope of sernile Romans cloth'd in white,
Which all the way vpon thy horse attends,
Whom thy good cheare and purse haue made thy
friends;
To him each thing he meets occasion mooues:
Of earnest laughter, and his wisdome prooues,
That worthy men, who great examples giue,
In barb'rous countries and thicke ayre may liue:

He laught at common people's cares and feares;
Oft at their joyes, and sometimes at their teares,
He in contempt to threatning fortune throwes
A halter, and his scornefull finger showes.
We rub the knees of gods with waxe, to gaine
From them such things as hurtfull are, or vaine;
Pow'r subject to fierce spite, casts many downe,
Whom their large stiles, and famous titles drowne.
The statues fall, and through the street are roll'd:
The wheels, which did the chariots weight vphold,
Are knockt in pieces with the hatchets stroke:
The harmelesse horses legs are also broke:
The fires make hissing sounds, the bellowes blow,
That head dissolu'd, must in the furnace glow,
Which all with honours like the gods did grace.
The great Seianus crackes, and of that face,
Which once the second in the world was nam'd,
Are basons, frying-pans, and dishes fram'd.
Place bayes at home, to Ioue's chiefe temple walke,
And leade with thee a great oxe, white as chalke.
Behold Seianus drawne upon a hooke,
All men reioyce, what lips had he, what looke?
"Trust me" (saith one) "I never could abide
This fellow;" yet none askes for what he dy'd:
None knowes who was the man that him accus'd;
What proofes were brought, what testimony vs'd;
A large epistle fraught with words great store,
From Capreæ comes: 'tis well, I seek no more,
The wau'ring people follow fortune still,
And hate those whom the state intends to kill.
Had Nurtia fauor'd this her Tuscan child:
Had he the aged carelesse prince beguild;
The same base tongues would in that very houre
Haue rays'd Seianus to Augustus' pow'r.
"It is long since that we forbidden are,
To sell our voyces free from publike care:
The people which gaue pow'r in warre and peace,
Now from those troubles is content to cease,
And eu'ry wish for these two ends bestowes,
For bread in plenty, and Circensian showes.
I heare that many are condemn'd to dye;
No doubt the flame is great, and swelleth high.
Brutidius looking pale, did meet me neere
To Mars his altar, therefore much I feare,
Lest vanquisht Aiax find out some pretence,
To punish those that faild in his defence:
Let us run headlong, trampling Cesar's foe,
While on the bank he lies, our fury show:
Let all our seruants see, and witnesse beare,
How forward we against the traytor were,
Lest any should deny, and to the law
His fearefull master by the necke should draw."
These were the speeches of Seianus then,
The secret murmures of the basest men.
Would'st thou be flatter'd, and ador'd by such
As bow'd to him? Would'st thou possess as much?
Would'st thou giue ciuill dignities to these?
Would'st thou appoint them gen'rals who thee
Be tutor of the prince, who on the rock [please?
Of Capreæ sits with his Chaldean flock:
Thou surely seek'st it as a great reward,
T' enioy high places in the field or guard.
This thou defend'st, for those that haue no will
To make men die, would haue the power to kill:
Yet what such fame or fortune can be found,
But still the woes above the ioyes abound?
Hadst thou then rather chuse the rich attire
Of this great lord, now drawne through common mire,
Or beare some office in the wretched state
Of Gabii, or Fidenæ, and relate
The lawes of measures in a ragged gowne,
And breake small vessels in an empty towne?
By this time I perceiue thou hast confest,
That proud Seianus could not wish the best:
He that for too much wealth and honour cares,
The heaped lofts of raysed towres prepares,
Whence from the top his fall declines more steepe,
And headlong ruine drawes him to the deepe.
This done, rich Crassus and the Pompeys threw,
And him who Romane freedome could subdue,
Because to height by cunning they aspire,
And enuious gods giue way to their desire.
Few tyrants can to Pluto's court descend,
Without fierce slaughter, and a bloody end.
Demosthenes' and Tully's fame and speech,
Each one that studies rhet'rike, will beseech
At Pallas' hands, and during all the dayes
Of her Quinquatria for this onely prayes,
Though worshipping her picture basely wrought,
Such as with brazen money he hath bought,
While in a little chest his papers lie,
Which one poore seruant carries waiting nigh:
Yet both these orators whom he admires,
Dy'd for that eloquence which he desires:
What did them both to sad destruction bring,
But wit which flow'd from an abundant spring?
The wit of Tully caus'd his head and hand
To be cut off, and in the court to stand.
The pulpits are not moistned with the flood
Of any meane vnlearned pleaders blood.
When Tully wrote; O Rome most blest by fate,
New-borne when I enioy'd the consul's state:
If he his prose had like his verses shap'd,
He Antony's sharpe swords might haue escap'd.
Let critikes here their sharpe derision spend,
Yet those harsh poems rather I commend,
Than thee, diuine Philippicke, which in place
Art next the first, but hast the highest grace;
He also with a cruell death expir'd,
Whose flowing torrent Athens so admir'd,
Who rul'd th' vnconstant people when he list,
As if he held their bridles in his fist.
Ah wretched man, begotten with the hate
Of all the gods, and by sinister fate,
Whom his poore father, bleare-ey'd with the soote
Of sparkes which from the burning ir'n did shoote,
From coales, tongs, anuile, and the cutler's tooles,
And durty forge, sent to the rhet'ricke schooles.
The spoyles of warre, some rusty corslet plac'd
On maymed trophees, cheekes of helmes defac'd,
Defectiue chariots, conquer'd nauies' decks,
And captiues, who themselues with sorrow vexe,
(Their faces on triumphant arches wrought)
Are things aboue the blisse of mortall thought:
For these incitements to this fruitlesse end,
The Romane, Greeke, and barb'rous captaines tend,
This caus'd their danger, and their willing paine,
So much their thirst is greater for the gaine
Of fame than vertue: for what man regards
Bare vertue, if we take away rewards?
In ages past the glory of a few,
Their countrey rashly to destruction drew,
Desiring prayse and titles full of pride,
Inscrib'd on graue-stones which their ashes hide,
Which perish by the sauage fig-tree's strength:
For tombes themselues must have their fate at [length.
Let Annibal be ponder'd in thy mind;
In him thou shalt that waight and value find,
Which fits a great commander. This is he,
Whose spirit could not comprehended be

In Africk, reaching from th' Atlantick streames,
To Nilus heated with the sunny beames;
And southward stretcht as farre as Ethiope feeds
Huge elephants, like those which India breeds:
He conquers Spaine, which cannot him inclose
With Pyrenæan hills, the Alpes and snowes,
Which nature armes against him, he derides,
And rockes made soft with vineger diuides.
He Italy attaines, yet striues to runne
On further: "Nothing yet," saith he, "is done,
Till Punicke souldiers shall Romes gates deface,
And in her noblest streets mine ensignes place."
How would this one-ey'd general appeare
With that Getulian beast which did him beare,
If they were set in picture? What became
Of all his bold attempts? O deare-bought fame,
He, vanquisht, into exile headlong flies,
Where (all men wondring) he in humble wise,
Must at the palace doore attendance make,
Till the Bythinian tyrant please to wake.
No warlike weapons end that restlesse life,
Which in the world caus'd such confused strife.
His ring reuengeth all the Romans dead
At Cannæ, and the blood which he had shed.
Foole, passe the sharpe Alpes, that thy glory's dreame [theame.
May schoole-boyes please, and be their publike
One world contents not Alexander's mind,
He thinkes himselfe in narrow bounds confin'd:
It seems as strait as any little isle,
Or desart rocke to him, whom lawes exile:
But when he comes into the towne, whose walls
Were made of clay, his whole ambition falls
Into a graue: death onely can declare
How base the bodies of all mortals are.
The lying Greekes persuade vs not to doubt,
That Persian nauies sailed round about
The mountaine Athos seuer'd from the maine,
Such stuffe their fabulous reports containe:
They tell vs what a passage framed was
Of ships, that wheels on solid seas might passe:
That deepest riuers failed we must thinke,
Whose floods the Medians at one meale could drink:
And must beleeue such other wond'rous things,
Which Sostratus relates with moyst'ned wings.
But that great king of whom these tales they frame,
Tell me how backe from Salamis he came,
That barb'rous prince who vs'd to whip the winds,
Not suff'ring strokes when Aeolus them binds;
He who proud Neptune in his fetters chain'd,
And thought his rage by mildnesse much restrain'd,
Because he did not brand him for his slaue;
Which of the gods would such a master haue.
But how return'd he with one slender bote,
Which through the bloody waues did slowly flote,
Oft stay'd with heapes of carkases: these paines
He as the fruits of long-wisht glory gaines.
"Giue length of life, O Ioue, giue many yeeres,"
Thou prayst with vpright count'nance, pale with feares
Not to be heard, yet long old age complaines
Of great continuall griefes which it containes:
As first a foule and a deformed face
Vnlike it selfe, a rugged hide in place
Of softer skin, loose cheekes, and wrinkles made,
As large as those which in the woody shade
Of spacious Tabraca, the mother ape
Deepe furrow'd in her aged chaps doth scrape.
Great diff'rence is in persons that be young,
Some are more beautifull, and some more strong
Than others: but in each old man we see
The same aspect; his trembling limbs agree
With shaking voyce, and thou may'st add to those
A bald head, and a childish dropping nose.
The wretched man when to this state he comes,
Must break his hard bread with vnarmed gummes,
So lothsome, that his children and his wife
Grow weary of him, he of his owne life;
And Cossus hardly can his sight sustaine,
Though wont to flatter dying men for gaine.
Now his benumbed palate cannot taste
His meate or drinke, the pleasures now are past
Of sensuall lust, yet he in buried fires
Retaines vnable and vnfit desires.
What ioy can musicke to his hearing bring,
Though best musicians, yea, Seleucus sing,
Who purchase golden raiments by their voyce:
In theaters he needs not make his choice
Of place to sit, since that his deaf'ned eare
Can scarce the cornets and the trumpets heare:
His boy must cry aloud to let him know
Who comes to see him, how the time doth goe:
A feuer only heates his wasted blood
In eu'ry part assaulted with a flood
Of all diseases: if their names thou aske,
Thou mayst as well appoint me for a taske
To tell what close adulterers Hippia loues;
How many sick-men Themison remoues
Out of this world within one autumn's date:
How many poore confederates of our state,
Have been by griping Basilus distrest:
How many orphanes Irus hath opprest;
To what possessions he is now preferr'd,
Who in my youth scorn'd not to cut my beard.
Some feeble are in shoulders, loynes, or thighes,
Another is depriu'd of both his eyes,
And enuies those as happy that haue one.
This man too weake to take his meate alone,
With his pale lips must feede at others' hands,
While he according to his custome stands
With gaping iawes like to the swallowes brood,
To whom their hungry mother carries food
In her full mouth: yet worse in him we find,
Than these defects in limbes, a doting mind;
He cannot his owne seruants' names recite,
Nor know his friend with whom he supt last night;
Not those he got and bred: with cruell spots
Out of his will his doubtlesse heires he blots,
And all his goods to Phiale bequeathes:
So sweet to him a common strumpet breathes.
But if his senses should not thus be spent,
His children's fun'ralls he must oft lament
He his deare wiue's and brothers' death bemones,
And sees the vrnes full of his sisters' bones.
Those that liue long endure this lingring paine,
That oft they find new causes to complaine,
While they mishaps in their owne house behold,
In woes and mournefull garments growing old.
The Pylian king, as Homer's verses show,
In length of life came nearest to the crow: [beares,
Thou thinkst him blest whom death so long for-
Who on his right hand now accounts his yeeres
By hundreds with an ancient num'rall signe,
And hath the fortune oft to drinke new wine.
But now obserue how much he blames the law
Of Fates, because too large a thread they draw:
When to Antilochus' last rites he came,
And saw his beard blaze in the fun'rall flame,
Then with demands to those that present are,
He thus his gre'uous mis'ry doth declare:

"Why should I last thus long, what hainous crime
Hath made me worthy of such spatious time?"
Like voyces Pelens vs'd, when he bewail'd
Achilles, whom vntimely death assail'd:
And sad Laertes, who had cause to weepe
For his Vlisses swimming on the deepe.
When Troy was safe, then Priam might haue gone
With stately exequies and solemne mone,
T' accompany Assaracus his ghost,
His fun'rall herse, enricht with princely cost,
Which Hector with his other brothers beares,
Amidst the flood of Ilian women's teares.
When first Cassandra practis'd to lament;
And faire Polyxena with garments rent:
If he had dy'd ere Paris plac'd his sayles
In ventrous ships, see what long age auailes:
This caus'd him to behold his ruin'd towne,
The swords and fires which conquer'd Asia drowne;
Then he, a trembling souldier, off doth cast
His diademe, takes armour; but at last
Falls at Ioue's altar, like an oxe decai'd;
Whose pittifull thinne necke is prostrate laid
To his hard master's knife, disdained now,
Because not fit to drawe th' vngratefull plow:
Yet dy'd he humane death; but his curst wife
Bark't like a dog, remaining still in life.
To our examples willingly I haste,
And therefore Mithridates haue orepast;
And Crœsus whom iust Solon bids t' attend,
And not to iudge men happy till the end.
This is the cause that banisht Marius flies,
That he imprison'd is, and that he lies
In close Minturnæ's fennes to hide his head,
And neere to conquer'd Carthage begs his bread.
Wise nature had not fram'd, nor Rome brought
A citizen more noble for his worth; [forth
If hauing to the view his captiues led,
And all his warlike pompe, in glory spred;
Then his triumphant soule he forth had sent,
When from his Cimbrian chariot downe he went.
Campania did for Pompey's good provide
Strong feuers, which (if he had then espy'd
What would ensue) were much to be desir'd.
But many cities' publike vowes conspir'd,
And this so happy sicknesse could deface,
Reseruing him to dye with more disgrace:
Rome's and his fortune onely sau'd his head
To be cut off when ouercom'n he fled.
This paine the traytor Lentulus doth scape:
Cethegus not disfigur'd in his shape,
Enioying all his limbes vnmaimed lyes,
And Catiline with his whole carkase dyes.
The carefull mother when she casts her eyes
On Venus' temple in soft lowly wise,
Demands the gift of beauty for her boyes,
But askes it for her girles with greater noyse,
At common formes her wish she neuer staies,
But for the height of delicacy prayes.
And why should'st thou reproue this prudent choice?
Latona in fair Phebe doth reioyce.
O but Lucretia's haplesse fate deterres,
That others wish not such a face as hers;
Virginia her sweet feature would forsake,
And Rutila's crook'd backe would gladly take.
Where sonnes are beautifull, the parents, vext
With care and feare, are wretched and perplext.
So seldome an exact consent betweene
Well-favour'd shapes and chastity is seene.
For should they be with holy manners taught
In homely houses, such as Sabines wrought:
Should bounteous nature's lib'rall hand bestow
Chast disposition, modest lookes, which glow
With sanguine blushes, (what more happy thing
To boyes can fauourable nature bring?
Whose inclinations farre more pow'rfull are,
Than many keepers and continuall care:)
Yet are they neuer suffer'd to possesse
The name of man; such foul corrupters presse,
And by the force of large expences trust,
To make their parents instruments of lust.
No tyrant in his cruell palace gelt
Deformed youths; no noble child had felt
Fierce Nero's rapes, if all wry-leg'd had beene:
If in their necks foule swellings had been seene;
If windy tumours had their bellies rays'd;
Or camels' bunches had their backes disprais'd:
Goe now with ioy thy young-man's forme affect,
Whom greater dangers, and worse fates expect;
Perhaps he shortly will the title beare
Of a profest adult'rer, and will feare
To suffer iustly for his wicked fact,
Such paines as angry husbands shall exact:
Nor can he happier be than Mars his starre, [warre.
T' escape those snares which caught the god of
Yet oft that griefe to sharper vengeance drawes,
Than is permitted by th' indulgent lawes;
Some kill with swords, others with scourges cut,
And some th' offenders to foule torments put.
But thine Endymion happily will proue
Some matron's minion, who may merit loue;
Yet when Seruilia him with money hires,
He must be hers against his owne desires:
Her richest ornaments she off will take,
And strip herself of iewels for his sake.
What will not Hippia and Catulla giue
To those, that with them in adult'ry liue:
For wicked women in these base respects
Place all their manners, and their whole affects.
But thou wilt say, "Can beauty hurt the chaste?"
Tell me what ioy Hippolitus did taste;
What good seuere Bellerophon receiu'd,
When to their pure intents they strictly cleau'd.
Both Sthenobæa and the Cretan queene,
Asham'd of their repulse, stirr'd vp their teene:
For then a woman breeds most fierce debate,
When shame addes piercing stings to cruell hate.
How would'st thou counsell him, whom th' emp'ror's
Resolues to marry in her husband's life: [wife
The best and fairest of the lords must dye;
His life is quencht by Messallina's eye:
She in her nuptiall robes doth him expect,
And openly hath in her gardens deckt
A purple marriage bed, nor will refuse
To giue a dowre, and ancient rites to vse.
The cunning wizzard who must tell the doome
Of this successe, with notaries must come: [view,
Thou think'st these things are hid from publike
And but committed to the trust of few.
Nay, she will haue her solemne wedding drest
With shew of law: then teach him what is best;
He dies ere night vnlesse he will obay;
Admit the crime, he gaines a little stay,
Till that which now the common people heares,
May come by rumour to the prince's eares:
For he is sure to be the last that knowes
The secret shame which in his houshold growes:
Thy selfe a while to her desires apply,
And life for some few dayes so dearely buy.
What way soeuer he as best shall chuse;
That faire white necke he by the sword must luse.

"Shall men wish nothing?" Wilt thou counsell take,
Permit the heau'nly powers the choyce to make,
What shall be most conuenient for our fates,
Or bring most profit to our doubtfull states,
The prudent gods can place their gifts aright,
And grant true goods in stead of vaine delight.
A man is neuer to himselfe so deare,
As vnto them when they his fortunes steare:
We, carried with the fury of our minds,
And strong affection which our iudgement blinds,
Would husbands proue, and fathers, but they see
What our wisht children and our wiues will bee:
Yet that I may to thee some pray'rs allow,
When to the sacred temples thou do'st vow,
Divinest entrailes in white pockets found,
Pray for a sound mind in a body sound;
Desire braue spirit free from feare of death,
Which can esteem the latest houre of breath,
Among the gifts of nature which can beare
All sorrowes from desire and anger cleare,
And thinkes the paines of Hercules more blest,
Than wanton lust, the suppers, and soft rest
Wherein Sardanapalus ioy'd to liue.
I show thee what thou to thy selfe mayst giue;
If thou the way to quiet life wilt treade,
No guide but vertue can thee thither leade:
No pow'r diuine is euer absent there,
Where wisdome dwells, and equall rule doth beare.
But we, O Fortune, striue to make thee great,
Plac'd as a goddesse in a heau'nly seate.

A FUNERALL HYMNE OUT OF PRUDENTIUS.

O God, the soules pure fi'ry spring,
Who diff'rent natures wouldst combine:
That man whom thou to life didst bring,
By weakenesse may to death decline,
By thee they both are fram'd aright,
They by thy hand vnited be;
And while they ioyne with growing might,
Both flesh and spirit liue to thee:
But when diuision them recals,
They bend their course to seu'rall ends,
Into dry earth the body falls,
The feruent soule to Heau'n ascends:
For all created things at length,
By slow corruption growing old,
Must needs forsake compacted strength,
And disagreeing webs vnfold.
But thou, deare Lord, hast meanes prepar'd,
That death in thine may neuer reigne,
And hast vndoubted waies declar'd
How members lost may rise againe:
That while those gen'rous rayes are bound
In prison vnder fading things;
That part may still be stronger found,
Which from aboue directly springs.
If man with baser thoughts possest,
His will in earthly mud shall drowne;
The soule with such a weight opprest,
Is by the body carried downe:
But when she mindful of her birth,
Her selfe from vgly spots debarres;
She lifts her friendly house from earth,
And beares it with her to the starres.
See how the empty bodies lyes,
Where now no liuely soule remaines:
Yet when short time with swiftnesse flyes,
The height of senses it regaines.
Those ages shall be soone at hand,
When kindly heate the bones reniewes;
And shall the former house command,
Where liuing blood it shall infuse.
Dull carkases to dust now worne,
Which long in graues corrupted lay,
Shall to the nimble ayre be borne,
Where soules before haue led the way.
Hence comes it to adorne the graue,
With carefull labour men affect:
The limbes dissolu'd last honour haue,
And fun'rall rites with pompe are deckt;
The custome is to spread abroad
White linnens, grac'd with splendour pure;
Sabæan myrrh on bodies strow'd,
Preserues them from decay secure.
The hollow stones by caruers wrought,
Which in faire monuments are laid,
Declare that pledges thither brought,
Are not to death but sleepe conuay'd.
The pious Christians this ordaine,
Beleeuing with a prudent eye,
That those shall rise and liue againe,
Who now in freezing slumbers lye.
He that the dead (disperst in fields)
In pittie hides, with heapes of molds,
To his almighty Sauiour yeelds,
A worke which he with ioy beholds.
The same law warnes vs all to grone,
Whom one seuere condition ties,
And in another's death to mone.
All fun'rals, as of our allies,
That reu'rend man in goodnesse bred,
Who blest Tobias did beget,
Preferr'd the buriall of the dead
Before his meate, though ready set;
He, while the seruants waiting stand,
Forsakes the cups, the dishes leaues,
And digges a graue with speedy hand,
Which with the bones his teares receiues.
Rewards from Heau'n this worke requite,
No slender price is here repaid,
God cleares the eyes that saw no light,
While fishes gall on them is laid.
Then the Creator would descry,
How farre from reason they are led,
Who sharpe and bitter things apply,
To soules on which new light is spread.
He also taught that to no wight,
The heau'nly kingdome can be seene,
Till vext with wounds and darksome night,
He in the world's rough waues hath been.
The curse of death a blessing finds,
Because by this tormenting woe,
Steepe waies lye plaine to spotlesse minds,
Who to the starres by sorrowes goe.
The bodies which long perisht lay,
Return to liue in better yeeres:
That vnion neuer shall decay,
Where after death new warmth appeares.
The face where now pale colour dwels,
Whence foul infection shall arise,
The flowres in splendour then excels,
When blood the skinne with beauty dies.
No age, by times imperious law,
With enuious prints the forehead dimmes:
No drought, no leanenesse then can draw
The moysture from the wither'd limmes.

Diseases, which the body eate,
Infected with oppressing paines,
In midst of torments then shall sweate,
Imprison'd in a thousand chaines.
The conqu'ring flesh immortall growes,
Beholding from the skies aboue,
The endlesse groning of her foes,
For sorrowes which from them did moue.
Why are vndecent howlings mixt
By liuing men in such a case?
Why are decrees so sweetly fixt,
Reprou'd with discontented face?
Let all complaints and murmurs faile;
Ye tender mothers, stay your teares,
Let none their children deare bewaile,
For life renew'd in death appeares.
So buried seeds, though dry and dead,
Againe with smiling greenenesse spring,
And from the hollow furrowes bred,
Attempt new eares of corne to bring.
Earth, take this man with kind embrace,
In thy soft bosome him conceiue:
For humane members here I place,
And gen'rous parts in trust I leaue.
This house, the soule her guest once felt,
Which from the Maker's mouth proceeds:
Here sometime feruent wisdome dwelt,
Which Christ the prince of wisedome breeds.
A cou'ring for this body make,
The author neuer will forget
His workes; nor will those lookes forsake,
In which he hath his picture set.
For when the course of time is past,
And all our hopes fulfill'd shall be,
Thou op'ning must restore at last,
The limbes in shape which now we see.
Nor if long age with pow'rfull reigne
Shall turne the bones to scatter'd dust;
And onely ashes shall retaine,
In compasse of a handfull thrust:
Nor if swift floods, or strong command
Of windes through empty ayre haue tost
The members with the flying sand;
Yet man is neuer fully lost.
O God, while mortal bodies are
Recall'd by thee, and form'd againe,
What happy seate wilt thou prepare,
Where spotlesse soules may safe remaine?
In Abraham's bosome they shall lie
Like Lazarus, whose flowry crowne
The rich man doth farre off espie,
While him sharp fiery torments drowne.
Thy words, O Sauiour we respect,
Whose triumph driues black death to losse,
When in thy steps thou would'st direct
The thiefe, thy fellow on the crosse.
The faithful see a shining way,
Whose length to paradise extends,
This can them to those trees conuay,
Lost by the serpent's cunning ends.
To thee I pray, most certaine guide:
O let this soule which thee obay'd,
In her faire birth-place pure abide,
From which she, banisht, long hath stray'd.
While we vpon the couer'd bones
Sweet violets and leaues will throw:
The title and the cold hard stones,
Shall with our liquid odours flow.

THE

POEMS

OF

GILES & PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE

LIVES OF GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

As a few dates are all that are now recoverable of the personal character of these two poets, and as there is a strong resemblance in the genius of their poetry, it seems unnecessary to make a separate article of each.

Their father, Giles Fletcher, L.L.D. was a native of Kent, educated at Eton, and in 1565 elected scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where in 1569 he took the degree of bachelor of arts, master of arts in 1573, and doctor of laws in 1581. According to Anthony Wood he became an excellent poet; but he is better known for his skill in political negociation, which induced queen Elizabeth to employ him as her commissioner into Scotland, Germany, and the Low Countries. In 1588, the memorable year of the Armada, he was sent to Muscovy on affairs respecting the English trade with Russia, and after overcoming the difficulties started by a barbarous court and a capricious Czar, he concluded a treaty of commerce highly advantageous to the interests of his countrymen.

Soon after his return, he was made secretary to the city of London, and one of the masters of the Court of Requests. In 1597 he was constituted treasurer of St. Paul's, London. Before this he had drawn up the result of his observations, when in Russia, respecting the government, laws, and manners of that country. But as this work contained facts too plain and disreputable to a power with which a friendly treaty had just been concluded, the publication was suppressed for the present. It was, however, reprinted at a considerably distant period (1643), and afterwards incorporated in Hakluyt's voyages. He wrote also a Discourse concerning the Tartars, the object of which was to prove that they are the Israelites, or Ten Tribes, which being captivated by Salmanasser, were transplanted into Media. This opinion was afterwards adopted by Whiston, who printed the discourse in the first volume of his curious Memoirs.

Dr. Fletcher died in the parish of St. Catherine Colman, Fenchurch-street, and was probably buried in that church[1].

[1] Biog. Brit. Vol. VI. Part I. unpublished and almost *unique*, the impression having been destroyed at the fire which lately consumed the valuable literary stock of Messrs. Nichols and Son. C.

He left two sons, Giles and Phineas. The eldest, Giles, born, according to Mr. Ellis's conjecture, in 1588, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge[2], where he took the degree of bachelor of divinity, and died at his living of Alderton, in Suffolk, in 1623. His widow married afterwards the rev. —— Ramsay, minister of Rougham, in Norfolk[3]. Winstanley and Jacob, who in this case have robbed one another, instead of better authorities, divide the two brothers into three, and assign Giles's poem of Christ's Victory to two authors.

Phineas was educated at Eton, and admitted a scholar of King's college, Cambridge, in 1600, where, in 1604, he took his bachelor's degree and his master's in 1608. After going into the church, he was presented, in 1621, to the living of Hilgay, in Norfolk, by Sir Henry Willoughby, bart. and according to Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, he held this living twenty-nine years. Mr. Ellis conjectures that he was born in 1584, and died about 1650.

Besides the poems now reprinted, he was the author of a dramatic piece, entitled Sicelides, which was performed at King's College, Cambridge, and printed in 1631. A manuscript copy is in the British Museum. The editor of the Biographia Dramatica informs us that "it was intended originally to be performed before king James the First, on the thirteenth of March, 1614; but his majesty leaving the university sooner, it was not then represented. The serious parts of it are mostly written in rhyme, with choruses between the acts. Some of the incidents are borrowed from Ovid, and some from the Orlando Furioso."

He published also, at Cambridge, in 1632, some account of the lives of the founders and other learned men of that university, under the title of De Literatis antiquæ Britanniæ, præsertim qui doctrina claruerunt, quique collegia Cantabrigiæ fundarunt.

Such are the very scanty notices which we have been able to collect respecting these learned, ingenious, and amiable brothers; but we are now arrived at that period of national confusion which left neither leisure nor inclination to study polite literature, or reward the sons of genius.

The only production we have of Giles Fletcher is entitled Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death, Cambridge 4to. 1610, in four parts, and written in stanzas of eight lines. It was reprinted in 1632, again in 1640, and in 1783, along with Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island: but many unwarrantable liberties have been taken in modernizing the language of this last edition. Mr. Headley, who has bestowed more attention than any modern critic on the works of the Fletchers, pronounces the Christ's Victory to be a rich and picturesque poem, and on a much happier subject than the Purple Island, yet unenlivened by personification.

[2] In the dedication of his poem to Dr. Nevyle, master of Trinity College, speaking of that college, he says, "In which, being placed by your favour only, most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself, being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay." C.

[3] Lloyd's State Worthies, Vol. I. P. 552. Whitworth's edit. C.

He has also very ingeniously pointed out some resemblances which prove that Milton owed considerable obligations to the Fletchers[4].

The works of Phineas Fletcher, including the Purple Island, or the Isle of Man, the Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies, were published at Cambridge in 1633, 4to. The only part that has been correctly reprinted is the Piscatory Eclogues, published at Edinburgh in 1771, by an anonymous editor, the most of whose judicious notes, preface &c. are here retained.

There are few of the old poets whom Mr. Headley seems more anxious to revive than Phineas Fletcher and he has examined his claims to lasting fame with much acuteness, yet perhaps not without somewhat of that peculiar prejudice which seems to pervade many of the critical essays of this truly ingenious and amiable young man. Having at a very early period of life commenced the perusal of the ancient English poets, his enthusiasm carried him back to their times, their habits and their language. From pardoning their quaintnesses, he proceeded to admire them, and has in some instances placed among the most striking proofs of invention, many of those antitheses and conceits which modern refinement does not easily tolerate. Still his taste and judgment are so generally predominant, that it would be presumption in the present editor, or perhaps in one of superior authority, to substitute any remarks of his own in room of the following animated and elegant character of Fletcher's poetry.

"Were the celebrated Mr. Pott compelled to read a lecture upon the anatomy of the human frame at large, in a regular set of stanzas, it is much to be questioned whether he could make himself understood, by the most apprehensive author, without the advantage of professional knowledge. Fletcher seems to have undertaken a nearly similar task, as the five first cantos of the Purple Island, are almost entirely taken up with an explanation of the title; in the course of which, the reader forgets the poet, and is sickened with the anatomist. Such minute attention to this part of the subject was a material errour in judgment: for which, however, ample amends is made in what follows. Nor is Fletcher wholly undeserving of praise for the intelligibility with which he has struggled through his difficulties, for his uncommon command of words, and facility of metre. After describing the body, he proceeds to personify the passions and intellectual faculties. Here fatigued attention is not merely relieved, but fascinated and enraptured: and notwithstanding his figures, in many instances, are too arbitrary and fantastic in their habiliments, often disproportioned and overdone, sometimes lost in a superfluity of glaring colours, and the several characters, in general, by no means sufficiently kept apart; yet, amid such a profusion of images, many are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a majesty of manner, a brilliancy of colouring, a distinctness and propriety of attribute, and an air of life, that we look for in vain in modern productions, and that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Spenser, from whom our author caught his inspiration. After exerting his creative powers on this department of his subject, the virtues and better qualities of the heart, under their leader Eclecta, or Intellect, are attacked by the the vices: a battle ensues, and the latter are vanquished, after a vigorous opposition, through the interference of an angel, who appears at the prayers of Eclecta. The poet here abruptly takes an opportunity of paying a fulsome and unpardonable com-

[4] Supplement, vol. II. p. 182, &c. *C.*

pliment to James the first (stanza 55. canto 12) on that account perhaps the most unpalatable passage in the book. From Fletcher's dedication of this his poem, with the Piscatory Eclogues and Miscellanies to his friend Edmund Benlowes, it seems that they were written very early, as he calls them 'raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood.' It is to his honour that Milton read and imitated him, as every attentive reader of both poets must soon discover. He is eminently entitled to a very high rank among our old English classics.—Quarles in his verses prefixed to the Purple Island hints that he had a poem on a similar subject in agitation, but was prevented from pursuing it by finding it had got into other hands. In a map to one of his Emblems are these names of places, London, Finchfield, Roxwell and *Hilgay*: edit. 1669."

That Mr. Headley is not blind to the defects of his favourite will farther appear from his remarks on Orpheus and Euridice in the Purple Island.

"These lines of Fletcher are a paraphrase, or rather translation from Boethius. The whole description is forcible: some of the circumstances perhaps are heightened too much: but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himself in every aggravation that poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of 'quidlibet audendi' to the utmost."

In the supplement to his second volume, Mr. Headley has demonstrated at considerable length how much Fletcher owed to Spenser, and Milton to Fletcher. For this he has offered the apology due to the high characters of those poets, and although we have been accustomed to see such researches carried too far, yet it must be owned that there is a certain degree to which they must be carried before the praise of invention can be justly bestowed. How far poets may borrow from one another without injury to their fame, is a question yet undetermined.

After, however, every deduction of this kind that can be made, the Fletchers will still remain in possession of a degree of invention, imagination, spirit and sublimity, which we seldom meet with among the poets of the seventeenth century before we arrive at Milton.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND REVEREND

MR. DOCTOR NEVILE,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY, AND THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE.

RIGHT WORTHY AND REVEREND SIR,

As I have always thought the place wherein I live, after Heaven, principally to be desired; both because I most want, and it most abounds with wisdom, which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God, (I mean yourself,) that reached down, as it were, out of Heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature and price, than which I could wish none (only Heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is already past, or more hopeful and promising for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) Europe is worthily deemed the queen of the world, that garland both of learning and pure religion being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since lain withered in Greece and Palestine: so my opinion of this island hath always been, that it is the very face and beauty of all Europe; in which both true religion is faithfully professed without superstition, and (if on Earth) true learning sweetly flourishes without ostentation. And what are the two eyes of this land, but the two universities? which cannot but prosper in the time of such a prince, that is, a prince of learning, as well as of people. And truly I should forget myself, if I should not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (king Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourself the repairer of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your only favour,

most freely, without either any means from other, or any desert in myself; being not able to do more, I could do no less than acknowledge that debt which I shall never be able to pay, and with old Silenus in the poet (upon whom the boys—injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis, making his garland his fetters) finding myself bound unto you by so many benefits, that were given by yourself for ornaments, but are to me as so many golden chains to hold me fast in a kind of desired bondage, seek (as he doth) my freedom with a song: the matter whereof is as worthy the sweetest singer as myself, the miserable singer, unworthy so divine a subject; but the same favour that before rewarded no desert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; than which indulgence, when I regard myself, I can wish no more; when I remember you, I can hope no less.

So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and yourself into the hands of the best physician, Jesus Christ; with whom the most ill-affected man, in the midst of his sickness, is in good health; and without whom the most lusty body, in his greatest jollity, is but a languishing carcase: I humbly take my leave, ending with the same wish that your devoted observer and my approved friend doth in his verses presently sequent, that your passage to Heaven may be slow to us that shall want you here, but to yourself that cannot want us there, most secure and certain.

Your worship's

in all duty and service,

G. FLETCHER.

THOMAS NEVYLE

MOST HEAVENLY.

As when the Captain of the heavenly host,
Or else that glorious army doth appear;
In waters drown'd, with surging billows toss'd,
We know they are not, where we see they are;
  We see them in the deep, we see them move,
  We know they fixed are in Heaven above:
So did the Son of righteousness come down
Clouded in flesh, and seemed in the deep:
So do the many waters seem to drown
The stars his saints, and they on Earth to keep,
  And yet this Sun from Heaven never fell,
  And yet these earthly stars in Heaven dwell.
What if their souls be into prison cast
In earthly bodies? yet they long for Heaven.
What if this worldly sea they have not past?
Yet fain they would be brought into their haven,
  They are not here, and yet we here them see,
  For every man is there, where he would be.
Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.
Long may you here in Heaven on Earth remain,
And yet a Heaven in Heaven hereafter gain.
  Go you to Heaven, but yet, O make no haste!
  Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.
But when the nightingale so near doth sit,
Silence the titmouse better may befit.

F. Nethersole.

TO THE READER.

There are but few of many that can rightly judge of poetry, and yet there are many of those few that carry so left-handed an opinion of it, as some of them think it half sacrilege for profane poetry to deal with divine and heavenly matters; as though David were to be sentenced by them, for uttering his grave matter upon the harp; others, something more violent in their censure, but sure less reasonable (as though poetry corrupted all good wits, when indeed bad wits corrupt poetry), banish it, with Plato, out of all well-ordered commonwealths. Both these I will strive rather to satisfy, then refute.

And of the first I would gladly know, whether they suppose it fitter, that the sacred songs in the scripture of those heroical saints, Moses, Deborah, Jeremiah, Mary, Simeon, David, Solomon, (the wisest schoolman, and wittiest poet) should be ejected from the canon for want of gravity, or rather this errour erased out of their minds, for want of truth. But, it may be, they will give the Spirit of God leave to breathe through what pipe it please, and will confess, because they must needs, that all the songs dittied by him, must needs be, as their fountain is, most holy; but their common clamour is, "Who may compare with God?" True; and yet as none may compare without presumption, so all may imitate, and not without commendation; which made Nazianzen, one of the stars of the Greek church, that now shines as bright in Heaven, as he did then on Earth, write so many divine poems of the Genealogy, Miracles, Passion of Christ, called by him his Χριςὸς πάχων.—Which, when Basil, the prince of the fathers, and his chamberfellow, had seen, his opinion of them was, that he could have devised nothing either more fruitful to others, because it kindly wooed them to religion; or more honourable to himself, Ὀυδὲν γὰρ μακαριώτερόν ἐςι τοῦ τὴν ἀγγέλων χορείαν ἐν τῇ γῇ μιμεῖθαι· because, by imitating the singing angels in Heaven, himself became, though before his time, an earthly angel. What should I speak of Juvencus, Prosper, and the wise Prudentius? the last of which living in Hierome's time, twelve hundred years ago, brought forth in his declining age, so many, and so religious poems, straitly charging his soul, not to let pass so much as one either night or day without some divine song: *Hymnis continuet dies, nec nox ulla vacet, quin Dominum canat.* And as sedulous Prudentius, so prudent Sedulius was famous in this poetical divinity, the coetan of Bernard, who sung the history of Christ with as much devotion in himself, as admiration to others; all which were followed by the choicest wits of Christendom: Nonnius translating all St. John's gospel into Greek verse, Sanazar, the late living image, and happy imitator of Virgil, bestowing ten years upon a song, only to celebrate that one day when Christ was born unto us on Earth, and we (a happy change) unto God in Heaven: thrice honoured Bartas, and our (I know no other name more glorious than his own) Mr. Edmund Spencer (two blessed souls) not thinking ten years enough, laying out their whole lives upon this one study. Nay, I may justly say that the princely father of our country (though in my conscience God hath made him of all the learned princes that ever were, the most religious, and of all the religious princes, the most learned; that so, by the one he might oppose him against the pope, the pest of all religion; and by the other, against Bellarmine, the abuser of all good learning) is yet so far enamoured with this celestial muse, that it shall never repent me—*calamo trivisse labellum*, whensoever I shall remember *Hæc eade ut sciret quid non faciebat Amyntas?* To name no more in such plenty, where I may find how to begin, sooner then to end, St. Paul by the example of Christ, that went singing to mount Olivet, with his disciples, after his last supper, exciteth the Christians, to solace themselves with hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs; and therefore, by their leaves, be it an errour for poets to be divines, I had

rather err with the scripture, than be rectified by them: I had rather adore the steps of Nazianzen, Prudentius, Sedulius, then follow their steps to be misguided: I had rather be the devout admirer of Nonnius, Bartas, my sacred sovereign, and others, the miracles of our latter age, than the false sectary of these, that have nothing at all to follow, but their own naked opinions. To conclude, I had rather with my Lord, and his most divine apostle, sing (though I sing sorrily) the love of Heaven and Earth, than praise God (as they do) with the worthy gift of silence, and sitting still, or think I disprais'd him with this poetical discourse. It seems they have either not read, or clean forgot, that it is the duty of the Muses (if we may believe Pindar and Hesiod) to set always under the throne of Jupiter, ejus et laudes, et beneficia ὑμνεύσας, which made a very worthy German writer conclude it, Certò statuimus, proprium atque peculiare poetarum munus esse, Christi gloriam illustrare, being good reason that the heavenly infusion of such poetry should end in his glory, that had beginning from his goodness, fit orator, nascitur poeta.

For the second sort therefore, that eliminate poets out of their city gates, as though they were now grown so bad, as they could neither grow worse, nor better, though it be somewhat hard for those to be the only men should want cities, that were the only causers of the building of them; and somewhat inhumane to thrust them into the woods, to live among the beasts, who were the first that called men out of the woods, from their beastly, and wild life; yet since they will needs shoulder them out for the only firebrands to inflame lust (the fault of earthly men, not heavenly poetry) I would gladly learn, what kind of professions these men would be entreated to entertain, that so deride and disaffect poesy: would they admit of philosophers, that after they have burnt out the whole candle of their life in the circular study of sciences, cry out at length, "Se nihil prorsus scire?" or should musicians be welcome to them, that Dant sine mente sonum—bring delight with them indeed, could they as well express with their instruments a voice, as they can a sound? or would they most approve of soldiers that defend the life of their countrymen, either by the death of themselves, or their enemies? If philosophers please them, who is it that knows not, that all the lights of example, to clear their precepts, are borrowed by philosophers from poets? that without Homer's examples, Aristotle would be as blind as Homer? If they retain musicians, who ever doubted, but that poets infused the very soul into the inarticulate sounds of music? that without Pindar and Horace, the lyrics had been silenced for ever? If they must needs entertain soldiers, who can but confess, that poets restore again that life to soldiers, which they before lost for the safety of their country? that without Virgil, Æneas had never been so much as heard of? How then can they for shame deny commonwealths to them, who were the first authors of them? how can they deny the blind philosopher that teaches them, his light? the empty musician that delights them, his soul? the dying soldier that defends their life, immortality, after his own death? Let philosophy, let ethics, let all the arts bestow upon us this gift, that we be not thought dead men, whilst we remain among the living, it is only poetry that can make us be thought living men, when we lie among the dead; and therefore I think it unequal, to thrust them out of our cities, that call us out of our graves; to think so hardly of them, that make us to be so well thought of; to deny them to live a while among us, that make us live for ever among our posterity.

So being now weary in persuading those that hate, I commend myself to those that love such poets, as Plato speaks of, that sing divine and heroical matters. Οὐ γὰρ οὗτοι εἰσιν οἱ ταῦτα λέγοντες, ἀλλ' ὁ Θεος, ἀυτός ἐστιν ὁ λέγων, recommending these my idle hours, not idly spent, to good scholars, and good Christians, that have overcome their ignorance with reason, and their reason with religion.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

DEFUNCTO FRATRI.

THINK (if thou canst) how mounted on his sphere,
In Heaven now he sings: thus sung he here.

PHIN. FLETCHER. *Regal.*

QUID ô quid Veneres, Cupidinésque,
Turturésque, jocósque, passerésque
Lascivi canitis greges, poetæ?
Et jam languidutos amantum ocellos,
Et mox turgidulas sinu pupillas
Jam fletus teneros cachinnulósque,
Mox suspiria, morsiunculásque,
Mille basia: mille, mille nugas?
Et vultus pueri, puellulæve
(Heu fusci pueri puellulæque!)
Pingitis nivibus, rosunculisque,
(Mentitis nivibus, rosunculisque)
Quæ vel primo hyemis rigore torpent,
Vel Phœbi intuitu statim relanguent.
Heu stulti nimiùm greges poetæ!
Ut quas sic nimis, (ah!) nimis stupetis,
Nives candidulæ, et rosæ pudentes:
Sic vobis pereunt statim labores;
Et solem fugiunt severiorem,
Vel saltem gelidâ rigent senectâ.
At tu, qui clypeo haud inane nomen
(Minerva clypeo Jovisque) sumens
Victrices resonas Dei triumphos,
Triumphos lacrymis metúque plenos,
Plenos lætitiæ, et spei triumphos,
Dum rem carmine, Pieróque dignam
Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuo propitius parat labori
Quin ille ipse tuos legens triumphos,
Plenos militia, labore plenos,
Tuò propitius parat labori
Plenos lætitiæ, et spei triumphos.

PHIN. FLETCHER. *Regal.*

H Μαριάμ.
Μὴ μιαρά.

BEATISSIMA virginum Maria;
Sed matérque simul beata. Perquam,
Qui semper fuit, ille cœpit esse;
Quæ vitæ dederisque inire vitam;
Et Luci dederis videre lucem;
Quæ fastidia, morsiunculasque
Passa es quas gravidæ solent, nec unquam
Audebas propior viro venire:
Dum clausus penetralibus latebat
Matricis tunica undique involutus,
Quem se posse negant tenere cœli:
Quæ non virgineas premi papillas
Passa, virgineas tamen dedisti
Lactandas puero tuo papillas.
Etu, dic age, dic, beata virgo,
Cur piam abstineas manum timesque
Sancta tangere, sanctariumque
Insolens fugias. An inquinari
Contactu metuis tuo sacrata?
Contactu metuis suo sacrata
Pollui pia: cernis (en!) ferentem
Lenimenta Dei furentis, illa
Fœdatas sibi ferre que jubebat.
Sis felix nova virgo-mater opto,
Quæ mollire Deum paras amicum,
Quin hic dona licet licet relinquas,
Agnellumque repone Turturemque,
Audax ingrediare inanis ædes
Dei, tange Deo sacrata, tange.
Quæ non concubitu coinquinata
Agnellum peperitque, Turturemque
Exclusit, facili Deo litabit
Agno cum Deus insit, et columbæ.

NOR can I so much say as much I ought,
Nor yet so little can I say as nought,
In praise of this thy work, so heav'nly penn'd,
That sure the sacred dove a quill did lend
From her high soaring wing: certes I know
No other plumes, that makes man seem so low
In his own eyes, who to all others' sight
Is mounted to the highest pitch of height:
Where if thou seem to any of small price,
The fault is not in thee but in his eyes.
But what do I thy flood of wit restrain
Within the narrow banks of my poor vein?
More I could say, and would, but that to praise
Thy verses, is to keep them from their praise.
For them who reads, and doth them not advance,
Of envy doth it, or of ignorance.

F. NETHERSOLE.

POEMS

OF

GILES FLETCHER.

CHRIST'S VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The argument propounded in general. Our redemption by Christ, ver. 1, 2. The author's invocation for the better handling of it, ver. 3, 4. Man's redemption, from the cause. Mercy dwelling in Heaven, and pleading for men now guilty, with Justice described by her qualities, ver. 5—10. Her retinue, ver. 12. Her subject, ver. 15. Her accusation of man's sin, ver. 17. And 1st, of Adam's first sin, ver. 18, 19. Then of his posterity's, in all kind of idolatry, ver. 20—24. How hopeful any patronage of it, ver. 25—27. All the creatures having disleagued themselves with him for his extreme unthankfulness, ver. 28—33. So that being destitute of all hope and remedy, he can look for nothing but a fearful sentence, ver. 35—40. The effect of Justice her speech: the inflammation of the heavenly powers appeased by Mercy, who is described by her cheerfulness to defend man, ver 40—42. Our inability to describe her, ver. 43, 44. Her beauty, resembled by the creatures, which are all frail shadows of her essential perfection, ver. 45, 46. Her attendants, ver. 46, 47. Her persuasive power, ver. 48—50. Her kind offices to man, ver. 51. 52. Her garments wrought by her own hands, wherewith she clothes herself, composed of all the creatures, ver. 53. The earth, ver. 54. Sea, ver. 55, 56. Air, ver. 57, 58. The celestial bodies, ver. 59, 60. The third Heaven, ver. 61, 62. Her objects, ver. 63. Repentance, ver. 64—66. Faith, ver. 67—69. Her deprecative speech for man: in which she translates the principal fault unto the devil; and repeating Justice her aggravation of men's sin, mitigates it; 1st, By a contrary inference: 2d, By intercessing herself in the cause, and Christ, ver. 70—75. That is as sufficient to satisfy, as man was impotent, ver. 76, 77. Whom she celebrates from the time of his nativity, ver. 78. From the effects of it in himself, ver. 79, 80. Egypt, ver. 81. The angels and men, ver. 82, 83. The effect of Mercy's speech, ver. 84. A transition to Christ's second victory, ver. 85.

THE birth of Him that no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born,
And how the Infinite far greater grew,
By growing less, and how the rising morn,
That shot from Heav'n, and back to Heav'n return,
The obsequies of him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily he died, that died unworthily;

How God and man did both embrace each other,
Met in one person, Heaven and Earth did kiss,
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bare that Son, who the world's Father is,
And maker of his mother, and how bliss
Descended from the bosom of the High,
To clothe himself in naked misery, [antly,
Sailing at length to Heav'n, in Earth, triumph-

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse
Doth burn in heavenly love, such love to tell.
O thou that didst this holy fire infuse, [Hell,
And taught'st this breast, but late the grave of
Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd, to swell
With better thoughts, send down those lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be penn'd.

Ye sacred writings, in whose antique leaves
The memories of Heaven entreasur'd lie,
Say, what might be the cause that Mercy heaves
The dust of sin above th' industrious sky,
And lets it not to dust and ashes fly?
Could Justice be of sin so over-woo'd,
Or so great ill be cause of so great good, [blood?
That bloody man to save, man's Saviour shed his

Or did the lips of Mercy drop soft speech
For trait'rous man, when at th' Eternal's throne
Incensed Nemesis did Heav'n beseech
With thund'ring voice, that justice might be shown
Against the rebels that from God were flown?
O say, say how could Mercy plead for those
That, scarcely made, against their Maker rose?
Will any slay his friend, that he may spare his foes?

There is a place beyond that flaming hill
From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
Nor impure thought was ever harboured;
But saintly heroes are for ever su'd
To keep an everlasting Sabbath's rest;
Still wishing that, of what th' are still possest;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.

Here, when the ruin of that beauteous frame,
Whose golden building shin'd with every star
Of excellence, deform'd with age became:
Mercy, rememb'ring peace in midst of war,
Lift up the music of her voice, to bar
Eternal fate; lest it should quite erase [grace,
That from the world, which was the first world's
And all again into their (nothing) chaos chase.

For what had all this all, which man in one
Did not unite? the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, sense, and spirit, nay, the pow'rful throne
Of the divinest essence did retire,
And his own image into clay inspire:
So that this creature well might called be
Of the great world the small epitomy,
Of the dead world the live and quick anatomy.

But Justice had no sooner Mercy seen
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow,
But up she starts, and throws herself between;
As when a vapour from a moory slough,
Meeting with fresh Eous, that but now
Open'd the world which all in darkness lay,
Doth Heav'n's bright face of his rays disarray,
And sads the smiling orient of the springing day.

She was a virgin of austere regard:
Not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, that hath oft compar'd
Her eye with Heav'n's, so, and more brightly shin'd
Her lamping sight: for she the same could wind
Into the solid heart, and with her ears,
The silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
And in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breast, but a still apathy
Possessed all her soul, which softly slept,
Securely, without tempest; no sad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty,
Sending his eyes to Heav'n swimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever struck her ears,
Whetting the blazing sword that in her hand she bears.

The winged lightning is her Mercury,
And round about her mighty thunders sound:
Impatient of himself lies pining by
Pale Sickness, with her kercher'd head up wound,
And thousand noisome plagues attend her round.
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And airy mountains shake, and frighted shadows howl.

Famine, and bloodless Care, and bloody War,
Want, and the want of knowledge how to use
Abundance, Age, and Fear, that runs afar
Before his fellow Grief, that aye pursues.
His winged steps; for who would not refuse
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd spright,
That lanks the cheeks, and pales the freshest sight,
Unbosoming the cheerful breast of all delight?

Before this cursed throng goes Ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot see:
And, after all, Death doth his flag advance,
And in the midst, Strife still would roguing be,
Whose ragged flesh and clothes did well agree:
And round about, amazed Horrour flies,
And over all, Shame veils his guilty eyes, [lies.
And underneath, Hell's hungry throat still yawning

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward,
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrours fainted.

Witness the thunder that mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame.
And wand'ring Israel, with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dead Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

"Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill, and the dross
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies,
And thine own seat, that here the child of loss,
Of all the lower heav'n, the curse, and cross,
That wretch, beast, captive, monster man, might spend,
(Proud of the mire, in which his soul is pen'd)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

"His body dust: where grew such cause of pride?
His soul, thy image: what could he envy?)
Himself most happy, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched, who can remedy?
He slew himself, himself the enemy.
That his own soul would her own murder wreak,
If I were silent, Heav'n and Earth would speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours break.

"How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade?
When running from thy voice into the shade,
He fled thy sight, himself of light bereav'd;
And for his shield a heavy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to have deceiv'd?

"And well he might delude those eyes that see,
And judge by colours; for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaimed trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks, and stones, with crowns of laurel stood, [blood.
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's

"The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of Heav'n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:

Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie,
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly,
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

" The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and Moon,
The flitting air, and the swift-winged hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the walled towers
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers.
And lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
Neptune spues out the lady Aphrodite, [light.
And but in Heav'n proud Juno's peacocks scorn to

" The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat,
And worse than all these, man, and worst of men
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk wth the vine's purple blood, and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men, they flee from thee, [knee.
And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant

" All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death first did call
Into the world) that with his orisal,
Inspirits earth: he Heav'n's all-seeing eye,
He Earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth fly,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

" But let him in his cabin restless rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in Heav'n against man makes request
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to mountains rear.

" Were not theHeav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue,
The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,
The cause for sin, the punishment most due,
Justice herself, the plaintiff to endite him,
The angels holy, before whom I cite him,
He against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinful live, and die secure,
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

" The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd,
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues,
The fault excus'd, or punishment delay'd,
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse,
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
But now no star can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot, [not.
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it

" What should I tell how barren Earth has grown,
All for to starve her children? didst not thou
Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsown,
And drop down clods of flow'rs? didst not thou
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow? [bow
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain
Might load his harvest in an empty wain, [grain.
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry

" The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves, [rish;
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nou-
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to cherish,
Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets display
To catch the flying winds, and steal away, [prey.
Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble

" How often have I seen the waving pine,
Toss'd on a wat'ry mountain, knock his head
At Heav'n's too patient gates, and with salt brine
Quench the Moon's burning horns; and safely fled
From Heaven's revenge, her passengers, all dead
With stiff astonishment, tumble to Hell?
How oft the sea all earth would overswell,
Did not thy sandy girdle bind the mighty well?

" Would not the air he fill'd with streams of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood?
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not th' hasty flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood:
Didst not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose fields they play?

" Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies slide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to rest be laid? can beastly he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so awful see?

" Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs releast,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks:
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-love him.

" Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallow'd Dathan, and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas: and the air did bullets find,
And shot from Heav'n a stony show'r to grind:
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought,
The Sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from Heav'n flew down, when sin to Heav'n did shout.

" Should any to himself for safety fly?
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself: should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife? but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A Siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
Or wonting aid himself aid to another sends?

" His strength? but dust: his pleasure? cause of pain
His hope? false courtier: youth or beauty? brittle:
Entreaty? fond: repentance? late and vain:
Just recompence? the world were all too little:
Thy love? he hath no title to a title:
Hell's force? in vain her furies Hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse his father.

"His life? that brings him to his end, and leaves
His end? that leaves him to begin his wo: [him:
His goods? what good in that, that so deceives him?
His gods of wood? their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be help'd to go:
Honour, great worth? ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit? that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting thee.

"The sea to drink him quick? that casts his dead:
Angels to spare? they punish: night to hide?
The world shall burn in light: the Heav'ns to spread
Their wings to save him? Heav'n itself shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise him?
As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.

"What need I urge what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:
But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends."

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder:
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that moisten'd under.

As when the cheerful Sun, elamping wide,
Glads all the world with his uprising ray,
And woos the widow'd Earth afresh to pride,
And paints her bosom with the flow'ry May,
His silent sister steals him quite away,
Wrapt in a sable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies:

But soon as he again dishadowed is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night:
So Mercy once again herself displays
Out from her sister's cloud, and open lays
Those sunshine looks, whose beams would dim a thousand days.

How may a worm, that crawls along the dust,
Clamber the azure mountains, thrown so high,
And fetch from thence thy fair idea just,
That in those sunny courts doth hidden lie,
Cloth'd with such light, as blinds the angels' eye?
How may weak mortal ever hope to fill
His unsmooth tongue, and his deprostrate style?
O, raise thou from his corse thy now entomb'd exile!

One touch would rouse me from my sluggish herse,
One word would call me to my wished home,
One look would polish my afflicted verse, [lome,
One thought would steal my soul from her thick
And force it wand'ring up to Heav'n to come,
There to importune, and to beg apace
One happy favour of thy sacred grace, [face.
To see (what though it lose her eyes?) to see thy

If any ask why roses please the sight?
Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r:
If any ask why lilies are so white?
Because their blossoms in thy hand do flow'r:
Or why sweet plants so grateful odours show'r?
It is because thy breath so like they be:
Or why the orient Sun so bright we see? [thee?
What reason can we give, but from thine eyes, and

Ros'd all in lively crimson are thy cheeks,
Where beauties indeflourishing abide,
And, as to pass his fellow either seeks,
Seems both to blush at one another's pride:
And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beside,
Ten thousand Graces sit, and when they move
To Earth their amorous belgards from above,
They fly from Heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

And of discolour'd plumes their wings are made,
And with so wond'rous art the quills are wrought,
That whensoever they cut the airy glade,
The wind into their hollow pipes is caught:
As seems, the spheres with them they down have
Like to the seven-fold reed of Arcady, [brought:
Which Pan of Syrinx made, when she did fly
To Ladon sands, and at his sighs sung merrily.

As melting honey dropping from the comb,
So still the words, that spring between thy lips,
Thy lips, where smiling sweetness keeps her home,
And heav'nly eloquence pure manna sips.
He that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimbly will the golden phrases fly;
And shed forth streams of choicest rhetory,
Wailing celestial torrents out of poesy?

Like as the thirsty land, in summer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and gapes at every show'r,
As though her hungry cliffs all heav'n would eat;
Which if high God unto her bosom pour,
Though much refresh'd, yet more she could devour:
So hang the greedy ears of angels sweet,
And every breath a thousand Cupids meet,
Some flying in, some out, and all about her fleet.

Upon her breast Delight doth softly sleep,
And of Eternal Joy is brought abed;
Those snowy mountlets, thorough which do creep
The milky rivers, that are inly bred
In silver cisterns, and themselves do shed
To weary travellers, in heat of day,
To quench their fiery thirst, and to allay
With dropping nectar floods, the fury of their way.

If any wander, thou dost call him back:
If any be not forward, thou incit'st him:
Thou dost expect, if any should grow slack:
If any seem but willing, thou invit'st him:
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'st him:
Thou find'st the lost, and follow'st him that flies,
Healing the sick, and quick'ning him that dies:
Thou art the lame man's friendly staff, the blind man's eyes.

So fair thou art, that all would thee behold;
But none can thee behold, thou art so fair:
Pardon, O pardon then thy vassal bold,
That with poor shadows strives thee to compare,
And match the things which he knows matchless are.

O thou vile mirrour of celestial grace,
How can frail colours pourtray out thy face,
Or paint in flesh thy beauty, in such semblance base?

Her upper garment was a silken lawn,
With needle-work richly embroidered;
Which she herself with her own hand had drawn,
And all the world therein had pourtrayed,
With threads so fresh and lively coloured,
That seem'd the world she new created there;
And the mistaken eye would rashly swear
The silken trees did grow, and the beasts living were.

Low at her feet the Earth was cast alone
(As though to kiss her foot it did aspire,
And gave itself for her to tread upon)
With so unlike and different attire,
That every one that saw it, did admire
What it might be, was of so various hue;
For to itself it oft so diverse grew, [new.
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd a

And here and there few men she scattered,
(That in their thought the world esteem but small,
And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
About some mole-hill, so they wandered;
And round about the waving sea was shed:
But for the silver sands, small pearls were sprinkled.

So curiously the underwork did creep,
And curling circlets so well shadowed lay,
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
But those that near the margin pearl did play,
Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway,
As though they meant to rock the gentle ear,
And hush the former that enslumber'd were:
And here a dangerous rock the flying ships did fear.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
(As though his purer waves from Heaven sprung)
To crawl on Earth, as doth the sluggish main:
But it the Earth would water with his rain, [would,
That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season
And oft the Sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks, a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud:
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchace,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams, so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heav'n she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curded wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was, so many stars to see
Without a sun, to give their tapers light:
Yet strange it was not that it so should be:
For, where the Sun centres himself by right,
Her face, and locks did flame, that at the sight,
The heav'nly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incens'd with love,
With wonder, and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound:
And little angels, holding hands, danc'd all around.

Seemed those little sp'rits, through nimbles bold,
The stately canopy bore on their wings;
But them itself, as pendants did uphold,
Besides the crowns of many famous kings:
Among the rest, there David ever sings: [lays
And now, with years grown young, renews his
Unto his golden harp, and ditties plays, [praise.
Psalming aloud in well-tun'd songs his Maker's

Thou self-idea of all joys to come,
Whose love is such, would make the rudest speak,
Whose love is such, would make the wisest dumb;
O when wilt thou thy too long silence break,
And overcome the strong to save the weak!
If thou no weapons hast, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighty's self, that now stick on the ground, [impound.
As though some blessed object there did them

Ah, miserable object of disgrace,
What happiness is in thy misery!
I both must pity, and envy thy case;
For she, that is the glory of the sky,
Leaves Heaven blind to fix on thee her eye:
Yet her (though Mercy's self esteems not small)
The world despis'd, they her Repentance call,
And she herself despises, and the world, and all.

Deeply, alas! empassioned she stood,
To see a flaming brand toss'd up from Hell,
Boiling her heart in her own lustful blood,
That oft for torment she would loudly yell,
Now she would sighing sit, and now she fell
Crouching upon the ground, in sackcloth trust:
Early and late she pray'd; and fast she must;
And all her hair hung full of ashes, and of dust.

Of all most hated, yet hated most of all
Of her own self she was; disconsolate
(As though her flesh did but infuneral
Her buried ghost) she in an harbour sat
Of thorny briar, weeping her cursed state:
And her before a hasty river fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed,
And all about, the grass with tears hung down his head.

Her eyes, though blind abroad, at home kept fast,
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
At which she often started, as aghast,
To see so fearful spectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breast she martyred,
Wounding her heart, the same to mortify,
The other a fair damsel held her by:
Which if but once let go, she sunk immediately.

But Faith was quick, and nimble as the Heav'n,
As if of love and life she all had been:
And though of present sight her sense were reav'n,
Yet she could see the things could not be seen.
Beyond the stars, as nothing were between,

She fix'd her sight, disdaining things below:
Into the sea she could a mountain throw, [flow.
And make the Sun to stand, and waters backwards

Such when as Mercy her beheld from high,
In a dark valley, drown'd with her own tears,
One of her Graces she sent hastily,
Smiling Eyrene, that a garland wears
Of guilded olive on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting soul's true sacrifice:
Whom when as sad Repentance coming spies,
The holy desperado wip'd her swollen eyes.

But Mercy felt a kind remorse to run
Through her soft veins, and therefore hying fast
To give an end to silence, thus begun:
"Aye honour'd father, if no joy thou hast
But to reward desert, reward at last
The devil's voice, spoke with a serpent's tongue,
Fit to hiss out the words so deadly stung, [sung.
And let him die, death's bitter charms so sweetly

"He was the father of that hopeless season,
That, to serve other gods, forgot their own.
The reason was, thou wast above their reason.
They would have other gods, rather than none,
A beastly serpent, or a senseless stone:
And these, as Justice hates, so I deplore.
But the up-ploughed heart, all rent and tore,
Though wounded by itself, I gladly would restore.

"He was but dust; why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could he not take away as well as give?
Should man deprave, and should not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
(That, bladder'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of Heav'n did disinherit?

"He was but dust: how could he stand before him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first restore him?
Deprav'd of sin, should he deprived lie
Of grace? can he not find infirmity, [saking,
That gave him strength? unworthy the for-
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

"Who shall thy temple incense any more;
Or to thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor?
Or what should prayer deck with herbs, and spice,
Her vials, breathing orisons of price?
If all must pay that which all cannot pay,
O first begin with me, and Mercy slay, [stray.
And thy thrice honour'd Son, that now beneath doth

"But if or he, or I may live, and speak,
And Heav'n can joy to see a sinner weep;
Oh! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with prone humbless her feet's dust doth sweep.
Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those that only worthy be, [see.
None should thee ever see, none should thee ever

"What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near a-kin?
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:
Is sin his master? he shall master sin:
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try:
The only way to conquer, was to fly;
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self shall die.

"He is a path, if any be misled;
He is a robe, if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger, he is bread;
If any be a bondman, he is free;
If any be but weak, how strong is he?
To dead men life he is, to sick men health:
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

"Who can forget, never to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in slumber lies:
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To Earth, and Heav'n awaked all his eyes,
To see another Sun at midnight rise
On Earth? was never sight of peril fame:
For God before, man like himself did frame,
But God himself now like a mortal man became.

"A child he was, and had not learn'd to speak,
That with his word the world before did make:
His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of Heav'n could shake.
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

"And yet but newly he was infanted,
And yet already he was sought to die;
Yet scarcely born, already banished;
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly:
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrant's sword with blood is all defil'd,
And Rachel, for her sons with fury wild,
Cries, 'O thou cruel king, and O my sweetest child!'

"Egypt his nurse became, where Nilus springs,
Who straight, to entertain the rising Sun,
The hasty harvest in his bosom brings;
But now for drought the fields were all undone,
And now with waters all is overrun: [snow,
So fast the Cynthian mountains pour'd their
When once they felt the Sun so near them glow,
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did grow.

"The angels caroll'd loud their song of peace,
The cursed oracles were strucken dumb,
To see their Shepherd, the poor shepherds press,
To see their King, the kingly sophies come,
And them to guide unto his Master's home,
A star comes dancing up the orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold, to make their prince a crown, they all present.

"Young John, glad child, before he could be born,
Leapt in the womb, his joy to prophesy:
Old Anna, though with age all spent and worn,
Proclaims her Saviour to posterity:
And Simeon fast his dying notes doth ply.
Oh, how the blessed souls about him trace!
It is the fire of Heav'n thou dost embrace:
Sing Simeon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace."

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's unwary arm, now milder grown,
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,
That should have been for sacred vengeance thrown;

There too the armies angelic devow'd
Their former rage, and all to Mercy bow'd,
Their broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd.

"Bring, bring ye Graces, all your silver flaskets,
Painted with every choicest flow'r that grows,
That I may soon unflow'r your fragrant baskets,
To strow the fields with odours where he goes,
Let whatsoe'er he treads on be a rose."
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine, [wine.
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers skip with

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ brought into the place of combat, the wilderness, among the wild beasts, Mark i. 13. ver. 1. Described by his proper attribute, the mercy of God, ver. 2, 3.; whom the creatures cannot but adore, ver. 4, 5. By his unity with the Godhead, ver. 6. His proper place, ver. 7. The beauty of his body, Cant. v. 11. Psal. xlv. 2. Gen. xlix. 12. Cant. v. 10. and Isai. liii. 2. ver. 8—13. By preparing himself to the combat with his adversary, that seemed what he was not, ver. 14, 15. Some devout essence, ver. 18—19. (Closely tempting him to despair of God's providence, and provide for himself) ver. 20. But was what he seemeth not, Satan, and would fain have led him, 1st, To desperation; charactered by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. ver. 21—30. 2d, To Presumption; charactered by her place, attendants, &c. ver. 31—36.; and by her temptation, 37.; to vain glory, ver. 38.; poetically described from the place where her court stood; a garden, ver. 39—49.; from her court, and courtiers, ver. 50.; pleasure in drinking, ver. 51; in luxury, ver. 52. 2d, Avarice. ver. 53—55. 3d, Ambitious honour, ver. 56.; from her throne, and from her temptation, ver. 57—59. The effect of this victory in Satan, ver. 60.; the angels, ver. 61.; the creatures, ver. 62.

THERE, all alone, she spy'd, alas, the while!
In shady darkness, a poor desolate,
That now had measur'd many a weary mile,
Through a waste desert, whither heav'nly fate,
And his own will, him brought: he praying sat,
And him to prey, as he to pray began,
The citizens of the wild forest ran, [man.
And all with open throat would swallow whole the

Soon did the lady to her Graces cry,
And on their wings herself did nimbly strow.
After her coach a thousand Loves did fly,
So down into the wilderness they throw:
Where she, and all her train, that with her flow
Thorough the airy wave, with sails so gay,
Sinking into his breast that weary lay, [away.
Made shipwreck of themselves, and vanish'd quite

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whom to devour the beasts did make pretence;
But him their salvage thirst did nought appal,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvance,
And some unto him kneel, and some about him dance.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood,
And he himself fell down in congies low;
Bidding him welcome to his wasteful wood.
Sometime he kist the grass where he did go,
And, as to wash his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lickt away the dust,
And every one would nearest to him thrust,
And every one, with new, forgot his former lust.

Unmindful of himself, to mind his Lord,
The lamb stood gazing by the tyger's side,
As though between them they had made accord,
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
Forgetful of the roughness of the hide.
If he stood still, their eyes upon him bated,
If walkt, they all in order on him waited,
And when he slept, they as his watch themselves conceited.

Wonder doth call me up to see: O no,
I cannot see, and therefore sink in wonder,
The man that shines as bright as God, not so,
For God he is himself, that close lies under
That man, so close, that no time can dissunder
That band; yet not so close, but from him break
Such beams, as mortal eyes are all too weak
Such sight to see, or it, if they should see, to speak.

Upon a grassy hillock he was laid,
With woody primroses befreckled:
Over his head the wanton shadows played
Of a wild olive, that her boughs so spread,
As with her leaves she seem'd to crown his head,
And her green arms t' embrace the Prince of Peace:
The Sun so near, needs must the winter cease,
The Sun so near, another spring seem'd to increase.

His hair was black, and in small curls did twine,
As though it were the shadow of some light,
And underneath his face, as day, did shine;
But sure the day shined not half so bright,
Nor the Sun's shadow made so dark a night.
Under his lovely locks her head to shroud,
Did make Humility herself grow proud:
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the Graces crowd.

One of ten thousand souls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their sweet wounds, complain;
Sweet are the wounds of Love, never so sore,
Ah, might he often slay me so again!
He never lives, that thus is never slain.
What boots it watch? Those eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have stole my heart:
In them Love bends his bow, and dips his burning dart.

As when the Sun, caught in an adverse cloud,
Flies cross the world, and there anew begets
The watry picture of his beauty proud,
Throws all abroad his sparkeling spanglets,
And the whole world in dire amazement sets,

To see two days abroad at once, and all
Doubt whether now he rise, or now will fall:
So flam'd the godly flesh, proud of his heav'nly thrall.

His cheeks, as snowy apples sopt in wine,
Had their red roses quencht with lilies white,
And like to garden strawberries did shine,
Washt in a bowl of milk, or rose-buds bright,
Unbosoming their breasts against the light. [made
Here love-sick souls did eat, there drank, and
Sweet smelling posies, that could never fade,
But worldly eyes him thought more like some living shade.

For laughter never look'd upon his brow,
Though in his face all smiling joys did bide:
No silken banners did about him flow,
Fools made their fetters ensigns of their pride:
He was best cloth'd when naked was his side.
A Lamb he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
Wove with one thread, his feet low sandals wore:
But bared were his legs, so were the times of yore.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place where he in glory sets,
And rise with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Vein'd every where with azure rivulets,
Whom all the people, on some holy morn,
With boughs and flowry garlands do adorn:
Of such, though fairer far, this temple was upborne.

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse
The sluggish salvages, that den below,
And all the day in lazy covert drouse,
Since him the silent wilderness did house:
The Heav'n his roof, and arbour harbour was,
The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass:
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did pass.

At length an aged sire far off he saw
Come slowly footing, every step he guest
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedicities, and prayers store,
But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,
That for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with dropping brine,
And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low
With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What needs him now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither stray!
What earen they for beasts, or for the weary way?

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,
And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.

"Ay me," quoth he, "how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the Sun of Heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

"Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be
As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,
And be the temple for thy deity!
Lo, how my cottage worships thee aloof,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proof
It doth adore thee with the ciefing low,
Here honey, milk, and chestnuts, wild do grow,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestow.

"But oh!" he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
"The Heav'ns alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields thy presence from them keep;
For stones do grow where corn was lately sown:"
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
"But thou with corn canst make this stone to ear.
What needen we the angry Heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy thee here."

Thus on they wandred; but these holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover.
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds;
And round about that stinking corps did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over
His ever-damned head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many frozen souls do chatt'ring lie,
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry.
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die,
Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry
Of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "Out, alas! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die!"

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
That gaping stood all comers to devour,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave.
The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,
Nor ragged trees did leave; but every where
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,
And through the shady air the fluttering bat
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote
Th' unblessed house: there on a craggy stone
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell;
But he himself with night for darkness strove.
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell
About his face; through which, as brands of Hell,
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,
That made him deadly look, their glimpse did show
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd
And as he musing lay, to stony fright [fast;
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast:
As when a fearful dream in midst of night,
Skips to the brain, and phansies to the sight
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root:
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes without boot.

Now he would dream that he from Heaven fell,
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he sinking was to Hell,
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall
Him seemed Hell, and then he out would craul:
And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,
Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,
And then, alas! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,
He ever durst to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as though he dying were;
And still he thought he felt their craples tear
Him by the heels back to his ugly den:
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then
The Heav'n, as Hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty men.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight
The serpent woo'd him with his charms to inn,
There he might bait the day, and rest the night:
But under that same bait a fearful grin
Was ready to entangle him in sin,
But he upon ambrosia daily fed,
That grew in Eden, thus he answered:
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was,
And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;
Never did any this in falsehood pass,
Never did any him in truth excell:
With him we fly to Heav'n, from Heav'n we fell
With him: but now they both together met
Upon the sacred pinnacles, that threat,
With their aspiring tops, Astræa's starry seat.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among,
(Ah, that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face.

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Euëlpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkled.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were:
But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair:
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did fear.
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of Hell, [dwell.
So she above the Moon, amid the stars, would

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain,
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh a while at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day:

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave, [brave.
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel

Gently our Saviour she began to shrive,
Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
For any other she disdain'd to wife:
And if he were, she bid him fearless throw
Himself to ground; and therewithal did show
A flight of little angels, that did wait
Upon their glittering wings, to latch him straight;
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone,
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet paragon!

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw:
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed:
No Rhodope, no Tempe's flow'ry plain:
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet Variety herself did throw
To every bank, here all the ground she dide
In lily white, there pinks eblazed white,
And damask all the earth; and here she shed
Blue violets, and there came roses red:
And every sight the yielding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight;
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,
While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses,
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shallow bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd, they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the water's fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bow'r,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour,
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the room about was arboured)
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
To crown the bousing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,
They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher story come,
Where mounts of gold and floods of silver run,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish'd souls with the deceitful shine.

Ah! who was he such precious berils found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their ory lustre! but quaint Pride
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosom spumy Bacchus swells,
That neither Heaven nor Earth henceforth in safety dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise!
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and thunder threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all-inwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendour, were install'd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impall'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of Heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withal:

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more, are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchauntress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.

So with her sire to Hell she took her flight,
(The starting air flew from the damned spright)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And, as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph over death on the cross, expressed, 1st, In general by his joy to undergo it; singing before he went to the garden, ver. 1, 2, 3. Mat. 26. 30; by his grief in the undergoing it, ver. 4—6.; by the obscure fables of the Gentiles typing it, ver. 7, 8.; by the cause of it in him, his love, ver. 9.; by the effect it should have in us, ver. 10—12., by the instrument, the cursed tree, ver. 13. 2d, Expressed in particular; 1st, by his fore-passion in the garden, ver. 14—25.; by his passion itself, amplified, 1st, From the general causes, ver. 26, 27.; parts, and effects of it, ver. 28, 29. 2d, From the particular causes, ver. 30, 31.; parts, and effects of it in Heaven, ver. 32—36; in the heavenly spirits, ver. 37; in the creatures subcelestial, ver. 38; in the wicked Jews, ver. 39; in Judas, ver. 40—51; in the blessed saints, Joseph, &c. ver. 52—67.

So down the silver streams of Eridan,
On either side bank't with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant swan,
And sings his dirge, and prophecies his fall,
Diving into his watry funeral!
But Eridan to Cedron must submit
His flowery shore; nor can he envy it,
If, when Apollo sings, his swans do silent sit.

That heav'nly voice I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe, or swelling waves
Against the sounding rocks their bosoms tear,
Or whistling reeds, that rutty Jordan laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves,
To chide the winds, or hiving bees, that fly
About the laughing blossoms of sallowy,
Rocking asleep the idle grooms that lazy ly.

And yet how can I hear thee singing go,
When men, incens'd with hate, thy death foreset?
Or else, why do I hear thee sighing so,
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life dost get!
That love and hate, and sighs and songs are met?
But thus, and only thus, thy love did crave,
To send thee singing for us to thy grave,
While we sought thee to kill, and thou sought'st us to save.

When I remember Christ our burden bears,
I look for glory, but find misery;
I look for joy, but find a sea of tears;
I look that we should live, and find him die;
I look for angels' songs, and hear him cry;
Thus what I look, I cannot find so well;
Or rather, what I find I cannot tell,
These banks so narrow are, those streams so highly swell.

Christ suffers, and in this his tears begin,
Suffers for us, and our joy springs in this;
Suffers to death, here is his manhood seen;
Suffers to rise, and here his Godhead is,
For man, that could not by himself have rise,
Out of the grave doth by the Godhead rise,
And God, that could not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live by that sweet sacrifice.

Go, giddy brains, whose wits are thought so fresh,
Pluck all the flow'rs that Nature forth doth throw;
Go, stick them on the cheeks of wanton flesh:
Poor idol (forc'd at once to fall and grow)
Of fading roses, and of melting snow:
Your songs exceed your matter, this of mine,
The matter which it sings shall make divine;
As stars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties shine.

Who doth not see drown'd in Deucalion's name
(When earth his men, and sea had lost his shore)
Old Noah? and in Nisus' lock the fame
Of Samson yet alive? and long before
In Phaethon's, mine own fall I deplore;
But he that conquer'd Hell, to fetch again
His virgin widow, by a serpent slain,
Another Orphéus was then dreaming poets feign.

That taught the stones to melt for passion,
And dormant sea, to hear him, silent lie;
And at his voice, the wat'ry nation
To flock, as if they deem'd it cheap to buy
With their own deaths his sacred harmony:
The while the waves stood still to hear his song,
And steady shore wav'd with the reeling throng
Of thirsty souls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

What better friendship, than to cover shame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better to asself the blame,
And this is greater for an enemy:
But more than this, to die not suddenly,
Not with some common death, or easy pain,
But slowly, and with torments to be slain:
O depth without a depth, far better seen than say'n.

And yet the Son is humbled for the slave,
And yet the slave is proud before the Son:
Yet the Creator for his creature gave
Himself, and yet the creature hastes to run
From his Creator, and self-good doth shun:
And yet the Prince, and God himself doth cry
To man, his traitour, pardon not to fly;
Yet man is God, and traitour doth his Prince defy.

Who is it sees not that he nothing is,
But he that nothing sees? what weaker breast,
Since Adam's armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
That made by God of all his creatures best,
Straight made himself the worst of all the rest.
"If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will:"
The dead man cannot rise, though he himself may kill.

But let the thorny school these punctuals
Of wills, all good, or bad, or neuter diss;
Such joy we gained by our parentals,
That good, or bad, whether I cannot wish,
To call it a mishap, or happy miss,
That fell from Eden, and to Heav'n did rise:
Albe the mitred card'nal more did prize
His part in Paris, than his part in Paradise.

A tree was first the instrument of strife,
Where Eve to sin her soul did prostitute;
A tree is now the instrument of life,
Though all that trunk, and this fair body suit:
Ah cursed tree, and yet O blessed fruit!
That death to him, this life to us doth give:
Strange is the cure, when things past cure revive,
And the Physician dies, to make his patient live.

Sweet Eden was the arbour of delight,
Yet in his honey flow'rs our poison blew;
Sad Gethseman the bow'r of baleful night,
Where Christ a health of poison for us drew,
Yet all our honey in that poison grew:
So we from sweetest flow'rs could suck our bane,
And Christ from bitter venom could again
Extract life out of death, and pleasure out of pain.

A man was first the author of our fall,
A man is now the author of our rise:
A garden was the place we perish'd all,
A garden is the place he pays our price:
And the old serpent with a new device,
Hath found a way himselfe for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one man caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

The dewy night had with her frosty shade
Immantled all the world, and the stiff ground
Sparkled in ice, only the Lord, that made
All for himself, himself dissolved found,
Sweat without heat, and bled without a wound:
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and God, and man forlore,
Thrice begging help of those, whose sins he bore,
And thrice denied of those, not to deny had swore.

Yet had he been alone of God forsaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce assault; he might, perhaps have taken
Some joy in soul, when all joy else was gone,
But that with God, and God to Heav'n is flown;
And Hell itself out from her grave doth rise,
Black as the starless night, and with them flies,
Yet blacker than they both, the son of blasphemies.

As when the planets, with unkind aspect,
Call from her caves the meagre pestilence;
The sacred vapour, eager to infect,
Obeys the voice of the sad influence,
And vomits up a thousand noisome scents,
The well of life, flaming his golden flood
With the sick air, fevers the boiling blood,
And poisons all the body with contagious food.

The bold physician, too incautelous,
By those he cures himself is murdered:
Kindness infects, pity is dangerous,
And the poor infant, yet not fully bred,
There where he should be born lies buried:
So the dark prince, from his infernal cell,
Casts up his grisly torturers of Hell, [spell.
And whets them to revenge with this insulting

"See how the world smiles in eternal peace,
While we, the harmless brats, and rusty throng
Of night, our snakes in curls do prank and dress:
Why sleep our drowsy scorpions so long?
Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
Are we ourselves? or are we graces grown?
The sons of Hell, or Heav'n? was never known
Our whips so over-moss'd, and brands so deadly blown.

"O long desired, never hop'd-for hour,
When our tormentor shall our torments feel!
Arm, arm yourselves, sad dires of my pow'r,
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel:
Slice, lanch, dig, tear him with your whips of steel,
Myself in honour of so noble prize, [cries
Will pour you reeking blood, shed with the
Of hasty heirs, who their own fathers sacrifice."

With that a flood of poison, black as Hell,
Out from his filthy gorge the beast did spue,
That all about his blessed body fell,
And thousand flaming serpents hissing flew
About his soul, from hellish sulphur threw,
And every one brandish'd his fiery tongue,
And worming all about his soul they clung;
But he their stings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

So have I seen a rock's heroic breast,
Against proud Neptune, that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle prest,
And with a thousand swelling billows beats
The stubborn stone, and foams, and chaffs and frets
To heave him from his root, unmoved stand;
And more in heaps the barking surges band,
The more in pieces beat, fly weeping to the strand.

So may we oft a vent'rous father see,
To please his wanton son, his only joy,
Coast all about, to catch the roving bee,
And stung himself, his busy hands employ
To save the honey for the gamesome boy:
Or from the snake her ranc'rous teeth eraze,
Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
Or with his little hands her tim'rous gorge embrace.

Thus Christ himself to watch and sorrow gives,
While, dew'd in easy sleep, dead Peter lies:
Thus man in his own grave securely lives,
While Christ alive, with thousand horrours dies,
Yet more for theirs, than his own pardon cries:
No sins he had, yet all our sins he bare,
So much doth God for others' evils care,
And yet so careless men for their own evils are.

See drowsy Peter, see where Judas wakes,
Where Judas kisses him whom Peter flies:
O kiss more deadly than the sting of snakes!
False love more hurtful than true injuries!
Aye me! how dearly God his servant buys?
For God his man at his own blood doth hold,
And man his God for thirty-pence hath sold.
So tin for silver goes, and dunghill-dross for gold.

Yet was it not enough for Sin to choose
A servant, to betray his Lord to them;
But that a subject must his king accuse,
But that a Pagan must his God condemn,
But that a Father must his Son contemn,
But that the Son must his own death desire,
That prince, and people, servant, and the sire,
Gentile, and Jew, and he against himself conspire?

Was this the oil, to make thy saints adore thee,
The frothy spittle of the rascal throng?
Are these the virges, that are borne before thee,
Base whips of cord, and knotted all along?
Is this thy golden sceptre, against wrong,
A reedy cane? is that the crown adorns
Thy shining locks, a crown of spiny thorns?
Are these the angels' hymns, the priests' blasphemous scorns?

Who ever saw honour before asham'd;
Afflicted majesty, debased height,
Innocence guilty, honesty defam'd;
Liberty bound, health sick, the Sun in night?
But since such wrong was offer'd unto right,
Our night is day, our sickness health is grown,
Our shame is veil'd, this now remains alone
For us, since he was ours, that we be not our own.

Night was ordain'd for rest, and not for pain;
But they, to pain their Lord, their rest contemn,
Good laws to save, what bad men would have slain,
And not bad judges, with one breath, by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltless blood, but now all headlong sway
Man's murderer to save, man's Saviour to slay.

Frail multitude! whose giddy law is list,
And best applause is windy flattering,
Most like the breath of which it doth consist,
No sooner blown, but as soon vanishing,
As much desir'd, as little profiting,
That makes the men that have it oft as light,
As those that give it, which the proud invite,
And fear; the bad man's friend, the good man's hypocrite.

It was but now their sounding clamours sung,
"Blessed is he that comes from the Most High,"
And all the mountains with "Hosannah" rung;
And now, "Away with him, away," they cry,
And nothing can be heard but "Crucify:"
It was but now, the crown itself they save,
And golden name of king unto him gave;
And now, no king, but only Cæsar, they will have.

It was but now they gathered blooming May,
And of his arms disrob'd the branching tree,
To strow with boughs and blossoms all thy way;
And now the branchless trunk a cross for thee,
And May, dismay'd, thy coronet must be:
It was but now they were so kind to throw
Their own best garments, where thy feet should go; [they show.
And now thyself they strip, and bleeding wounds

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! he dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying:
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love, love for hate, and death for life is giving:
Lo, how his arms are stretch'd abroad to grace thee,
And, as they open stand, call to embrace thee:
Why stay'st thou then, my soul! O fly, fly, thither haste thee.

His radious head with shameful thorns they tear,
His tender back with bloody whips they rent,
His side and heart they furrow with a spear,
His hands and feet with riving nails they tent,
And, as to disentrail his soul they meant,
They jolly at his grief, and make their game,
His naked body to expose to shame,
That all might come to see, and all might see that came.

Whereat the Heav'n put out his guilty eye,
That durst behold so execrable sight,
And sabled all in black the shady sky,
And the pale stars, struck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlasting lamps in night:
And at his birth, as all the stars Heav'n had
Were not enow, but a new star was made;
So now, both new, and old, and all away did fade.

The mazed angels shook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
One down his eyes upon the manhood flings,
Another gazes on the Godhead, none
But surely thought his wits were not his own.
Some flew to look if it were very he;
But when God's arm unarmed they did see,
Albe they saw it was, they vow'd it could not be.

The sadded air hung all in cheerless black,
Through which the gentle winds soft sighing flew,
And Jordan into such huge sorrow brake,
(As if his holy stream no measure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
The trembling earth with horrour inly shook,
And stubborn stones, such grief unus'd to brook,
Did burst, and ghosts awaking from their graves 'gan look.

The wise philosopher cried, all aghast,
"The God of nature surely languished;"
The sad Centurion cried out as fast,
"The Son of God, the Son of God was dead;"
The headlong Jew hung down his pensive head,
And homewards far'd; and ever, as he went,
He smote his breast, half desperately bent;
The very woods and beasts did seem his death lament.

The graceless traitour round about did look,
(He look'd not long, the devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took,
Only a gibbet now he needs must get him;
So on a wither'd tree he fairly set him;
And help'd him fit the rope, and in his thought
A thousand furies, with their whips, he brought;
So there he stands, ready to Hell to make his vault.

For him a waking bloodhound, yelling loud,
That in his bosom long had sleeping laid,
A guilty conscience, barking after blood,
Pursued eagerly, nay, never stay'd,
Till the betrayer's self it had betray'd.
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;
But change of place could never change his mind:
Himself he flies to lose, and follows for to find.

There is but two ways for this soul to have,
When parting from the body, forth it purges;
To flie to Heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of scorpions, with the stinging scourges,
Feed on the howling ghosts, and fiery surges
Of brimstone roll about the cave of night,
Where flames do burn, and yet no spark of light,
And fire both fries, and freezes the blaspheming spright.

There lies the captive soul, aye-sighing sore,
Reck'ning a thousand years since her first bands;
Yet stays not there, but adds a thousand more,
And at another thousand never stands,
But tells to them the stars, and heaps the sands:
And now the stars are told, and sands are run,
And all those thousand thousand myriads done,
And yet but now, alas! but now all is begun?

With that a flaming brand a fury catch'd,
And shook, and toss'd it round in his wild thought,
So from his heart all joy, all comfort snatch'd,
With every star of hope; and as he sought
(With present fear, and future grief distraught)
To fly from his own heart, and aid implore
Of him, the more he gives, that hath the more,
Whose storehouse is the Heav'ns, too little for his store.

"Stay wretch on Earth," cried Satan, "restless rest:
Know'st thou not justice lives in Heav'n? or can
The worst of creatures live among the best:
Among the blessed angels cursed man?
Will Judas now become a Christian? [mind?
Whither will hope's long wings transport thy
Or canst thou not thyself a sinner find?
Or cruel to thyself, wouldst thou have mercy kind?

"He gave thee life; why should thou seek to slay him?
He lent thee wealth; to feed thy avarice?
He call'd thee friend; what, that thou shouldst betray him?
He kiss'd thee, though he knew his life the price;
He wash'd thy feet: should'st thou his sacrifice?
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood,
And at thy heart to enter in he stood;
But then I enter'd in, and all my snaky brood."

As when wild Pentheus grown mad with fear,
Whole troops of hellish hags about him spies,
Two bloody suns stalking the dusky sphere,
And twofold Thebes runs rolling in his eyes:
Or through the scene staring Orestes flies,

With eyes flung back upon his mother's ghost,
That, with infernal serpents all emboss'd,
And torches quench'd in blood, doth her stern son accost.

Such horrid gorgons, and misformed forms
Of damned fiends, flew dancing in his heart,
That now, unable to endure their storms,
"Fly, fly," he cries, "thyself, whate'er thou art,
Hell, Hell already burns in every part."
So down into his torturers, arms he fell,
That ready stood his funerals to yell,
And in a cloud of night to waft him quick to Hell.

Yet oft he snatch'd, and started as he hung:
So when the senses half enslumber'd lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy from some high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And clasps the yielding pillow, half asleep,
And, as from Heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold sweat through every trembling member creep.

There let him hang embowelled in blood,
Where never any gentle shepherd feed
His blessed flocks, nor ever heav'nly flood
Fall on the cursed ground, nor wholesome seed,
That may the least delight or pleasure breed:
Let never spring visit his habitation,
But nettles, kix, and all the weedy nation,
With empty elders grow, sad signs of desolation.

There let the dragon keep his habitance,
And stinking carcases be thrown avaunt,
Fauns, sylvans, and deformed satyrs dance,
Wild cats, wolves, toads, and screech-owls direly
There ever let some restless spirit haunt, [chant;
With hollow sound, and clashing chains to scar
The passenger, and eyes like to the star,
That sparkles in the crest of angry Mars afar.

But let the blessed dews for ever show'r
Upon that ground, in whose fair fields I spy
The bloody ensign of our Saviour.
Strange conquest where the conqueror must die,
And he is slain, that wins the victory:
But he, that living, had no house to owe it,
Now had no grave, but Joseph must bestow it:
O run ye saints apace, and with sweet flowers bestrow it.

And ye glad spirits, that now sainted sit
On your celestial thrones, in beauty drest,
Though I your tears recount, O let it not
With after sorrow wound your tender breast,
Or with new grief unquiet your soft rest:
Enough is me your plaints to sound again,
That never could enough myself complain.
Sing then, O sing aloud thou Arimathean swain.

But long he stood, in his faint arms upholding
The fairest spoil Heav'n ever forfeited,
With such a silent passion grief unfolding,
That, had the sheet but on himself been spread
He for the corse might have been buried:
And with him stood the happy thief that stole
By night his own salvation, and a shoal
Of Maries drowned, round about him, sat in dole.

At length (kissing his lips before he spake,
As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghost)
To Mary thus with tears his silence brake:
"Ah, woful soul! what joy in all our coast,
When him we hold, we have already lost?
Once didst thou lose thy son, but foundst again;
Now find'st thy Son, but find'st him lost and slain.
Ah me! though he could death, how can'st thou life sustain?

"Where'er, dear Lord, thy shadow hovereth,
Blessing the place, wherein it deigns abide;
Look how the Earth dark horrour covereth,
Clothing in mournful black her naked side,
Willing her shadow up to Heav'n to glide,
To see, and if it meet thee wand'ring there,
That so, and if herself must miss thee here,
At least her shadow may her duty to thee bear.

"See how the Sun in daytime clouds his face,
And lagging Vesper, loosing his late team,
Forgets in Heaven to run his nightly race:
But, sleeping on bright Œta's top, doth dream
The world a chaos is, no joyful beam [moan,
Looks from his starry bower, the Heav'ns do
And trees drop tears, lest we should grieve alone,
The winds have learn'd to sigh, and waters hoarsely groan.

"And you sweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whose happy states a thousand souls envy,
Did you your own felicities but know,
Yourselves uppluck'd would to his funeral hie,
You never could in better season die:
O that I might into your places slide!
The gates of Heav'n stands gaping in his side.
There in my soul should steal, and all her faults should hide.

"Are these the eyes that made all others blind?
Ah! why are they themselves now blemished!
Is this the face, in which all beauty shin'd?
What blast hath thus his flowers debellished?
Are these the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean passage found?
Why go they now so lowly under ground,
Wash'd with our worthless tears, and their own precious wound?

"One hem but of the garments that he wore,
Could medicine whole countries of their pain:
One touch of this pale hand could life restore,
One word of these cold lips revive the slain:
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain,
What though the sullen Pharisees repin'd?
He that should both compare, at length would find
The blind man only saw, the seers all were blind.

"Why should they think thee worthy to be slain?
Was it because thou gav'st their blind men eyes?
Or that thou mad'st their lame to walk again?
Or for thou heal'd'st their sick men's maladies?
Or mad'st their dumb to speak, and dead to rise!
O could all these but any grace have won,
What would they not to save thy life have done?
The dumb man would have spoke, and lame man would have run.

"Let me, O let me near some fountain lie,
That through the rock heaves uphis sandy head,
Or let me dwell upon some mountain high,
Whose hollow root, and baser parts are spread
On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
That I their streams, and they my tears may feed:
Or clothed in some hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days in weeping for this cursed deed.

"The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
The love, in which I once did live, I lothe;
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
But love, and life, I do despise you both.
O that one grave might both our ashes clothe!
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again,
Able to save the sick, and to revive the slain.

"Thus spend we tears that never can be spent,
On him, that sorrow now no more shall see;
Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
To him that died to live, and would not be,
To be there where he would: here bury we
This heav'nly earth; here let it softly sleep,
The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep."
So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to weep.

So home their bodies went to seek repose;
But at the grave they left their souls behind:
O who the force of love celestial knows!
That can the chains of Nature's self unbind,
Sending the body home without the mind.
Ah, blessed virgin! what high angel's art
Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
When every nail, that pierc'd his hand, did pierce thy heart?

So Philomel, perch'd on an aspin sprig,
Weeps all the night her lost virginity,
And sings her sad tale to the merry twig,
That dances at such joyful misery,
Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eye:
But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
Expresses in her song grief not to be express'd.

So when the lark (poor bird!) afar espy'th
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythe,
Which from the meadow her green locks doth shave,
That their warm nest is now become their grave;
The woeful mother up to Heav'n springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH AFTER DEATH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's triumph after death, 1st, In his resurrection, manifested by its effects in the creatures, ver. 1—7.; in himself, ver. 8—12. 2d. In his ascension into Heaven, whose joys are described, ver. 13—16.; 1st, By the access of all good, the blessed society of the saints, angels, &c. ver. 17—19. The sweet quiet and peace enjoyed under God, ver. 20.; shadowed by the peace we enjoy under our sovereign, ver. 21—26. The beauty of the place, ver. 27.; the carity (as the school calls it) of the saints bodies, ver. 28—31.; the impletion of the appetite, ver. 32, 33.; the joy of the senses, &c. ver. 34. 2d, By the amotion of all evil, ver. 35, 36.; by the access of all good again, ver. 37. in the glory of the holy city, ver. 38.; in the beatifical vision of God, ver. 39.

But now the second morning from her bow'r
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flow'r.
In th' eastern garden; for Heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy begun to show;
The early Sun came lively dancing out,
And the brag lambs ran wantoning about,
That Heav'n and Earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladden'd spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' enblazon from her leavy bed:
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets, the wood's late wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,
Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanc'd to slip the prouder pines,
The under corylets did catch the shines,
To gild their leaves; saw never happy year
Such joyful triumph and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

Say, Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out bridegroom mean'st to wed:
Tell me, ye trees, so fresh apparelled,
So never let the spiteful canker waste you,
So never let the Heav'ns with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly drest, or whither haste you?

Answer me, Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay.
And you sweet birds, that, shaded from the ray,
Sit caroling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you dance and play,
Tell me, sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And thou fair spouse of Earth, that every year
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spy'd,
That in one place for joy thou can'st not hide;
And you, dead swallows, that so lively now
Through the fleet air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leavy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumphs go.
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore:
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:
There should the Sun another Sun behold,
From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle Heav'n and Earth with beauties manifold.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet,
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense, meet;
There should the swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There Heav'n and Earth should see their Lord awake from sleep.

Their Lord, before by others judg'd to die,
Now judge of all himself; before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the saints into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
Now worthy to be God confess'd; before
With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by angels, that him low adore.

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbright'ned into heav'nly flame,
The Sun itself outglitters, though he should
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
And force the stars go hide themselves for shame:
Before, that under earth was buried,
But now above the Heav'ns is carried,
And there forever by the angels heried.

So fairest Phosphor, the bright morning star,
But newly wash'd in the green element,
Before the drowsey night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
Springs lively up into the orient, [chaces
And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he
To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor planets forfeit all their faces.

So long he wand'red in our lower sphere,
That Heav'n began his cloudy stars despise,
Half envious, to see on Earth appear
A greater light than flam'd in his own skies:
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
A globe of winged angels, swift as thought,
That on their spotted feathers lively caught
The sparkling earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed, [throw:
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did
So when the Trojan boy was ravished,
As through th' Idalian woods they say he fled,
His aged guardian stood all dismay'd,
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

"Toss up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of Glory enter in:
At whose brave volley of siderial states,
The Sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen;
When, leaping first from Earth, he did begin
To climb his angels' wings, then open hang
Your crystal doors;" so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton mountains dance about the lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight; [sound
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through Heav'n hath passage found.

Out leap the antique patriarchs all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph lead,
And with small stars a garland intercha'st
Of olive-leaves they bore to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold, [gold.
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in cords of

To which the saints victorious carols sung,
Ten thousand saints at once, that with the sound
The hollow vaults of Heav'n for triumph rung:
The cherubims their clamours did confound
With all the rest, and clapt their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow
And at his feet their crowns and scepters throw
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their Heav'n out of their Heav'n to find,
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
And all the virgin souls in pure array,
Came dancing forth and making joyous play;
So him they led along into the courts of day.

So him they led into the courts of day,
Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
But in that house eternal peace doth play,
Acquieting the souls, that new besore [score,
Their way to Heav'n through their own blood did
But now, estranged from all misery,
As far as Heav'n and Earth discoasted lie,
Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

And if great things by smaller may be guest,
So, in the mid'st of Neptune's angry tide,
Our Britain island, like the wee ly nest
Of true halcyon, on the waves doth ride,
And softly failing, scorns the water's pride:
While all the rest, drown'd on the continent,
And tost in bloody waves, their wounds lament,
And stand, to see our peace, as struck with wonderment.

The ship of France religious waves do toss,
And Greece itself is now grown barbarous;
Spain's children hardly dare the ocean cross,
And Belge's field lies waste, and ruinous;
That unto those, the heav'ns are envious,
And unto them, themselves are strangers grown,
And unto these, the seas are faithless known,
And unto her, alas! her own is not her own.

Here only shut we Janus' iron gates,
And call the welcome Muses to our springs,
And are but pilgrims from our heav'nly states,
The while the trusty Earth sure plenty brings,
And ships through Neptune safely spread their wings.

Go blessed island, wander where thou please,
Unto thy God, or men, Heav'n, lands, or seas:
Thou canst not lose thy way, thy king with all
hath peace.

Dear prince, thy subjects' joy, hope of their heirs,
Picture of Peace, or breathing image rather,
The certain argument of all our pray'rs,
Thy Harries, and thy country's lovely father,
Let Peace in endless joys forever bathe her
Within thy sacred breast, that at my birth
Brought'st her with thee from Heav'n, to dwell
on Earth,
Making our Earth a Heav'n, and paradise of mirth.

Let not my liege misdeem these humble lays,
As lick't with soft and supple blandishment,
Or spoken to disparagon his praise;
For though pale Cynthia, near her brother's tent,
Soon disappears in the white firmament,
And gives him back the beams, before were his;
Yet when he verges, or is hardly ris,
She the vive image of her absent brother is.

Nor let the Prince of Peace his beadsman blame,
That with the steward dares his Lord compare,
And heav'nly peace with earthly quiet shame:
So pines to lowly plants compared are,
And lightning Phœbus to a little star:
And well I wot, my rhyme, albe unsmooth,
Ne says but what it means, ne means but sooth,
Ne harms the good, ne good to harmful person
doth.

Gaze but upon the house where man embow'rs:
With flow'rs and rushes paved is his way,
Where all the creatures are his servitours,
The winds do sweep his chambers every day,
And clouds do wash his rooms, the cieling gay,
Starred aloft, the gilded knobs embrave:
If such a house God to another gave,
How shine those glittering courts, he for himself
will have?

And if a sullen cloud, as sad as night,
In which the Sun may seem embodied,
Depur'd of all his dross, we see so white,
Burning in melted gold his watery head,
Or round with ivory edges silvered;
What lustre super-excellent will he
Lighten on those that shall his sunshine see
In that all glorious court, in which all glories be?

If but one sun with his diffusive fires, [light,
Can paint the stars, and the whole world with
And joy and life into each heart inspires,
And every saint shall shine in Heav'n, as bright
As doth the Sun in his transcendent might,
(As faith may well believe what truth once
says)
What shall so many suns' united rays,
But dazzle all the eyes, that now Heav'n we
praise?

Here let my Lord hang up his conquering lance,
And bloody armour with late slaughter warm,
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his saints, mid'st of their hot alarm,
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm.
And in this lower field dispacing wide,
Through windy thoughts, that would their sails
misguide,
Anchor their fleshly ships fast in his wounded side.

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitcht round about in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end, without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is de-
stroying.

Full, yet without satiety, of that
Which whets and quiets greedy appetite,
Where never sun did rise, nor ever sat,
But one eternal day, and endless light
Gives time to those, whose time is infinite,
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee,
Beholding him, whom never eye could see,
And magnifying him, that cannot greater be.

How can such joy as this want words to speak?
And yet what words can speak such joy as this?
Far from the world, that might their quiet break,
Here the glad souls the face of beauty kiss,
Pour'd out in pleasure, on their beds of bliss.
And drunk with nectar torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on him, whose graces manifold
The more they do behold, the more they would
behold.

Their sight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes,
Their brain sweet incense with fine breath ac-
cloys,
That on God's sweating altar burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly noise,
That angels sing, to tell their untold joys;
Their understanding naked truth, their wills
The all, and self sufficient goodness fills, [ills.
That nothing here is wanting, but the want of

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves, and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged
hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came so old,
And old man how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain,
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe;
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

For things that pass are past, and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,
Th' unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
And crimson rose a scarlet garment wears:
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below;
Three rivers here of milk, and wine, and honey
flow.

About the holy city rolls a flood
Of molten chrystal, like a sea of glass,
On which weak stream a strong foundation stood,
Of living diamonds the building was,
That all things else, besides itself, did pass:

Her streets, instead of stones, the stars did pave,
And little pearls, for dust, it seem'd to have,
On which soft-streaming manna, like pure snow,
did wave.

In mid'st of this city celestial,
Where the eternal temple should have rose,
Light'ned th' idea beatifical:
End, and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to hear;
Yet sees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is every where.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before, and after all, the first, and last:
That moving all is yet immoveable;
Great without quantity, in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come are past;
Swift without motion, to whose open eye
The hearts of wicked men unbreasted lie;
At once absent, and present to them, far, and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet consent; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth
rest.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
That no satiety can e'er unlace:
Ingrae'd into so high a favour, there
The saints, with their beau-peers, whole worlds
outwear; [hear.
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains,
Amongst those white flocks, and celestial trains,
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes; and
frame
That heav'nly music of so wond'rous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honours of his name!

Had I a voice of steel to tune my song;
Were every verse as smooth as smoothest glass;
And every member turned to a tongue;
And every tongue were made of sounding brass;
Yet all that skill, and all this strength, alas!
Should it presume t' adorn (were misadvis'd)
The place, where David hath new songs devis'd,
As in his burning throne he sits emparadis'd.

Most happy prince, whose eyes those stars behold,
Treading ours under feet, now may'st thou pour
That overflowing skill, wherewith of old
Thou wont'st to smooth rough speech; now mayst
thou show'r
Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bow'r,
Which well we Heav'n call, not that it rolls,
But that it is the Heaven of our souls:
Most happy prince, whose sight so heav'nly sight
beholds!

Ah foolish shepherds! who were wont t' esteem
Your God all rough, and shaggy-hair'd to be!
And yet far wiser shepherds than ye deem,
For who so poor (though who so rich) as he,
When sojourning with us in low degree,
He wash'd his flocks in Jordan's spotless tide;
And that his dear remembrance might abide,
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

But now such lively colours did embeam
His sparkling forehead; and such shining rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did stream
In curls along his neck, where sweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of love in sacred lays)
His dearest Spouse, Spouse of the dearest Lover,
Knitting a thousand knots over and over,
And dying still for love, but they her still recover.

Fairest of Fairs, that at his eyes doth dress
Her glorious face; those eyes, from whence are
Attractions infinite; where to express [shed
His love, High God! all Heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace dispreads,
And in those windows doth his arms englaze,
And on those eyes, the angels, all do gaze,
And from those eyes, the lights of Heav'n obtain
their blaze.

But let the Kentish lad *, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from Heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sung, and
crown'd
Eclecta's Hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly
bow'rs [mours.
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial para-

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast
Of fair Eclecta, and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head,
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play:
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs
assay.

Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain:
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!
To heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might:
Con'd any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light;
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then,
how bright!

* The author of the Purple Island.

DEDICATION.

TO MY MOST WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

EDWARD BENLOWES, ESQ.

SIR,

As some optic glasses, if we look one way, increase the object; if the other, lessen the quantity: such is an eye that looks through affection; it doubles any good, and extenuates what is amiss. Pardon me, sir, for speaking plain truth; such is that eye whereby you have viewed these raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost childhood. How unseasonable are blossoms in autumn! (unless perhaps in this age, where are more flowers than fruit). I am entering upon my winter, and yet these blooms of my first spring, must now show themselves to our ripe wits, which certainly will give them no other entertainment, but derision. For myself, I cannot account that worthy of your patronage, which comes forth so short of my desires, thereby meriting no other light than the fire. But since you please to have them see more day, than their credit can well endure, marvel not if they fly under your shadow, to cover them from the piercing eye of this very curious (yet more censorious) age. In letting them abroad, I desire only to testify how much I prefer your desires before mine own, and how much I owe to you more than any other. This if they witness for me, it is all the service I require. Sir, I leave them to your tuition, and entreat you to love him, who will contend with you in nothing but to outlove you, and would be known to the world by no other name, than

your true friend,

PHINEAS FLETCHER

HILGAY, MAY 1, 1633.

TO THE LEARNED AUTHOR,

EON AND BROTHER TO TWO JUDICIOUS POETS, HIMSELF THE THIRD, NOT SECOND TO EITHER.

GRAVE father of this Muse, thou deem'st too light
To wear thy name, 'cause of thy youthful brain
It seems a sportful child; resembling right
Thy witty childhood, not thy graver strain,
Which now esteems these works of fancy vain:
Let not thy child, thee living, orphan be;
Who, when thou'rt dead, will give a life to thee.

How many barren wits would gladly own,
How few o' th' pregnantest own such another!
Thou father art, yet blushest to be known;
And though 't may call the best of Muses mother,
Yet thy severer judgment would it smother.
O judge not thou, let readers judge thy book:
Such cates should rather please the guest, than cook.

O! but thou fear'st 'twill stain the reverend gown
Thou wearest now; nay then fear not to show it:
For were't a stain, 'twere Nature's, not thine own:
For thou art poet-born; who know thee know it:
Thy brother, sire, thy very name's a poet.
Thy very name will make these poems take,
These very poems else thy name will make.

W. BENLOWES.

TO THE INGENIOUS COMPOSER OF THIS PASTORAL,

THE SPENSER OF THIS AGE.

vow (sweet stranger) if my lazy quill
Had not been disobedient to fulfil
My quick desires, this glory, which is thine,
Had but the Muses pleased, had been mine.
My genius jumpt with thine; the very same
Was our foundation: in the very frame
Thy genius jumpt with mine; it got the start
In nothing, but priority and art.
If (my ingenious rival) these dull times [rhymes,
Should want the present strength to prize thy
The time-instructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margin, and admire the text:
Whose well-read lines will teach them how to be
The happy knowers of themselves, and thee.

FRAN. QUARLES.

MAN's body's like a house: his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller splints: his ribs are laths, daub'd o'er,
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the door,
His throat's the narrow entry; and his heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:
His midriff is a large partition wall
'Twixt the great chamber and the spacious hall:
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:
His spleen's a vessel nature does allot
To take the scum that rises from the pot:
His lungs are like the bellows that respire
In ev'ry office, quick'ning ev'ry fire:
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the sink, whose part's to drain
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen clean:
His eyes are crystal windows, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the timber is, or great, or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Ofttimes by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts
Of Heav'n: sometimes by fire; sometimes it wastes
Through unadvis'd neglect: put case, the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time and age; put case, it should
Ne'er know an end, alas! our leases would.
What hast thou then, proud flesh and blood, to boast?
Thy days are evil, at best; but few, at most:
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES.

POEMS

OF

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THE PURPLE ISLAND;

OR, THE ISLE OF MAN.

CANTO I.

The warmer Sun the golden Bull outran,
And with the Twins made haste to inn and play:
Scatt'ring ten thousand flow'rs, he new began
To paint the world, and piece the length'ning day:
(The world more aged by new youth's accruing)
Ah, wretched man! this wicked world pursuing,
Which still grows worse by age, and older by renewing.

The shepherd-boys, who with the Muses dwell,
Met in the plain their May-lords new to choose,
(For two they yearly choose) to order well
Their rural sports, and year that next ensues:
Now were they sat, where by the orchard walls
The learned Chame with stealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

Among the rout they take two gentle swains,
Whose sprouting youth did now but greenly bud:
Well could they pipe and sing, but yet their strains
Were only known unto the silent wood:
Their nearest blood from self-same fountains flow,
Their souls self-same in nearer love did grow:
So seem'd two join'd in one, or one disjoin'd in two.

Now when the shepherd lads, with common voice,
Their first consent had firmly ratify'd,
A gentle boy thus 'gan to wave their choice:
"Thirsil," said he, "tho' yet thy Muse untry'd
Hath only learn'd in private shades to feign
Soft sighs of love unto a looser strain,
Or thy poor Thelgon's wrong in mournful verse to 'plain:

"Yet since the shepherd swains do all consent
To make thee lord of them, and of their art;
And that choice lad (to give a full content)
Hath join'd with thee in office as in heart:
Wake, wake thy long, thy too long, sleeping Muse,
And thank them with a song, as is the use:
Such honour, thus conferr'd, thou may'st not well refuse.

"Sing what thou list, be it of Cupid's spite,
(Ah, lovely spite, and spiteful loveliness!)
Or Gemma's grief, if sadder be thy spite:
Begin, thou loved swain, with good success."
"Ah!" said the bashful boy, "such wanton toys,
A better mind and sacred vow destroys,
Since in a higher love I settled all my joys.

"New light, new love, new love new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light:
A love to him, to whom all loves are wed;
A light, to whom the Sun is darkest night:
Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life he is:
Life, soul, love, heart, light, eye, and all are his:
He eye, light, heart, love, soul; he all my joy and bliss.

"But if you deign my ruder pipe to hear,
(Rude pipe, unus'd, untun'd, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
But you, O Muses! by soft Chamus sitting,
Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful dittying.

"Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages
Have left succeeding times to play upon:
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
Where a new Muse may try her pinion?
What lightning heroes, like great Peleus' heir,
(Darting his beams thro' our hard frozen air)
May stir up gentle heat, and virtue's wane repair?

"Who knows not Jason? or bold Tiphys' hand,
That durst unite what Nature's self would part?
He makes isles continent, and all one land;
O'er seas, as earth, he march'd with dangerous art:
He rides the white-mouth'd waves, and scorneth all
Those thousand deaths wide gaping for his fall:
He death defies, fenc'd with a thin, low, wooden wall.

" Who has not often read Troy's twice sung fires,
And at the second time twice better sung?
Who has not heard th' Arcadian shepherd's quires,
Which now have gladly chang'd their native tongue;
And, sitting by slow Mincius, sport their fill,
With sweeter voice and never-equall'd skill,
Chanting their amorous lays unto a Roman quill?

" And thou, choice wit, Love's scholar, and Love's master,
Art known to all, where Love himself is known:
Whether thou did'st Ulysses hie him faster,
Or dost thy fault and distant exile moan;
Who has not seen upon the mourning stage,
Dire Atreus' feast, and wrong'd Medea's rage,
Marching in tragic state, and buskin'd equipage?

" And now of late th' Italian fisher swain [1]
Sits on the shore, to watch his trembling line,
There teaches rocks and prouder seas to plain
By Nesis fair, and fairer Mergiline:
While his thin net, upon his oars twin'd,
With wanton strife catches the Sun and wind;
Which still do slip away, and still remain behind.

" And that French Muse's [2] eagle eye and wing,
Hath soar'd to Heaven, and there hath learn'd the art
To frame angelic strains, and canzons sing:
Too high and deep for every shallow heart.
Ah, blessed soul! in those celestial rays,
Which gave thee light, these lower works to blaze,
Thou sitt'st imparadis'd, and chant'st eternal lays.

" Thrice happy wits, which in your springing May,
(Warm'd with the Sun of well deserved favours)
Disclose your buds, and your fair blooms display,
Perfume the air with your rich fragrant savours!
Nor may, nor ever shall, those honour'd flow'rs
Be spoil'd by summer's heat, or winter's show'rs,
But last, when eating time shall gnaw the proudest tow'rs.

" Happy, thrice happy times, in silver age!
When generous plants advanc'd their lofty crest;
When Honour stoop'd to be learn'd Wisdom's page;
When baser weeds starv'd in their frozen nest;
When th' highest flying Muse still highest climbs;
And virtue's rise, keeps down all rising crimes:
Happy, thrice happy age! happy, thrice happy times!

" But wretched we, to whom these iron days,
(Hard days!) afford nor matter, nor reward!
Sings Maro? Men deride high Maro's lays,
Their hearts with lead, with steel their sense is barr'd:
Sing Linus, or his father, as he uses,
Our Midas' ears their well tun'd verse refuses.
What cares an ass for arts? he brays at sacred Muses.

" But if fond Bavius vent his clouted song,
Or Mævius chant his thoughts in brothel charm;
The witless vulgar, in a num'rous throng,
Like summer flies about their dunghill swarm:
They sneer, they grin.—' Like to his like will move.'
Yet never let them greater mischief prove
That this, ' Who hates not one, may he the other love.'

" Witness our Colin [3]; whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muses nurs'd; whose well taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherd's throng;
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits deny'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
Poorly, poor man, he liv'd: poorly, poor man, he died.

" And had not that great Hart (whose honour'd head,
Ah! lies full low) pity'd thy woful plight;
There had'st thou lain unwept, unburied,
Unbless'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live when thy great foe shall sink,
Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink:
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.

" O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour cry as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read:
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
' Oh, may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd.'

" Oft therefore have I chid my tender Muse;
Oft my chill breast beats off her flutt'ring wing:
Yet when new Spring her gentle rays infuse,
All storms are laid, again to chirp and sing:
At length soft fires, dispers'd in every vein,
Yield open passage to the thronging train,
And swelling numbers' tide rolls like the surging main.

" So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis' son,
Pays tribute to his king, the mantling stream,
Encounter'd by the tides, (now rushing on
With equal force) of's way doth doubtful seem,
At length the full grown sea and water's king
Chid the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
Back fly the streams to shroud them in their mother spring.

" Yet thou, sweet numerous Muse, why should'st thou droop,
That every vulgar ear thy music scorns?
Nor can they rise, nor thou so low canst stoop;
No seed of Heav'n takes root in mud or thorns.
When owls or crows, imping their flaggy wing
With thy stol'n plumes, their notes through th' air do fling;
Oh shame! they howl and croak, whilst fond they strain to sing.

" Enough for thee in Heav'n to build thy nest;
(Far be dull thoughts of winning dunghill praise)
Enough, if kings enthrone thee in their breast,
And crown their golden crowns with higher bays:
Enough that those who wear the crown of kings,
(Great Israel's princes) strike thy sweetest strings:
Heaven's dove, when high'st he flies, flies with thy heav'nly wings.

[1] Sannazar. [2] Bartas. [3] Spenser.

"Let others trust the seas, dare death and Hell,
Search either Ind', vaunt of their scars and wounds:
Let others their dear breath (nay, silence) sell
To fools, and (swol'n, not rich) stretch out their bounds, [dead;
By spoiling those that live, and wronging
That they may drink in pearl, and couch their head [bed.
In soft, but sleepless down; in rich, but restless

"O, let them in their gold quaff dropsies down!
O, let them surfeits feast in silver bright!
Whilst sugar hires the taste the brain to drown,
And bribes of sauce corrupt false appetite,
His master's rest, health, heart, life, soul, to sell;
Thus plenty, fulness, sickness, ring their knell.
Death weds, and beds them; first in grave, and then in Hell.

"But, ah! let me, under some Kentish hill,
Near rolling Medway, 'mong my shepherd peers,
With fearless merry-make, and piping still,
Securely pass my few and slow-pac'd years:
While yet the great Augustus of our nation
Shuts up old Janus in this long cessation,
Strength'ning our pleasing ease, and gives us sure vacation.

"There may I, master of a little flock,
Feed my poor lambs, and often change their fare:
My lovely mate shall tend my sparing stock,
And nurse my little ones with pleasing care;
Whose love, and look, shall speak their father plain. [gain;
Health be my feast, Heaven hope, content my
So in my little house my lesser heart shall reign.

"The beech shall yield a cool, safe canopy,
While down I sit, and chant to th' echoing wood:
Ah, singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames, or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music's strains breathes out her life and verse, [hearse.
And, chanting her own dirge, tides on her wat'ry

"What shall I then need seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout:
Or shine upon me with her geminines?
What care I, if they praise my slender song?
Or reck I, if they do me right or wrong?
A shepherd's bliss, nor stands, nor falls, to ev'ry tongue.

"Great Prince of Shepherds, than thy Heav'ns more high,
Low as our Earth, here serving, ruling there;
Who taught'st our death to live, thy life to die;
Who, when we broke thy bonds, our bonds would'st bear; [Hell;
Who reigned'st in thy Heaven, yet felt'st our
Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (though God) did sell, [would'st dwell.
Who in our flesh, our graves, and worse, our hearts,

"Great Prince of Shepherds, thou who late didst deign
To lodge thyself within this wretched breast,
(Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
Yet, oh! most happy lodge in such a guest!)
Thou First and Last, inspire thy sacred skill;
Guide thou my hand, grace thou my artless quill;
So shall I first begin, so last shall end thy will.

"Hark then, ah, hark! you gentle shepherd crew;
An isle I fain would sing, an island fair,
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view;
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
A foreign home, a strange, tho' native coast;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

"Coeval with the world in her nativity,
Which tho' it now hath pass'd thro' many ages,
And still retain'd a natural proclivity
To ruin, compass'd with a thousand rages
Of foe-men's spite, which still this island tosses,
Yet ever grows more prosp'rous by her crosses,
By with'ring, springing fresh, and rich by often losses.

"Vain men, too fondly wise, who plough the seas,
With dang'rous pains another earth to find;
Adding new worlds to th' old, and scorning ease,
The earth's vast limits daily more unbind!
The aged world, though now it falling shows,
And hastes to set, yet still in dying grows:
Whole lives are spent to win, what one death's hour must lose.

"How like's the world unto a tragic stage!
Where ev'ry changing scene the actors change;
Some, subject, crouch and fawn; some reign and rage: [strange,
And new strange plots bring scenes as new and
Till most are slain; the rest their parts have done: [groan,
So here, some laugh and play, some weep and
Till all put off their robes; and stage and actors gone.

"Yet this fair isle, scited so nearly near,
That from our sides, nor place, nor time, may sev'r; [dear,
Though to yourselves yourselves are not more
Yet with strange carelessness you travel nev'r:
Thus while yourselves and native home forgetting, [sweating,
You search for distant worlds, with needless
You never find yourselves; so lose ye more by getting.

"When that Great Pow'r, that All far more than all,
(When now his time fore-set was fully come)
Brought into act this indigested ball,
Which in himself, till then, had only room;
He labour'd not, nor suffer'd pain, or ill;
But bid each kind their several places fill:
He bid, and they obey'd, their action was his will.

"First stept the light, and spread his cheerful rays
Through all the chaos; darkness headlong fell,
Frighten'd with sudden beams, and new-born days;
And plung'd her ugly head in deepest Hell:
Not that he meant to help his feeble sight
To frame the rest; he made the day of night:
All else but darkness; he the true, the only light.

"Fire, water, earth, and air, (that fiercely strove)
His sov'reign hand in strong alliance ty'd,
Binding their deadly hate in constant love:
So that Great Wisdom temper'd all their pride,

(Commanding strife and love should never cease) [peace,
That by their peaceful fight, and fighting
The world might die to live, and lessen to increase.

"Thus earth's cold arm, cold water friendly holds,
But with his dry the other's wet defies:
Warm air, with mutual love, hot fire unfolds,
As moist, his drought abhors, dry earth allies
With fire, but heats with cold new wars prepare: [turns air;
Yet earth drencht water proves, which boil'd
Hot air makes fire: condens'd, all change, and home repair.

"Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
And this world built, and richly furnished;
To store Heaven's courts, and steer Earth's regiment,
He cast to frame an isle, the heart and head
Of all his works, compos'd with curious art;
Which like an index briefly should impart
The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

"That Trine-one with himself in council sits,
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth;
Part circular, and part triang'lar fits;
Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
With aptness thereto, as seem'd him best;
And lov'd it more than all, and more than all it bless'd.

"Then plac'd it in the calm pacific seas, [it;
And bid nor waves, nor troublous winds, offend
Then peopled it with subjects apt to please
So wise a Prince, made able to defend it
Against all outward force, or inward spite;
Him framing, like himself, all shining bright;
A little living Sun, son of the living Light.

"Nor made he this like other isles; but gave it
Vigour, sense, reason, and a perfect motion,
To move itself whither itself would have it,
And know what falls within the verge of notion:
No time might change it, but as ages went,
So still return'd; still spending, never spent:
More rising in their fall, more rich in detriment.

"So once the cradle[4] of that double light,
Whereof one rules the night, the other day,
(Till sad Latona flying Juno's spite,
Her double burthen there did safely lay)
Not rooted yet, in every sea was roving,
With every wave, and every wind removing:
But since, to those fair twins hath left her ever moving.

"Look as a scholar, who doth closely gather
Many large volumes in a narrow place;
So that great Wisdom, all this all together,
Confin'd unto this island's little space;
And being one, soon into two he fram'd it;
And now made two, to one again reclaim'd it:
The little Isle of Man, or Purple Island, nam'd it.

"Thrice happy was the world's first infancy;
Nor knowing yet, nor curious, ill to know:
Joy without grief, love without jealousy:
None felt hard labour, or the sweating plough:
The willing earth brought tribute to her king:
Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big swol'n grapes; their drink was every silver spring.

"Of all the winds there was no difference:
None knew mild Zephyrs from cold Eurus'
Nor Orithya's lover's violence [mouth;
Distinguish'd from the ever-dropping south:
But either gentle west winds reign'd alone,
Or else no wind, or harmful wind was none:
But one wind was in all, and all the winds in one.

"None knew the sea: oh, blessed ignorance!
None nam'd the stars, the north car's constant race,
Taurus' bright horns, or Fishes' happy chance:
Astrea yet chang'd not her name or place;
Her ev'n pois'd balance Heav'n yet never try'd:
None sought new coasts, nor foreign lands descry'd; [dy'd.
But in their own they liv'd, and in their own they

"But, ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of an heavy nature, steady lies,
And cannot be remov'd for weightiness;
But joy, of lighter presence, ea's'ly flies,
And seldom comes, and soon away will go:
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe.

"Witness this glorious isle; which, not content
To be confin'd in bounds of happiness,
Would try whate'er is in the continent;
And seek out ill, and search for wretchedness.
Ah, fond to seek what then was in thy will!
That needs no curious search; 'tis next us still.
'Tis grief to know of grief, and ill to know of ill.

"That old sly Serpent, (sly, but spiteful more)
Vex'd with the glory of this happy isle,
Allures it subtly from the peaceful shore,
And with fair painted lies, and colour'd guile,
Drench'd in dead seas[5]; whose dark streams, full of fright,
Empty their sulphur waves in endless night;
Where thousand deaths, and hells, torment the damned sprite.

"So when a fisher swain by chance hath spy'd
A big-grown pike pursue the lesser fry,
He sits a withy labyrinth beside,
And with fair baits allures his nimble eye;
Which he invading with outstretched fin,
All suddenly is compass'd with the gin,
Where there is no way out, but easy passage in.

"That deathful lake hath these three properties:
No turning path, or issue thence is found:
The captive never dead, yet ever dies;
It endless sinks, yet never comes to ground:
Hell's self is pictur'd in that brimstone wave;
For what retiring from that hellish grave?
Or who can end in death, where deaths no ending have?

"For ever had this isle in that foul ditch
With careless grief and endless errour stray'd,
Boiling in sulphur and hot-bubbling pitch;
Had not the king, whose laws he (fool!) betray'd,

[4] Delos.

[5] Mare mortuum.

Unsnarl'd that chain, then firm that lake secur'd;
For which ten thousand tortures he endur'd:
So hard was this lost isle, so hard to be recur'd.

"O thou deep well of life, wide stream of love,
(More deep, more wide, than widest, deepest seas)
Who dying, death to endless death didst prove,
To work this wilful rebel island's ease;
Thy love no time began, no time decays;
But still increaseth with decreasing days:
Where then may we begin, where may we end, thy praise?

"My callow wing, that newly left the nest,
How can it make so high a tow'ring flight?
O depth without a depth! in humble breast,
With praises I admire so wondrous height:
But thou, my sister Muse[6], may'st well go high'r,
And end thy flight; ne'er may thy pinions tire:
Thereto may he his grace and gentle heat aspire.

"Then let me end my easier taken story,
And sing this island's new recover'd seat:
But see, the eye of noon, its brightest glory,
Teaching great men, is ne'er so little, great:
Our panting flocks retire into the glade;
They crouch, and close to th' earth their horns have laid:
Vain we our scorched heads in that thick beech's shade."

[6] A book called Christ's Victory and Triumph.

CANTO II.

Declining Phœbus, as he larger grows,
(Taxing proud folly) gentler waxeth still;
Never less fierce, than when he greatest shows:
When Thirsil on a gentle rising hill
(Where all his flock he round might feeding view)
Sits down, and, circled with a lovely crew
Of nymphs and shepherd-boys, thus 'gan his song renew.

"Now was this isle pull'd from that horrid main,
Which bears the fearful looks and name of Death;
And settled new with blood and dreadful pain
By Him who twice had giv'n (once forfeit) breath:
A baser state than what was first assign'd;
Wherein (to curb the too-aspiring mind)
The better things were lost, the worst were left behind:

"That glorious image of himself was raz'd;
Ah! scarce the place of that best part we find:
And that bright sun-like knowledge much defac'd;
Only some twinkling stars remain behind:
Then mortal made; yet as one fainting dies,
Two other in its place succeeding rise;
And drooping stock, with branches fresh immortalize.

"So that lone bird, in fruitful Arabie,
When now her strength and waning life decays,
Upon some airy rock, or mountain high,
In spicy bed (fir'd by near Phœbus' rays)
Herself, and all her crooked age consumes:
Straight from the ashes, and those rich perfumes,
A new-born phœnix flies, and widow'd place resumes.

"It grounded lies upon a sure foundation[1],
Compact and hard; whose matter, cold and dry,
To marble turns in strongest congelation;
Fram'd of fat earth, which fires together tie,
Through all the isle, and every part extent,
To give just form to ev'ry regiment;
Imparting to each part due strength and 'stablishment.

"Whose looser ends are glew'd with brother earth[2],
Of nature like, and of a near relation;
Of self-same parents both, at self-same birth;
That oft itself stands for a good foundation[3]:
Both these a third[4] doth solder fast and bind:
Softer than both, yet of the self-same kind;
All instruments of motion in one league combin'd.

"Upon this base[5] a curious work is rais'd,
Like undivided brick, entire and one,
Though soft, yet lasting, with just balance pais'd;
Distributed with due proportion:
And that the rougher frame might lurk unseen,
All fair is hung with coverings slight and thin;
Which partly hide it all, yet all is partly seen:

"As when a virgin her snow-circled breast
Displaying hides, and hiding sweet displays;
The greater segments cover'd, and the rest
The vail transparent willingly displays:
Thus takes and gives, thus lends and borrows light;
Lest eyes should surfeit with too greedy sight,
Transparent lawns with-hold more to increase delight.

"Nor is there any part in all this land,
But is a little isle: for thousand brooks[6]
In azure channels glide on silver sand;
Their serpent windings, and deceiving crooks,
Circling about, and wat'ring all the plain,
Empty themselves into th' all-drinking main;
And creeping forward slide, but never turn again.

[1] The foundation of the body is the bones. Bones are a similar part of the body, most dry or cold; made by the virtue generative through heat of the thicker portion of seed, which is most earthy and fat, for the establishment and figure of the whole.

[2] A cartilage, or grisle, is of a middle nature, betwixt bones and ligaments, or sinews, made of the same matter, and in the same manner, as bones, for a variety and safety in motion.

[3] Some of these (even as bones) sustain and uphold some parts.

[4] Both these are knit with ligaments: a ligament, or sinew, is of a nature between grisles and nerves, framed of a tough and clammy portion of the seed, for hitting and holding the bones together, and fitting them for motion.

[5] Upon the bones, as the foundation, is built the flesh. Flesh is a similar part of the body, soft, ruddy, made of blood, and differently dried, covered with the common membrane of skin.

[6] The whole body is, as it were, watered with great plenty of rivers, veins, arteries, and nerves.

"Three diff'rent streams, from fountains different,
Neither in nature nor in shape agreeing,
(Yet each with other friendly ever went)
Give to this isle his fruitfulness and being;
The first in single channels [7], sky-like blue,
With luke-warm waters dy'd in porphry hue,
Sprinkle this crimson isle with purple-colour'd dew.

"The next [8], though from the same springs first it rise,
Yet passing through another greater fountain,
Doth lose his former name and qualities:
Through many a dale it flows, and many a mountain:
More fiery light, and needful more than all;
And therefore fenced with a double wall:
All froths his yellow streams, with many a sudden fall.

"The last [9], in all things diff'ring from the other,
Fall from an hill, and close together go,
Embracing as they run; each with his brother
Guarded with double trenches sure they flow:
The coldest spring, yet nature, best they have;
And like the lacteal stones which Heaven pave,
Slide down to ev'ry part with their thick milky wave.

"These with a thousand streams [10] through th' island roving,
Bring tribute in: the first gives nourishment;
Next life, last sense, and arbitrary moving:
For when the prince hath now his mandate sent,
The nimble posts quick down the river run,
And end their journey, though but now begun:
But now the mandate came, and now the mandate's done.

"The whole isle, parted in three regiments [11],
By three metropolis's jointly sway'd;
Ord'ring in peace and war their governments,
With loving concord, and with mutual aid:
The lowest hath the worst, but largest see;
The middle less, of greater dignity:
The highest least, but holds the greatest sov'reignty.

"Deep in a vale doth that first province lie,
With many a city grac'd, and fairly town'd;
And for a fence from foreign enmity, [round;
With five strong builded walls [12] encompass'd
Which my rude pencil will in limning stain:
A work, more curious than which poets feign
Neptune and Phœbus built, and pulled down again.

"The first of these, is that round spreading fence [13],
Which, like a sea, girts th' isle in ev'ry part;
Of fairest building, quick, and nimble sense,
Of common matter fram'd with special art;
Of middle temper, outwardest of all,
To warn of ev'ry chance that may befall:
The same a fence and spy; a watchman and a wall.

"His native beauty is a lily white [14];
Which still some other colour'd stream infecteth,
Lest, like itself, with divers stainings dight,
The inward disposition it detecteth:
If white, it argues wet; if purple, fire;
If black, a heavy cheer, and fix'd desire;
Youthful and blithe, if suited in a rosy tire.

"It cover'd stands with silken flourishing [15],
Which, as it oft decays, renews again,
The other's sense and beauty perfecting;
Which else would feel, but with unusual pain:
Whose pleasing sweetness and resplendent shine, [eyn,
Soft'ning the wanton touch, and wand'ring
Doth oft the prince himself with witch'ries undermine.

"The second [16] rampier of a softer matter,
Cast up by the purple river's overflowing;
Whose airy wave, and swelling waters, fatter
For want of heat congeal'd, and thicker growing,

[7] A vein is a vessel, long, round, hollow, rising from the liver, appointed to contain, concoct, and distribute the blood: it hath but one tunicle, and that thin; the colour of this blood is purple.

[8] An artery is a vessel, long, round, hollow, formed for conveyance of that more sprightly blood, which is elaborate in the heart.—This blood is frothy, yellowish, full of spirits, therefore compassed with a double tunicle, that it might not exhale or sweat out by reason of the thinness.

[9] A nerve is a spermatical part rising from the brain and the pith of the back-bone: the outside skin, the inside full of pith; carrying the animal spirits for sense and motion, and therefore doubly skinned, as the brain; none of them single, but run in couples.

[10] The veins convey the nourishment from the liver; the arteries, life and heat from the heart; the nerves, sense and motion from the brain: will commands, the nerve brings, and the part executes the mandate, all almost in an instant.

[11] The whole body may be parted into three regions: the lowest, or belly; the middle, or breast; the highest, or head. In the lowest the liver is sovereign, whose regiment is the widest, but meanest. In the middle, the heart reigns, most necessary. The brain obtains the highest place, and is, as the least in compass, so the greatest in dignity.

[12] The parts of the lower region, are either the contained or containing: the containing either common or proper; the common are the skin, the fleshy panicle, and the fat; the proper are the muscles of the belly-piece, or the inner rim of the belly.

[13] The skin is a membrane of all the rest the most large and thick, formed of the mixture of seed and blood; the covering and ornament of parts that are under it: the temper moderate, the proper organ of outward touching (say physicians.)

[14] The native colour of the skin is white, but (as Hippocrates) changed into the same colour which is brought by the humour predominant. Where melancholy abounds, it is swarthy; where phlegm, it is white and pale; where choler reigns, it is red and fiery; but in sanguine, of a rosy colour.

[15] The skin is covered with the cuticle, or flourishing of the skin; it is the mean of touching, without which we feel, but with pain. It polisheth the skin, which many times is changed, and (as it is with snakes) put off, and a new and more amiable brought in.

[16] The fat cometh from the airy portion of the blood; which when it flows to the membranes, by their weak heat (which physicians account and call cold) grows thick and close.

The wand'ring heat[17] (which quiet ne'er subsisteth)
Sends back again to what confine it listeth;
And outward enemies, by yielding, most resisteth.

"The third more inward[18], firmer than the best,
May seem at first, but thinly built, and slight;
But yet of more defence than all the rest;
Of thick and stubborn substance strongly dight.
These three (three common fences round im-
This regiment, and all the other isle; [pile)
And saving inward friends, their outward foes beguile.

"Beside these three, two[19] more appropriate guards, [ment:
With constant watch compass this govern-
The first eight companies in several wards,
(To each his station in this regiment)
On each side four continual watch observe,
And under one great captain jointly serve;
Two fore-right stand, two cross, and four obliquely swerve.

"The other[20] fram'd of common matter, all
This lower region girts with strong defence;
More long than round, with double-builded wall,
Though single often seems to slighter sense;
With many gates, whose strangest properties
Protect this coast from all conspiracies;
Admitting welcome friends, excluding enemies.

"Between this fence's double-walled sides[21],
Four slender brooks run creeping o'er the lea;
The first is call'd the nurse, and rising slides
From this low region's metropolie:
Two from th' heart-city bend their silent pace;
The last from urine lake with waters base,
In the allantoid sea empties his flowing race.

"Down in a vale[22], where these two parted walls
Differ from each with wide distending space,
Into a lake the urine-river falls,
Which at the nephros hill begins his race:
Crooking his banks he often runs astray,
Lest his ill streams might backward find a way:
Thereto some say, was built a curious framed bay.

"The urine lake[23] drinking his colour'd brook,
By little swells, and fills his stretching sides:
But when the stream the brink 'gins overlook,
A sturdy groom empties the swelling tides;
Sphincter some call; who if he loosed be,
Or stiff with cold, out flows the senseless sea,
And, rushing unawares, covers the drowned lea.

"From thence with blinder passage[24] (flying name)
These noisome streams a secret pipe conveys;
Which though we term the hidden parts of shame,
Yet for the skill deserve no better praise [part.
Than they, to which we honour'd names im-
O, powerful Wisdom! with what wond'rous art [vilest part.
Mad'st thou the best, who thus hast fram'd the

"Six goodly cities[25], built with suburbs round,
Do fair adorn this lower region;
The first Koilia[26], whose extremest bound
On this side's border'd by the Splenion,
On that by sovereign Hepar's large commands,
The merry Diazome above it stands, [bands.
To both these join'd in league, and never failing

"The form (as when with breath our bagpipes rise[27], [more;
And swell) round-wise, and long, yet long-wise
Fram'd to the most capacious figure's guise;
For 'tis the island's garner: here its store
Lies treasur'd up, which well prepar'd, it sends
By secret path, that to the arch-city bends;
Which, making it more fit, to all the isle dispends.

"But hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills,
This city's steward[28] dwells in vaulted stone;
And twice a day Koilia's storehouse fills
With certain rent and due provision:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave,
Which to describe I better time shall have,
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy wave.

[17] The fat increaseth inward heat, by keeping it from outward parts; and defends the parts subject to it from bruises.

[18] The fleshy panicle, is a membrane very thick, sinewy, woven in with little veins.

[19] The proper parts in folding this lower region, are two; the first, the muscles of the belly-piece, which are eight; four side-long, two right, and two across.

[20] Peritoneum (called the rim of the belly) is a thin membrane, taking his name from compassing the bowels; round, but longer: every where double, yet so thin that it seems but single. It hath many holes, that the veins, arteries, and other needful vessels might have passage both in and out.

[21] The double tunicle of the rim, is plainly parted into a large space, that with a double wall it might fence the bladder, where the vessels of the navel are contained. These are four, first the nurse, which is a vein nourishing the infant in the womb: second, two arteries, in which the infant breathes; the fourth, the ourachos, a pipe whereby (while the child is in the womb) the urine is carried into the allantoid, or rather amnion, which is a membrane receiving the sweat and urine.

[22] The passages carrying the urine from the kidneys to the bladder. Some affirm that in the passage stands a curious lid or cover.

[23] The bladder endeth in a neck of flesh, and is girded with a muscle which is called sphincter: which holds in the urine, lest it flow away without our permission. If this be loosened, or cold, the urine goes away from us, of itself, without any feeling.

[24] Hence the urine is conveyed through the ordinary passages, and cast out.

[25] Besides the bladder there are six special parts contained in this lower region; the liver, the stomach, with the guts; the gall, the spleen, or milt; the kidneys and parts for generation.

[26] The stomach (or Koilia) is the first in order, though not in dignity.

[27] Koila, or the stomach, is long and round like a bagpipe, made to receive and concoct the meat, and to perfect the chyle, or white juice which riseth from the meat concocted.

[28] Gustus, the taste, is the caterer, or steward to the stomach, which has its place in Cephal, that is, the head.

At that cave's mouth, twice sixteen porters stand[29],
Receivers of the customary rent;
On each side four (the foremost of the band)
Whose office to divide what in is sent;
Straight other four break it in pieces small;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding [all,
Fit it for convoy, and this city's arsenal.

"From thence a groom[30] of wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself, and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors
To see the victuals shipp'd at fittest tide:
Which straight from thence with prosp'rous channel slide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

"The haven[31] fram'd with wondrous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:
But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
And mut'nies in itself with civil strife: [knife.
Thereto a little groom[32] eggs it with sharpest

"Below dwells[33] in this city's market-place,
The island's common cook, concoction;
Common to all, therefore in middle space
Is quarter'd fit in just proportion;
Whence never from his labour he retires,
No rest he asks, or better change requires:
Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep desires.

"That heat[34], which in his furnace ever fumeth,
Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
But moist'ning flames, a gentle heat inspire;
Which sure some inborn neighbour to him lendeth;
And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth:

"Like to a pot, where under hovering
Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
Above is stopp'd with close laid covering,
Exhaling fumes to narrow straights confining:
So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:
Such is the fire concoction's vessel needeth,
Who daily all the isle with fit provision feedeth.

"There many a groom, the busy cook attends
In under offices, and several place:
This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
To be cast out; another, liquor's base:
Another garbage, which the kitchen cloys;
And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
By divers secret ways in under sinks convoys.

"Therefore a second port[35] is sidelong fram'd,
To let out what unsavory there remains;
There sits a needful groom, the porter nam'd,
Which soon the full grown kitchen cleanly drains,
By divers pipes with hundred turnings giring,
Lest that the food too speedily retiring,
Shou'd wet the appetite, still cloy'd, and still desiring:

"'So Erisicthon, once fir'd (as men say)
With hungry rage, fed never, ever feeding;
Ten thousand dishes sever'd in ev'ry day,
Yet in ten thousand thousand dishes needing;
In vain his daughter hundred shapes assum'd:
A whole camp's meat he in his gorge inhum'd:
And all consum'd, his hunger yet was unconsum'd.

"Such would the state of this whole island be,
If those pipes windings (passage quick delaying)
Should not refrain too much edacity,
With longer stay fierce appetite allaying.
These pipes[36] are seven-fold longer than the isle,
Yet all are folded in a little pile,
Whereof three noble are, and thin; three thick, and vile.

"The first[37] is narrow'st, and down-right doth look, [tire;
Lest that his charge discharg'd, might back re-
And by the way takes in a bitter brook,
That when the channel's stopt with stifling mire,
Through th' idle pipe, with piercing waters soaking; [ing,
His tender sides with sharpest stream provok-
Thrusts out the muddy parts, and rids the miry choaking.

[29] In either chap, are sixteen teeth, four cutters, two dog-teeth, or breakers, and ten grinders.

[30] The tongue with great agility delivers up the meat (well chewed) to the instruments of swallowing: eight muscles serving to this purpose, which instantly send the meat through the œsophagus or meat-pipe into the stomach.

[31] The upper mouth of the stomach hath little veins, or circular strings, to shut in the meat, and keep it from returning.

[32] Vas breve, or the short vessel, which, sending in a melancholy humour, sharpens the appetite.

[33] In the bottom of the stomach (which is placed in the middle of the belly) is concoction perfected.

[34] The concoction of meats in the stomach is perfected as by an inmate property and special virtue; so also by the outward heat of parts adjoining, for it is on every side compassed with hotter parts, which, as fire to a cauldron, helps to seethe, and concoct; and the hot steams within it do not a little further digestion.

[35] The lower orifice, or mouth of the stomach, is not placed at the very bottom, but at the side, and is called the Janitor (or porter) as sending out the food now concocted, through the entrails, which are knotty and full of windings, lest the meat too suddenly passing through the body, should make it too subject to appetite and greediness.

[36] It is approved, that the entrails, dried and blown, are seven times longer than the body, they are all one entire body; yet their differing substance hath distinguished them into the thin and thick: the thin have the more noble office.

[37] The first is straight, without any winding, that the chyle may not return; and most narrow, that it might not find too hasty a passage. It takes in a little passage from the gall, which there purges his choler, to provoke the entrails (when they are slow) to cast out the excrements. This is called Duodenum (or twelve fingers) from his length.

"The second[38] lean and lank, still pil'd, and bar-
By mighty bord'rers oft his barns invading: [ried
Away his food, and new-inn'd store is carried;
Therefore an angry colour, never fading,
Purples his cheek: the third[39] for length ex-
ceeds, [leads:
And down his stream in hundred turnings
These three most noble are, adorned with silken
threads.

"The foremost[40] of the base half blind appears;
And where his broad way in an isthmus ends,
There he examines all his passengers,
And those who ought not 'scape, he backward
sends: [ing,
The second[41] Ælo's court, where tempests rag-
Shut close within a cave the winds encaging,
With earthquakes shakes the island, thunders sad
presaging.

"The last[42] downright falls to port Esquiline,
More straight above, beneath still broader grow-
ing,
Soon as the gate opes by the king's assign,
Empties itself, far thence the filth out-throwing:
This gate endow'd with many properties,
Yet for his office, sight, and naming, flies:
Therefore between two hills in darkest valley lies.

"To that arch-city[43] of this government,
The three first pipes the ready feast convoy:
The other three in baser office spent,
Fling out the dregs, which else the kitchen cloy.
In every one[44] the Hepar keeps his spies,
Who if ought good, with evil blended lies;
Thence bring it back again to Hepar's treasuries.

"Two several covers fence these twice three pipes:
The first from over swimming[45] takes his name,
Like cobweb-lawn woven with hundred stripes:
The second[46] strengthen'd with a double frame,
From foreign enmity the pipes maintains:
Close by the Pancreas,[47] stands, who ne'er
complains;
Though press'd by all his neighbours, he their
state sustains.

"Next Hepar, chief of all these lower parts,
One of the three, yet of the three the least.
But see the Sun, like to undaunted hearts,
Enlarges in his fall his ample breast.
Now hie we home; the pearled dew ere long
Will wet the mothers and their tender young,
To morrow with the day we may renew our song."

[38] The second, is called the lank, or hungry gut, as being more empty than the rest; for the liver being near, it sucks out his juice, or cream; it is known from the rest by the red colour.

[39] The third is called Ilion (or winding) from his many folds and turnings, is of all the longest.

[40] The first, of the baser sort, is called blind, at whose end is an appendant, where if any of the thinner chyle do chance to escape, it is stopped, and by the veins of the midriff suckt out.

[41] The second is Colon (or the tormentor) because of the wind there staying, and vexing the body.

[42] The last, called Rectum (or straight) hath no windings, short, larger towards the end, that the excrement may more easily be ejected, and retained also upon occasion.

[43] The thin entrails serve for the carrying and the thorough concocting the chyle; the thicker for the gathering, and containing the excrements.

[44] They are all sprinkled with numberless little veins, that no part of the chyle might escape, till all be brought to the liver.

[45] Epiploon (or over-swimmer) descends below the navel, and ascends above the highest entrails; of skinny substance, all interlaced with fat.

[46] The Mesenterium (or midst amongst the entrails) whence it takes the name, ties and knits the entrails together: it hath a double tunicle.

[47] Pancreas (or all flesh) for so it seems, is laid as a pillow under the stomach, and sustains the veins, that are dispread from the gate vein.

CANTO III.

The morning fresh, dappling her horse with roses,
(Vext at the ling'ring shades that long had left
her,
In Tithon's freezing arms) the light discloses;
And chasing night, of rule and heav'n bereft her:
The Sun with gentle beams his rage disguises,
And like aspiring tyrants, temporises;
Never to be endur'd, but when he falls, or rises.

Thirsil from withy prison, as he uses,
Lets out his flock, and on an hill stood heeding,
Which bites the grass, and which his meat refuses;
So his glad eyes, fed with their greedy feeding,
Straight flock a shoal of nymphs, and shep-
herd-swains, [plains;
While all their lambs rang'd on the flow'ry
Then thus the boy began, crown'd with their cir-
cling trains.

"You gentle shepherds, and you snowy sires,
That sit around, my rugged rhymes attending;
How may I hope to quit your strong desires,
In verse uncom'd, such wonders comprehending?
Too well I know my rudeness, all unfit
To frame this curious isle, whose framing
yet
Was never throughly known to any human wit.

"Thou shepherd-god, who only know'st it right,
And hid'st that art from all the world beside;
Shed in my misty breast thy sparkling light,
And in this fog, my erring footsteps guide: [it.
Thou who first mad'st, and never wilt forsake
Else how shall my weak hand dare undertake
it, [it.
When thou thyself ask'st counsel of thyself to make

"Next to Koilia, on the right side stands,
Fairly dispread in large dominion,
The arch city Hepar[1], stretching her commands,
To all within this lower region;
Fenc'd with sure bars, and strongest situation;
So never fearing foreigners' invasion:
Hence are the walls[2], slight, thin; built but for
sight and fashion.

[1] Of all this lower region, the Hepar, or liver, is the principal. The situation strong and safe, walled in by the ribs.

[2] It is covered with one single tunicle, and that very thin and slight.

"To th' heart, and to th' head city surely tied[3]
With firmest league, and mutual reference:
His liegers there, theirs ever here abide,
To take up strife and casual difference:
Built all alike[4], seeming like rubies sheen,
Of some peculiar matter; such I ween,
As over all the world, may no where else be seen.

Much like a mount[5], it easily ascendeth;
The upper parts all smooth as slipp'ry glass:
But on the lower many a crag dependeth;
Like to the hangings of some rocky mass:
Here first the purple fountain[6] making vent,
By thousand rivers through the isle dispent,
Gives every part fit growth, and daily nourishment.

"In this fair town[7] the isle's great steward dwells;
His porphry house glitters in purple dye,
In purple clad himself: from hence he deals
His store, to all the isle's necessity:
And though the rent he daily, duly pay,
Yet doth his flowing substance ne'er decay;
All day he rent receives, returns it all the day.

"And like that golden star, which cuts his way
Through Saturn's ice, and Mars his fiery ball;
Temp'ring their strife with his more kindly ray:
So 'tween the Splenion's frost, and th' angry gall,
The jovial Hepar sits; with great expence
Cheering the isle by his sweet influence;
So slakes their envious rage, and endless difference.

"Within, some say, Love[8] hath his habitation,
Not Cupid's self, but Cupid's better brother;
For Cupid's self dwells with a lower nation,
But this, more sure, much chaster than the other;
By whose command, we either love our kind,
Or with most perfect love affect the mind;
With such a diamond knot, he often souls can bind.

"Two purple streams[9], here raise their boiling heads; [ing,
The first, and least, in th' hollow cavern breed-

His waves on divers neighbour grounds dispreads:
The next fair river all the rest exceeding,
Topping the hill, breaks forth in fierce evasion,
And sheds abroad his Nile-like inundation;
So gives to all the isle their food and vegetation;

"Yet these from other streams much different;
For others, as they longer, broader grow;
These as they run in narrow banks impent;
Are then at least, when in the main they flow:
Much like a tree, which all his roots so guides,
That all the trunk in his full body hides;
Which straight, his stem to thousand branches subdivides.

"Yet lest these streams[10] might hap to be infected,
With other liquors in the well abounding;
Before their flowing channels are detected,
Some lesser delfts, the fountains bottom sounding,
Suck out the baser streams, the springs annoying,
An hundred pipes unto that end employing;
Thence run to fitter place, their noisome load convoying.

"Such is fair Hepar[11], which with great dissen- [sion
Of all the rest pleads most antiquity;
But yet th' heart-city with no less contention,
And justest challenge, claims priority:
But sure the Hepar was the elder bore;
For that small river call'd the nurse, of yore,
Laid both's foundation, yet Hepar built afore.

"Three pois'nous liquors from this purple well
Rise with the native streams[12]; the first like fire
All flaming hot, red, furious, and fell;
The spring of dire debate, and civil ire;
Which, wer't not surely held with strong retention,
Would stir domestic strife, and fierce contention, [sension.
And waste the weary isle with never ceas'd dis-

"Therefore close by, a little conduit stands,
Choledochus[13], that drags this poison hence,

[3] The liver is tied to the heart by arteries, to the head by nerves, and to both by veins, dispersed to both.

[4] The liver consists of no ordinary flesh, but of a kind proper to itself.

[5] The liver's upper part rises, and swells gently; is very smooth and even; the lower in the outside like to an hollow rock, rugged and craggy.

[6] From it rise all the springs of blood which runs in the veins.

[7] The steward of the whole isle, is here fitly placed, because as all (that is brought in) is here fitted and disposed, so from hence returned and dispensed.

[8] Here Plato disposed the seat of love. And certainly though lust (which some perversely call love) be otherwhere seated, yet that affection whereby we wish, and do well to others, may seem to be better fitted in the liver, than in the heart, (where most do place it) because this moderate heat appears more apt for this affection; and fires of the heart where (as a salamander) anger lives, seems not so fit to entertain it.

[9] Hence rise the two great rivers of blood, of which all the rest are lesser streams; the first is Porta, or the gate vein issuing from the hollow part, and is shed toward the stomach, spleen, guts, and the epiploon. The second is Cava, the hollow vein, spreading his river over all the body.

[10] The chyle, or juice of meats, concocted in the stomach, could not all be turned into sweet blood, by reason of the divers kinds of humours in it; therefore there are three kinds of excremental liquors suckt away by little vessels, and carried to their appointed places; one too light and fiery; another too earthy, and heavy; a third wheyish and watery.

[11] Famous is the controversy between the peripatetics and physicians; one holding the heart the other the liver to be first. That the liver is first in time, and making, is manifest; because the nurse (the vein that feeds the infant yet in the womb) empties itself upon the liver.

[12] The first excrement drawn from the liver to the gall, is choleric, bitter, like flame in colour; which, were it not removed, and kept in due place, would fill all the body with bitterness and gnawing.

[13] Choledochus, or the gall, is of a membraneous substance, having but one, yet that a strong tunicle. It hath two passages, one drawing the humour from the liver, another conveying the overplus into the first gut, and so emptying the gall; and this fence hath a double gate, to keep the liquor from returning.

And safely locks it up in prison bands ;
Thence gently drains it through a narrow fence;
A needful fence, attended with a guard,
That watches in the straits, all closely barr'd, [prison ward.
Lest some might back escape, and break the

" The next ill stream[14] the wholesome fount offending,
All dreary, black, and frightful, hence convey'd
By divers drains, unto the Splenion tending,
The Splenion o'er against the Hepar laid,
Built long, and square: some say that laughter here
Keeps residence; but laughter fits not there,
Where darkness ever dwells, and melancholy fear.

" And should these ways[15], stopt by ill accident,
To th' Hepar's streams turn back their muddy humours,
The cloudy isle with hellish dreariment [mours:
Would soon be fill'd, and thousand fearful ru-
Fear hides him here, lock'd deep in earthy cell:
Dark, doleful, deadly-dull, a little hell;
Where with him fright, despair, and thousand horrours dwell.

" If this black town in over-growth increases[16]
With too much strength his neighbours overbearing:
The Hepar daily, and whole isle decreases,
Like ghastly shade, or ashie ghost appearing:
But when it pines, th' isle thrives; its curse, his blessing;
So when a tyrant raves[17], his subjects pressing,
His gaining is their loss, his treasure their distressing.

" The third bad water[18], bubbling from this fountain,
Is wheyish cold, which with good liquors ment,
Is drawn into the double Nephro's mountain;
Which suck the best for growth and nourishment:
The worst as through a little pap[19] distilling
To divers pipes, the pale cold humour swilling,
Runs down to th' urine lake, his banks thrice daily filling.

[14] The second ill humour is earthy and heavy, which is drawn from the liver, by little vessels unto the spleen; the native seat of melancholy, here some have placed laughter: but the spleen seems rather the seat of malice and heaviness.

[15] If the spleen should fail in this office, the whole body would be filled with melancholy fancies, and vain terrours.

[16] Where the spleen flourishes, all the body decays, and withers; and where the spleen is kept down, the body flourishes. Hence Stratonicus merrily said, that in Crete dead men walked, because they were so splenetic, and pale coloured.

[17] Trajan compared the spleen to his exchequer, because, as his coffers being full drained his subject's purses; so the full spleen makes the body sapless.

[18] The watry humour with some good blood (which is spent for the nourishment of those parts) is drawn by the kidneys.

[19] The ureters receives the waters separated from blood, as distilled from the little fleshy substances in the kidneys, like to teats.

" These mountains[20] differ but in situation,
In form and matter like; the left is higher,
Lest even height might slack their operation:
Both like the Moon (which now wants half her fire)
Yet into two obtuser angles bended,
Both strongly with a double wall defended:
And both have walls of mud before those walls extended.

" The sixth and last town in this region, [wide,
With largest stretch'd precincts, and compass
Is that, where Venus and her wanton son
(Her wanton Cupid) will in youth reside;
For though his arrows, and his golden bow,
On other hills he frankly does bestow,
Yet here he hides the fire, with which each heart doth glow.

" For that great Providence, their course foreseeing
Too easily led into the sea of death;
After this first, gave them a second being,
Which in their offspring newly flourisheth:
He, therefore, made the fire of generation,
To burn in Venus' courts without cessation;
Out of whose ashes comes another island nation.

" For from the first a fellow isle he fram'd,
(For what alone can live, or fruitful be?)
Arren the first, the second Thelu nam'd;
Weaker the last, yet fairer much to see:
Alike in all the rest, here disagreeing,
Where Venus and her wanton have their being:
For nothing is produc'd of two, in all agreeing.

" But though some few in these hid parts would see
Their Maker's glory, and their justest shame;
Yet for the most would turn to luxury,
And what they should lament, would make their game: [sery'd;
Fly then those parts, which best are unde-
Forbear, my maiden song, to blazon wide,
What th' isle, and nature's self, doth ever strive to hide.

" These two fair isles distinct in their creation,
Yet one extracted from the other's side,
Are oft made one by love's firm combination;
And from this unity are multiply'd:
Strange it may seem, such their condition,
That they are more dispread by union:
And two are twenty made, by being made in one.

" For from these two in love's delight agreeing,
Another little isle is soon proceeding;
At first of unlike frame and matter being,
In Venus' temple takes its form and breeding;
Till at full time the tedious prison flying
It breaks all lets, its ready way denying;
And shakes the trembling isle with often painful dying.

" So by the Bosphorus' straits, in Euxine seas,
Not far from old Byzantum, closely stand
Two neighbour islands, call'd Symplegades,
Which sometime seem but one combined land:
For often meeting on the wat'ry plain,
And parting oft, tost by the boist'rous main,
They now are join'd in one, and now disjoin'd again.

[20] The kidneys are both alike; the left somewhat higher: both have a double skin, and both compassed with fat.

" Here oft, not lust, but sweeter chastity,
Coupled sometimes, and sometimes single, dwells;
Now link'd with love, to quench lust's tyranny;
Now Phœnix-like, alone in narrow cells:
Such Phœnix one, but one at once may be;
In Albion's hills, thee [21], Basilissa, thee,
Such only have I seen, such shall I never see.

" What nymph was this, said fairest Rosaleen,
Whom thou admirest thus above so many?
She, while she was, ah! was the shepherd's queen;
Sure such a shepherd's queen, was never any:
But, ah! no joy her dying heart contented,
Since she a dear Deer's side unwilling rented;
Whose death she all too late, too much repented.

" Ah, royal maid! why should'st thou thus lament thee?
Thy little fault, was but too much believing:
It is too much, so much thou should'st repent thee;
His joyous soul at rest deserves no grieving.
These words (vain words!) fond comforters did lend her;
But, ah! no words, no prayers, might ever bend her
To give an end to grief; till endless grief did end her.

" But how should I those sorrows dare display?
Or how limme forth her virtues' wonderment!
She was, ay me, she was, the sweetest May,
That ever flow'r'd in Albion's regiment:
Few eyes fall'n lights adore: yet fame shall keep
Her name awake, when others silent sleep;
While men have ears to hear, eyes to look back, and weep.

" And though the curs (which whelpt and nurs'd in Spain,
Learn of fell Geryon to snarl and brawl)
Have vow'd and strove her virgin tomb to strain;
And grin, and foam, and rage, and yelp, and bawl:
Yet shall our Cynthia's high triumphing light
Deride their howling throats, and toothless spite:
And sail through Heav'n, whilst they sink down in endless night.

" So is this island's lower region:
Yet ah! much better is it sure than so,
But my poor reeds, like my condition,
(Low is the shepherd's state, my song as low)
Mar what they make.—But now in yonder shade made:
Rest me, while suns have longer shadows made:
See how, our panting flocks run to the cooler glade."

[21] Queen Elizabeth.

CANTO IV.

The shepherds in the shade their hunger feasted,
With simple cates, such as the country yields;
And while from scorching beams secure they rested.
The nymphs, dispers'd along the woody fields,
Pull'd from their stalks the blushing strawberries,
Which lurk close shrouded from high-looking eyes;
Shewing that sweetness, oft both low, and hidden lies.

But when the day had his meridian run
Between his highest throne and low declining:
Thirsil again his forced task begun,
His wonted audience his sides entwining,
" The middle province next this lower stands,
Where th' isle's heart-city spreads his large commands,
Leagu'd to the neighbour towns with sure and friendly bands.

" Such as that star, which sets his glorious chair
In midst of Heaven, and to dead darkness, here
Gives light, and life; such is this city fair:
Their ends, place, office, state, so nearly near,
That those wise ancients, from their nature's sight,
And likeness, turn'd their names, and call'd aright,
The Sun, the great world's heart, the heart the less world's light.

" This middle coast [1], to all the isle dispends
All heat, and life: hence it another guard
(Beside these common to the first) defends:
Built whole of massy stone, cold, dry, and hard,
Which stretching round about his circling arms,
Warrants these parts from all exterior harms;
Repelling angry force, securing all alarms.

" But in the front [2] two fair twin-bulwarks rise;
In th' Arren built for strength and ornament;
In Thelu of more use, and larger size;
For hence the young isle draws his nourishment:
Here lurking Cupid hides his bended bow;
Here milky springs in sugar'd rivers flow;
Which first gave th' infant isle to be, and then to grow.

" For when the lesser island (still increasing
In Venus' temple) to some greatness swells [3],
Now larger rooms, and bigger spaces seizing,
It stops the Hepar rivers: backward reels
The stream, and to these hills bears up his flight,
And in these founts (by some strange hidden might)
Dies his fair rosy waves into a lily white.

" So where fair Medway down the Kentish dales,
To many towns her plenteous waters dealing,
Lading her banks into wide Thamis falls;
The big-grown main with foamy billows swelling,
Stops there the sudden stream: her steddy race
Staggers a while, at length flows back apace;
And to the parent fount returns its fearful pace.

[1] The heart is the seat of heat and life; therefore walled about with the ribs, for more safety.

[2] The breasts, or paps, are given to men for strength and ornament; to women for milk and nursery also.

[3] When the infant grows big, the blood vessels are so oppressed, that partly through the readiness of the passage, but especially by the providence of God, the blood turns back to the breast; and there, by an innate, but wonderful faculty, is turned into milk.

"These two fair mounts[4] are like two hemispheres,
Endow'd with goodly gifts and qualities;
Whose tops too little purple hillocks rears,
Much like the poles in Heaven's axeltrees:
And round about two circling altars gire
In blushing red, the rest in snowy tire,
Like Thracian Hœmus looks, which ne'er feels Phœbus' fire.

"That mighty hand, in these dissected wreaths,
(Where moves our Sun) his throne's fair picture gives;
The pattern breathless, but the picture breathes;
His highest heav'n is dead, our low heav'n lives:
Nor scorns that lofty One, this low to dwell:
Here his best stars he sets, and glorious cell;
And fills with saintly spirits, so turns to Heav'n from Hell.

"About this region round in compass stands
A guard, both for defence, and respiration,
Of sixty-four[5], parted in several bands;
Half to let out the smoky exhalation;
The other half to draw in fresher winds:
Beside both these, a third of both their kinds,
That lets both out, and in; which no enforcement binds.

"This third the merry Diazome[6] we call,
A border-city these two coasts removing:
Which like a balk with his cross-builded wall,
Disparts the terms of anger, and of loving:
Keeps from th' heart-city fuming kitchen fires,
And to his neighbour's gentle winds inspires;
Loose[7] when he sucks in air, contract when he expires.

"The Diazome[8] of sev'ral matters fram'd:
The first, moist, soft, harder the next, and drier:
His fashion like the fish a raia nam'd;
Fenc'd with two walls, one low, the other higher;
By eight streams water'd; two from Hepar low,
And from th' heart-town as many higher go;
But two twice told, down from the Cephal mountain flow.

"Here sportful[9] laughter dwells, here, ever sitting,
Defies all lumpish griefs, and wrinkled care;
And twenty merry-mates mirth causes fitting,
And smiles, which laughter's sons, yet infants are.
But if this town be fir'd with burnings nigh,
With self-same flames high Cephal's towers fry;
Such is their feeling love, and loving sympathy.

"This coast stands girt with a peculiar[10] wall,
The whole precinct, and every part defending:
The chiefest[11] city, and imperial,
Is fair Kerdia, far his bounds extending:
Which full to know, were knowledge infinite:
How then should my rude pen this wonder write,
Which thou, who only mad'st it, only know'st [aright?

"In middle of this middle regiment
Kerdia seated lies, the centre deem'd
Of this whole isle, and of this government:
If not the chiefest this, yet needfull'st seem'd,
Therefore obtain'd an equal distant seat,
More fitly hence to shed his life and heat,
And with his yellow streams the fruitful island wet.

Flank'd[12] with two several walls (for more defence);
Betwixt them ever flows a wheyish moat;
In some soft waves, and circling profluence,
This city, like an isle, might safely float:
In motion still (a motion fixt, not roving)
Most like to Heav'n, in his most constant moving: [loving.
Hence most here plant the seat of sure and active

"Built of a substance like smooth porphyry;
His matter hid[13], and, like itself unknown:
Two rivers of his own; another by,
That from the Hepar rises, like a crown,
Infolds the narrow part; for that great All
That his works glory made pyramical,
Then crown'd with triple wreath, and cloth'd in scarlet pall.

"The city's self in two[14] partitions reft,
That on the right, this on the other side:

[4] The breasts are in figure hemispherical; whose tops are crowned with the teats, about which are reddish circles, called (Areolœ, or) little altars.

[5] In the Thorax, or breast, are sixty-five muscles for respiration, or breathing, which are either free or forced: the instruments of forced breathing are sixty-four, whereof thirty-two distend, and as many contract it.

[6] The instrument of the free breathing is the Diazome or Diaphragma, which we call the Midriff, as a wall, parting the heart and liver: Plato affirms it a partition between the seats of desire and anger: Aristotle, a bar to keep the noisome odour of the stomach from the heart.

[7] The Midriff dilates itself when it draws in, and contracts itself when it puffs out the air.

[8] The Midriff consists consists of two circles, one skinny, the other fleshy; it hath two tunicles, as many veins and arteries, and four nerves.

[9] Here most men have placed the seat of laughter; it hath much sympathy with the brain, so that if the Midriff be inflamed, present madness ensues it.

[10] Within the Pleura or skin, which clotheth the ribs on the inside, compasses this middle region.

[11] The chiefest part of this middle region is the heart, placed in the midst of this province, and of the whole body: fitly was it placed in the midst of all, as being of all the most needful.

[12] The heart is immured, partly by a membrane going round about it (thence receiving his name), and a peculiar tunicle, partly with an humour, like whey or urine; as well to cool the heart, as to lighten the body.

[13] The flesh of the heart is proper, and peculiar to itself; not like other muscles, of a figure pyramical. The point of the heart is (as with a diadem) girt with two arteries, and a vein, called the crowns.

[14] Though the heart be an entire body, yet it is severed into two partitions, the right and left; of which, the left is more excellent and noble.

The right [15] (made tributary to the left)
Brings in his pension at his certain tide,
A pension of liquors strangely wrought;
Which first by Hepar's streams are hither brought,
And here distill'd with art, beyond or words, or thought.

"The grosser [16] waves of these life-streams (which here
With much, yet much less labour is prepar'd)
A doubtful channel doth to Pneumon bear:
But to the left those labour'd extracts shar'd
As through [17] a wall, with hidden passage slide;
Where many secret gates (gates hardly spy'd)
With safe convoy, give passage to the other side.

"At each hand of the left, two streets [18] stand by,
Of several stuff, and several working fram'd,
With hundred crooks, and deep wrought cavity:
Both like the ears in form, and so are nam'd,
I' th' right-hand street, the tribute liquor sitteth:
The left, forc'd air into his concave getteth;
Which subtle wrought, and thin, for future workmen fitteth.

"The city's left [19] side (by some hid direction)
Of this thin air, and of that right side's rent,
(Compound together) makes a strange confection;
And in one vessel both together meint,
Stills them with equal, never quenched firing:
Then in small streams (through all the isle wiring)
Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.

"In this heart-city, four main streams appear [20];
One from the Hepar, where the tribute landeth,
Largely pours out his purple river here;
At whose wide mouth, a band of Tritons standeth,
(Three Tritons stand) who with their three-fork'd mace,
Drive on, and speed the river's flowing race;
But strongly stop the wave, if once it back repass.

[15] The right receives into his hollowness, the blood flowing from the liver, and concocts it.

[16] This right side sends down to the lungs that part of the blood which is less laboured, and thicker; but the thinner part, it sweats through a fleshy partition into the left side.

[17] This fleshy partition severs the right side from the left; at first it seems thick, but if it be well viewed, we shall see it full of many pores or passages.

[18] Two skinny additions (from their likeness called the ears) receive, the one the thicker blood, that called the right; the other, called the left, takes in the air sent by the lungs.

[19] The left side of the heart takes in the air and blood; and concocting them both in his hollow bosom, sends them out by the great artery into the whole body.

[20] In the heart are four great vessels; the first is the hollow vein, bringing in blood from the liver; at whose mouth stand three little folding doors, with three forks, giving passage, but no return to the blood.

"The second [21] is that doubtful channel, lending
Some of this tribute to the Pneumon nigh;
Whose springs by careful guards are watch'd, that sending
From thence the waters, all regress deny.
The third [22] unlike to this, from Pneumon flowing,
And is due air—tribute here bestowing,
Is kept by gates, and bars, which stop all backward going.

"The last [23] full spring, out of this left side rises,
Where three fair nymphs, like Cynthia's self appearing,
Draw down the stream which all the isle suffices;
But stop backways, some ill revolture fearing.
This river still itself to less dividing,
At length with thousand little brooks runs sliding
His fellow course along with Hepar channels [guiding.

"Within this city is the palace [24] fram'd,
Where life, and life's companion, heat, abideth;
And their attendants, passions untam'd:
(Oft very Hell, in this straight room resideth)
And did not neighbouring hills, cold airs inspiring,
Allay their rage and mutinous conspiring,
Heat, all (itself and all) would burn with quenchless firing.

"Yet that great Light, by whom all Heaven shines
With borrow'd beams, oft leaves his lofty skies,
And to this lowly seat himself confines.
Fall then again, proud heart, now fall to rise:
Cease Earth, ah! cease, proud Babel Earth, to swell:
Heav'n blasts high tow'rs, stoops to a low roof'd cell;
First Heav'n must dwell in man, then man in Heav'n shall dwell.

"Close to Kerdia, Pneumon [25] takes his seat,
Built of a lighter frame and spongy mould:
Hence rise fresh airs, to fan Kerdia's heat, [cold:-
Temp'ring those burning fumes with moderate-
Itself of larger size, distended wide,
In divers streets, and outways multiply'd:
Yet in one corporation all are jointly ty'd.

[21] The second vessel is called the artery vein; which rising from the right side of the heart, carries down the blood here prepared to the lungs, for their nourishment: here also is the like three folding door, made like half cles, giving passage from the heart, but not backward.

[22] The third is called the veiny artery, rising from the left side, which hath two folds three-forked.

[23] The fourth is the great artery: this hath also a flood-gate, and made of three semi-circular membranes, to give out load to the vital spirits, and stop their regress.

[24] The heart is the fountain of life and heat to the whole body, and the seat of the passions.

[25] The Pneumon, or lungs, is nearest the heart; whose flesh is light and spongy, and very large. It is the instrument of breathing and speaking, divided into many parcels, yet all united into one body.

"Fitly 'tis cloth'd with hangings[26] thin and light,
Lest too much weight might hinder motion:
His chiefest use, to frame the voice aright;
(The voice which publishes each hidden notion)
And for that end a long pipe [27] down descends
(Which here itself in many lesser spends)
Until, how at the foot of Cephal mount it ends.

"This pipe was built for th' air's safe purveyance,
To fit each several voice with perfect sound:
Therefore of divers matter the conveyance
Is finely fram'd; the first in circles round,
In hundred circles bended, hard and dry,
(For watry softness is sound's enemy)
Not altogether close, yet meeting very nigh.

"The second's drith and hardness somewhat less,
But smooth, and pliable, made for extending,
Fills up the distant circle's emptiness;
All in one body jointly comprehending:
The last [28] most soft, which where the circle's scanted,
Not fully met, supplies what they have wanted,
Not hurting under parts, which next to this are painted.

"Upon the top there stands the pipe's safe [29] co-
Made for the voice's better modulation: [vering,
Above it fourteen careful warders hov'ring,
Which shut and open it at all occasion:
The cov'r in four parts itself dividing,
Of substance hard, fit for the voice's guiding;
One still unmov'd (in Thelu double oft) residing.

"Close [30] by this pipe, runs that great channel down, [day
Which from high Cephal's mount, twice every
Brings to Koilia due provision: [the way,
Straight at whose mouth [31] a flood-gate stops
Made like an ivy leaf, broad, angle fashion;
Of matter hard, fitting his operation, [tion.
For swallowing, soon to fall, and rise for inspira-

"But see, the smoke mounting in village nigh,
With folded wreaths, steals through the quiet air;
And mix'd with dusky shades, in eastern sky,
Begins the night, and warns us home repair:
Bright Vesper now hath chang'd his name, and place, [face:
And twinkles in the Heav'n with doubtful
Home then, my full fed lambs; the night comes, home apace."

CANTO V.

By this the old night's head (grown hoary gray)
Foretold that her approaching end was near;
And gladsome birth of young succeeding day
Lent a new glory to our hemisphere;
The early swains salute the infant ray,
Then drove the dams to feed, the lambs to play: [ing lay.
And Thirsil with night's death revives his mourn-

"The highest region, in this little isle,
Is both the island's, and Creator's glory:
Ah! then, my creeping muse, and rugged style,
How dare you pencil out this wond'rous story?
Oh Thou! that mad'st this goodly regiment
So heav'nly fair, of basest element,
Make this inglorious verse thy glory's instrument.

"So shall my flagging Muse to Heav'n aspire,
Where with thyself, thy fellow-shepherd sits;
And warm her pinions at that heav'nly fire;
But, ah! such height no earthly shepherd fits:
Content we here low in this humble vale,
On slender reeds to sing a slender tale:
A little boat will need as little sail and gale.

"The third precinct, the best and chief of all,
Though least in compass, and of narrow space,
Was therefore fram'd like Heav'n spherical,
Of largest figure, and of loveliest grace:
Though shap'd at first, the least [1] of all the three;
Yet highest set in place, as in degree;
And over all the rest bore rule and sovereignty.

"So of three parts, fair Europe is the least,
In which this earthly ball was first divided;
Yet stronger far, and nobler than the rest,
Where victory, and learned arts resided;
And by the Greek and Roman monarchy
Sway'd both the rest, now prest by slavery
Of Moscow, and the big-swoln Turkish tyranny.

"Here all the senses [2] dwell, and all the arts;
Here learned Muses by their silver spring;
The city [3] sever'd in two divers parts,
Within the walls, and suburbs neighbouring:
The suburbs girt but with the common fence,
Founded with wondrous skill, and great expence; [dence.
And therefore beauty here, keeps her chief resi-

"And sure for ornament, and buildings rare,
Lovely aspect, and ravishing delight,

[26] The lungs are covered with a light, and very thin tunicle, lest it might be an hindrance to the motion.

[27] The wind-pipe, which is framed partly of cartilage, or gristly matter, because the voice is perfected with hard and smooth things (these cartilages are compassed like a ring) and partly of skin, which tie the gristles together.

[28] And because the rings of the gristles do not wholly meet, this space is made up by muscles, that so the meat-pipe adjoining, might not be galled or hurt.

[29] The larynx, or covering of the wind-pipe, is a gristly substance, parted into four gristles; of which the first is ever unmoved, and in women often double.

[30] Adjoining to it, is the oesophagus, or meat-pipe, conveying meats and drinks to the stomach.

[31] At whose end is the epiglottis or cover of the throat; the principal instrument of tuning, and apting the voice; and therefore gristly, that it might sooner fall when we swallow, and rise when we breathe.

[1] The head, of these three regions is the least, but noblest in frame and office, most like to Heaven, as well in site, being highest in this little world as also, in figure, being round.

[2] The brain is the seat of the mind and senses.

[3] The head is divided into the city and suburbs; the brain within the wall of the skull, and the face without.

Not all the isle or world, with this can pair;
But in the Thelu is the fairer sight:
These suburbs many call the island's face;
Whose charming beauty, and bewitching grace,
Oftimes the prince himself inthralls in fetters base.

"For as this isle is a short summary
Of all that in this all is wide dispread;
So th' island's face is the isle's epitome,
Where ev'n the prince's thoughts are often read:
For when that ALL had finish'd every kind,
And all his works would in less volume bind,
Fair on the face he wrote the index of the mind.

"Fair are the suburbs; yet to clearer sight,
The city's self more fair and excellent:
A thick-grown wood, not pierc'd with any light,
Yields it some fence, but greater ornament:
The divers colour'd trees and fresh array
Much grace the town, but most the Thelu gay:
Yet all in winter turn to snow, and soon decay.

"Like to some stately work, whose quaint devices,
And glitt'ring turrets with brave cunning dight,
The gazer's eye still more and more entices,
Of th' inner rooms to get a fuller sight; [heart,
Whose beauty much more wins his ravish'd
That now he only thinks the outward part,
To be a worthy cov'ring of so fair an art.

"Four sev'ral [4] walls, beside the common guard,
For more defence the city round embrace:
The first thick, soft: the second, dry and hard;
As when soft earth before hard stone we place:
The second all that city round enlaces,
And, like a rock with thicker sides, embraces;
For here the prince, his court, and standing palace places.

"The other [5] two, of matter thin and light;
And yet the first much harder than the other;
Both cherish all the city: therefore right,
They call that th' hard, and this the tender mother. [wries,
The first [6] with divers crooks, and turnings
Cutting the town in four quaternities;
But both join to resist invading enemies.

"Next these, the buildings yield themselves to sight;
The outward [7] soft, and pale, like ashes look;
The inward parts more hard, and curdy white:
Their matter both, from th' isle's first matter took;
Nor cold, nor hot: heats, needful sleeps infest,
Cold numbs the workmen; middle tempers best; [timely rest.
When kindly warmth speeds work, and cool gives

"Within the centre [8] (as a market-place) [spent;
Two caverns stand, made like the Moon half
Of special use, for in their hollow space
All odours to their judge themselves present:
Here first are born the spirits animal,
Whose matter, almost immaterial,
Resembles Heaven's matter quintessential.

"Hard by an hundred [9] nimble workmen stand,
These noble spirits readily preparing;
Lab'ring to make them thin, and fit to hand,
With never ended work, and sleepless caring:
Hereby two little billocks jointly rise,
Where sit two judges clad in seemly guise,
That cite all odours here, as to their just assize.

"Next these a wall [10], built all of sapphires, shining
As fair, more precious; hence it takes his name;
By which the third [11] cave lies, his sides combining
To th' other two, and from them hath his frame;
(A meeting of those former cavities)
Vaulted by three fair arches safe it lies [12],
And no oppression fears, or falling tyrannies.

"By this third [13] cave, the humid city drains
Base noisome streams, the milky streets annoying;
And through a wide mouth'd tunnel duly strains,
Unto a bibbing substance down convoying;
Which these foul dropping humours largely swills,
Till all his swelling sponge he greedy fills.
And then through other sinks, by little, soft distils.

"Between [14] this and the fourth cave lies a vale,
(The fourth; the first in worth, in rank the last)
Where two round hills shut in this pleasing dale,
Through which the spirits thither safe are past:
Those here refin'd, their full perfection have,
And therefore close by this fourth [15] wondrous cave,
Rises that silver well, scatt'ring his milky way.

"Not that bright spring, where fair Hermaphrodite
Grew into one with wanton Salmasis;

[4] Beside the common tunicles of the whole body, the brain is covered, first with the bone of the skull; secondly, with the pericranium, or skin, covering the skull; and thirdly, with two inward skins.

[5] These two are called the hard and tender mother.

[6] The whole substance of the brain is divided into four parts, by divers folds of the inward skin.

[7] The outside of the brain is softer, and of ashy colour; the inward part white and harder, framed of seed.

[8] Almost in the midst of the brain, are two hollow places, like half moons, of much use for preparing the spirits, emptying rheum, receiving odours, &c.

[9] Here is a knot of veins and arteries weaved together; by which the animal spirits are concocted, thinned, and fitted for service; and close by, are two little bunches, like teats, the instruments of smelling.

[10] Next is that Spectum Lucidum, or bright wall, severing those hollow caverns.

[11] The third cavity is nothing else but a meeting of the two former.

[12] It lies under Corpus Cameratum, or the chamber substance, which with three arches, bears up the whole weight of the brain.

[13] By the third cavity are two passages, and at the end of the first is the (infundibulum or) tunnel, under which is (glans pituitaria, or) rheum kernel, as a sponge sucking the rheum, and distilling them into the palate.

[14] The other passage reaches to the fourth cavity, which yields a safe way for the spirits.

[15] The fourth cavity is most noble, where all the spirits are perfected. By it is the pith, or marrow, the fountain of these spirits.

Nor that where Biblis dropt, too fondly light,
Her tears and self, may dare compare with this;
Which here beginning[16], down a lake descends,
Whose rocky channel these fair streams defends,
Till it the precious wave through all the isle dispends.

"Many fair rivers[17] take their heads from either,
(Both from the lake, and from the milky well)
Which still in loving channels run together,
Each to his mate, a neighbour parallel:
Thus widely spread with friendly combination,
They fling about their wondrous operation,
And give to every part both motion and sensation.

"This silver lake[18], first from th' head-city springing,
To that bright fount four little channels sends;
Through which it thither plenteous water bringing,
Straight all again to every place dispends:
Such is th' head city, such the prince's hall;
Such, and much more, which strangely liberal,
Though sense it never had, yet gives all sense to all.

"Of other stuff the suburbs have their framing;
May seem soft marble, spotted red and white:
First[19] stands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightness shaming,
The city's fore-front, cast in silver bright:
At whose proud base, are built two watching tow'rs,
Whence hate and love skirmish with equal powers,
When smiling gladness shines, and sudden sorrow show'rs.

"Here[20] sits retir'd the silent reverence;
And when the prince, incens'd with anger's fire,
Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence:
Here dusky reddish clouds foretel his ire;
Of nothing can this isle more boast aright:
A twin-born sun, a double seeing light;
With much delight they see; are seen with much delight.

"That Thracian shepherd[21] call'd them nature's glass;
Yet than a glass, in this much worthier being:
Blind glasses represent some near set face,
But this a living glass, both seen and seeing:
Like Heav'n[22] in moving, like in heav'nly firing:
Sweet heat and light, no burning flame inspiring:
Yet, ah! too oft we find, they scorch with hot desiring.

"They, mounted high, sit on a lofty hill;
(For they the prince's best intelligence,
And quickly warn of future good, or ill)
Here stands the palace of the noblest sense:
Here Visus[23] keeps, whose court, than crystal smoother,
And clearer seems; he, though a younger brother,
Yet far more noble is, far fairer than the other.

"Six bands[24] are set to stir the moving tow'r:
The first the proud band call'd, that lifts it high'r;
The next the humble band, that shoves it low'r;
The bibbing third, draws it together nigh'r;
The fourth disdainful, oft away is moving:
The other two, helping the compass roving,
Are called the circling trains and wanton bands of loving.

"Above, two compass groves[25] (love's bended bows)
Which fence the tow'rs from floods of higher place:
Before, a wall[26], deluding rushing foes,
That shuts and opens in a moment's space:
The low part fix'd, the higher quick descending;
Upon whose tops, spearmen their pikes intending,
Watch there both night and day, the castle's port defending.

"Three divers lakes[27] within these bulwarks lie,
The noblest parts, and instruments of sight:
The first, receiving forms of bodies nigh,
Conveys them to the next, and breaks the light,
Daunting his rash, and forcible invasion;
And with a clear and whitish inundation,
Restrains the nimble spirits from their too quick evasion.

"In midst of both is plac'd the crystal[28] pond;
Whose living water thick, and brightly shining,
Like sapphires, or the sparkling diamond,
His inward beams with outward light combining,
Alt'ring itself to every shape's aspect;
The divers forms doth further still direct,
Till by the nimble post they're brought to th' intellect.

"The third[29], like molten glass, all clear and white,
Both round embrace the noble crystalline.

[16] This pith, or marrow, springing in the brain, flows down through the back bone.

[17] All the nerves imparting all sense and motion to the whole body, have their rout partly from the brain, and partly from the back bone.

[18] The pith of the back bone, springing from the brain, whence, by four passages, it is conveyed into the back; and there all four join in one, and again are thence divided into divers others.

[19] The first part of the face is the forehead, at whose base are the eyes.

[20] The eyes are the index of the mind, discovering every affection.

[21] Orpheus, called the looking glass of nature.

[22] Plato affirmed them lighted up with heavenly fire, not burning but shining.

[23] Visus, or the sight, is the most noble above all the senses.

[24] There are six muscles moving the eye, thus termed by anatomists.

[25] Above the eye-brows, keeping off the sweat, that it fall not into the eyes.

[26] The eye-lids shutting the eye are two; the lower ever unmoved in man; and hairs keeping off dust, flies, &c.

[27] There are three humours in the eye: the first the watery, breaking the too vehement light, and stopping the spirits from going out too fast.

[28] The second is the crystalline, and most noble, seated and compassed between the other two, and being altered by the entering shapes, is the chief instrument of sight.

[29] The third, from the likeness, is called the glassy humour.

Six inward walls [30] fence in this tow'r of sight:
The first, most thick, doth all the frame enshrine,
And girts the castle with a close embrace,
Save in the midst, is left a circle's space,
Where light, and hundred shapes, flock out and in apace.

"The second [31] not so massy as the oth'r,
Yet thicker than the rest, and tougher fram'd,
Takes his beginning from that harder moth'r;
The outward part like horn, and thence is nam'd;
Through whose translucent sides much light is borne
Into the tow'r, and much kept out by th' horn;
Makes it a pleasant light, much like the ruddy morn.

"The third [32] of softer mold, is like a grape,
Which all entwines with his encircling side:
In midst, a window lets in every shape;
Which with a thought is narrow made, or wide:
His inmost side more black than starless night;
But outward part (how like an hypocrite!)
As painted Iris looks, with various colours dight.

"The fourth [33] of finest work, more slight and thin,
Than, or Arachne (which in silken twine
With Pallas strove) or Pallas' self could spin:
This round enwraps the fountain crystalline.
The next [34] is made out of that milky spring,
That from the Cephal mount his waves doth fling,
Like to a curious net his substance scattering.

"His substance as the head-spring perfect white;
Here thousand nimble spies are round dispread:
The forms caught in this net, are brought to sight,
And to his eye are lively pourtrayed.
The last [35] the glassy wall that round encasing
The moat of glass, is nam'd from that enlacing,
The white and glassy wells parts with his strict embracing.

"Thus then is fram'd the noble Visus' bow'r;
Th' outward light by the first wall's circle sending
His beams and hundred forms into the tow'r,
The wall of horn, and that black gate transcending;
Is light'ned by the brightest crystalline,
And fully view'd in that white netty shine
From thence with speedy haste is posted to the mind.

"Much as an one-eyed room, hung all with night,
(Only that side, which adverse to his eye
Gives but one narrow passage to the light,
Is spread with some white shining tapestry)
An hundred shapes that through flit ayers stray,
Shove boldly in, crowding that narrow way,
And on that bright-fac'd wall obscurely dancing play.

"Two pair [36] of rivers from the head-spring flow,
To these two tow'rs, the first in their mid-race
(The spies conveying) twisted jointly go,
Strength'ning each other with a firm embrace.
The other pair [37], these walking tow'rs are moving:
At first but one, then in two channels roving:
And therefore both agree in standing or removing.

"Auditus [38], second of the pentarchy,
Is next, not all so noble as his brother;
Yet of more need, and more commodity:
His seat is plac'd somewhat below the other:
Of each side of the mount a double cave;
Both which a goodly portal doth embrave,
And winding entrance, like Mæander's erring wave.

"The portal [39] hard and dry, all hung around
With silken, thin, carnation tapestry;
Whose open gate drags in each voice and sound,
That through the shaken air passes by:
The entrance winding, lest some violence
Might fright the judge with sudden influence,
Or some unwelcome guest might vex the busy sense.

"This cave's [40] first part, fram'd with a steep ascent
(For in four parts 'tis fitly severed)
Makes th' entrance hard, but easy the descent:
Where stands a braced drum, whose sounding head
(Obliquely plac'd) struck by the circling air,
Gives instant warning of each sound's repair,
Which soon is thence convey'd into the judgment chair.

"The drum [41] is made of substance hard and thin:
Which if some falling moisture chance to wet,
The loudest sound is hardly heard within:
But if it once grows thick, with stubborn let,
It bars all passage to the inner room;
No sounding voice unto his seat may come:
The lazy sense still sleeps, unsummon'd with his drum.

[30] There are six tunicles belonging to the eye; the first, called the conjunctive, solid, thick, compassing the whole eye, but only the black window.

[31] The second is cornea or horny tunicle, transparent, and made of the hard mother.

[32] The third is uvea, or grapy, made of the tender mother, thin and pervious by a little and round window; it is diversely coloured without, but exceedingly black within.

[33] The fourth is more thin than any cobweb, and thence so called, immediately compassing the crystalline humour.

[34] The fifth, reticularis; is a netty tunicle, framed of the substance of the brain: this diffuseth the visal spirits, and perceives the alteration of the crystalline; and here is the mean of sight.

[35] The sixth is called the glassy tunicle, clasping in the glassy humour.

[36] The eye hath two nerves, the optic or seeing nerve, and moving. The optic separate in their root, in the midst of their progress meet, and strengthen one the other.

[37] The moving, rising from the same stem, are at length severed, therefore as one move, so moves the other.

[38] Hearing is the second sense, less noble than the eye, more needful.

[39] The outward ear is of a gristly matter, covered with the common tunicle; it is framed with many crooks, lest the air should enter too forcibly.

[40] The inward ear consists of four passages; the first is steepy, lest any thing should creep in.

[41] If the drum be wet with falling of rheum we are hard of hearing; but if it grows thick, we are irrecoverably deaf.

" This drum[42] divides the first and second part,
In which three hearing instruments reside;
Three instruments compact by wondrous art,
With slender string knit to th' drum's innerside;
Their native temper being hard and dry,
Fitting the sound with their firm quality,
Continue still the same in age and infancy.

" The first an hammer[43] call'd, whose out-grown sides
Lie on the drum; but with his swelling end,
Fix'd in the hollow stithe, there fast abides:
The stithe's short foot, doth on the drum depend,
His longer in the stirrup surely plac'd:
The stirrup's sharp side by the stithe embrac'd;
But his broad base fy'd to a little window fast.

" Two little windows[44] ever open lie,
The sound unto the cave's third part conveying;
And slender pipe, whose narrow cavity
Doth purge the inborn air, that idle staying,
Would else corrupt, and still supplies the spending: [ing,
The cave's third part in twenty by-ways bend-
Is call'd the labyrinth, in hundred crooks ascending.

" Such whilome was that eye-deceiving frame,
Which crafty Dædal with a cunning hand
Built to empound the Cretan prince's shame:
Such was that Woodstock cave, where Rosamond,
Fair Rosamond, fled jealous Ellenore, [sore,
Whom late a shepherd taught to weep so
That woods and hardest rocks her harder fate deplore.

" The third part with his narrow rocky straits
Perfects the sound, and gives more sharp accenting;
Then sends it to the fourth[45]; where ready waits
A nimble post, who ne'er his haste relenting,
Wings to the judgment seat with speedy flight; [night,
There the equal judge attending day and
Receives the ent'ring sounds, and dooms each voice aright.

" As when a stone troubling the quiet waters,
Prints in the angry stream a wrinkle round,
Which soon another and another scatters,
Till all the lake with circles now is crown'd:
All so the air, struck with some violence nigh,
Begets a world of circles in the sky;
All which infected move with sounding quality.

" These at Auditus' palace soon arriving,
Enter the gate, and strike the warning drum;
To those, three instruments fit motion giving,
Which every voice discern; then that third room [it thence;
Sharpens each sound, and quick conveys
Till by the flying post 'tis hurry'd hence,
And in an instant brought unto the judging sense.

" This sense is made the master of request,
Prefers petitions to the prince's ear;
Admits what best he likes, shuts out the rest;
And sometimes cannot, sometimes will not hear:
Oft times he lets in anger-stirring lies,
Oft melts the prince with oily flatteries.
Ill mought he thrive, that loves his master's enemies!

" 'Twixt Visus' double court a tower stands,
Plac'd in the suburbs' centre; whose high top,
And lofty raised ridge the rest commands:
Low at his foot a double door stands ope,
Admitting passage to the air's ascending;
And divers odours to the city sending, [ing.
Revives the heavy town, his lib'ral sweets dispend-

" This vaulted tower's half built of massy stone,
The other half of stuff less hard and dry,
Fit for distending, or compression,
The outward wall may seem all porphery.
Olfactus[46] dwells within his lofty fort;
But in the city is his chief resort, [court.
Where 'twixt two little hills he keeps his judging

" By these two great caves are plac'd these little hills[47],
Most like the nipples of a virgin's breast;
By which the air that th' hollow tower fills,
Into the city passeth: with the rest
The odours pressing in, are here all stay'd;
Till by the sense impartially weigh'd,
Unto the common judge they are with speed convey'd.

" At each side of that tow'r, stand two fair plains,
More fair than that which in rich Thessaly
Was once frequented by the Muse's trains:
Here ever sits sweet blushing modesty;
Here in two colours beauty shining bright,
Dressing her white with red, her red with white, [wand'ring sight.
With pleasing chain enthrals, and binds loose

" Below a cave, roof'd with an heav'n-like plaster,
And under strew'd with purple tapestry,
Where Gustus[48] dwells, the isle's and prince's
Koilia's steward, one of the pentarchy; [taster,
Whom Tactus[49] (so some say) got of his mother:
For by their nearest likeness one to th' other,
Tactus may eas'ly seem his father, and his brother.

[42] The drum parteth the first and second passage. To it are joined three little bones, the instruments of hearing; which never grow, or decrease, in childhood or age; they are all in the second passage.

[43] The first of these bones is called the hammer, the second the stithe, the third the stirrup: all taking their names from their likeness, all tied to the drum, by a little string.

[44] These are two small passages, admitting the sounds into the head, and cleansing the air.

[45] The last passage is called the Cochlea (snail, or periwinkle) where the nerves of hearing plainly appear.

[46] The sense of smelling.

[47] These are two little bunches like paps or teats spoken of in the xvth stanza of this canto.

[48] Gustus, or the taste, is in the palate, which in the Greek is called the heaven.

[49] Taste is a kind of touch, nor can it exist but by touching.

" Tactus[50] the last, but yet the eldest brother;
(Whose office meanest, yet of all the race
The first and last, more needful than the other)
Hath his abode in none, yet every place:
Through all the isle distended is his dwelling,
He rules the streams that from the Cephal swelling,
Run all along the isle, both sense and motion [dealing.

" With Gustus, Lingua dwells, his prattling wife,
Endow'd with strange and adverse qualities:
The nurse of hate and love, of peace and strife;
Mother of fairest truth, and foulest lies;
Or best, or worst; no mean; made all of fire,
Which sometimes Hell, and sometimes Heav'ns inspire,
By whom oft truth self speaks, oft that first mur- [d'ring liar.

" The idle Sun stood still at her command,
Breathing his fiery steeds in Gibeon:
And pale-fac'd Cynthia at her word made stand,
Resting her couch in vales of Ajalon.
Her voice oft open breaks the stubborn skies,
And holds th' Almighty's hands with suppliant cries:
Her voice tears open Hell with horrid blasphemies.

" Therefore that great Creator, well foreseeing
To what a monster she would soon be changing,
(Though lovely once, perfect and glorious being)
Curb'd with her iron bit[51], and held from ranging,
And with strong bonds her looser steps en- [chaining,
Bridled her course, too many words refraining.
And doubled all his guards, bold liberty restraining.

" For close within he sets twice sixteen guarders[52],
Whose harden'd temper could not soon be mov'd:
Without the gate he plac'd two other warders
To shut and ope the door, as it behov'd:
But such strange force hath her enchanting art,
That she hath made her keepers of her part,
And they to all her flights all furtherance impart.

" Thus (with their help) by her the sacred Muses
Refresh the prince, dull'd with much business;
By her the prince, unto his prince oft uses,
In heav'nly throne, from Hell to find access.
She Heav'n to Earth in music often brings,
And Earth to Heav'n:—but, oh! how sweet she sings,
When, in rich Grace's key, she tunes poor Nature's [strings.

" Thus Orpheus won his lost Euridice; [hear,
Whom some deaf snake, that cou'd no music
Or some blind newt, that could no beauty see,
Thinking to kiss, kill'd with his forked spear:
He, when his 'plaints on Earth were vainly spent,
Down to Avernus' river boldly went,
And charm'd the meagre ghosts with mournful blandishment.

[50] Tactus, or the sense of touching.

[51] The tongue is held with a ligament, ordinarily called the bridle.

[52] The tongue is guarded with thirty-two teeth, and with the lips; all which do not a little help the speech, and sweeten the voice.

" There what his mother, fair Calliope,
From Phœbus' harp and Muses' spring had brought him;
What sharpest grief for his Euridice, [him,
And love, redoubling grief, had newly taught
He lavish'd out, and with his potent spell
Bent all the rig'rous pow'rs of stubborn Hell:
He first brought pity down with rigid ghosts to dwell.

" Th' amazed shades came flocking round about,
Nor car'd they now to pass the Stygian ford;
All Hell came running there (an hideous rout)
And dropp'd a silent tear for ev'ry word:
The aged ferry man shov'd out his boat;
But that without his help did thither float,
And having ta'en him in, came dancing on the moat.

" The hungry Tantal might have fill'd him now,
And with large draughts swill'd in the standing pool:
The fruit hung list'ning on the wond'ring bough,
Forgetting Hell's command; but he (ah, fool!)
Forgot his starved taste, his ears to fill:
Ixion's turning wheel unmov'd stood still:
But he was rapt as much with pow'rful music's skill.

" Tir'd Sisyphus sat on his resting stone,
And hop'd at length his labour done for ever;
The vulture feeding on his pleasing moan,
Glutted with music, scorn'd grown Tityus' liver.
The Furies flung their snaky whips away,
And melt in tears at his enchanting lay;
No shrieks now were heard; all Hell kept holiday.

" That treble dog, whose voice ne'er quiet fears
All that in endless night's sad kingdom dwell,
Stood pricking up his thrice two list'ning ears,
With greedy joy drinking the sacred spell;
And softly whining pity'd much his wrongs;
And now first silent at those dainty songs,
Oft wisn'd himself more ears, and fewer mouths and tongues.

" At length return'd with his Euridice;
But with this law, not to return his eyes,
Till he was past the laws of Tartary:
(Alas! who gives love laws in miseries?
Love is love's law; love but to love is ty'd)
Now when the dawns of neighbour day he spy'd,
Ah, wretch!—Euridice he saw,—and lost,—and [died.

" All so who strives from grave of hellish night,
To bring his dead soul to the joyful sky;
If when he comes in view of heav'nly light,
He turns again to Hell his yielding eye,
And longs to see what he had left; his sore
Grows desp'rate, deeper, deadlier than afore,
His helps and hopes much less, his crime and judgment more.

" But why do I enlarge my tedious song,
And tire my flagging Muse with weary flight?
Ah! much I fear, I hold you much too long.
The outward parts be plain to every sight:
But to describe the people of this isle,
And that great prince, these reeds are all too vile.
Some higher verse may fit, and some more lofty [style.

" See, Phlegon, drenched in the hizzing main,
Allays his thirst, and cools the flaming car;
Vesper fair Cynthia ushers, and her train:
See, th' apish Earth hath lighted many a star,
Sparkling in dewy globes—all home invite:
Home, then, my flocks, home, shepherds, home, 'tis night: [light."
My song with day is done; my Muse is set with

By this the gentle boys had framed well
A myrtle garland mix'd with conq'ring bay,
From whose fit march issu'd a pleasing smell,
And all enamell'd it with roses gay;
With which, they crown'd their honour'd Thirsil's head;
Ah, blessed shepherd swain! ah, happy meed!
While all his fellows chant on slender pipes of reed.

CANTO VI.

The Hours had now unlock'd the gate of day,
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed,
Hasting with youthful Cephalus to play,
Unmask'd her face, and rosy beauties spread;
Tithonus' silver age was much despis'd.
Ah! who in love that cruel law devis'd,
That old love's little worth, and new too highly priz'd.

The gentle shepherds on an hillock plac'd,
(Whose shady head a beechy garland crown'd)
View'd all their flocks that on the pastures graz'd:
Then down they sit, while Thenot 'gan the round;
Thenot! was never fairer boy among
The gentle lads, that in the Muses' throng
By Camus' yellow streams, learn tune their pipe and song.

" See, Thirsil, see the shepherd's expectations;
Why then, ah! why sitt'st thou so silent there?
We long to know that island's happy nation;
Oh, do not leave thy isle unpeopled here.
Tell us who brought, and whence these colonies;
Who is their king, what foes, and what allies;
What laws maintain their peace; what wars, and victories?"

" Thenot, my dear! that simple fisher-swain,
Whose little boat in some small river strays;
Yet fondly lanches in the swelling main,
Soon, yet too late, repents his foolish plays:
How dare I then forsake my well-set bounds,
Whose new-cut pipe as yet but harshly sounds;
A narrow compass best my ungrown Muse empounds.

" Two shepherds most I love, with just adoring,
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed,
To trumpet's martial voice, and war's loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus' daring deed;
And next our home-bred Colin sweetest firing;
Their steps not following close, but far admiring:
To lackey one of these, is all my pride's aspiring.

" Then you, my peers, whose quiet expectation
Seemeth my backward tale would fain invite;
Deign gently, hear this Purple Island's nation,
A people never seen, yet still in sight;
Our daily guests and natives, yet unknown:
Our servants born, but now commanders grown; [own.
Our friends, and enemies; aliens,—yet still our

" Not like those heroes, who in better times
This happy island first inhabited
In joy and peace;—when no rebellious crimes
That godlike nation yet dispeopled: [light,
Those claim'd their birth from that eternal
Held th' isle, and rul'd it in their father's right;
And in their faces bore their parent's image bright.

" For when the isle that main would fond forsake,
In which at first it found a happy place,
And deep was plung'd in that dead hellish lake;
Back to their father flew this heav'nly race,
And left the isle forlorn and desolate;
That now with fear, and wishes all too late,
Sought in that blackest wave to hide his blacker fate.

" How shall a worm, on dust that crawls and feeds,
Climb to th' empyreal court, where these states reign,
And there take view of what Heav'n's self exceeds?
The sun-less stars, these lights the Sun distain:
Their beams divine, and beauties do excel
What here on Earth, in air, or Heav'n do dwell:
Such never eye yet saw, such never tongue can tell.

" Soon as these saints the treach'rous isle forsook,
Rush'd in a false, foul, fiend-like company,
And every fort, and every castle took,
All to this rabble yield the sov'reignty:
The goodly temples which those heroes plac'd,
By this foul rout were utterly defac'd,
And all their fences strong, and all their bulwarks raz'd.

" So where the neatest badger most abides,
Deep in the earth she frames her pretty cell,
And into halls and closulets divides:
But when the stinking fox with loathsome smell
Infects her pleasant cave, the cleanly beast
So hates her inmate and rank smelling guest,
That far away she flies, and leaves her loathed nest.

" But when those graces (at their father's throne)
Arriv'd in Heav'n's high court to justice plain'd,
How they were wrong'd and forced from their own,
And what foul people in their dwellings reign'd;
How th' Earth much wax'd in ill, much wan'd in good;
So full ripe vice; how blasted virtue's bud:
Begging such vicious weeds might sink in vengeful flood:

" Forth stepp'd the just Dicæa full of rage
(The first born daughter of th' Almighty King);
Ah, sacred maid! thy kindled ire assuage;
Who dare abide thy dreadful thundering?
Soon as her voice, but father only, spake,
The faultless Heav'ns, like leaves in autumn, shake; [quake:
And all that glorious throng, with horrid palsies

"Heard you not late[1], with what loud trumpets sound,
Her breath awak'd her father's sleeping ire?
The heav'nly armies flam'd, Earth shook, Heav'n frown'd, [fire!
And Heav'n's dread king call'd for his three-fork'd
Hark! how the pow'rful words strike through the ear:
The frighten'd sense shoots up the staring hair,
And shakes the trembling soul with fright and shudd'ring fear.

"So have I seen the earth, strong winds detaining
In prison close; they scorning to be under
Her dull subjection, and her pow'r disdaining,
With horrid strugglings tear their bonds in sunder: [their stay,
Meanwhile the wounded earth, that forc'd
With terrour reels, the hills run far away;
And frighted world fears Hell breaks out upon the day.

"But see, how 'twixt her sister and her sire,
Soft hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,
Settles her panting breast against his fire,
Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing:
Hark! from her lips the melting honey flows;
The striking Thunderer recals his blows,
And every armed soldier down his weapon throws.

"So when the day, wrapp'd in a cloudy night,
Puts out the Sun, anon the rattling hail
On Earth pours down his shot with fell despite;
His powder spent, the Sun puts off his vail,
And fair his flaming beauties now unsteeps;
The ploughman from his bushes gladly peeps;
And hidden traveller out of his covert creeps.

"Ah, fairest maid! best essence of thy father,
Equal unto thy never-equall'd sire;
How in low verse shall thy poor shepherd gather,
What all the world can ne'er enough admire?
When thy sweet eyes sparkle in cheerful light,
The brightest day grows pale as leaden night,
And Heav'n's bright burning eye loses his blinded sight.

"Who then those sugared strains can understand,
Which calm'd thy father, and our desp'rate fears;
And charm'd the nimble light'ning in his hand,
That all unawares it dropt in melting tears?
Then thou dear swain[2], thy heav'nly load unfraught;
For she herself hath thee her speeches taught,
So near her Heav'n they be, so far from human thought.

"But let my lighter skiff return again
Unto that little isle which late it left,
Nor dare to enter in that boundless main,
Or tell the nation from this island reft;
But sing that civil strife and home dissension
'Twixt two strong factions with like fierce contention; [mention,
Where never peace is heard nor ever peace is

"For that foul rout, which from the Stygian brook,
(Where first they dwelt in midst of death and night)
By force the left and empty island took, [right:
Claim hence full conquest, and possession's
But that fair band which Mercy sent anew,
The ashes of that first heroic crew,
From their forefathers claim their right, and island's due.

In their fair look their parents' grace appears,
Yet their renowned sires were much more glorious,
For what decays not with decaying years? [under.
All night, and all the day, with toil laborious,
(In loss and conquest angry) fresh they fight:
Nor can the other cease or day or night,
While th' isle is doubly rent with endless war and fright.

"As when the Britain, and Iberian fleet,
With resolute and fearless expectation,
On trembling seas with equal fury meet,
The shore resounds with diverse acclamation;
Till now at length Spain's fiery Dons 'gin shrink; [sink:
Down with their ships, hope, life, and courage
Courage, life, hope, and ships, the gaping surges drink.

"But who, alas! shall teach my ruder breast
The names and deeds of these heroic kings;
Or downy Muse, which now but left the nest,
Mount from her bush to Heav'n with new born wings?
Thou sacred maid! which from fair Palestine,
Through all the world hast spread thy brightest shine, [een.
Kindle thy shepherd-swain with thy light flaming

"Sacred Thespio! which in Sinai's grove
First took'st thy being and immortal breath,
And vaunt'st thy offspring from the highest Jove,
Yet deign'st to dwell with mortals here beneath,
With vilest earth, and men more vile residing;
Come, holy virgin, in my bosom sliding;
With thy glad angel light my blindfold footsteps guiding.

"And thou, dread spirit! which at first didst spread
On those dark waters thy all-opening light;
Thou who of late (of thy great bounty head
This nest of hellish fogs, and Stygian night,
With thy bright orient Sun hast fair renew'd,
And with unwonted day hast it endu'd;
Which late, both day, and thee, and most itself eschew'd.

Dread spirit! do thou those sev'ral bands unfold;
Both which thou sent'st, a needful supplement
To this lost isle, and which with courage bold,
Hourly assail thy rightful regiment; [under.
And with strong hand oppress and keep them
Raise now my humble vein to lofty thunder,
That Heav'n and Earth may sound, resound thy praise with wonder.

"The island's prince, of frame more than celestial,
Is rightly call'd th' all-seeing Intellect;
All glorious bright, such nothing is terrestrial;
Whose sun-like face, and most divine aspect,
No human sight may ever hope descry:
For when himself on's self reflects his eye,
Dull and amaz'd he stands at so bright majesty.

[1] See that sweet poem, entituled Christ's Victory and Triumph, part 1. stanza 18.

[2] A book entituled Christ's Victory and Triumph, &c.

" Look as the Sun, whose ray and searching light
Here, there, and every where itself displays,
No nook or corner flies his piercing sight;
Yet on himself when he reflects his rays,
Soon back he flings the too bold vent'ring [stream;
gleam;
Down to the Earth the flames all broken
Such is this famous prince, such his unpierced beam.

" His strangest body is not bodily,
But matter without matter; never fill'd,
Nor filling; though within his compass high,
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both are held;
Yet thousand thousand Heavens he could con-
And still as empty as at first remain: [tain,
And when he takes in most, readiest to take again.

" Though travelling all places, changing none:
Bid him soar up to Heav'n, and thence down throwing,
The centre search, and Dis' dark realm; he's gone,
Returns, arrives, before thou saw'st him going:
And while his weary kingdom safely sleeps,
All restless night he watch and warding keeps:
Never his careful head on resting pillow steeps.

" In ev'ry quarter of this blessed isle
Himself both present is, and president;
Nor once retires, (ah, happy realm the while,
That by no officer's lewd lavishment,
With greedy lust and wrong, consumed art!)
He all in all, and all in ev'ry part, [part.
Doth share to each his due, and equal dole im-

" He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom, by intestine rage,
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
And batter'd sconce now flat and even lies;
Sooner than thought to that great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

" For he the Judge's viceroy here is plac'd;
Where, if he live, as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures grac'd,
Bathes his crown'd head in soft eternity:
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

" There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
There dainty joys laugh at white-headed caring,
There day no night, delight no end shall know;
Sweets without surfeit, fulness without sparing;
And by its spending, growing happiness:
There God himself in glory's lavishness
Diffus'd in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

" But if he here neglect his Master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deeps ten thousand fiends him draw;
Deeps where night, death, despair, and horrour, dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears:
And still increasing grief and torment never wears.

" Pray'rs there are idle, death is woo'd in vain;
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain;
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies,
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

" Hence, while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a tow'r where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies
Searcheth into his foes' and friends' designs: [minds:
For most he fears his subjects' wavering
This tower then only falls, when treason undermines.

" Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguis'd in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes.

" So curl'd-head Thetis, water's feared queen,
But bound in cauls of sand, yields not to sight;
And planets' glorious king may best be seen,
When some thin cloud dims his too piercing light,
And neither none, nor all his face discloses:
For when his bright eye full our eye opposes,
None gains his glorious sight, but his own sight he loses.

" Within the castle sit eight counsellors,
That help him in this tent to govern well;
Each in his room a sev'ral office bears:
Three of his inmost private council deal
In great affairs: five of less dignity
Have outward courts, and in all actions pry,
But still refer the doom to courts more fit and high.

" Those five fair brethren which I sung of late,
For their just number called the pentarchy[3];
The other three, three pillars of the state:
The first[4] in midst of that high tow'r doth lie,
(The chiefest mansion of this glorious king)
The judge and arbiter of every thing,
Which those five brethren's post into his office bring.

" Of middle years, and seemly personage,
Father of laws, the rule of wrong and right;
Fountain of judgment, therefore wondrous sage,
Discreet, and wise, of quick and nimble sight:
Not those sev'n sages might him parallel;
Nor he whom Pythian maid did whilome tell
To be the wisest man, that then on Earth did dwell.

" As Neptune's cistern sucks in tribute tides,
Yet never full, which every channel brings,
And thirsty drinks, and drinking, thirsty bides;
For, by some hidden way, back to the springs
It sends the streams in erring conduits spread,
Which, with a circling duty, still are led;
So ever feeding them, is by them ever fed:

[3] The five senses.

[4] The common sense.

"Ev'n so the first of these three counsellors
Gives to the five the pow'r of all descrying;
Which back to him with mutual duty bears
All their informings, and the causes trying:
For thro' straightways the nimble post ascends
Unto his hall; there up his message sends,
Which to the next, well scann'd, he straightway recommends.

"The next that in the castle's front is plac'd,
Phantastes[5] hight; his years are fresh and green;
His visage old, his face too much defac'd
With ashes pale; his eyes deep sunken been
With often thoughts, and never slack'd intention:
Yet he the fount of speedy apprehension,
Father of wit, the well of arts, and quick invention.

"But in his private thoughts and busy brain
Thousand thin forms and idle fancies flit;
The three-shap'd Sphinx, and direful Harpy's train,
Which in the world had never being yet;
Oft dreams of fire, and water, loose delight,
And oft arrested by some ghastly spright,
Nor can he think, nor speak, nor move, for great affright.

"Phantastes from the first all shapes deriving,
In new habiliments can quickly dight;
Of all material and gross parts depriving,
Fits them unto the noble prince's sight;
Which, soon as he hath view'd with searching eye,
He straight commits them to his treasury,
Which old Eumnestes keeps, father of memory.

"Eumnestes old, who in his living screen
(His mindful breast) the rolls and records bears
Of all the deeds, and men, which he hath seen,
And keeps lock'd up in faithful registers:
Well he recalls Nimrod's first tyranny,
And Babel's pride, daring the lofty sky;
Well he recalls the Earth's twice growing infancy.

"Therefore his body weak, his eyes half blind,
But mind more fresh and strong; (ah, better fate!)
And as his carcase, so his house declin'd;
Yet were the walls of firm and able state:
Only on him a nimble page attends,
Who, when for ought the aged grandsire sends,
With swift, yet backward steps, his helping aidance lends.

"But let my song pass from these worthy sages
Unto all the island's highest sovereign[6];
And those hard wars which all the year he wages:
For these three late a gentle shepherd swain
Most sweetly sung, as he before had seen
In Alma's house: his memory, yet green,
Lives in his well tun'd songs; whose leaves immortal been.

"Nor can I guess, whether his Muse divine,
Or gives to those, or takes from them his grace;
Therefore Eumnestes in his lasting shrine
Hath justly him enroll'd in second place;
Next to our Mantuan poet doth he rest;
There shall our Colin live for ever blest,
Spite of those thousand spites, which living him oppress'd.

"The prince his time in double office spends:
For first those forms and fancies he admits,
Which to his court busy Phantastes sends,
And for the easier discerning fits:
For shedding round about his sparkling light,
He clears their dusky shades and cloudy night,
Producing, like himself, their shapes all shining bright.

"As when the Sun restores the glitt'ring day,
The world, late cloth'd in night's black livery,
Doth now a thousand colours fair display,
And paints itself in choice variety;
Which late one colour hid, the eye deceiving,
All so this prince those shapes obscure receiving,
Which his suffused light makes ready to conceiving.

"This first, is call'd the active faculty,
Which to an higher pow'r the object leaves:
That takes it in itself, and cunningly,
Changing itself, the object soon perceives:
For straight itself in self-same shape adorning,
Becomes the same with quick and strange transforming;
So is all things itself, to all itself conforming.

"Thus when the eye through Visus' jetty ports
Lets in the wand'ring shapes, the crystal strange
Quickly itself to ev'ry sort consorts,
So is whate'er it sees by wondrous change:
Thrice happy then, when on that mirrour[7] bright
He ever fastens his unmoved sight,
So is what there he views, divine, full, glorious light.

"Soon as the prince these forms hath clearly seen,
Parting the false from true, the wrong from right,
He straight presents them to his beauteous queen,
Whose courts are lower, yet of equal might;
Voletta[8] fair, who with him lives and reigns,
Whom neither man, nor fiend, nor God constrains:
Oft good, oft ill, oft both, yet ever free remains.

"Not that great sovereign of the fairy land,
Whom late our Colin hath eternized;
(Though Graces decking her with plenteous hand,
Themselves of grace have all unfurnished;
Tho' in her breast she virtue's temple bare,
The fairest temple of a guest so fair)
Not that great Glorian's self with this might e'er compare.

"Her radiant beauty, dazzling mortal eye,
Strikes blind the daring sense; her sparkling face
Her husband's self now cannot well descry:
With such strange brightness, such immortal grace,
Hath that great parent in her cradle made,
That Cynthia's silver cheek would quickly fade,
And light itself, to her, would seem a painted shade.

[5] The fancy.

[6] The understanding.

[7] 2 Cor. iii. 18.

[8] The will.

" But, ah! entic'd by her own worth and pride,
She stain'd her beauty with most loathsome spot;
Her lord's fixt law and spouse's light deny'd,
So fill'd her spouse and self with leprous blot:
And now all dark is their first morning ray:
What verse might then their former light display,
When yet their darkest night outshines the brightest day?

" On her a royal damsel still attends,
And faithful counsellor, Synteresis *:
For though Voletta ever good intends,
Yet by fair ills she oft deceived is,
By ills so fairly dress'd with cunning slight,
That Virtue's self they well may seem to fight,
But that bright Virtue's self oft seems not half so bright.

" Therefore Synteresis, of nimble sight,
Oft helps her doubtful hand and erring eye;
Else mought she ever, stumbling in this night,
Fall down as deep as deepest Tartary.
Nay, thence a sad fair maid, Repentance, rears,
And in her arms her fainting lady bears,
Washing her often stains with ever-falling tears.

" Thereto she adds a water sovereign,
Of wondrous force, and skilful composition:
For first she pricks the heart in tender vein;
Then from those precious drops, and deep contrition,
With lips' confession, and with pickled cries,
Still'd in a broken spirit, sad vapours rise,
Exhal'd by sacred fires, and drop through melting eyes.

" These cordial drops, these spirit-healing balms,
Cure all her sinful bruises, clear her eyes;
Unlock her ears; recover fainting qualms:
And now grown fresh and strong, she makes her rise,
And glass of unmask'd sin she bright displays,
Whereby she sees, loaths, mends her former ways;
So soon repairs her light, trebling her new-born rays.

" But, ah! why do we (simple as we been)
With curious labour, dim and vailed sight,
Pry in the nature of this king and queen,
Groping in darkness for so clear a light?
A light, which once could not be thought or told,
But now with blackest clouds is thick enroll'd,
Press'd down in captive chains, and pent in earthly mould.

" Rather lament we this their wretched fate,
(Ah, wretched fate, and fatal wretchedness!)
Unlike those former days, and first estate,
When he espous'd, with melting happiness,
To fair Voletta, both their lights conspiring,
He saw whate'er was fit for her requiring,
And she to his clear sight would temper her desiring.

" When both, replenish'd with celestial light,
All coming evils could foresee and fly;
When both with clearest eye, and perfect sight,
Could every nature's difference descry:
Whose pictures now they scarcely see with pain,
Obscure and dark, like to those shadows vain,
Which thin and empty glide along Avernus' plain.

" The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet in the spring, in troops new mustered,
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:
The early violet will fresh arise,
And spreading his flow'r'd purple to the skies;
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

" The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays;
The heliotrope unto cloth of gold aspires;
In hundred colour'd silks the tulip plays;
Th' imperial flow'r his neck with pearl attires;
The lily high her silver grogram rears;
The pansy her wrought velvet garment bears;
The red rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask, wears.

" How falls it, then, that such an heav'nly light,
As this great king's, should sink so wondrous low,
That scarce he can suspect his former height?
Can one eclipse so dark his shining brow,
And steal away his beauty glittering fair?
One only blot, so great a light to impair,
That never could he hope his waning to repair?

" Ah! never could he hope once to repair
So great a wane, should not that new-born Sun
Adopt him both his brother and his heir;
Who through base life, and death, and Hell, would run,
To seat him in his lost now surer cell.
That he may mount to Heav'n, he sunk to Hell;
That he might live, he died; that he might rise, [he fell?

" A perfect virgin breeds, and bears a son,
Th' immortal father of his mortal mother;
Earth, Heav'n, flesh, spirit, man, God, are met in one;
His younger brother's child, his children's brother,
Eternity, who yet was born, and died,
His own creator, Earth's scorn, Heav'n's pride;
Who th' Deity, inflesht, and man's flesh deified.

" Thou uncreated Sun, Heav'n's glory bright!
Whom we with hearts and knees, low bent, adore;
At rising, perfect, and now falling light;
Ah, what reward, what thanks, shall we restore!
Thou wretched wast, that we might happy be:
O, all the good we hope, and all we see!
That we thee know and love, comes from thy love and thee.

" Receive, which we can only back return,
(Yet that we may return thou first must give),
A heart, which fain would smoke, which fain would burn
In praise; for thee, to thee, would only live:
And thou (who satt'st in night to give us day)
Light and enflame us with thy glorious ray,
That we may back reflect, and borrow'd light repay.

" So we beholding, with immortal eye,
The glorious picture of thy heav'nly face,
In his first beauty and true majesty,
May shake from our dull souls these fetters base:

* Conscience.

And mounting up to that bright crystal sphere,
Whence thou strik'st all the world with shud-
d'ring fear, [dear,
May not be held by Earth, nor hold vile Earth so

"Then should thy shepherd (poorest shepherd) sing
A thousand cantos in thy heav'nly praise,
And rouse his flagging Muse, and flutt'ring wing,
To chant thy wonders in immortal lays;
(Which once thou wrought'st, when Nilus' slimy shore,
Or Jordan's banks, thy mighty hand adore)
Thy judgments and thy mercies; but thy mercies more.

"But see, the stealing night with softly pace,
To fly the western Sun, creeps up the east;
Cold Hespar 'gins unmask his evening face,
And calls the winking stars from drowsy rest:
Home, then, my lambs; the falling drops eschew:
Tomorrow shall ye feast in pastures new,
And with the rising Sun banquet on pearled dew."

CANTO VII.

The rising Morn lifts up his orient head,
And spangled Heav'ns in golden robes invests;
Thirsil upstarting from his fearless bed,
Where useless nights he safe and quiet rests,
Unhous'd his bleeting flock, and quickly thence
Hasting to his expecting audience, [cense.
Thus with sad verse began their grieved minds in-

"Fond man, that looks on Earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Tho' now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

"Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound,
And loving pelican in safety breeds; [feeds,
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

"Where is th' Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Thro' all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

"Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ, is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

"That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with sev'n heads yoked stands.

"And that black vulture[1], which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the Earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death;
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe.

"Ne mought this prince escape, though he as far
All these excels in worth and heav'nly grace,
As brightest Phœbus does the dimmest star:
The deepest falls are from the highest place.
There lies he now, bruis'd with so sore a fall,
To his base bonds, and loathsome prison thrall,
Whom thousand foes besiege, fenc'd with a frail yielding wall.

"Tell me, oh, tell me then, thou holy Muse!
Sacred Thespio! what the cause may be
Of such despite; so many foemen use
To persecute unpitied misery!
Or if these canker'd foes, as most men say,
So mighty be, that gird this wall of clay;
What makes it hold so long, and threaten'd ruin stay?

"When that great Lord his standing court would build,
The outward walls with gems and glorious lights,
But inward rooms with nobler courtiers fill'd;
Pure, living flames, swift, mighty, blessed sprights:
But some his royal service (fools!) disdain;
So down were flung—(oft bliss is double pain):
In Heav'n they scorn'd to serve, so now in Hell they reign.

"There turn'd to serpents, swol'n with pride and hate;
Their prince a dragon fell, who burst with spite,
To see this king's and queen's yet happy state,
Tempts them to lust and pride; prevails by slight:
To make them wise, and gods, he undertakes.
Thus while the snake they hear, they turn to snakes; [makes.
To make them gods he boasts, but beasts and devils

"But that great Lion[2], who in Judah's plains
The awful beasts holds down in due subjection;
The dragon's craft and base-got spoil disdains,
And folds this captive prince in his protection;
Breaks ope the jail, and brings the pris'ners thence[3]:
Yet plac'd them in this castle's weak defence,
Where they might trust and seek an higher Providence.

[1] The Turk. [2] Revelations, v. 5.
[3] Luke, iv. 18.

"So now spread round about this little hold,
With armies infinite, encamped lie
Th' enraged dragon, and his serpents bold:
And knowing well his time grows short and nigh,
He swells with venom'd gore[4], and pois'nous heat;
His tail unfolded, Heav'n itself doth beat,
And sweeps the mighty stars from their transcendent seat.

"With him goes Caro[5], cursed dam of sin,
Foul, filthy dam, of fouler progeny;
Yet seems (skin-deep) most fair by witching gin
To weaker sight; but to a purged eye
Looks like (nay, worse than) Hell's infernal hags:
Her empty breasts hang like lank hollow bags:
And Iris' ulcer'd skin is patch'd with leprous rags.

"Therefore her loathsome shape in steel array'd;
All rust within, the outside polish'd bright;
And on her shield a mermaid sung and play'd,
Whose human beauties lure the wand'ring sight;
But slimy scales hid in their waters lie:
She chants, she smiles, so draws the ear, the eye,
And whom she wins, she kills:—the word, 'Hear, [gaze, and die.'

"And after march her fruitful serpent fry,
Whom she of divers lechers divers bore;
Marshall'd in sev'ral ranks their colours fly:
Four to Anagnus[6], four this painted whore
To loathsome Asebie brought forth to light;
Twice four got Adicus, a hateful wight:
But swol'n Acrates two, born in one bed and night.

"Mœchus[7] the first, of blushless bold aspect;
Yet with him Doubt and Fear still trembling go:
Oft look'd he back, as if he did suspect
Th' approach of some unwish'd, unwelcome foe:
Behind, fell Jealousy his steps observ'd,
And sure Revenge, with dart that never swerv'd:
Ten thousand griefs and plagues he felt, but more deserv'd.

"His armour black as Hell, or starless night,
And in his shield he lively portray'd bare
Mars, fast impound in arms of Venus' light,
And ty'd as fast in Vulcan's subtil snare:
She feign'd to blush for shame, now all too late;
But his red colour seem'd to sparkle hate:
'Sweet are stol'n waters,' round about the marge he wrate.

"Porneius[8] next him pac'd, a meagre wight;
Whose leaden eyes sunk deep in swimming head,
And joyless look, like some pale ashy spright,
Seem'd as he now were dying, or now dead:
And with him Wastefulness, that all expended,
And Want, that still in theft and prison ended,
A hundred foul diseases close at's back attended.

[4] Revelations, xii. 4.

[5] The flesh.

[6] The fruit of the flesh are described, Gal. v. 19, 20, 21. and may be ranked into four companies; 1st, of unchastity; 2d, of irreligion; 3d, of unrighteousness; 4th, of intemperance.

[7] Adultery, Gal. v. 19.

[8] Fornication.

"His shining helm might seem a sparkling flame,
Yet sooth, nought was it but a foolish fire;
And all his arms were of that burning frame,
That flesh and bones were gnawn with hot desire,
About his wrist his blazing shield did fry,
With swelt'ring hearts in flames of luxury:
His word, 'In fire I live, in fire I burn, and die.'

"With him Acatharus[9], in Tuscan dress;
A thing that neither man will own, nor beast:
Upon a boy he lean'd in wanton wise,
On whose fair limbs his eyes still greedy feast;
He sports, he toys, kisses his shining face:
Behind, reproach and thousand devils pace:
Before, hold impudence, that cannot change her grace.

"His armour seem'd to laugh with idle boys,
Which all about their wanton sportings play'd;
Als would himself keep out their childish toys,
And like a boy lend them unmanly aid:
In his broad targe the bird her wings dispread,
Which trussing wafts the Trojan Ganymede:
And round was writ, 'Like with his like is coupled.'

"Aselges[10] follow'd next, the boldest boy
That ever play'd in Venus' wanton court:
He little cares who notes his lavish joy;
Broad were his jests, wild his uncivil sport;
His fashion too, too fond, and loosely light:
A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight;
Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's spright.

"Lust in strange nests this cuckoo egg conceiv'd;
Which nurs'd with surfeits, dress'd with fond disguises,
In fancy's school his breeding first receiv'd:
So this brave spark to wilder flame arises;
And now to court preferr'd, high bloods he fires,
There blows up pride, vain mirth, and loose [desires;
And heav'nly souls (oh grief!) with hellish flame inspires.

"There oft to rivals lends the gentle Dor,
Oft takes (his mistress by) the bitter bob:
There learns her each day's change of Gules, Verd, Or,
(His sampler); if she pouts, her slave must sob:
Her face his sphere, her hair his circling sky;
Her love his Heav'n, her sight eternity:
Of her he dreams, with her he lives, for her he'll die.

"Upon his arm a tinsel scarf he wore,
Forsooth his madam's favour, spangled fair:
Light as himself, a fan his helmet bore,
With ribbons dress'd, begg'd from his mistress' [hair:
On's shield a winged boy all naked shin'd;
His folded eyes, willing and wilful blind:
The word was wrought with gold, 'Such is a lover's mind.'

"These four, Anagnus and foul Caro's sons,
Who led a diff'rent and disorder'd rout;
Fancy, a lad that all in feathers wons,
And loose Desire, and Danger link'd with Doubt;

[9] Sodomy, Rom. i. 26, 27. Lev. xx. 15, 16.

[10] Lasciviousness.

And thousand wanton thoughts still budding [new:
But lazy Ease usher'd the idle crew;
And lame Disease shuts up their troops with torments due.

"Next band, by Asebie was boldly led,
And his four sons begot in Stygian night:
First Idololatros[11], whose monstrous head
Was like an ugly fiend, his flaming sight
Like blazing stars; the rest all different:
For to his shape some part each creature lent;
But to the great Creator all adversely bent.

"Upon his breast a bloody cross he scor'd, [died
Which oft he worshipp'd; but the Christ that
Thereon, he seldom but in paint ador'd;
Yet wood, stone, beasts, wealth, lusts, fiends, deified:
He makes mere pageants of the saving rock[12],
Puppet-like trimming his almighty stock:
Which then, his god, or he, which is the verier block?

"Of giant shape, and strength thereto agreeing,
Wherewith he whilome all the world oppress'd:
And yet the greater part (his vassals being)
Slumb'ring in ignorance, securely rest:
A golden calf (himself more beast) he bore,
Which brutes with dancings, gifts, and songs adore, [in ore.
'Idols are laymen's books' he round all wrote

"Next Pharmakeus[13], of gashly, wild aspect;
Whom Hell with seeming fear, and fiends obey:
Full eas'ly would he know each past effect,
And things to come with double guess foresay,
By slain beasts' entrails, and fowls' marked flight:
Thereto he tempests rais'd by many a spright,
And charm'd the Sun and Moon, and chang'd the day and night.

"So when the south (dipping his sablest wings
In humid ocean) sweeps with's dropping beard
Th' air, earth, and seas; his lips' loud thunderings
And flashing eyes make all the world afeard:
Light with dark clouds, waters with fires are
The Sun but now is rising, now is set; [met;
And finds west-shades in east, and seas in airs wet.

"By birth and hand, he juggling fortunes tells;
Oft brings from shades his grandsire's damned ghost;
Of stolen goods forces out by wicked spells:
His frightful shield with thousand fiends embost,
Which seem'd without a circle's ring to play:
In midst himself dampens the smiling day,
And prints sad characters, which none may write, or say.

"The third Hæreticus[14], a wrangling carl,
Who in the way to Heav'n would wilful err;
And oft convicted, still would snatch and snarl:
His crambe oft repeats;—all tongue, no ear;
Him Obstinacy, Pride, and Scorn attended:
On's shield, with Truth Errour disguis'd contended:
His motto this 'Rather thus err, than be amended.'

"Last march'd Hypocrisy, false form of grace,
That vaunts the show of all, has truth of none:
A rotten heart he masks with painted face;
Among the beasts, a mule, 'mong bees a drone,
'Mongst stars, a meteor:—all the world neglects him;
Nor good, nor bad, nor Heav'n, nor Earth, affects him: [rejects him.
The Earth for glaring forms, for bare forms Heav'n

"His wanton heart he veils with dewy eyes,
So oft the world, and oft himself deceives:
His tongue his heart, his hands his tongue belies:
In's path (as snails) silver, but slime, he leaves:
He Babel's glory is, but Sion's taint;
Religion's blot, but irreligion's paint:
A saint abroad, at home a fiend; and worst, a saint.

"So tallow lights live glitt'ring, stinking die;
Their gleams aggrate the sight, steams wound the smell:
So Sodom apples please the ravish'd eye,
But sulphur taste proclaim the roots in Hell,
So airy flames to heav'nly seem ally'd,
But when their oil is spent, they swiftly glide,
And into gelly'd mire melt all their gilded pride.

"So rushes green, smooth, full, are spungy light;
So their ragg'd stones in velvet peaches grown;
So rotten sticks seem stars in cheating night;
So quagmires false, their mire with em'ralds
Such is Hypocrisy's deceitful frame; [crown:
A stinking light, a sulphur fruit, false flame;
Smooth rush, hard peach, sere wood, false mire, a voice, a name.

"Such were his arms, false gold, true alchymy;
Glitt'ring with glassy stones, and fine deceit:
His sword a flatt'ring steel, which gull'd the eye,
And pierc'd the heart with pride and self-conceit:
On's shield a tomb, where death had dress'd his bed [head
With curious art, and crown'd his loathsome
With gold, and gems:—his word, 'More gorgeous when dead.'

"Before them went their nurse, bold Ignorance;
A loathsome monster, light, sight 'mendment scorning;
Born deaf and blind, fitter to lead the dance
To such a rout; her silver heads adorning,
(Her dotage index) much she bragg'd, yet feign'd;
For by false tallies many years she gain'd.
Wise youth is honour'd age;—fond age's with dotage stain'd.

"Her failing legs with erring footsteps reel'd;
(Lame guide to bliss!) her daughters on each side [wield;
Much pain'd themselves, her stumbling feet to
Both like their mother, dull, and beetle ey'd:
The first was Errour false, who multiplies
Her num'rous race in endless progenies:
For but one truth there is, ten thousand thousand lies.

[11] Idolatry, either by worshipping the true God by false worship, as by images, against the second commandment: or giving away his worship to any thing that is not God, against the first.
[12] Psalm lxii. 7.
[13] Witchcraft, and curious arts.
[14] Heresy.

" Her brood o'erspread her round with sin and blood,
With envy, malice, mischiefs infinite ;
Which she to see herself, amazed stood,
So often got with child and big with spite :
Her offspring fly about, and spread their seed ;
Straight hate, pride, schism, wars, and seditions breed,
Get up, grow ripe.—How soon prospers the vicious weed.

" The other owl-ey'd Superstition,
Deform'd, distorted, blind in shining light ;
Yet styles herself holy Devotion,
And so is call'd, and seems in shady night :
Fearful as is the hare, or hunted hind ;
Her face, and breast, she oft with crosses sign'd :
No custom would she break, or change her settled mind.

" If hare, or snake, her way, herself she crosses,
And stops her mazed steps ; sad fears affright her
When falling salt points out some fatal losses,
Till Bacchus' grapes with holy sprinkle quite her :
Her only bible is an Erra Pater ;
Her antidote are hallow'd wax and water :
I' th' dark, all lights are sp'rits, all noises, chains that clatter.

" With them march'd sunk (in deep security)
Profaneness, to be fear'd, for never fearing ;
And by him, new oaths coining, Blasphemy, [ing ;
Who names not God, but in a curse, or swear-
And thousand other fiends in diverse fashion,
Dispos'd in several ward, and certain station :
Under, Hell widely yawn'd ; and over, flew Damnation.

" Next Adicus his sons ;—first Ecthros sly [15],
Whose prick'd up ears kept open house for lies ;
And sleering eyes still watch, and wait to spy
When to return still-living injuries :
Fair weather smil'd upon his painted face,
And eyes spoke peace, till he had time and place,
Then pours down show'rs of rage, and streams of rancour base.

" So when a sable cloud, with swelling sail
Comes swimming through calm skies, the silent air
(While fierce winds sleep in Æol's rocky jail),
With spangled beams embroider'd, glitters fair ;
But soon 'gins low'r : straight clatt'ring hail is bred,
Scatt'ring cold shot ; light hides his golden head,
And with untimely winter, earth's o'er-silvered.

" His arms well suit his mind, where smiling skies
Breed thund'ring tempests : on his lofty crest
Asleep the spotted panther couching lies,
And by sweet scents, and skin so quaintly drest,
Draws on her prey : upon his shield he bears
The dreadful monster which great Nilus fears ;
(The weeping crocodile) his word, ' I kill with tears.'

" With him Dissemblance went, his paramour,
Whose painted face might hardly be detected ;
Arms of offence he seld' or never wore,
Lest thence his close designs might be suspected ;
But clasping close his foe, as loth to part,
He steals his dagger with false smiling art,
And sheaths the trait'rous steel in his own master's heart.

[15] Hatred.

" Two Jewish captains, close themselves enlacing
In love's sweet twines, his target broad display'd ;
One th' other's beard with his left hand embracing,
But in his right a shining sword he sway'd,
With unawares through th' other's ribs he smites,
There lay the wretch without all burial rites :
His word, ' He deepest wounds, that in his fawning bites.'

" Eris the next [16], of sex unfit for war :
Her arms were bitter words from flaming tongue,
Which never quiet, wrangle, fight, and jar ;
Ne would she weigh report with right, or wrong :
What once she held, that would she ever hold,
And (non-obstantes) force with courage bold,
The last word must she have, or never leave to scold.

" She is the trumpet to this angry train,
And whets their fury with loud railing spite :
But when no open foes did more remain,
Against themselves, themselves she would incite.
Her clacking mill, driv'n by her flowing gall,
Could never stand, but chide, rail, bark, and bawl :
Her shield no word could find, her tongue engros'd them all.

" Zelos [17] the third, whose spiteful emulation
Could not endure a fellow in excelling ;
Yet slow in any virtue's imitation,
At easy rate that fair possession selling ;
Still as he went he hidden sparkles blew,
Till to a mighty flame they sudden grew,
And like fierce lightning all in quick destruction drew.

" Upon his shield lay that Tirinthian swain,
Swelt'ring in fiery gore, and pois'nous flame,
His wife's sad gift venom'd with bloody stain :
Well could he bulls, snakes, Hell, all monsters tame ;
Well could he Heav'n support, and prop alone ;
But by fell jealousy soon overthrown,
Without a foe, or sword : his motto, ' First, or none.'

" Thumos [18] the fourth, a dire revengeful swain ;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire ;
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign !
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire ;
But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
And all the blood in 's boiling heart did treasure
Then in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

" Look, as when waters, wall'd with brazen wreath,
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe ;
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow ;
Nor can be held ; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'er-flow :
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow.

" For in his face, red heat, and ashy cold ;
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours :

[16] Variance. [17] Emulation. [18] Wrath.

That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours;
His trembling band a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd.

"Next him Erithius[19], most unquiet swain,
That all in law, and fond contention spent;
Not one was found in all this num'rous train,
With whom in any thing he would consent:
His will his law, he weigh'd not wrong or right;
Much scorn'd to bear, much more forgive a spite:
Patience, he, th' asses' load, and coward's virtue [hight.

"His weapons all were fram'd of shining gold,
Wherewith he subtly fought close under hand:
Thus would he right from right by force withhold,
Nor suits, nor friends, nor laws his slights withstand;
Ah, pow'rful weapon! how dost thou bewitch
Great, but base minds, and spott'st with leprous itch,
That never are in thought, nor ever can be rich!

"Upon his belt (fasten'd with leather laces)
Black boxes hung, sheaths of his paper swords,
Fill'd up with writs, subpœnas, trial-cases;
This trespass'd him in cattle, that in words:
Fit his device, and well his shield became,
A salamander drawn in lively frame:
His word was this, 'I live, I breathe, I feed on [flame.'

"Next after him march'd proud Dichostasis[20],
That wont but in the factious court to dwell;
But now to shepherd-swains close linked is;
And taught them (fools!) to change their humble cell,
And lowly weed, for courts, and purple gay,
To sit aloft, and states, and princes sway:
A hook, no sceptre needs our erring sheep to stay.

"A mitre trebly crown'd th' impostor wore;
For Heav'n, Earth, Hell, he claims with lofty pride:
Not in his lips, but hands, two keys he bore,
Heav'n's doors and Hell's to shut, and open wide:
But late his keys are marr'd, or broken quite:
For Hell he cannot shut, but opens light;
Nor Heav'n can ope, but shut; nor buys, but sells by slight.

"Two heads, oft three, he in one body had,
Nor with the body, nor themselves agreeing:
What this commanded, th' other soon forbad;
As different in rule, as nature being:
The body to them both, and neither prone,
Was like a double-hearted dealer grown;
Endeavouring to please both parties, pleasing none.

"As when the pow'rful wind, and adverse tide,
Strive which should most command the subject main;
The scornful waves swelling with angry pride
Yielding to neither, all their force disdain:
Mean time the shaking vessel doubtful plays,
And on the stagg'ring billow trembling stays,
And wou'd obey them both, and none of both obeys.

"A subtle craftsman fram'd him seemly arms,
Forg'd in the shop of wrangling Sophistry;
And wrought with curious arts, and mighty charms,
Temper'd with lies, and false philosophy:
Millions of heedless souls thus had he slain.
His sev'n-fold targe a field of gules did stain;
In which two swords he bore: his word, 'Divide and reign.'

"Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health:
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful [will:
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

"Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
Which both his sight, and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means [he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

"Upon his shield that cruel herd-groom play'd,
Fit instrument of Juno's jealous spite;
His hundred eyes stood fized on the maid;
He pip'd, she sigh'd: his word, 'Her day, my night.'
His missile weapon was a lying tongue,
Which he far off like swiftest lightning flung:
That all the world with noise, and foul blaspheming rung.

"Last of this rout the savage Phonos[21] went,
Whom his dire mother nurs'd with human blood;
And when more age and strength more fierceness lent,
She taught him in a dark and desert wood
With force and guile poor passengers to slay,
And on their flesh his barking stomach stay,
And with their wretched blood his fiery thirst allay.

"So when the never settled Scythian
Removes his dwelling in an empty wain:
When now the Sun hath half his journey ran,
His horse he bloods, and pricks a trembling vein,
So from the wound quenches his thirsty heat;
Yet worse, this fiend makes his own flesh his meat.
Monster! the rav'nous bear his kind will never eat.

"Ten thousand furies on his steps awaited,
Some sear'd his harden'd soul with Stygian brand:
Some with black terrors his faint conscience [baited,
That wide he star'd, and starched hair did stand:
The first born man still in his mind he bore,
Foully array'd in guiltless brother's gore,
Which for revenge to Heav'n, from Earth did loudly roar.

[19] Strife. [20] Sedition, or Schism. [21] Murder.

" His arms offensive all, to spill, not spare;
Swords, pistols, poisons, instruments of Hell:
A shield he wore (not that the wretch did care
To save his flesh, oft he himself would quell)
For show, not use: on it a viper swilling
The dam's spilt gore; his empty bowels filling
With flesh that gave him life: his word, 'I live by killing.'

" And last his brutish sons, Acrates sent,
Whom Caro bore both in one birth and bed,
Methos [22] the first, whose paunch his feet outwent,
As if it usher'd his unsettled head;
His soul quite souced lay in grapy blood,
In all his parts the idle dropsy stood;
Which though already drown'd, still thirsted for the flood.

"This thing, nor man, nor beast, turns all his wealth
In drink; his days, his years, in liquor drenching;
So quaffs he sickness down, by quaffing health;
Firing his cheeks with quenching; strangely quenching
His eyes with firing; dull and faint they roll'd:
But nimble lips known things and bid unfold;
Belchings, oft sips, large spits point the long tale he told.

" His armour green might seem a fruitful vine;
The clusters prison'd in the close set leaves,
Yet oft between the bloody grape did shine;
And peeping forth, his jailor's spite deceives:
Among the boughs did swilling Bacchus ride,
Whom wild grown Mœnads bore, and ev'ry stride, [cry'd.
'Bacche, Iö Bacche' loud with madding voice they

" On's shield, the goatish satyrs dance around,
(Their heads much lighter than their nimble heels)
Silenus old, in wine (as ever) drown'd, [reels:
Clos'd with the ring, in midst (though sitting)
Under his arm a bag-pipe swol'n he held,
(Yet wine swol'n cheeks the windy bag outswell'd) [yield.'
So loudly pipes: his word, 'But full, no mirth I

" Insatiate sink, how with so general stain [tice!
Thy spu'd out puddles, court, town, fields en-
Ay me! the shepherds selves thee entertain,
And to thy Curtian gulf do sacrifice:
All drink to spew, and spew again to drink.
Sour swill-tub sin, of all the rest the sink,
How canst thou thus bewitch with thy abhorred stink?

" The eye thou wrong'st with vomit's reeking streams, [wine;
The ear with belching; touch thou drown'st in
The taste thou surfeit'st; smell with spewing streams
Thou woundest: foh! thou loathsome putrid swine; [slakest;
Still thou increasest thirst, when thirst thou
The mind and will thou (wit's bane) captive takest;
Senseless thy hoggish filth, and sense thou senseless makest.

" Thy fellow sins, and all the rest of vices,
With seeming good are fairly cloth'd to sight;
Their feigned sweet the blear-ey'd will entices,
Coz'ning the dazzled sense with borrow'd light:
Thee, neith ertrue, nor yet false good commends;
Profit, nor pleasure on thy steps attends:
Folly begins thy sin, which still with madness ends.

[22] Drunkenness.

" With Methos, Gluttony, his guttling broth'r,
Twin parallels, drawn from the self-same line;
So foully like was either to the oth'r,
And both most like a monstrous paunched swine:
His life was either a continued feast,
Whose surfeits upon surfeits him oppress'd;
Or heavy sleep, that helps so great a load digest.

" Mean time his soul, weigh'd down with muddy chains,
Can neither work, nor move in captive bands!
But dull'd in vap'rous fogs, all careless reigns,
Or rather serves strong appetite's commands:
That when he now was gorg'd with cramm'd-down store,
And porter wanting room had shut the door,
The glutton sigh'd, that he could gormandise no more.

" His crane-like neck was long unlac'd; his breast,
This gouty limbs, like to a circle, round,
As broad as long; and for his spear in rest
Oft with his staff he beats the yielding ground;
Wherewith his hands did help his feet to bear,
Else would they ill so huge a burden steer:
His clothes were all of leaves, no armour could he wear.

" Only a target light, upon his arm
He careless bore, on which old Gryll was drawn,
Transform'd into a hog with cunning charm;
In head and paunch, and soul itself a brawn,
Half drown'd within; without, yet still did hunt
In his deep trough for swill, as he was wont;
Cas'd all in loathsome mire: no word; Gryll could but grunt.

" Him serv'd sweet seeming lusts, self pleasing lies,
But bitter death flow'd from those sweets of sin;
And at the rear of these in secret guise
Crept Thievery and Detraction, near akin:
No twins more like: they seem'd almost the same; [name:
One stole the goods, the other the good
The latter lives in scorn, the former dies in shame.

" Their boon companions in their jovial feasting
Were new-shap'd oaths, and damning perjuries;
Their cates, fit for their taste, profanest jesting;
Sauc'd with the salt of Hell, dire blasphemies.
But till th' ambitious Sun, yet still aspiring,
Allays his flaming gold with gentler firing,
We'll rest our weary song, in that thick grove retiring."

CANTO VIII.

The Sun began to slack his bended bow,
And more obliquely dart his milder ray;
When cooler airs gently 'gan to blow, [day;
And fan the fields, parch'd with the scorching
The shepherds to their wonted seats repair;
Thirsil, refresh'd with this soft breathing air,
Thus 'gan renew his task, and broken song repair.

" What watchful care must fence that weary state,
Which deadly foes begirt with cruel siege;
And frailest wall of glass, and trait'rous gate
Strive which should first yield up their woeful liege?
By enemies assail'd, by friends betray'd;
When others hurt, himself refuses aid:
By weakness' self his strength is foil'd and overlay'd.

" How comes it then, that in so near decay
We deadly sleep in deep security,
When every hour is ready to betray
Our lives to that still watching enemy?
Wake then, thy soul, that deadly slumbereth:
For when thy foe hath seiz'd thy captive breath,
Too late to wish past life, too late to wish for death.

" Caro the vanguard with the Dragon led,
Cosmos[1] the battle guides, with loud alarms;
Cosmos the first son to the Dragon red,
Shining in seeming gold, and glitt'ring arms;
Well might he seem a strong and gentle knight,
As e'er was clad in steel and armour bright;
But was a recreant base, a foul, false cheating spright.

" And as himself, such were his arms; appearing
Bright burnish'd gold, indeed base alchymy,
Dim beetle eyes, and greedy worldlings blearing;
His shield was dress'd in night's sad livery,
Where man-like apes a glow-worm compass round,
Glad that in wintry night they fire had found:
Busy they puff and blow: the word 'Mistake the ground.'

" Mistake points all his darts; his sun shines bright,
(Mistaken) light appears, sad lightning prove:
His clouds (mistook) seem lightnings, turn'd to light;
His love true hatred is, his hatred love;
His shop, a pedlar's pack of apish fashion;
His honours, pleasures, joys, are all vexation:
His wages, glorious care, sweet surfeits, woo'd damnation.

" His lib'ral favours, complimental arts;
His high advancements, Alpine slipp'ry straits;
His smiling glances, death's most pleasing darts;
And (what he vaunts) his gifts are gilded baits:
Indeed he nothing is, yet all appears.
Hapless earth's happy fools, that know no tears.
'Who bathes in worldly joys, swims in a world [of fears.'

" Pure Essence! who hast made a stone descry
'Twixt nature's hid, and check that metal's pride
That dares aspire to gold's high sov'reignty;
Ah, leave some touchstone erring eyes to guide,
And judge dissemblance! see by what devices,
Sin with fair gloss our mole-ey'd sight entices,
That vices virtues seem to most; and virtues vices.

" Strip thou their meretricious seemliness,
And tinfold glitt'ring, bare to ev'ry sight,
That we may loath their inward ugliness;
Or else uncloud the soul, whose shady light
Adds a fair lustre to false earthly bliss:
Thine and their beauty differs but in this;
Theirs what it is not, seems; thine seems not what it is.

" Next to the captain, coward Deilos[2] far'd,
Him right before he as his shield projected,
And following troops to back him as his guard;
Yet both his shield and guard (faint heart) suspected:
And sending often back his doubtful eye,
By fearing, taught unthought of treachery;
So made him enemies, by fearing enmity.

" Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befel:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as Hell.
His sense he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless fears.

" Harness'd with massy steel, for fence, not sight;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:
He shrieks at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knightly arms he goodly bears:
His word: 'Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.'

" With him went Doubt, stagg'ring with steps unsure;
That every way, and neither way inclin'd;
And fond Distrust, whom nothing could secure:
Suspicion lean, as if he never din'd:
He keeps intelligence by thousand spies;
Argus to him bequeath'd his hundred eyes:
So waking, still he sleeps, and sleeping, wakeful lies.

" Fond Deilos all; Tolmetes[3] nothing fears;
Just frights he laughs, all terrours counteth base:
And when of danger or sad news he hears,
He meets the thund'ring fortune face to face:
Yet oft in words he spends his boist'rous threat:
That his hot blood driv'n from the native seat,
Leaves his faint[4] coward heart empty of lively heat.

" Himself (weak help!) was all his confidence;
He scorns low ebbs, but swims in highest rises:
His limbs with arms or shield he would not fence,
Such coward fashion (fool!) he much despises:
Ev'n for his single sword the world seems scant;
For hundred worlds his conqu'ring arm could [daunt:
Much would he boldly do; but much more boldly vaunt.

" With him went self-admiring Arrogance;
And Brag; his deeds without an helper praising;
Blind Carelessness before would lead the dance;
Fear stole behind, those vaunts in balance paysing,
Which far their deeds outweigh'd; their vio- [lence,
'Fore danger spent with lavish diffluence,
Was none, or weak, in time of greatest exigence.

" As when a fiery courser ready bent,
Puts forth himself at first with swiftest pace;
Till with too sudden flash his spirits spent,
Already fails now in the middle race:

[1] The world, or Mammon. [2] Fearfulness.

[3] Over-boldness, or fool-hardiness.

[4] The philosopher rightly calls such θρασυδείλους, Ethic. 3, cap. 7. not only fool-hardy, but faint-hardy.

His hanging crest far from his wonted pride,
No longer now obeys his angry guide;
Rivers of sweat and blood flow from his gored side.

"Thus ran the rash Tolmetes, never viewing
The fearful fiends that duly him attended;
Destruction close his steps in post pursuing;
And certain ruin's heavy weights depended
Over his cursed head; and smooth-fac'd Guile,
That with him oft would loosely play and smile; [wile.
Till in his snare he lock'd his feet with treach'rous

"Next march'd Asotus[5], careless spending swain;
Who with a fork went spreading all around,
Which his old sire with sweating toil and pain,
Long time was raking from his racked ground:
In giving he observ'd nor form nor matter,
But best reward he got[6], that best could flatter. [but scatter.
Thus what he thought to give, he did not give,

"Before array'd in sumptuous bravery,
Deck'd court-like in the choice, and newest
But all behind like drudging slavery, [guise;
With ragged patches, rent, and bared thighs,
His shameful parts, that shun the hated light,
Were naked left; (ah, foul unhonest sight!)
Yet neither could he see, nor feel his wretched plight.

"His shield presents to life, death's latest rites,
A sad black hearse borne up with sable swains;
Which many idle grooms with hundred lights
(Tapers, lamps, torches) usher through the plains [brow,
To endless darkness; while the Sun's bright
With fiery beams, quenches their smoking tow,
And wastes their idle cost: the word, 'Not need, but show.'

"A vagrant rout (a shoal of tattling daws)
Strew him with vain spent pray'rs and idle lays;
And Flatt'ry to his sin close curtains draws,
Clawing his itching ear with tickling praise.
Behind fond Pity much his fall lamented,
And Misery that former waste repented:
The usurer for his goods, jail for his bones indented.

"His steward was his kinsman, vain expence,
Who proudly strove in matters light, to show
Heroic mind in braggart affluence;
So lost his treasure getting nought in lieu
But ostentation of a foolish pride, [wide,
While women fond, and boys stood gaping
But wise men all his waste, and needless cost deride.

"Next Pleonectes[7] went, his gold admiring,
His servant's drudge, slave to his basest slave;
Never enough, and still too much desiring:
His gold his god, yet in an iron grave
Himself protects his god from noisome rusting; [lusting;
Much fears to keep, much more to lose his
Himself and golden god, and every god mistrusting.

"Age on his hairs the winter snow had spread;
That silver badge his near end plainly proves:
Yet as to earth[8] he nearer bows his head,
So loves it more; for 'Like his like still loves.'

Deep from the ground he digs his sweetest gain,
And deep into the earth digs back with pain;
From Hell his gold he brings, and hoards in Hell again.

"His clothes all patch'd with more than honest thrift, [ing:
And clouted shoes were nail'd for fear of wast-
Fasting he prais'd, but sparing was his drift;
And when he eats, his food is worse than fasting:
Thus starves in store, thus doth in plenty pine;
Thus wallowing on his gold, his heap of mine,
He feeds his famish'd soul with that deceiving shine.

"O, hungry metal! false deceitful ray,
Well laid'st thou dark, press'd in th' earth's hidden womb;
Yet through our mother's entrails cutting way,
We drag thy buried corse from hellish tomb;
The merchant from his wife and home departs,
Nor at the swelling ocean ever starts;
While death and life a wall of thin planks only parts.

"Who was it first, that from thy deepest cell,
With so much costly toil and painful sweat,
Durst rob thy palace bord'ring next to Hell?
Well may'st thou come from that infernal seat,
Thou all the world with hell-black deeps dost fill. [ill!
Fond men, that with such pain do woo your
Needless to send for grief, for he is next us still.

"His arms were light and cheap, as made to save
His purse, not limbs; the money, not the man:
Rather he dies, than spends: his helmet brave,
An old brass pot; breast-plate, a dripping-pan:
His spear a spit, a pot-lid broad his shield,
Whose smoky plain a chalked imprese fill'd;
A bag sure seal'd: his word, 'Much better sav'd than spill'd.'

"By Pleonectes, shameless Sparing went,
Who whines and weeps to beg a longer day;
Yet with a thund'ring voice claims tardy rent;
Quick to receive, but hard and slow to pay:
His cares to lessen cost with cunning base;
But when he's forc'd beyond his bounded space,
Loud would he cry, and howl, while others laugh apace.

"Long after went Pusillus[9], weakest heart;
Able to serve, and able to command,
But thought himself unfit for either part;
And now full loth, amidst the warlike band,
Was hither drawn by force from quiet cell:
Loneness his Heav'n, and bus'ness was his Hell.
'A weak distrustful heart is virtue's aguish spell.'

"His goodly arms, eaten with shameful rust,
Bewray'd their master's ease, and want of using;
Such was his mind, tainted with idle must;
His goodly gifts with little use abusing:
Upon his shield was drawn that noble swain,
That loth to change his love and quiet reign,
For glorious warlike deeds, did crafty madness feign.

[5] Prodigality. [6] Arist. Eth. 4.
[7] Covetousness. [8] Arist. Eth.
[9] Feeble-mindedness.

"Finely the workman fram'd the toilsome plough
Drawn with an ox and ass, unequal pair;
While he with busy hand his salt did sow,
And at the furrow's end, his dearest heir [still
Did helpless lie; and Greek lords watching,
Observ'd his hand, guided with careful will:
About was wrote, 'Who nothing doth, doth nothing ill.'

"By him went Idleness, his loved friend,
And Shame with both; with all, ragg'd Poverty:
Behind sure Punishment did close attend,
Waiting a while fit opportunity;
And taking count of hours mispent in vain,
And graces lent without returning gain, [pain.
Pour'd on his guilty corse, late grief, and helpless

"This dull cold earth with standing water froze;
At ease he lies to coin prétence for ease;
His soul like Ahaz' dial, while it goes
Not forward, posteth backward ten degrees:
In's couch he's pliant wax for fiends to seal;
He never sweats, but in his bed, or meal:
He'd rather steal than work, and beg than strive to steal.

"All opposite, though he his brother were,
Was Chaunus [10], that too high himself esteem'd:
All things he undertook, nor could he fear
His power too weak, or boasted strength misdeem'd; [blown:
With his own praise, like windy bladder
His eyes too little, or too much his own:
For known to all men weak [11], was to himself unknown.

"Fondly himself with praising he disprais'd,
Vaunting his deeds and worth with idle breath;
So raz'd himself, what he himself had rais'd:
On's shield a boy threatens high Phœbus' death,
Aiming his arrow at his purest light;
But soon the thin reed, fir'd with lightning bright, [right.'
Fell idly on the strand: his word, 'Yet high, and

"Next brave Philotimus [12] in post did ride:
Like rising ladders was his climbing mind;
His high-flown thoughts had wings of courtly pride,
Which by foul rise to greatest height inclin'd;
His heart aspiring swell'd until it burst:
But when he gain'd the top, with spite accurst,
Down would he fling the steps by which he clamber'd first.

"His head's a shop furnish'd with looms of state:
His brain the weaver, thoughts are shuttles light,
With which, in spite of Heav'n, he weaves his fate;
Honour his web: thus works he day and night,
Till Fates cut off his thread; so heapeth sins,
And plagues, nor once enjoys the place he wins; [begins.
But where his old race ends, there his new race

"Ah, silly man, who dream'st that honour stands
In ruling others, not thyself!—thy slaves
Serve thee, and thou thy slaves:—in iron bands
Thy servile spirit prest with wild passions raves.

[10] Arroganey.
[11] The arrogant are more stupid. Arist. Eth. 4.
[12] Ambition.

Wouldst thou live honour'd, clip ambition's wing;
To reason's yoke thy furious passions bring.
'Thrice noble is the man, who of himself is king.'

"Upon his shield was fram'd that vent'rous lad,
That durst assay the Sun's bright flaming team;
Spite of his feeble hands the horses mad,
Fling down on burning Earth the scorching beam;
So made the flame in which himself was fir'd;
The world the bonfire was, where he expir'd:
His motto written thus, 'Yet had what he desir'd.'

"But Atimus [13], a careless, idle swain,
Though Glory offer'd him her sweet imbrace,
And fair Occasion, with little pain,
Reach'd him her ivory hand; yet (lozel base!)
Rather his way, and her fair self declin'd;
Well did he thence prove his degen'rous mind:
Base were his resty thoughts; base was his dunghill kind.

"And now by force dragg'd from the monkish cell,
Where teeth he only us'd, nor hands, nor brains,
But in smooth streams swam down through ease to Hell;
His work to eat, drink, sleep and purge his reins.
He left his heart behind him with his feast:
His target with a flying dart was dress'd,
Posting unto his mark; the word, 'I move to rest.'

"Next Colax [14], all his words with sugar spices;
His servile tongue, base slave to greatness' name,
Runs nimble descant on the plainest vices;
He lets his tongue to sin, takes rent of shame;
He, temp'ring lies, porter to th' ear resides;
Like Indian apple, which with painted sides,
More dangerous within his lurking poison hides.

"So Echo, to the voice her voice conforming,
From hollow breast for one will two repay;
So like the rock it holds, itself transforming,
That subtil fish hunts for her headless prey:
So crafty fowlers with their fair deceits
Allure the hungry bird; so fisher waits
To bait himself with fish, his hook and fish with baits.

"His art is but to hide, not heal a sore;
To nourish pride, to strangle conscience;
To drain the rich, his own dry pits to store;
To spoil the precious soul, to please vile sense:
A carrion-crow he is, a gaping grave,
The rich coat's moth, the court's bane, trencher's slave,
Sin's and Hell's winning bawd, the Devil's fact'ring knave.

"A mist he casts before his patron's sight,
That blackest vices never once appear;
But greater than it is seems virtue's light;
His lord's displeasure is his only fear:
His clawing lies, tickling the senses frail
To death, make open way where force would fail,
'Less hurts the lion's paw, than foxes' softest tail.'

"His arms with hundred tongues were powder'd gay,
(The mint of lies) gilt, fil'd, the sense to please;

[13] Baseness of mind.
[14] Flattery.

His sword, which in his mouth close sheathed lay,
Sharper than death, and fram'd to kill with ease.
Ah, cursed weapon, life with pleasure spilling!
The Sardoin herb, with many branches filling
His shield, was his device: the word, 'I please in killing.'

"Base slave! how crawl'st thou from thy dunghill nest,
Where thou wast hatch'd by shame and beggary,
And perchest in the learn'd and noble breast?
Nobles of thee their courtship learn; of thee
Arts learn new art their learning to adorn:
(Ah, wretched minds!) he is not nobly born,
Nor learn'd, that doth not thy ignoble learning scorn.

"Close to him Pleasing went, with painted face,
And Honour, by some hidden cunning made;
Not Honour's self, but Honour's semblance base,
For soon it vanish'd like an empty shade:
Behind, his parents duly him attend;
With them he forced is his age to spend:
Shame his beginning was, and shame must be his end.

"Next follow'd Dyscolus [15], a froward wight;
His lips all swol'n, and eye brows ever bent;
With sooty locks, swart looks, and scouling sight;
His face a tell-tale to his foul intent:
He nothing lik'd, or prais'd; but reprehended
What every one beside himself commended.
Humours of tongues imposthum'd, purg'd with shame, are mended.

"His mouth a pois'nous quiver, where he hides
Sharp venom'd arrows, which his bitter tongue,
With squibs, carps, jests, unto their object guides;
Nor fears he gods on Earth, or Heav'n to wrong;
Upon his shield was fairly drawn to sight,
A raging dog, foaming out wrath and spite;
The word to his device, 'Impartial all I bite.'

"Geloios [16] next ensu'd, a merry Greek,
Whose life was laughter vain, and mirth misplac'd;
His speeches broad, to shame the modest cheek;
Ne ear'd he whom, or when, or how disgrac'd;
Salt, round about he flung upon the sand:
If in his way his friend or father stand,
His father and his friend he spreads with careless hand.

"His foul jests, steep'd and drown'd in laughter vain [madness:
And rotten speech (ah!) was not mirth, but
His armour crackling thorns all flaming stain
With golden fires (emblem of foppish gladness):
Upon his shield two laughing fools you see,
(In number he the third, first in degree)
At which himself would laugh, and fleer; his word, 'We three.'

"And after Agrios [17], a sullen swain;
All mirth that in himself and others hated;
Dull, dead, and leaden, was his cheerless vein;
His weary sense he never recreated;
And now he march'd as if he somewhat dream'd:
All honest joy, but madness he esteem'd;
Refreshing's idleness; but sport, he folly deem'd.

"In's arms, his mind the workman fit express'd,
Which all with quenched lamps, but smoking yet
And foully stinking, were full quaintly dress'd
To blind, not light the eyes, to choke, not heat:
Upon his shield an heap of fenny mire,
In flags and turfs (with suns yet never drier)
Did smoth'ring lie, not burn: his word, 'Smoke without fire.'

"Last Impudence, whose never changing face
Knew but one colour; with some brass-brow'd lie,
And laughing loud she drowns her just disgrace:
About her all the fiends in armies fly:
Her feather'd beaver sidelong cock'd, in guise
Of roaring boys; set look, with fixed eyes
Out looks all shame-fac'd forms, all modesty defies.

"And as her thoughts, so arms all black as Hell,
Her brazen shield two sable dogs adorn,
Who each at other stare, and snarl, and swell:
Beneath the word was set, 'All change I scorn.'
But if I all this rout in foul array
Should muster up, and place in battle ray,
Too long yourselves and flocks my tedious song would stay.

"The aged day grows dim, and homeward calls:
The parting Sun (man's state describing well)
Falls when he rises, rises when he falls:
So we by falling rose, by rising fell.
The shady cloud of night 'gins softly creep,
And all our world with sable tincture steep;
Home now ye shepherd-swains; home now my loved sheep."

CANTO IX.

The bridegroom Sun, who late the Earth had spous'd,
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rouz'd,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
His shines the Earth soon latcht to gild her flow'rs: [bow'rs,
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their
Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic tow'rs.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light;
The Earth she left, and up to Heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
Earth seems a molehill, men but ants to be;
Teaching proud men, that soar to high degree, [and see.
The further up they climb, the less they seem
The shepherds met, and Thomalin began;
Young Thomalin, whose notes and silver string
Silence the rising lark, and falling swan:
"Come Thirsil, end thy lay, and cheerly sing;
Hear'st how the larks give welcome to the day,
Temp'ring their sweetest notes unto thy lay;
Up then, thou loved swain; why dost thou longer stay?"

[15] Morosity. [16] Mad laughter, Eccles. ii. 2.
[17] Rusticity, or ferity.

"Well sett'st thou, friend, the lark before mine eyes.
Much easier to hear than imitate;
Her wings lift up her notes to lofty skies;
But me a leaden sleep, and earthly state,
Down to the centre ties with captive string;
Well might I follow here her note and wing;
Singing she lofty mounts, ah! mounting should I sing.

"Oh, thou dread king of that heroic band!
Which by thy pow'r beats back these hellish sprites,
Rescuing this state from death and base command:
Tell me, dread king! what are those warlike knights?
What force? what arms? where lies their strength's increase,
That though so few in number, never cease
To keep this sieged town, 'gainst numbers numberless?

"The first commanders in this holy train,
Leaders to all the rest, an ancient pair;
Long since sure link'd in wedlock's sweetest chain;
His name Spirito, she Urania[1] fair:
Fair had she been, and full of heav'nly grace,
And he in youth a mighty warrior was,
Both now more fair, and strong, which prov'd their heav'nly race.

"His arms, with flaming tongues all sparkled bright,
Bright flaming tongues, in divers sections parted;
His piercing sword, edg'd with their fiery light,
'Twixt bones and marrow, soul and spirit disparted.
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious dove,
'Gainst whom the proudest eagle dares not move;
Glitt'ring in beams: his word, 'Conqu'ring by peace and love.'

"But she, Amazon-like, in azure arms,
Silver'd with stars, and gilt with sunny rays;
Her mighty spouse in sight, and fierce alarms,
Attends, and equals in these bloody frays;
And on her shield an heav'nly globe (displaying
The constellations, lower bodies swaying,
Sway'd by the higher) she bore: her word, 'I rule obeying.'

"About them swarm'd their fruitful progeny;
An heav'nly offspring of an heav'nly bed;
Well mought you in their looks his stoutness see,
With her sweet graces lovely tempered.
Fit youths they seem'd to play in prince's hall,
(But ah! long since they thence were banish'd all),
Or shine in glitt'ring arms, when need fierce war doth call.

"The first in order (nor in worth the last)
Is Knowledge, drawn from peace, and Muse's spring,
Where shaded in fair Sinai's groves, his taste
He feasts with words, and works of heav'nly king;
But now to bloody field is fully bent:
Yet still he seem'd to study as he went;
His arms cut all in books; strong shield slight papers lent.

"His glitt'ring armour shin'd like burning day,
Garnish'd with golden suns, and radiant flow'rs;
Which turn their bending heads to Phœbus' ray,
And when he falls, shut up their leafy bow'rs;
Upon his shield the silver Moon did bend
Her horned bow, and round her arrows spend:
His word in silver wrote, 'I borrow what I lend.'

"All that he saw, all that he heard, were books,
In which he read, and learn'd his Maker's will;
Most on his word, but much on Heav'n he looks,
And thence admires with praise the workman's skill.
Close to him, went still-musing Contemplation,
That made good use of ills by meditation;
So to him ill itself was good, by strange mutation.

"And Care, who never from his sides would part,
Of Knowledge oft the ways and means inquiring,
To practise what he learn'd from holy art;
And oft with tears, and oft with sighs desiring
Aid from that sovereign guide, whose ways so steep,
Though fain he would, yet weak, he could not keep;
But when he could not go, yet forward would he creep.

"Next Tapinus[2], whose sweet, though lowly grace,
All other higher than himself esteem'd;
He in himself priz'd things as mean and base,
Which yet in others great and glorious seem'd;
All ill due debt, good undeserv'd he thought;
His heart a low-roof'd house, but sweetly wrought,
Where God himself would dwell, though he it dearly bought.

"Honour he shuns, yet is the way unto him;
As Hell, he hates advancement won with bribes;
But public place, and charge are forc'd to woo him;
He good to grace, ill to desert ascribes:
Him (as his Lord) contents a lowly room,
Whose first house was the blessed virgin's womb,
The next a cratch, the third a cross, the fourth a tomb.

"So choicest drugs in meanest shrubs are found;
So precious gold in deepest centre dwells;
So sweetest vi'lets trail on lowly ground;
So richest pearls lie clos'd in vilest shells:
So lowest dales we let at highest rates;
So creeping strawberries yield daintiest cates,
The Highest highly loves the low, the lofty hates.

"Upon his shield was drawn that shepherd lad,
Who with a sling threw down faint Israel's fears;
And in his hand his spoils, and trophies glad,
The monster's sword and head, he bravely bears;
Plain in his lovely face you might behold
A blushing meekness met with courage bold:
'Little, not little worth,' was fairly wrote in gold.

"With him his kinsman both in birth and name,
Obedience, taught by many bitter show'rs
In humble bonds his passions proud to tame,
And low submit unto the higher pow'rs:
But yet no servile yoke his forehead brands,
For ty'd in such an holy service bands,
In this Obedience rules, and serving thus commands.

"By them went Fido[3], marshal of the field;
Weak was his mother when she gave him day;

[1] Heaven.

[2] Humility.

[3] Faith.

And he at first a sick and weakly child,
As e'er with tears welcom'd the sunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field, or shone in armour bright.

"So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelpt, a weak and tender thing,
Despis'd by ev'ry beast; but waxen great,
When fuller times, full strength and courage bring;
The beasts all crouching low, their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemn'd before;
The trembling forest quakes at his affrighting roar.

"Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the Sun's impetuous course;
Nature breaks Nature's laws at his command;
No force of Hell or Heav'n with stands his force;
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

"His sky-like arms, dy'd all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descry'd
The lively semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gor'd;
Which to his fainting spirits new courage would afford.

"Strange was the force of that enchanted shield,
Which highest pow'rs to it from Heav'n impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield;
It sav'd from sword, and spear, and poison'd dart:
Well might he slip, but yet not wholly fall;
No final loss his courage might appal;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

"So some have feign'd that Tellus' giant son,
Drew many new-born lives from his dead mother;
Another rose as soon as one was done,
And twenty lost, yet still remain'd another;
For when he fell, and kiss'd the barren heath,
His parent straight inspir'd successive breath;
And though herself was dead, yet ransom'd him from death.

"With him his nurse, went careful Acoë[4];
Whose hands first from his mother's womb did take him,
And ever since have foster'd tenderly:
She never might, she never would forsake him;
And he her lov'd again with mutual band;
For by her needful help he oft did stand,
When else he soon would fail, and fall in foemen's hand.

"With both, sweet Meditation ever pac'd,
His nurse's daughter, and his foster sister;
Dear as his soul, he in his soul her plac'd,
And oft embrac'd, and oft by stealth he kiss'd her;
For she had taught him by her silent talk
To tread the safe, and dang'rous ways to balk;
And brought his God with him, him with his God to walk.

"Behind him Penitence did sadly go,
Whose cloudy dropping eyes were ever raining;
Her swelling tears, which, e'en in ebbing flow,
Furrow her cheek, the sinful puddles draining:
Much seem'd she in her pensive thought molested,
And much the mocking world her soul infested;
More she the hateful world, and most herself detested.

"She was the object of lewd men's disgrace,
The squint-ey'd wrie-mouth'd scoff of carnal hearts;
Yet smiling Heav'n delights to kiss her face,
And with his blood God bathes her painful smarts:
Affliction's iron flail her soul had thrash'd;
Sharp circumcision's knife her heart had slash'd;
Yet was it angels wine, which in her eyes was mash'd.

"With her a troop of mournful grooms abiding
Help with their sullen blacks their mistress' woe;
Amendment still (but his own faults) chiding,
And Penance arm'd with smarting whips did go:
Then sad Remorse came sighing all the way;
Last Satisfaction, giving all away:
Much surely did he owe, much more he would repay.

"Next went Elpinus[5], clad in sky-like blue;
And through his arms few stars did seem to peep,
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem to sleep:
His rugged shield was like a rocky mould,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold,
'I hold by being held,' was written round in gold.

"Nothing so cheerful was his thoughtful face,
As was his broth'r Fido's;—fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well:
Therefore a comely maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita[6] she hight, which ne'er could lie or feign.

"Next to Elpinus march'd his brother Love;
Not that GREAT LOVE which cloth'd his Godhead bright
With rags of flesh, and now again above
Hath dress'd his flesh in Heav'n's eternal light:
Much less the brat of that false Cyprian dame,
Begot by froth, and fire, in bed of shame,
And now burns idle hearts swelt'ring in lustful flame.

"But this from Heav'n brings his immortal race,
And nurs'd by Gratitude, whose careful arms
Long held, and hold him still in kind imbrace:
But train'd to daily wars, and fierce alarms,
He grew to wond'rous strength and beauty rare:
Next that God Love, from whom his offsprings are.
No match in Earth or Heav'n may with this Love compare.

"His page, who from his side might never move,
Remembrance, on him waits; in books reciting
The famous passions of that highest love,
His burning zeal to greater flames exciting:

[4] Hearing.

[5] Hope.

[6] Promise.

Deep would he sigh, and seem empassion'd sore,
And oft with tears his backward heart deplore,
That loving all he could, he lov'd that love no more.

" Yet sure he truly lov'd, and honour'd dear
That glorious Name; for when, or where he spy'd
Wrong'd, or in hellish speech blasphem'd did hear,
Boldly the rash blasphemer he defy'd,
And forc'd him eat the words he foully spake:
But if for Him, he grief or death did take,
That grief he counted joy, and death, life for his sake.

" His gli t'ring arms, dress'd all with fiery hearts
Seem'd burn in chaste desire, and heav'nly flame:
And on his shield kind Jonathan imparts
To his soul's friend, his robes, and princely name,
And kingly throne, which mortals so adore:
And round about was writ in golden ore,
' Well might he give him all, that gave his life before.'

" These led the vanguard; and an hundred moe
Fill'd up the empty ranks with order'd train:
But first in middleward did justly go
In goodly arms a fresh and lovely swain,
Vaunting himself Love's twin, but younger brother:
Well mought it be, for e'en their very mother,
With pleasing errour oft mistook the one for th' other.

" As when fair Paris gave that golden ball,
A thousand doubts ran in his stagg'ring breast:
All lik'd him well, fain would he give it all:
Each better seems, and still the last seems best:
Doubts ever new his reaching hand deferr'd;
The more he looks, the more his judgment err'd:
So she first this, then that, then none, then both [preferr'd.

" Like them, their armour seem'd full near of kin:
In this they only differ; th' elder bent
His higher soul to Heav'n; the younger twin
'Mong mortals here his love and kindness spent;
Teaching (strange alchymy) to get a living
By selling land, and to grow rich by giving;
By emptying, filling bags, so Heav'n by Earth atchieving.

" About him troop the poor with num'rous trains,
Whom he with tender care, and large expence,
With kindest words, and succour entertains;
Ne looks for thanks, or thinks of recompence:
His wardrobe serves to clothe the naked side,
And shameful parts of bared bodies hide;
If other clothes he lack'd, his own he would divide.

" To rogues, his gate was shut; but open lay
Kindly the weary traveller inviting:
Oft therefore angels hid in mortal clay,
And God himself in his free roofs delighting,
Lowly to visit him would not disdain,
And in his narrow cabin oft remain;
Whom Heav'n, and Earth, and all the world cannot contain.

" His table still was fill'd with wholesome meat,
Not to provoke, but quiet appetite;
And round about the hungry freely eat,
With plenteous cates cheering their feeble sprite:
Their earnest vows open Heav'n's wide door;
That not in vain sweet plenty evermore [store.
With gracious eye looks down upon his blessed

" Behind attend him in an uncouth wise,
A troop with little caps, and shaved head;
Such whilome was enfranchis'd bondmen's guise,
New freed from cruel masters' servile dread:
These had he lately bought from captive chain;
Hence they his triumph sing with joyful strain,
And on his head due praise, and thousand blessings rain.

" He was a father to the fatherless,
To widows he supply'd an husband's care;
Nor would he heap up woe to their distress,
Or by a guardian's name their state impair;
But rescue them from strong oppressor's might; [spite,
Nor doth he weigh the great man's heavy
' Who fears the highest Judge, needs fear no mortal wight.'

" Once ev'ry week he on his progress went,
The sick to visit, and those meagre swains,
Which all their weary life in darkness spent,
Clogg'd with cold iron, press'd with heavy chains: [spend it,
He hoards not wealth for his loose heir to
But with a willing hand doth well expend it.
' Good then is only good when to our God we lend it.'

" And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite,
Lie out to rav'nous birds and beasts expos'd,
His yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight,
In seemly graves their weary flesh enclos'd,
And strew'd with dainty flow'rs the lowly hearse;
Then all alone the last words did rehearse,
Bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

" So once that royal maid [7] fierce Thebes beguil'd,
Though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her;
Her brother from his home and tomb exil'd,
(While willing night in darkness safely hid her)
She lowly laid in earth's all-covering shade:
Her dainty hands (not us'd to such a trade)
She with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.

" Yet feels she neither sweat, nor irksome pain,
Till now his grave was fully finished;
Then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
To wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
And falling down upon his gored side,
With hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,
' Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

" ' Ay me! my ever wrong'd, and banish'd brother,
How can I fitly thy hard fate deplore,
Or in my breast so just complaining smother?
To thy sad chance what can be added more?
Exile thy home, thy home a tomb thee gave:
Oh, no! such little room thou must not have.
But for thy banish'd bones, I (wretch) must steal a grave.'

" But whither, woful maid, have thy complaints
With fellow-passion drawn my feeling moan?

[7] Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, contrary to the edict of Creon, buries Polynices.

But thus this Love deals with those murder'd saints;
Weeps with the sad, and sighs with those that groan. [play
But now in that beech grove we'll safely
And in those shadows mock the boiling ray;
Which yet increases more with the decreasing day."

CANTO X.

The shepherds to the woody mount withdrew,
Where hillock seats, shades yield a canopy;
Whose tops with violets dy'd all in blue,
Might seem to make a little azure sky;
And that round hill, which their weak heads maintain'd,
A lesser Atlas seem'd, whose neck sustain'd
The weight of all the Heav'ns, which sore his shoulders pain'd.

And here and there sweet primrose scattered,
Spangling the blue, fit constellations make:
Some broadly flaming their fair colours spread;
Some other wink'd, as yet but half awake:
Fit were they plac'd, and set in order due:
Nature seem'd work by art, so lively true
A little Heav'n on Earth in narrow space she drew.

Upon this earthly Heav'n the shepherds play,
The time beguiling, and the parching light;
Till the declining Sun, and elder day,
Abate their flaming heat, and youthful might:
The sheep had left the shades, to mind their meat;
Then all returning to their former seat,
Thirsil again began his weary song repeat.

" Great pow'r of Love! with what commanding fire
Dost thou inflame the world's wide regiment,
And kindly heat in every heart inspire!
Nothing is free from thy sweet government;
Fish burn in seas; beasts, birds thy weapons prove;
By thee dead elements and heav'ns move;
Which void of sense itself, yet are not void of love.

But those twin Loves, which from thy seas of light,
To us on Earth derive their lesser streams,
Though in their force they shew thy wond'rous might,
On thee reflecting back their glorious beams;
Yet here encounter'd with so mighty foe,
Had need both arm'd and surely guarded go:
But most thy help they need; do not thy help foreslow.

" Next to the younger Love, Irenus[1] went,
Whose frosty head proclaim'd his winter age:
His spring in many battles had he spent;
But now all weapons chang'd for counsel sage.
His heavy sword (the witness of his might)
Upon a loped tree he idly pight; [night.
There hid in quiet sheath, sleeps it in endless

Patience his shield had lent to ward his breast,
Whose golden plain three olive branches dress:
The word in letters large was fair express'd,
' Thrice happy author of a happy peace.'

[1] Peaceableness.

Rich plenty yields him pow'r, pow'r stores his will, [fill:
Will ends in works, good works his treasures
Earth's slave[2], Heav'n's heir he is—as God, pays good for ill.

" By him Andreos[3] pac'd, of middle age,
His mind as far from rashness, as from fears;
Hating base thoughts, as much as desp'rate rage:
The world's loud thund'rings he unshaken hears:
Nor will he death, or life, or seek or fly,
Ready for both.—He is as cowardly
That longer fears to live, as he that fears to die.

" Worst was his civil war, where deadly fought
He with himself, till passion yields or dies:
All heart and hand, no tongue; not grim, but stout:
His flame had counsel in't; his fury, eyes;
His rage well-temper'd is; no fear can daunt
His reason; but cold blood is valiant;
Well may he strength in death; but never courage want.

" But like a mighty rock, whose unmov'd sides
The hostile sea assaults with furious wave,
And 'gainst his head the boist'rous north wind rides; [and rave;
Both fight, and storm, and swell, and roar,
Hoarse surges drum, loud blasts their trumpets strain:
Th' heroic cliff laughs at their frustrate pain;
Waves scatter'd, drop in tears, winds broken, whining plain.

" Such was this knight's undaunted constancy;
No mischief wakens his resolved mind;
None fiercer to a stubborn enemy;
But to the yielding none more sweetly kind.
His shield an even ballast ship embraves,
Which dances light, while Neptune wildly raves; [nor waves.'
His word was this, ' I fear but Heav'n, nor winds,

" And next Macrothumus[4], whose quiet face
No cloud of passion ever shadowed;
Nor could hot anger reason's rule displace,
Purpling the scarlet cheek with fiery red;
Nor could revenge, clad in a deadly white,
With hidden malice eat his vexed sprite:
For ill, he good repay'd, and love exchang'd for spite.

" Was never yet a more undaunted spirit;
Yet most him deem'd a base and tim'rous swain;
But he well weighing his own strength and merit,
The greatest wrong could wisely entertain.
Nothing resisted his commanding spear:
Yielding itself to him a winning were:
And though he dy'd, yet dead, he rose a conqueror.

" His nat'ral force beyond all nature stretched;
Most strong he is, because he will be weak;
And happy most, because he can be wretched.
Then whole and sound, when he himself doth break;
Rejoicing most when most he is tormented:
In greatest discontents he rests contented:
By conquering himself, all conquests he prevented.

[2] Matt. v. 9. [3] Fortitude.
[4] Long-suffering.

"His rocky arms of massy adamant,
Safely could back rebut the hardest blade;
His skin itself could any weapon daunt,
Of such strange mould and temper was he made:
Upon his shield a palm-tree still increas'd,
Though many weights his rising arms depress'd: [oppress'd.'
His word was, 'Rising most, by being most

"Next him Androphilus[5], whose sweetest mind
'Twixt mildness temper'd, and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not be kind:
Churlish despite ne'er look'd from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart:
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimental art.

"His enemies knew not how to discommend him;
All others dearly lov'd; fell ranc'rous Spite,
And vile Detraction fain would reprehend him;
And oft in vain his name they closely bite,
As popular, and flatterer accusing:
But he such slavish office much refusing,
Can eas'ly quit his name from their false tongues abusing.

"His arms were fram'd into a glitt'ring night,
Whose sable gown with stars all spangled wide,
Affords the weary traveller cheerful light,
And to his home his erring footsteps guide;
Upon his ancient shield the workmen fine
Had drawn the Sun, whose eye did ne'er repine
To look on good and ill: his word, 'To all I shine.'

"Fair Virtue, where stay'st thou in poor exile,
Leaving the court from whence thou took'st thy name?
While in thy place is stept disdaining vile,
And flattery, base son of need and shame;
And with them surly scorn, and hateful pride;
Whose artificial face false colours dy'd,
Which more display her shame, than loathsome foulness hide.

"Late, there thou livedst with a gentle swain,
(As gentle swain as ever lived there)
Who lodg'd thee in his heart and all thy train,
Where hundred other graces quartered were:
But he, alas! untimely dead and gone,
Leaves us to rue his death, and thee to moan,
That few were ever such; and now those few are none.

"By him the stout Encrates[6] boldly went,
Assailed oft by mighty enemies,
Which all on him alone their spite mispent;
For he whole armies single bold defies; [prevail;
With him nor might, nor cunning slights
All force on him they try, all forces fail;
Yet still assail him fresh, yet vainly still assail.

"His body full of vigour, full of health;
His table feeds not lust, but strength and need:
Full stor'd with plenty, not by heaping wealth,
But topping rank desires, which vain exceed:
On's shield an hand from Heav'n an orchard dressing, [ing;
Pruning superfluous boughs the trees oppress-
So adding fruit: his word, 'By lessening increasing.'

"His settled mind was written in his face:
For on his forehead cheerful gravity
False joys and apish vanities doth chase:
And watchful care did wake in either eye.
His heritance he would not lavish sell, [Hell:
Nor yet his treasure hide by neighbouring
But well he ever spent, what he had gotten well.

"A lovely pair of twins clos'd either side:
Not those in Heav'n, the flow'ry Geminies,
Are half so lovely bright; the one his bride,
Agneia[7] chaste, was join'd in Hymen's ties,
And love, as pure as Heav'n's conjunction:
Thus she was his, and he her flesh and bone:
So were they two in sight; in truth entirely one.

"Upon her arched brow, unarmed Love
Triumphing sat in peaceful victory;
And in her eyes thousand chaste graces move,
Checking vain thoughts with awful majesty:
Ten thousand moe her fairer breast contains;
Where quiet meekness every ill restrains,
And humbly subject spirit by willing service reigns.

"Her sky-like arms glitter'd in golden beams,
And brightly seem'd to flame with burning hearts:
The scalding ray with his reflected streams
Fire to their flames, but heav'nly fire imparts:
Upon her shield a pair of turtles shone;
A loving pair, still coupled, ne'er alone;
Her word, 'Though one when two, yet either two, or none.'

"With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia[8], all in steel, and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields, and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

"Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the 'lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new:
Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.

"Thus hid in arms, she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise;
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise:
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

"Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain:
Sure Heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth

[5] Gentleness, or courtesy.

[6] Temperance.

[7] Chastity in the married.

[8] Chastity in the single.

In thy rare face her own full picture drew;
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others, are but half thy due.

"Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying;
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts: deadly those weapons show:
Yet sweet that death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

"And at the foot of this celestial frame,
Two radiant stars, than stars yet better being,
Endu'd with living fire, and seeing flame;
Yet with Heav'n's stars in this too near agreeing:
They timely warmth, themselves not warm, inspire;
These kindle thousand hearts with hot desire,
And burning all they see, feel in themselves no fire.

"Ye matchless stars (yet each the other's match)
Heav'n's richest diamonds, set in amel white,
From whose bright spheres all grace the graces catch,
And will not move but by your loadstars bright;
How have you stol'n, and stor'd your armoury
With Love's and Death's strong shafts, and from your sky [armies fly?
Pour down thick show'rs of darts to force whole

"Above those Suns, two rainbows high aspire,
Not in light shews, but sadder liveries drest;
Fair Iris seem'd to mourn in sable 'tire;
Yet thus more sweet the greedy eye they feast:
And but that wondrous face it well allow'd,
Wondrous it seem'd, that two fair rainbows show'd [cloud.
Above their sparkling Suns, without or rain or

"A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

"Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears: [spheres.
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the

"Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little rising heads disclose,
And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
From those two bulwarks love doth safely fight;
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight
To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

"Yet all these stars which deck this beaut'ous sky,
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move:
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.

As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

"Thus, and much fairer, fair Parthenia,
Glist'ring in arms, herself presents to sight;
As when th' Amazon queen, Hippolyta,
With Theseus enter'd lists in single fight,
With equal arms her mighty foe opposing;
Till now her bared head her face disclosing,
Conquer'd the conqueror, and won the fight by losing.

"A thousand knights woo'd her with busy pain,
To thousands she her virgin-grant deny'd;
Although her dear-sought love to entertain,
They all their wit, and all their strength apply'd:
Yet in her heart, Love close his sceptre sway'd,
That to an Heavenly Spouse her thoughts betray'd, [maid.
Where she a maiden wife might live, and wifely

"Upon her steps a virgin page attended,
Fair Erythre[9], whose often blushing face
Sweetly her in-burn shame-fac'd thoughts commended; [grace,
The face's change prov'd th' heart's unchanged
Which she a shrine to purity devotes:
So when clear ivory, vermeil fitly blots,
By stains it fairer grows, and lovelier by its spots.

"Her golden hair, her silver forehead high,
Her teeth of solid, eyes of liquid pearl;
But neck and breast no man might bare descry,
So sweetly modest was this bashful girl:
But that sweet paradise, ah! could we see,
On these white mountlets daintier apples be,
Than those we bought so dear on Eden's tempting tree.

"These noble knights this threaten'd fort defend;
These, and a thousand moe heroic swains,
That to this 'stressed state their service lend,
To free from force, and save from captive chains.
But now too late the battle to recite;
For Hesperus Heav'n's tapers 'gins to light,
And warns each star to wait upon their mistress Night."

[9] Modesty.

CANTO XI.

The early morn lets out the peeping day,
And strew'd his paths with golden marigolds:
The Moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
Whom Lucifer locks up in wonted folds
Till light is quench'd, and Heav'n in seas hath flung [throng,
The headlong day:—to th' hill the shepherds
And Thirsil now began to end his task and song.

"Who now, alas! shall teach my humble vein,
That never yet durst peep from covert glade,
But softly learnt for fear to sigh and plain,
And vent her griefs to silent myrtle's shade?
Who now shall teach to change my oaten quill
For trumpet 'larms, or humble verses fill
With graceful majesty, and lofty rising skill?

" Ah, thou dread Spirit! shed thy holy fire,
Thy holy flame, into my frozen heart;
Teach thou my creeping measures to aspire,
And swell in bigger notes, and higher art:
Teach my low Muse thy fierce alarms to ring,
And raise my soft strain to high thundering:
Tune thou my lofty song; thy battles must I sing.

" Such as thou wert within the sacred breast
Of that thrice famous poet, shepherd, king;
And taught'st his heart to frame his cantos best
Of all that e'er thy glorious works did sing:
Or as those holy fishers, once amongs
Thou flamedst bright with sparkling parted tongues; [conqu'ring songs.
And brought'st down Heav'n to Earth in those all-

" These mighty heroes, fill'd with justest rage
To be in narrow walls so closely pent,
Glitt'ring in arms and goodly equipage,
Stood at the castle's gate, now ready bent
To sally out, and meet the enemy:
A hot disdain sparkled in every eye,
Breathing out hateful war, and deadly enmity.

" Thither repairs the careful Intellect
With his fair spouse Voletta, heav'nly fair:
With both, their daughter; whose divine aspect,
Though now sad damps of sorrow much impair,
Yet through those clouds did shine so glorious bright,
That every eye did homage to the sight,
Yielding their captive hearts to that commanding light.

" But who may hope to paint such majesty,
Or shadow well such beauty, such a face;
Such beauteous face, unseen to mortal eye?
Whose pow'rful looks, and more than mortal grace, [throne,
Love's self hath lov'd, leaving his heav'nly
With amorous sighs, and many a lovely moan,
(Whom all the world would woo) woo'd her his only one.

" Far be that boldness from thy humble swain,
Fairest Ectecta, to describe thy beauty,
And with unable skill thy glory stain,
Which ever he admires with humble duty:
But who to view such blaze of beauty longs,
Go he to Sinai, th' holy groves amongs;
Where that wise shepherd chants her in his song of songs.

" The island's king, with sober countenance,
Aggrates the knights who thus his right defended;
And with grave speech, and comely amenance,
Himself, his state, his spouse, to them commended:
His lovely child, that by him pensive stands,
He last delivers to their valiant hands;
And her to thank the knights, her champions, he commands.

" The godlike maid awhile all silent stood,
And down to th' earth let fall her humble eyes;
While modest thoughts shot up the flaming blood,
Which fir'd her scarlet cheek with rosy dyes;
But soon to quench the heat, that lordly reigns,
From her fair eye a show'r of crystal rains,
Which with his silver streams o'er-runs the beauteous plains.

" As when the Sun, in midst of summer's heat,
Draws up thin vapours with his potent ray,
Forcing dull waters from their native seat;
At length dim clouds shadow the burning day:
Till coldest air, soon melted into show'rs,
Upon the Earth his welcome anger pours,
And Heav'n's clear forehead now wipes off her former low'rs.

" At length, a little lifting up her eyes;
A renting sigh way for her sorrow brake,
Which from her heart gan in her face to rise;
And first in th' eye, then in the lip, thus spake:
' Ah, gentle knights, how may a simple maid,
With justest grief, and wrong so ill appay'd,
Give due reward for such your pains, and friendly aid?

" ' But if my princely spouse do not delay
His timely presence in my greatest need,
He will for me your friendly love repay,
And well requite this your so gentle deed;
Then let no fear your mighty hearts assail:
His word's himself; himself he cannot fail.
Long may he stay, yet sure he comes, and must prevail.'

" By this the long-shut gate was open laid;
Soon out they rush in order well arrang'd:
And fast'ning in their eyes that heav'nly maid,
How oft for fear her fairest colour chang'd!
Her looks, her worth, her goodly grace, and state,
Comparing with her present wretched fate,
Pity whets just revenge, and love's fire kindles hate.

" Long at the gate the thoughtful Intellect
Stay'd with his fearful queen, and daughter fair;
But when the knights were past their dim aspect,
They follow them with vows and many a pray'r,
At last they climb up to the castle's height;
From which they view'd the deeds of ev'ry knight,
And mark'd the doubtful end of this intestine fight.

" As when a youth, bound for the Belgic war,
Takes leave of friends upon the Kentish shore;
Now are they parted, and he sail'd so far
They see not now, and now are seen no more:
Yet far off viewing the white trembling sails,
The tender mother soon plucks off her vails,
And shaking them aloft, unto her son she hails.

" Mean time these champions march in fit array,
Till both the armies now were come in sight:
Awhile each other boldly viewing stay,
With short delays whetting fierce rage and spite.
Sound now, ye trumpets, sound alarums loud;
Hark, how their clamours whet their anger proud!
See, yonder are they met in midst of dusty cloud!

" So oft the South with civil enmity
Musters his wat'ry forces 'gainst the West;
The rolling clouds come tumbling up the sky,
In dark folds wrapping up their angry guest:
At length the flame breaks from th' impris'ning cold
With horrid noise, tearing the limber mold:
While down in liquid tears the broken vapours roll'd.

"First did that warlike maid herself advance;
And riding from amidst her company,
About her helmet wav'd her mighty lance,
Daring to fight the proudest enemy:
Porneius soon his ready spear addrest,
And kicking with his heel his hasty beast,
Bent his sharp-headed lance against her dainty breast.

"In vain the broken staff sought entrance there,
Where Love himself oft entrance sought in vain:
But much unlike the martial virgin's spear,
Which low dismounts her foe on dusty plain,
Broaching with bloody point his breast before;
Down from the wound trickled the bubbling gore,
And bid pale Death come in at that red gaping door.

"There lies he cover'd now in lowly dust,
And foully wallowing in clutter'd blood,
Breathing together out his life and lust,
Which from his breast swam in the steaming flood:
In maids his joy, now by a maid defy'd,
His life he lost, and all his former pride:
With women would he live, now by a woman died.

"Aselges, struck with such a heavy sight,
Greedy to 'venge his brother's sad decay,
Spurr'd forth his flying steed with fell despight,
And met the virgin in the middle way;
His spear against her head he fiercely threw,
Which to that face performing homage due,
Kissing her helmet, thence in thousand shivers flew.

"The wanton boy had dreamt, that latest night,
That he had learnt the liquid air dispart,
And swim along the Heav'ns with pinions light:
Now that fair maid taught him this nimble art;
For from his saddle far away she sent,
Flying along the empty element,
That hardly yet he knew whither his course was bent.

"The rest, that saw with fear the ill success
Of single fight, durst not like fortune try;
But round beset her with their num'rous press:
Before, beside, behind, they on her fly,
And every part with coward odds assail;
But she, redoubling strokes as thick as hail,
Drove far their flying troops, and thresh'd with iron flail.

"As when a gentle greyhound set around
With little curs, which dare his way molest,
Snapping behind; soon as the angry hound,
Turning his course, hath caught the busiest,
And shaking in his fangs hath well nigh slain;
The rest, fear'd with his crying, run amain,
And standing all aloof, whine, howl, and bark in vain.

"The subtil Dragon, that from far did view
The waste and spoil made by this maiden knight,
Fell to his wonted guile; for well he knew
All force was vain against such wondrous might;
A crafty swain, well taught to cunning harms,
Call'd False Delight, he chang'd with hellish charms,
That True Delight he seem'd, the self-same shape and arms.

"The watchfull'st sight no difference could descry;
The same his face, his voice, his gait the same;
Thereto his words he feign'd; and coming nigh
The maid, that fierce pursues her martial game,
He whets her wrath with many a guileful word,
Till she, less careful, did fit time afford;
Then up with both his hands he lifts his baleful sword.

"You pow'rful Heav'ns! and thou, their Governor!
With what eyes can you view this doleful sight?
How can you see your fairest conqueror
So nigh her end by so unmanly flight?
The dreadful weapon thro' the air doth glide;
But sure you turn'd the harmful edge aside,
Else must she there have fall'n, and by that traitor died.

"Yet in her side deep was the wound impight;
Her flowing life the shining armour stains:
From that wide spring long rivers took their flight,
With purple streams drowning the silver plains;
Her cheerful colour now grows wan and pale,
Which oft she strives with courage to recal,
And rouse her fainting head, which down as oft would fall.

"All so a lily press'd with heavy rain,
Which fills her cup with show'rs up to the brinks:
The weary stalk no longer can sustain
The head, but low beneath the burden sinks:
Or as a virgin rose her leaves displays,
Whom too hot scorching beams quite disarrays;
Down flags her double ruff, and all her sweet decays.

"Th' undaunted maid, feeling her feet deny
Their wonted duty, to a tree retir'd;
Whom all the rout pursue with deadly cry,
As when a hunted stag, now well nigh tir'd,
Shor'd by an oak, 'gins with his head to play;
The fearful hounds dare not his horns assay,
But, running round about, with yelping voices bay.

"And now, perceiving all her strength was spent,
Lifting to list'ning Heaven her trembling eyes;
Thus whisp'ring soft, her soul to Heaven she sent:
'Thou chastest Love! that rul'st the wand'ring skies,
More pure than purest Heavens by thee mov'd;
If thine own love in me thou sure hast prov'd,
If ever thou, myself, my vows, my love hast lov'd,

"'Let not this temple of thy spotless love
Be with foul hand, and beastly rage, defil'd:
But when my spirit shall his camp remove,
And to his home return, too long exil'd;
Do thou protect it from the rav'nous spoil
Of ranc'rous enemies, that hourly toil
Thy humble votary with loathsome sport to foil.'

"With this few drops fell from her fainting eyes,
To dew the fading roses of her cheek;
That much high Love seem'd passion'd with those cries;
Much more those streams his heart and patience break:
Straight he the charge gives to a winged swain,
Quickly to step down to that bloody plain,
And aid her weary arms, and rightful cause maintain.

"Soon stoops the speedy herald through the air,
Where chaste Agneia and Encrates fought:
'See, see! he cries, 'where your Parthenia fair,
The flow'r of all your army, hemm'd about

With thousand enemies, now fainting stands,
Ready to fall into their murd'ring hands:
Hie ye, oh, hie ye fast! the highest Love commands!'

"They casting round about their angry eye,
The wounded virgin almost sinking spy'd;
They prick their steeds, which straight like lightning fly:
Their brother Continence runs by their side:
Fair Continence, that truly long before,
As his heart's liege, this lady did adore:
And now his faithful love kindled his hate the more.

"Encrates and his spouse with flashing sword
Assail the scatter'd troops, that headlong fly;
While Continence a precious liquour pour'd
Into the wound, and suppled tenderly:
Then binding up the gaping orifice,
Reviv'd the spirits, that now she 'gan to rise,
And with new life confront her heartless enemies.

"So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And while the Sun doth now more gently play,
Lay out her swelling bosom to the smiling day.

"Now rush they all into the flying trains,
Blood fires their blood, and slaughter kindles fight:
The wretched vulgar on the purple plains
Fall down as thick, as when a rustic wight
From laden oaks the plenteous acorns pours;
Or when the blubb'ring air that sadly lowers,
And melts his sullen brow, and weeps sweet April show'rs.

"The greedy Dragon that aloof did spy
So ill success of this renewed fray;
More vex'd with loss of certain victory,
Depriv'd of so assur'd and wished prey,
Gnashed his iron teeth for grief and spite:
The burning sparks leap from his flaming sight,
And forth his smoking jaws streams out a smoul-[d'ring night.

"Straight thither sends he in a fresh supply,
The swelling band that drunken Methos led;
And all the rout his brother Gluttony
Commands, in lawless bands disordered:
So now they bold restore their broken fight,
And fiercely turn again from shameful flight:
While both with former loss sharpen their raging spite.

"Freshly these knights assault these fresher bands,
And with new battle all their strength renew:
Down fell Geloios by Encrates' hands;
Agneia, Mœchus, and Anagnus slew;
And spying Methos fenc'd in 's iron vine,
Piere'd his swoln paunch:—there lies the grunting swine,
And spues his liquid soul out in his purple wine.

"As when a greedy lion, long unfed,
Breaks in at length into the harmless folds;
(So hungry rage commands) with fearful dread
He drags the silly beasts: nothing controuls
The victory proud; he spoils, devours, and tears;
In vain the keeper calls his shepherd peers:
Mean while the simple flock gaze on with silent fears.

"Such was the slaughter these three champions made;
But most Encrates, whose unconquer'd hands
Sent thousand foes down to th' infernal shade,
With useless limbs strewing the bloody sands:
Oft were they succour'd fresh with new supplies,
But fell as oft: the Dragon, grown more wise
By former loss, began another way devise.

"Soon to their aid the Cyprian band he sent,
For easy skirmish clad in armour light:
Their golden bows in hand stood ready bent,
And painted quivers, furnish'd well for fight,
Stuck full of shafts, whose heads foul poison stains;
Which, dipp'd in Phlegethon by hellish swains,
Bring thousand painful deaths, and thousand deadly pains.

"Thereto of substance strange, so thin, and slight,
And wrought by subtil hand so cunningly,
That hardly were discern'd by weaker sight;
Sooner the heart did feel, than eye could see:
Far off they stood, and flung their darts around,
Raining whole clouds of arrows on the ground;
So safely others hurt, and never wounded wound.

"Much were the knights encumber'd with these foes;
For well they saw, and felt their enemies:
But when they back would turn the borrow'd blows,
The light-foot troop away more swiftly flies
Than do their winged arrows thro' the wind:
And in their course oft would they turn behind,
And with their glancing darts the hot pursuers blind.

"As when by Russian Volgha's frozen banks,
The false-back Tartars, fear with cunning feign,
And posting fast away in flying ranks,
Oft backward turn, and from their bows down [rain
Whole storms of darts; so do they flying fight;
And what by force they lose, they win by flight:
Conquer'd by standing out, and conquerors by [flight.

"Such was the craft of this false Cyprian crew:
Yet oft they seem'd to slack their fearful pace,
And yield themselves to foes that fast pursue!
So would they deeper wound in nearer space:
In such a fight, he wins that fastest flies.
Fly, fly, chaste knights, such subtil enemies:
The vanquish'd cannot live, and conqu'ror surely dies.

"The knights, oppress'd with wounds and travel past,
Began retire, and now were near to fainting:
With that a winged post him speeded fast,
The general with these heavy news acquainting:
He soon refresh'd their hearts that 'gan to tire.
But, let our weary Muse awhile respire;
Shade we our scorched heads from Phœbus' parching fire."

CANTO XII.

The shepherds, guarded from the sparkling heat
Of blazing air, upon the flow'ry banks
(Where various flow'rs damask the fragrant seat,
And all the grove perfume) in wonted ranks
Securely sit them down, and sweetly play:
At length, thus Thirsil ends his broken lay,
Lest that the stealing night his later song might stay.

" Thrice, oh, thrice happy shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns!
His cottage low, and safely humble gate,
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

" No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives:—nor silken pride!
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

" Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes.
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance, unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports, all difference refuses.

" His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide's rage is spent:
His life is neither tost in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

" His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place:
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house or state torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, [content him.

" The world's great Light his lowly state hath bless'd,
And left his Heav'n to be a shepherd base:
Thousand sweet songs he to his pipe address'd:
Swift rivers stood, beasts, trees, stones, ran apace,
And serpents flew, to hear his softest strains:
He fed his flock, where rolling Jordan reigns;
There took our rags, gave us his robes, and bore our pains.

" Then thou, high Light! whom shepherds low adore,
Teach me, oh! do thou teach thy humble swain
To raise my creeping song from earthly floor!
Fill thou my empty breast with lofty strain;
That singing of thy wars and dreadful fight,
My notes may thunder out thy conqu'ring might;
And 'twixt the golden stars cut out her tow'ring [flight.

" The mighty General, moved with the news
Of those four famous knights so near decay,
With hasty speed the conqu'ring foe pursues;
At last he spies where they were led away,
Forc'd to obey the victor's proud commands:
Soon did he rush into the middle bands,
And cut the slavish cords from their captived hands.

" And for the knights were faint, he quickly sent
To Penitence, whom Phœbus taught his art;
Which she had eak'd with long experiment:
For many a soul and many a wounded heart
Had she restor'd, and brought to life again:
The broken spirit, with grief and horrour slain,
That oft reviv'd, yet died as oft with smarting pain.

" For she in sev'ral baths their wounds did steep;
The first of rue, which purg'd the foul infection,
And cur'd the deepest wound, by wounding deep:
Then would she make another strange confection,
And mix it with nepenthe sovereign;
Wherewith she quickly swag'd the rankling [pain:
Thus she the knights recur'd, and wash'd from sinful stain.

" Mean time the fight now fiercer grows than ever:
(For all his troops the Dragon hither drew)
The two Twin-Loves whom no place mought disever;
And Knowledge with his train begins anew
To strike fresh summons up, and hot alarms:
In midst great Fido, clad in sun-like arms,
With his unmatched force repairs all former harms.

" So when the Sun shines in bright Taurus' head,
Returning tempests all with winter fill;
And still successive storms fresh mustered,
The timely year in his first springings kill:
And oft it breathes a while, then straight again
Doubly pours out his spite in smoking rain:
The country's vows and hopes swim on the drowned plain.

" The lovely twins ride 'gainst the Cyprian bands,
Chasing their troops, now with no feigned flight:
Their broken shafts lie scattered on the sands,
Themselves for fear quite vanish'd out of sight:
Against these conquerors Hypocrisy,
And Cosmo's hated bands, with Ecthros sly,
And all that rout do march, and bold the twins defy.

" Elpinus, mighty enemies assail;
But Doubt of all the other most infested;
That oft his fainting courage 'gan to fail,
More by his craft than odds of force molested:
For oft the treachour chang'd his weapon light,
And sudden alter'd his first kind of fight;
And oft himself and shape transform'd with cunning slight.

" So that great river, with Alcides striving
In Œneus' court for the Ætolian maid,
To divers shapes his fluent limbs contriving,
From manly form in serpent's frame he stay'd;

Sweeping with speckled breast the dusty land;
Then like a bull with horns did armed stand:
His hanging dewlap trail'd along the golden sand.

" Such shapes and changing fashions much dismay'd him,
That oft he stagger'd with unwonted fright;
And but his brother Fido oft did aid him,
There had he fell in unacquainted fight:
But he would still his wavering strength maintain, [plain;
And chace that monster through the sandy
Which from him fled apace, but oft return'd again.

" Yet him more strong and cunning foes withstand,
Whom he with greater skill and strength defy'd:
Foul Ignorance, with all her owl-ey'd band;
Oft starting Fear, Distrust ne'er satisfy'd,
And fond Suspect, and thousand other foes,
Whom far he drives with his unequal blows;
And with his flaming sword their fainting army mows.

" As when blood-guilty Earth for vengeance cries,
(If greatest things with less we may compare)
The mighty Thunderer through the air flies,
While snatching whirlwinds open ways prepare:
Dark clouds spread out their sable curtains o'er him; [him:
And angels on their flaming wings up bore
Mean time the guilty Heav'ns for fear fly fast before him.

" There while he on the wind's proud pinions rides,
Down with his fire some lofty mount he throws,
And fills the low vale with his ruined sides;
Or on some church his three-fork'd dart bestows;
(Which yet his sacred worship foul mistakes)
Down falls the spire, the body fearful quakes;
Nor sure to fall, or stand, with doubtful trembling shakes.

" With Fido, Knowledge went, who order'd right
His mighty bands; so now his scatter'd troops
Make head again, filling their broken fight:
While with new change the Dragon's army droops,
And from the following victor's headlong run:
Yet still the Dragon frustrates what is done;
And eas'ly makes them lose what they so hardly won.

" Out of his gorge a hellish smoke he drew
That all the field with foggy mist enwraps:
As when Tiphæus from his paunch doth spew
Black smothering flames, roll'd in loud thunder claps;
The pitchy vapours choke the shining ray,
And bring dull night upon the smiling day:
The wavering Ætna shakes and fain would run away.

" Yet could his bat-ey'd legions eas'ly see
In this dark chaos: they the seed of night:
But these not so, who night and darkness flee;
For they the sons of day, and joy in light:
But Knowledge soon began a way devise,
To bring again the day, and clear their eyes:
So open'd Fido's shield, and golden vail unties.

" Of one pure diamond, celestial fair,
That heav'nly shield by cunning hand was made;
Whose light divine, spread through the misty air,
To brightest morn would turn the western shade
And lightsome day beget before his time;
Fram'd in Heaven, without all earthly crime,
Dipp'd in the fiery Sun, which burnt the baser slime.

" As when from fenny moors the lumpish clouds
With rising steams damp the bright morning's face;
At length the piercing Sun his team unshrouds,
And with his arrows the idle fog doth chase:
The broken mist lies melted all in tears:
So this bright shield the stinking darkness tears, [fears.
And giving back the day, dissolves their former

" Which when afar the fiery Dragon spies,
His slights deluded with so little pain;
To his last refuge now at length he flies;
Long time his pois'nous gorge he seem'd to strain; [spew
At length, with loathly sight, he up doth
From stinking paunch a most deformed crew;
That Heaven itself did fly from their most ugly view.

" The first that crept from his detested maw,
Was Hamartia[1] foul deformed wight;
More foul, deform'd, the Sun yet never saw;
Therefore she hates the all-betraying light:
A woman seem'd she in her upper part:
To which she could such lying gloss impart,
That thousands she had slain with her deceiving art.

" The rest (though hid) in serpent's form array'd,
With iron scales, like to a plaited mail:
Over her back her knotty tail display'd,
Along the empty air did lofty sail;
The end was pointed with a double sting,
Which with such dreaded might she wont to fling, [heav'nly King.
That nought could help the wound, but blood of

" Of that first woman, her the Dragon got,
(The foulest bastard of so fair a mother)
Whom when she saw so fill'd with monstrous spot,
She cast her hidden shame and birth to smother;
But she well nigh her mother's self had slain;
And all that dare her kindly entertain:
So some parts of her dam, more of her sire remain.

" Her viperous locks hung loose about her ears:
Yet with a monstrous snake she them restrains,
Which like a border on her head she wears:
About her neck hang down long adder chains,
In thousand knots, and wreaths infolded round,
Which in her anger lightly she unbound,
And darting far away would sure and deadly wound.

" Yet fair and lovely seems to fools' dim eyes;
But Hell more lovely, Pluto's self more fair
Appears, when her true form true light descries:
Her loathsome face, blanch'd skin, and snaky hair;

[1] Sin.

Her shapeless shape, dead life, her carrion smell;
The devil's dung, the child, and dam of Hell;
Is chaffer fit for fools, their precious souls to sell.

" The second in this rank was black Despair,
Bred in the dark womb of eternal Night:
His looks fast nail'd to Sin; long sooty hair
Fill'd up his lank cheeks with wide staring
His leaden eyes, retir'd into his head; [fright:
Light, Heav'n, and Earth, himself, and all things fled: [lead.
A breathing corpse he seem'd, wrapt up in living

" His body all was fram'd of earthly paste,
And heavy mould; yet Earth could not content him:
Heav'n fast he flies, and Heav'n fled him as fast;
Though kin to Hell, yet Hell did much torment him;
His very soul was nought but ghastly fright;
With him went many a fiend, and ugly sprite, [spite.
Armed with ropes and knives, all instruments of

" Instead of feathers on his dangling crest
A luckless raven spread her blackest wings;
And to her croaking throat gave never rest,
But deathful verses and sad dirges sings;
His hellish arms were all with fiends embost,
Who damned souls with endless torments roast, [ghost.
And thousand ways devise to vex the tortur'd

" Two weapons, sharp as death he ever bore,
Strict Judgment, which from far he deadly
Sin at his side, a two-edg'd sword he wore, [darts;
With which he soon appals the stoutest hearts;
Upon his shield Alecto with a wreath
Of snaky whips the damn'd souls tortureth:
And round about was wrote, 'Reward of sin is death.'

" The last two brethren were far different,
Only in common name of death agreeing;
The first arm'd with a scythe still mowing went;
Yet whom, and when he murder'd, never seeing;
Born deaf, and blind; nothing might stop his way: [stay.
No pray'rs, no vows his keenest scythe could
Nor beauty's self, his spite, nor virtue's self allay.

" No state, no age, no sex may hope to move him;
Down falls the young, and old, the boy and maid:
Nor beggar can entreat, nor king reprove him;
All are his slaves in's cloth of flesh array'd:
The bride he snatches from the bridegroom's arms,
And horrour brings in midst of love's alarms:
Too well we know his pow'r by long experience'd harms.

" A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place.
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some less, fear his all frighting face;
But most, who sleep in downy pleasure's bed:
But who in life have daily learn'd to die,
And dead to this, live to a life more high;
Sweetly in death they sleep, and slumb'ring quiet lie.

" The second far more foul in every part,
Burnt with blue fire, and bubbling sulphur streams;
Which creeping round about him fill'd with smart
His cursed limbs, that direly he blasphemes;
Most strange it seems, that burning thus for ever, [sever:
No rest, no time, no place these flames may
Yet death in thousand deaths without death dieth never.

" Soon as these hellish monsters came in sight,
The Sun his eye in jetty vapours drown'd,
Scar'd at such hell-hounds' view; Heaven's 'mazed light
Sets in an early evening; Earth astound,
Bids dogs with howls give warning: at which sound
The fearful air starts, seas break their bound,
And frighted fled away; no sands might them impound.

" The palsied troop first like asps shaken fare,
Till now their heart congeal'd in icy blood,
Candied the ghastly face:—locks stand and stare:
Thus charm'd, in ranks of stone they marshall'd stood:
Their useless swords fell idly on the plain,
And now the triumph sounds in lofty strain:
So conquering Dragon binds the knights with slavish chain.

" As when proud Phineus in his brother's feast
Fill'd all with tumult and intestine broil;
Wise Perseus with such multitudes oppress'd,
Before him bore the snaky Gorgon's spoil:
The vulgar rude stood all in marble chang'd,
And in vain ranks, in rocky order rang'd;
Were now more quiet guests, from former rage estrang'd.

" The fair Eclecta, who with grief had stood,
Viewing th' oft changes of this doubtful fight,
Saw now the field swim in her champion's blood,
And from her heart, rent with deep passion, sigh'd;
Limning true sorrow in sad silent art.
Light grief floats on the tongue; but heavy smart
Sinks down, and deeply lies in centre of the heart.

" What Dædal art such griefs can truly shew,
Broke heart, deep sighs, thick sobs, and burning prayers,
Baptising ever limb in weeping dew?
Whose swoln eyes, pickled up in briny tears,
Crystalline rocks; coral, the lid appears;
Compass'd about with tides of grief and fears:
Where grief stores fear with sighs, and fear stores grief with tears.

" At length sad sorrow, mounted on the wings
Of loud breath'd sighs, his leaden weight appears;
And vents itself in softest whisperings,
Follow'd with deadly groans, usher'd by tears:
While her fair hands, and watry shining eyes
Were upward bent upon the mourning skies,
Which seem'd with cloudy brow her grief to sympathize.

" Long while the silent passion, wanting vent,
Made flowing tears, her words, and eyes, her tongue;
Till faith, experience, hope, assistance lent
To shut both flood-gates up with patience strong:

The streams well ebb'd, new hopes some comforts borrow
From firmest truth; then glimps'd the hopeful morrow: [sorrow.
So spring some dawns of joy, so sets the night of

" 'Ah dearest Lord! my heart's sole Sovereign,
Who sitt'st high mounted on thy burning throne,
Hark from thy Heav'ns, where thou dost safely reign,
Cloth'd with the golden Sun, and silver Moon:
Cast down awhile thy sweet and gracious eye,
And low avail that flaming Majesty,
Deigning thy gentle sight on our sad misery.

" 'To thee, dear Lord! I lift this wat'ry eye,
This eye which thou so oft in love [2] hast prais'd;
This eye with which thou [3] wounded oft wouldst die; [rais'd:
To thee, dear Lord! these suppliant hands are
These to be lilies thou hast often told me;
Which if but once again may ever hold thee,
Will never let thee loose, will never more unfold thee.

" 'Seest how thy foes despiteful, trophies rear,
Too confident in thy prolong'd delays;
Come then, oh quickly come, my dearest dear!
When shall I see thee crown'd with conqu'ring bays, [clay?
And all thy foes trod down and spread as
When shall I see thy face, and glory's ray?
Too long thou stay'st my love; come love, no longer stay.

" 'Hast thou forgot thy former word and love,
Or lock'd thy sweetness up in fierce disdain?
In vain didst thou those thousand mischiefs prove?
Are all those griefs, thy birth, life, death, in vain?
Oh! no,—of ill thou only dost repent thee,
And in thy dainty mercies most content thee:
Then why, with stay so long, so long dost thou torment me?

" 'Reviving cordial of my dying sprite,
The best elixir for soul's drooping pain;
Ah! now unshade thy face, unclond thy sight;
See, ev'ry way's a trap, each path's a train:
Hell's troops my sole beleaguer; bow thine ears; [and fears:
And hear my cries pierce through my groans
Sweet Spouse! see not my sins, but through my plaints and tears.

" 'Let frailty, favour; sorrow, succour move;
Anchor my life in thy calm streams of blood:
Be thou my rock. though I poor changeling rove,
Tost up and down in waves of worldly flood:
Whilst I in vale of tears at anchor ride,
Where winds of earthly thoughts my sails misguide;
Harbour my fleshly bark safe in thy wounded side.

" 'Take, take my contrite heart, thy sacrifice,
Wash'd in her eyes that swims and sinks in woes:
See, see, as seas with winds high working rise,
So storm, so rage, so gape thy boasting foes!

[2] Canto i. 15.
[3] Canto iv. 9.

Dear Spouse! unless thy right hand even steers; [fears;
Oh! if thou anchor not these threat'ning
Thy ark will sail as deep in blood, as now in tears.'

" With that a thund'ring noise seem'd shake the sky,
As when with iron wheels through stony plain
A thousand chariots to the battle fly;
Or when with boist'rous rage the swelling main,
Puft up by mighty winds, does hoarsely roar;
And beating with his waves the trembling shore, [part door.
His sandy girdle scorns, and breaks Earth's ram-

" And straight an angel [4] full of heav'nly might,
(Three sev'ral crowns circled his royal head)
From northern coast heaving his blazing light,
Through all the Earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the Beast's and Dragon's shame;
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.

" A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty Earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaim'd, as through the world he flew,
'Babel, great Babel lies as low as Hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her Heav'n exalted tow'rs in dust are drown'd:
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies as low as ground.'

" The broken Heav'ns dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
Straight shrilling trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight;
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceiv'd that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

" Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as
Boldly his death and certain fate defy'd: [oft,
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

" So up he arose upon his stretched sails
Fearless expecting his approaching death;
So up he arose, that th' air starts and fails,
And over-pressed, sinks his load beneath:
So up he arose, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the Earth with shadows black doth shroud:
So up he arose, and through the weary air he row'd.

" Now his Almighty Foe far off he spies;
Whose sun-like arms daz'd the eclipsed day,
Confounding with their beams less glitt'ring skies,
Firing the air with more than heav'nly ray;
Like thousand suns in one;—such is their
A subject only for immortal sprite; [light,
Which never can be seen, but by immortal sight.

[4] Our late most learned sovereign in his Remonstrance and Complaint on the Apocalypse.

"His threat'ning eyes shine like that dreadful flame, [hand:
With which the Thunderer arms his angry
Himself had fairly wrote his wondrous name,
Which neither Earth nor Heav'n could understand;
A hundred crowns, like tow'rs, beset around
His conq'ring head: well may they there abound, [richly crown'd.
When all his limbs, and troops, with gold are

"His armour all was dy'd in purple blood:
(In purple blood of thousand rebel kings)
In vain their stubborn pow'rs his arm withstood;
Their proud necks chain'd, he now in triumph brings, [traitor swords:
And breaks their spears, and cracks their
Upon whose arms and thigh in golden words
Was fairly writ, 'The King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

"His snow-white steed was born of heav'nly kind,
Begot by Boreas on the Thracian hills;
More strong and speedy than his parent wind:
And (which his foes with fear and horrour fills)
Out from his mouth a two-edg'd sword he darts: [parts,
Whose sharpest steel the bone and marrow
And with his keenest point unbreast the naked hearts.

"The Dragon wounded with his flaming brand
They take, and in strong bonds and fetters tie:
Short was the fight, nor could he long withstand
Him, whose appearance is his victory.
So now he's bound in adamantine chain:
He storms, he roars, he yells for high disdain:
His net is broke, the fowl go free, the fowler ta'en.

"Thence by a mighty swain he soon was led
Unto a thousand thousand torturings:
His tail, whose folds were wont the stars to shed,
Now stretch'd at length, close to his belly clings:
Soon as the pit he sees, he back retires,
And battle new, but all in vain, respires;
So there he deeply lies, flaming in icy fires.

"As when Alcides from forc'd Hell had drawn
The three-head dog, and master'd all his pride;
Basely the fiend did on his victor fawn,
With serpent tail clapping his hollow side:
At length arriv'd upon the brink of light,
He shuts the day out of his dullard sight,
And swelling all in vain, renews unhappy fight.

"Soon at this sight the knights revive again,
As fresh as when the flow'rs from winter tomb
(When now the Sun brings back his nearer wain)
Peep out again from their fresh mother's womb:
The primrose lighted new, her flame displays,
And frights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays! [plays
And all the world renew their mirth and sportive

"The prince, who saw his long imprisonment
Now end in never ending liberty:
To meet the Victor from his castle went,
And falling down, clasping his royal knee,
Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
But him the heav'nly Saviour soon doth raise,
And bids him spend in joy his never-spending days.

"The fair Electa, that with widow'd brow
Her absent Lord long mourn'd in sad array,
Now silken cloth'd[5] like frozen snow,
Whose silver spanglets sparkle 'gainst the day:
This shining robe her Lord himself had wrought, [sought,
While he her love with hundred presents
And it with many a wound, and many a torment bought!

"And thus array'd, her heav'nly beauties shin'd
(Drawing their beams from this most glorious face)
Like to a precious jasper[6], pure refin'd,
Which with a crystal mixt, much mends his grace:
The golden stars a garland fair did frame
To crown her locks, the Sun lay hid for shame,
And yielded all his beams to her more glorious flame.

Ah! who that flame can tell? Ah! who can see?
Enough is me with silence to admire;
While bolder joy, and humble majesty
In either cheek had kindled graceful fire:
Long silent stood she, while her former fears
And griefs ran all away in sliding tears;
That like a watry sun her gladsome face appears.

"At length when joys had left her closer heart,
To seat themselves upon her thankful tongue:
First in her eyes they sudden flashes dart,
Then forth i' th' music of her voice they throng:
'My hope, my love, my joy, my life, my bliss,
(Whom to enjoy is Heav'n, but Hell to miss)
What are the world's false joys, what Heaven's true joys to this?

"'Ah, dearest Lord! does my rapt soul behold
Am I awake? and sure I do not dream? [thee?
Do these thrice blessed arms again infold thee?
Too much delight makes true things feigned seem.
Thee, thee I see; thou, thou thus folded art:
For deep thy stamp is printed on my heart,
And thousand ne'er felt joys stream in each melting part.'

"Thus with glad sorrow did she sweetly plain her
Upon his neck a welcome load depending;
While he, with equal joy did entertain her,
Herself, her champions, highly all commending:
So all in triumph to his palace went;
Whose work in narrow words may not be pent: [tent.
For boundless thought is less than is that glorious

"There sweet delights, which know nor end nor measure;
No chance is there, nor eating times succeeding:
No wasteful spending can impair their treasure;
Pleasure full grown, yet ev'r freshly breeding:
Fulness of sweets excludes not more receiving:
The soul still big of joy, yet still conceiving:
Beyond slow tongue's report, beyond quick thought's perceiving.

"There are they gone; there will they ever bide;
Swimming in waves of joys, and heav'nly loves:
He still a bridegroom, she a gladsome bride;
Their hearts in love, like spheres still constant moving;

[5] Rev. xix. 8. [6] Rev. xxi. 11.

No change, no grief, no age can them befall:
Their bridal bed is in that heavenly hall,
Where all days are but one, and only one is all.

" And as in state they thus in triumph ride,
The boys and damsels their just praises chant;
The boys the bridegroom sing, the maids the bride,
While all the hills glad Hymens loudly vaunt:
Heav'n's winged shoals, greeting this glorious spring,
Attune their higher notes, and Hymens sing:
Each thought to pass, and each did pass thought's loftiest wing.

" Upon his lightning brow Love proudly sitting
Flames out in pow'r, shines out in majesty;
There all his lofty spoils and trophies fitting;
Displays the marks of highest Deity!
There full of strength in lordly arms he stands,
And every heart, and every soul commands:
No heart, no soul, his strength and lordly force withstands.

" Upon her forehead thousand cheerful Graces,
Seated on thrones of spotless ivory;
There gentle love his armed hand unbraces;
His bow unbent disclaims all tyranny;
There by his play a thousand souls beguiles,
Persuading more by simple modest smiles,
Than ever he could force by arms, or crafty wiles.

" Upon her cheek doth Beauty's self implant
The freshest garden of her choicest flow'rs;
On which, if Envy might but glance ascant,
Her eyes would swell, and burst, and melt in show'rs:
Thrice fairer both than ever fairest ey'd;
Heav'n never such a bridegroom yet descry'd;
Nor ever Earth so fair, so undefil'd a bride.

" Full of his Father shines his glorious face,
As far the Sun surpassing in his light,
As doth the Sun the Earth, with flaming blaze:
Sweet influence streams from his quick'ning sight:
His beams from nought did all this all display;
And when to less than nought they fell away,
He soon restor'd again by his new orient ray.

" All Heav'n shines forth in her sweet face's frame:
Her seeing stars (which we miscal bright eyes)
More bright than is the morning's brightest flame,
More fruitful than the May-time Geminies:
These, back restore the timely summer's fire;
Those, springing thoughts in winter hearts inspire,
Inspiriting dead souls, and quick'ning warm desire.

" These two fair Suns in heav'nly spheres are plac'd,
Where in the centre, joy triumphing sits:
Thus in all high perfections fully grac'd,
Her mid-day bliss no future night admits:
But in the mirrors of her Spouse's eyes
Her fairest self she dresses; there where lies
All sweets, a glorious beauty to emparadise.

" His locks like raven's plumes, or shining jet,
Fall down in curls along his ivory neck;
Within their circlets hundred Graces set,
And with love-knots their comely hangings deck:
His mighty shoulders, like that giant swain,
All Heav'n and Earth, and all in both sustain;
Yet knows no weariness, nor feels oppressing pain.

" Her amber hair like to the sunny ray,
With gold enamels fair the silver white;
There heav'nly Loves their pretty sportings play,
Firing their darts in that wide flaming light:
Her dainty neck, spread with that silver mold,
Where double beauty doth itself unfold,
In th' own fair silver shines, and fairer borrow'd gold.

" His breast a rock of purest alabaster,
Where loves self-sailing shipwreck'd often sit-teth,
Her's a twin-rock, unknown, but to th' ship-master;
Which harbours him alone, all other splitteth.
Where better could her love than here have nested?
Or he his thoughts than here more sweetly feasted?
Then both their love and thoughts in each are ever rested.

" Run now, you shepherd swains: ah! run you thither,
Where this fair bridegroom leads the blessed way.
And haste, you lovely maids, haste you together
With this sweet bride, while yet the sunshine day
Guides your blind steps; while yet loud summons call,
That every wood and hill resounds withal,
Come, Hymen, Hymen, come, drest in thy golden pall.

" The sounding echo back the music flung,
While heav'nly spheres unto the voices play'd.
But see! the day is ended with my song,
And sporting bathes with that fair ocean maid:
Stoop now thy wing, my Muse, now stoop thee low:
Hence may'st thou freely play, and rest thee now;
While here I hang my pipe upon the willow bough."

So up they rose, while all the shepherds throng
With their loud pipes a country triumph blew,
And led their Thirsil home with joyful song:
Mean time the lovely nymphs with garlands new,
His locks in bay and honour'd palm-tree bound,
With lilies set, and hyacinths around,
And lord of all the year and their May sportings crown'd.

PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

INTRODUCTION.

OF PASTORAL AND PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

[PREFIXED TO THE EDITION OF 1771.]

It is common, and indeed natural, with most people who are either averse to thinking for themselves, or are diffident of the rectitude of their own opinions, to adopt implicitly, and retain with zeal, the opinions of those who have acquired a character in the world for ingenuity or penetration. The name of Piscatory Eclogue is perhaps unfavourable, from the severe treatment which

Mr. Addison has been pleased to bestow on what was the first attempt in this particular species of composition, viz. the Eclogues of Sannazarius, which (with all deference to the opinion of so able a critic) whoever shall peruse, will, it is believed, be convinced that they hardly deserve such usage. Perhaps the truth was, that Mr. Addison, before Sannazarius came in his way, had laid down what he esteemed the essential requisites of pastoral, and was afterwards, in his review of the pastoral writers, necessarily obliged to praise or condemn according to these rules.—However, it were extremely easy to show that several of his requisites are so far from being essentially necessary, that many of the most esteemed pastorals can by no means be reduced to, or measured by their standard.

The pastoral state, according to his rules, is a state of the most perfect simplicity, innocence, and ease; in short, a golden age.—It is not to be denied, that in order to paint the pleasures of a pastoral life, we must bestow a tint of simplicity, and easy contentment; at the same time, nothing can be more fantastical than to depart entirely from nature, and describe a manner of life, which neither ever did, nor could possibly exist. An affectation of this kind in the writers of pastoral, is the reason why we are justly displeased with most of the modern pastorals, as well as with many of the ancient. But the compositions in this way of writing, which are universally admired, will be found to have departed far from this rule. The most esteemed Eclogues of Virgil admit often of polished, and even of refined sentiments: and it is with justice that we admire these, since it is well known, that the earliest ages, and the greatest simplicity of manners have produced compositions rich in sentiments the most exalted, as well as most beautiful. Many of Spenser's pastorals are so intolerably rude, (or simple, if one chooses to call them so), that they only excite ridicule: some there are extremely beautiful, but they are those only where he has kept nature in view, and forbore an over-affectation of simplicity.

Another rule of pastoral, according to this writer, and which indeed has a necessary dependance on his first requisite, is, that the smallest hint of misfortune or calamity should be entirely banished from such a state of ease and innocence. He will allow only a few slight anxieties, such as what a shepherd may feel on having his foot pricked with a thorn, breaking his crook, or losing a favourite lamb; because, says he, we must think that life extremely happy, where these are the greatest misfortunes.—But besides the disgusting sentiment of improbability which this system conveys, we must always judge according to our own feelings; and instead of sympathising with the unhappy shepherd who laments such piteous calamities, we must undoubtedly laugh at him.—The complaints of Virgil's Melibœus will affect every reader, because they are real, and come home to every man's concerns.

So much has been said on these, which Mr. Addison calls the requisites to pastoral, because it is presumed he has on them founded his criticism upon the Eclogues of Sannazarius. It is on these principles that he censures both Tasso and Guarini, in the Aminta and Pastor fido; and had he seen a composition, the produce of the northern part of our island, and allowed a master-piece of the pastoral kind[1], it had probably been measured by the same standard, and, in that case, as certainly condemned.

The word Pastoral implies, that the characters are shepherds: Eclogue signifies, a select poem of any kind; but is generally applied to compositions of the like nature with pastorals; and so far as they have some characterising marks in common, they may be judged of by a common standard; but an allowance must always be made for the sentiments which are peculiar to the several characters. Thus we have seen Town Eclogues as well as Pastoral Eclogues, to both of which it would be ridiculous to apply the same standard of simplicity, &c.; each have their different merits, and are capable of their peculiar beauties.—Piscatory Eclogue forms a third species, and cannot be measured by the standard of either of the former. One rule is certain in all these compositions: Examine the characters, and according as they conform to nature, let the performance be judged.—While we set up a visionary standard, such as that of a perfect state of innocence and simplicity, we shall never find two persons who agree exactly in opinion of the same performance.

Were it necessary to say any thing in recommendation of Piscatory Eclogue, we might assert perhaps its advantages over Pastoral. The life of a fisherman admits often of scenes as delightful as those which the shepherd enjoys, and those scenes are much more varied. The nature of the occupation of the former gives rise to a greater variety of incidents, and those likewise more interesting, than that of the latter can furnish.—A subject often handled must become trite, and Piscatory Eclogue has the advantage over Pastoral in displaying a field less beaten and less frequented.—But Fletcher's Eclogues will speak for themselves, and sufficiently vindicate both the nature of the composition and their own peculiar merit.

These Eclogues have been but once printed, above 130 years ago, and they have met with a fate which I am sure they do not merit, being now almost unknown. I have illustrated them with notes, to explain some historical passages which would have otherwise been obscure; and likewise with some critical observations and similar passages from other poets, many of them old and but little known, with which I know some readers will not be displeased: at least, I am always pleased to meet with the like in other performances, and I believe others are so too.

ECLOGUE I.

AMYNTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, under the character of Thelgon, a fisher, paints his own father, and, in an allegory, describes his life. Having spent his youth

[1] The Gentle Shepherd, a Scots pastoral comedy, where the characters and scenery are simple and beautiful, though at the same time strictly natural.

in the country, he is solicited to court, where, though honourably employed by his sovereign, he seems to think his labours met not with the reward which they merited. This beautiful Eclogue begins with the most fanciful and picturesque description. The season and scene are laid down :—An invocation to the sea-nymphs :—Thelgon's childhood, and education among the fishers :—The dawning and improvement of his poetical genius :—His removal to court, and his employments in consequence of it:—The rise of his love for Amyntas, with whom he passionately expostulates. The Eclogue concludes with a most beautiful picture of the innocent pleasures of a fisher's life, by which he endeavours to allure Amyntas to reside with him.

I.

It was the time faithful Halcyone[1],
Once more enjoying new-liv'd Cëyx' bed,
Had left her young birds to the wavering sea,
Bidding him calm his proud white-curled head
And change his mountains to a champian lea;
The time when gentle Flora's lover[2] reignes,
Soft creeping all along green Neptune's smoothest plaines.

II.

When haplesse Thelgon (a poore fisher-swaine)
Came from his boat to tell the rocks his plaining:
In rocks he found, and the high-swelling main,
More sense, more pitie farre, more love remaining
Than in the great Amyntas' fierce disdain:
Was not his peer for song 'mong all the lads
Whose shrilling pipe, or voice, the sea-born maiden glads.

III.

About his head a rocky canopye,
And craggy hangings, round a shadow threw,
Rebutting Phœbus' parching fervencie;
Into his bosom Zephyr softly flew;
Hard by his feet the sea came waving by;
The while to seas and rocks (poor swaine!) he sang;
The while the seas and rocks answ'ring loud echoes rang[3].

[1] The poet's art is admirable, that in the first line he fills the reader's mind with a tender impression, by recalling to his memory the well-known mournful story of Ceyx and Halcyone, (Ovid. Met. b. xi. fab. 10.), at the same time that he uses it to convey a fine idea of the serenity of the sea in spring.

[2] Zephyr.

[3] The scene here is finely imagined, and most beautifully described. The numbers too, especially the change and repetition of the words in the two last lines of the stanza, have a fine effect on a musical ear. Dryden, that great master of harmony in numbers, has often used this change in the same words with admirable effect.

The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

IV.

"You goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell
In spending never spend your sportful dayes[4],
Or, when you list, in pearled boats of shell
Glide on the dancing wave, that leaping playes
About the wanton skiffe; and you that dwell
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous throng,
Deign you to gently hear sad Thelgon's plaining song.

V.

"When the raw blossom of my youth was yet[5]
In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
And guide my boat where Thame and Isis heire
By low y Æton slides, and Windsor proudly faire.

VI.

"There, while our thinne nets dangling in the winde
Hung on our oares' tops, I learnt to sing
Among my peers, apt words to fidy binde
In num'rous verse: witnesse thou crystal spring[6]
Where all the lasses were pebles wont to finde:
And you, thick hasles, that on Thamis' brink
Did oft with dallying boughs his silver waters drink.

VII.

"But when my tender youth 'gan fair'ly blow,
I chang'd large Thames for Chamus' narrower seas:
There, as my years, so skill with years did grow;
And now my pipe the better sort did please;
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,
I durst to challenge all my fisher peers,
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did spend their youthfull yeares[7].

[4] Vide Eclogue III. §. 3. note 1.

[5] In this description of the fisher's youth and education, there is a remarkable similarity to some passages in the 12th Eclogue of Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. He seems to have been an admirer, and frequently too an imitator of that great poet: but where he has borrowed his thoughts, there are none, I believe, who, upon a comparison, will deny that he has improved on them. The force and tenderness of sentiment, in many of Spenser's Eclogues, is often much impaired by an affected rusticity of expression, which, though some have imagined essential to pastoral, is entirely distinct from simplicity and feeling, and is indeed unfit to convey such sentiments. This Fletcher well knew, and without losing sight of the characters of his speakers, has never descended to vulgarism or affected obscurity.

[6] Extinctum nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnin
Flebant: vos coruli testes, et flumina nymphis.
Virg. Buc. Ecl. 5.

Our poet has here beautifully improved on the thought of Virgil, by the addition of two fine images which are not exprest in the Latin. The whole stanza is picturesque in the highest degree.

[7] The Chame or Cam is remarkable for its many beautiful windings. It is here called learned, from the university of Cambridge, which is situated on the river. The university was founded, as some say, in the year 141; but Sigilbert, a Christian

VIII.

"And Janus 'self, that oft with me compar'd,
With his oft losses raised my victory,
That afterward in song he never dar'd
Provoke my conqu'ring pipe; but enviously
Deprave the songs, which first his songs had marr'd;
And closely bite when now he durst not bark,
Hating all others' light, because himself was dark.

IX.

"And whether nature, joyn'd with art, had wrought me,
Or I too much believ'd the fisher's praise;
Or whether Phœbus' self, or Muses, taught me,
Too much enclin'd to verse, and musicke playes;
So farre credulitie and youth had brought me,
I sang sad Telethusa's frustrate plainte,
And rustic Daphnis' wrong, and magic's vain restrainte.

X.

"And then appeas'd young Myrtillus, repining
At general contempt of shepherd's life;
And raised my rime, to sing of Richard's climbing[8];
And taught our Chame to end the old-bred strife,
Mythicus' claim to Nicias resigning:
The while his goodly nymphs with song delighted,
My notes with choicest flowers, and garlands sweet, requited.

XI.

"From thence a shepherd great, pleas'd with my song,
Drew me to Basilissa's[9] courtly place;
Fair Basilissa, fairest maid among
The nymphs that white-cliffe Albion's forrests grace.
Her errand drove my slender bark along
The seas which wash the fruitful German's land,
And swelling Rhene, whose wines run swiftly o'er the sand.

XII.

"But after, bolden'd with my first successe,
I durst essay the new-found paths, that led
To slavish Mosco's dullard sluggishnesse;
Whose slotheful Sunne all winter keeps his bed,
But never sleeps in summer's wakefulnesse:
Yet all for nought: another took the gain:
Faitour, that reapt the pleasure of another's pain!

XIII.

"And travelling along the northern plains,
At her command I pass'd the bounding Twede,
And liv'd a while with Caledonian swains:
My life with fair Amyntas there I led:
Amyntas fair, whom still my sore heart plains.
Yet seem'd he then to love as he was lov'd;
But (ah!) I fear, true love his high heart never prov'd.

XIV.

"And now he haunts th' infamous woods and downs,
And on Napean nymphs doth wholly dote:
What cares he for poore Thelgon's plaintful sounds?
Thelgon, poore master of a poorer boat[10].
Janus is crept from his wont prison bounds,
And sits the porter to his eare and minde: [finde?
What hope Amyntas' love a fisher swaine should

XV.

"Yet once he said, (which I, then fool, believ'd),
(The woods of it, and Damon, witnesse be;)
When in fair Albion's fields he first arriv'd,
'When I forget true Thelgon's love to me,
The love which ne'er my certain hope deceiv'd;
The wavering sea shall stand, and rocks remove:'
He said, and I believ'd; so credulous is love.

XVI.

"You steady rocks, why yet do you stand still?
You fleeting waves, why do you never stand?
Amyntas hath forgot his Thelgon's quill;
His promise and his love are writ in sand:
But rocks are firm though Neptune rage his fill;
When thou, Amyntas, like the fire-drake rangest; [thou changest.
The sea keeps on his course, when like the winde

XVII.

"Yet as I swiftly sail'd the other day,
The settled rock seem'd from his seat remove,
And standing waves seem'd doubtful of their way,
And by their stop thy wavering reprove:
Sure either this thou didst but mocking say,
Or else the rock and sea had heard my plaining;
But thou, ah me! art only constant in disdaining.

XVIII.

"Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were[11]
To 'bide among the simple fisher-swaines;
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here[12];
Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains:
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare;

king of the East-Saxons, is allowed to have been the first who established regular schools there.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flow'r, inscrib'd with woe.
Milton's Lycidas.

[8] Probably the usurpation of Richard III. of England. The other names are fictitious, or perhaps they allude to stories told by other poets, which I have never met with.

[9] Q. Elisabeth.

[10] Hoc est, hoc, miserum quod perdidit. Ite Camænæ,
Ite procul, sprevit nostras Galatea querelas:
Scilicet exiguæ videor quod navita cymbæ,
Quodque leves hamos, nodosque retia tracto,
Despicior—— Sannazar. Ec. 2.

[11] This, and the two following stanzas, for elegance and true pastoral simplicity will yield to few compositions, whether of the present age or of antiquity.

[12] Mr. Addison, in his criticism on pastoral poetry, will allow no greater misfortune or inconvenience to be described as incident to the state of simplicity which is there supposed, than left-handed oaks, shrieking ravens, or at most the loss of a lamb or goat. Fletcher, in this passage, will not fall under his censure, where he paints the owl and the night-crow as the most disagreeable objects attending the life of a shepherd or fisher. But this is too squeamish a piece of criticism. There is no occasion for removing ourselves so far from real nature. Virgil, who disdained all pedantic restraint, has not confined himself to a golden age for the scene of his pastorals. He has painted his shepherds driven from the peaceful enjoyment of their fields and flocks, and exposed to insults from the soldiers and barbarians; and this serves to heighten the idea of pastoral innocence and simplicity, where such calamities are so powerfully affecting.

In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land;
In roughs, to sing and dance along the golden sand.

XIX.

"I have a pipe which once thou lovedst well,
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound),
Which oft to heare, fair Thetis from her cell,
Thetis, the queen of seas, attended round
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell
In th' ocean's rocky walls, came up to heare,
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lye hoarded here.

XX.

"Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtils grow,
Where th' ocean's fair-cheek'd maidens oft re-pair;
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:
No other swain may come to note their fair;
Yet my Amyntas there with me shall go.
Proteus himself pipes to his flock hereby [13].[eye.
Whom thou shalt heare, ne'er seen by any jealous

XXI.

"But ah! both me and shepherds he disdains,
While I sit piping to the gadding winde;
Better that to the boist'rous sea complains;
Sooner fierce waves are mov'd, than his harde minde.
I'll to some rock far from our common mains [14],
And in his bosom learn forget my smart.[heart."
And blot Amyntas' name from Thelgon's wretched

XXII.

So up he rose, and lanch'd into the deep,
Dividing with his oare the surging maine,
Which, dropping, seem'd with teares his case to weep;
The whistling windes joyn'd with the seas to [plain,
And o'er his boat in whines lamenting creep.
Nought feared he fierce ocean's wat'ry ire,
Who in his heart of grief and love felt equal fire.

[13] Proteus was Neptune's herdsman, and kept his sea-calves; he was jealous of being seen by the shepherds, who used to surprise and bind him, that he might sing to them, and tell them their fortunes.

[14] ——— τὴν δοῦ μελεῖ. Ουκετ' ἀείδω
Κεισεῦμαι δὲ πέσων, καὶ τοι λυκοι ὧδ' δὲ μ' ἐδοντι
Ὡς μέλι τοι γλυκυ τοῦτο κατα βροχθοιο γενοιτο.
THEOCRIT. Idyll. 3.

ECLOGUE II.

THIRSIL.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dorus and Myrtilus sitting on the beach, while the weather is unfavourable for fishing, amuse themselves with a song. Myrtilus relates the cause of Thirsil's abandoning the employment of a fisher, and forsaking his native streams. The author's father's misfortunes are again touch'd on, in the character of Thelgon, couched under a beautiful allegory. Thirsil affected with the ungenerous fate of his friend, and resenting likewise his own unmerited hardships, forswears for ever his country and his occupation. His parting with Thomalin, and the haunts and delights of his youth, are described with all the force and tenderness of poetical expression.

DORUS, MYRTILUS, THOMALIN, THIRSIL.

I.

DORUS.

Myrtil, why idle sit we on the shore?
Since stormy windes and waves intestine spite
Impatient rage of sail or bending oare;
Sit we, and sing, while windes and waters fight;
And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

II.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, ah rather stormy seas require,
With sadder notes, the tempest's rage deplore:
In calms let's sing of love and lover's fire.
Tell me how Thirsil late our seas foreswore,
When fore'd he left our Chame, and desert shore.

III.

DORUS.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his songs more please my ravish'd eare [1],
Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles play,
Than murm'ring seas broke on the banks to heare,
Or windes on rocks their whistling voices teare.

IV.

MYRTILUS.

Seest thou that rock, which hanging o'er the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirsil with Thomalin I heard complain;
Thomalin, (who now goes sighing all the day),
Who thus 'gan tempt his friend with Chamish boys to stay.

V.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, what wicked chance, or luckless starre,
From Chamus' streams removes thy boat and mind?
Farre hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more farre;
More sweet or fruitful streams where canst thou finde?
Where fisher-lads, or nymphs more fair or kind?
The Muses selves sit with the sliding Chame:
Chame and the Muses selves do love thy name.
Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is shame.

VI.

THIRSIL.

The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses;
Thomalin thou know'st how I them honour'd ever:
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses;
His froward spites my strong affection sever;
Else from his banks could I have parted never:
But like his swannes, when now their fate is nigh,
Where singing sweet they liv'd there dead they lie;
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

VII.

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite:
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)
He causelesse seiz'd, and, with ungrateful spite,
Bestow'd upon a lesse deserving swain:
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.

[1] Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosa inter decurrunt flumina valles.
VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 5.

My boat lies broke, my oares are crackt and gone:
Nought has he left me, but my pipe alone, [moan.
Which with his sadder notes may help his master's

VIII.

THOMALIN.

Ungrateful Chame! how oft hath Thirsil crown'd
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head!
That now thy name thro' Albion loud doth sound.
Ah, foolish Chame! who now in Thirsil's stead
Shall chant thy praise, since Thelgon's lately dead?
He whom thou lov'st can neither sing nor play,
His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away:
Ah, foolish Chame! who now shall grace thy holiday?

IX.

THIRSIL.

Too fond my former hopes! I still expected
With my desert his love should grow the more:
Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected;
Thelgon, who more hath grac'd his gracelesse
Than any swain that ever sang before. [shore,
Yet Gripus he preferr'd, when Thelgon strove:
I wish no other curse he ever prove;
Who Thelgon causelesse hates, still may he Gripus love[2].

X.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, but that so long I know thee well,
I now should think thou speak'st of hate or spite:
Can such a wrong with Chame, or Muses dwell,
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they quite?

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, judge thou; and thou that judgest right,
Great king of seas, that grasp'st the ocean, heare,
If ever thou thy Thelgon loved'st deare: [bear.
Tho' thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst not

XI.

When Thelgon here had spent his 'prentice yeares,
Soon had he learnt to sing as sweet a note
As ever strook the churlish Chamus' eares:
To him the river gives a costly boat,
That on his waters he might safely float;
The song's reward, which oft unto his shore
He sweetly tuned: then arm'd with sail and oare,
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

XII.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possest,
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring guest,
Whom then he onely saw; to him he gave
The sails and oares; in vain poor Thelgon strave,
The boat is under sail, no boot to plain:
Then banisht him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himself were wrong'd, and did not wrong the swain.

XIII.

From thence he furrow'd may a churlish sea:
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did pass[3],
Who sleds doth suffer on his wat'ry lea,
And horses trampling on his icy face:
Where Phœbus, prison'd in the frozen glasse,
All winter cannot move his quenched light.
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright:
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

XIV.

Yet little thanke, and lesse reward, he got;
He never learn'd to soothe the itching eare:
One day (as chanc't) he spied that painted boat
Which once was his: though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
Gripus, the basest and most dung-hill swain,
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitful main.

XV.

Go now, ye fisher-boys, go learn to play,
To play and sing along your Chamus' shore:
Go watch and toil, go spend the night and day,
While windes and waves, while stormes and tempest roar;
And for your trade consume your life and store:
Lo your reward; thus will your Chamus use you:
Why should you plain that lozel swains refuse you?
Chamus good fishers hates, the Muses' selves abuse you[4].

XVI.

THOMALIN.

Ah, Thelgon! poorest, but the worthiest swain
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty!
However here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,
Prest down with grief and patient misery;
Yet shalt thou live when thy proud enemie
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt opprest,
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

XVII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, mourn not for him; he's sweetly sleeping[5]
In Neptune's court, whom here he sought to please;
While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumb'ring thoughts in quiet ease:
Mourn for thyself, here windes do never cease;

[2] It is probable the author here alludes to some office or employment which his father expected, as the reward of his services, and which was undeservedly bestowed on another, stigmatised under the name of Gripus, who had obtained it by flattery, and the low arts, to which Fletcher was a stranger. Vide infra stanza 14. and Eclog. i. stanza 12.—As a key to some allusions of this kind which occur in these eclogues, I find the following anecdote in a small duodecimo, entitled, A Historical Dictionary of England and Wales, printed 1692: After enumerating some particulars of the life of Doctor Giles Fletcher, it is there added, "He was a man equally beloved of the Muses and Graces: In the end of his life having commenced doctor of divinity, and being slighted by his clowdish parishioners, he fell into deep melancholy, and in a short time died."

[3] See Eclogue i. stanzas 11, 12. and the note thereon.

[4] The ingratitude of a sovereign to a faithful servant, is touched with great delicacy in this oblique complaint against Chamus and the Muses.

[5] There is something remarkable in this picture. The image of the poor fisherman, now at rest from all his troubles, and sweetly sleeping in the court of Neptune, carries with it something beauti-

Our dying life will better fit thy crying:
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

XVIII.

THOMALIN.

Can Thirsil than our Chame abandon ever?
And never will our fishers see again?

THIRSIL.

Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain:
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.
As late upon the shore I chanc'd to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly say,
"Thirsil, why idle liv'st? Thirsil, away, away!"

ful and affecting. The belief of the ancients, that the happiness of the deceased in Elysium consisted in the perfect enjoyment of those pleasures which had most delighted them in life, justifies the propriety of the painting. It may be well imagined, that the sweetest enjoyment of a poor and weary fisherman consisted in those few hours of sleep when his batter'd cottage shelter'd him from the storms of the night; and that the height of his wishes was to enjoy undisturbed that repose, which was often rudely interrupted, but yet doubly sweetened by the severity of his occupation. "The humming rivers creeping by his cabin," is a beautiful and most natural idea, and considering the character, is here introduced with peculiar propriety.

"Blessed are the righteous dead; from henceforth: for they shall rest from their labours——" Revel. c. xiv. v. 13.

This representation is still farther justified from the opinions of the poets concerning the parts of man's composition. From these it may be gathered, that they believed three essential parts, the body, the pure etherial spirit, and a subtile yet material vehicle, as it were a shade or picture of the body while in life. The body they saw reduced to ashes on the funeral pile; the spirit they believed, by its own nature, as soon as relieved from the body, returned directly to Heaven, the place of its original; and the shade descended to the infernal regions.——This doctrine is evident from many of the poets: Lucretius, in particular, is express on this point.

——————Esse Acherusia templa,
Quo neque permaneant animæ, neque corpora nostra
Sed quædam simulacra, modis pallentia miris.
LUCRET. l. 1.

It was therefore a natural effect of the belief of this doctrine, to imagine the shade, or representation of the soul and body, as being something of a material nature, to be employed in those actions or enjoyments below, which had been most common and best relished while the soul and body were united: and the supposition of sleep being a chief enjoyment in Elysium, is beautiful and consonant, considering that the spirit, or the active and intelligent part, had left the composition, and fled to Heaven. By the bye, Lucretius accounts for the appearance of ghosts and spectres in a pretty singular manner from this doctrine: He supposes, that at the time of the dissolution of the three constituent parts of man, the thin shapes or cases flying off to Elysium are sometimes seen on their way, and being material exhibit a lively image of the person while in life.

XIX.

Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey:
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry steer;
And when it errs, (as it will eas'ly stray),
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor stay:
Then will I swimm where's either sea or shore,
Where never swain or boat was seen afore: [oare.
My trunk shall be my boat, mine arm shall be my

XX.

Thomalin, methinks I heare thy speaking eye
Woo me my posting journey to delay:
But let thy love yield to necessitie:
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,
And live, and die: were Thomalin away,
(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream),
However Chame doth Thirsil lightly deem,
Yet would thy Thirsil lesse proud Chamus' scorns esteem.

XXI.

THOMALIN.

Who now with Thomalin shall sit and sing[6]?
Who left to play in lovely Myrtil's shade?
Or tune sweet ditties to so sweet a string?
Who now those wounds shall swage in covert glade,
Sweet-bitter wounds which cruel love hath made?
You fisher-boyes, and sea-maids' dainty crew,
Farewel! for Thomalin will seek a new
And more respectful stream: ungrateful Chame, adieu!

XXII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,
Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate:
Here may'st thou live among their sportful [trains,
Till better times afford thee better state:
Then may'st thou follow well thy guiding fate,
So live thou here with peace and quiet blest;
So let thy love afford thee ease and rest;
So let thy sweetest foe re-cure thy wounded breast.

XXIII.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus hast wrought me spite,
Some greater river drown thy hated name!
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight;
But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,
Crown thy ungrateful shores with scorn and shame!
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters seize;
Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease:
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever cease!

[6] ——————Heu tua nobis
Pæne simul tecum solatia rapta Menalca! [herbis
Quis caneret Nymphas? quis humum florentibus
Spargeret? aut viridi fontis induceret umbra?
VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 9.

In these last stanzas of this beautiful eclogue, the tender concern of Thomalin for his friend's misfortunes, which prompts him likewise to forsake his native river, the generosity of Thirsil in requesting him to stay behind, the apostrophe to the river, and the parting of the two friends, are described in a masterly vein of poetry, and pathetic in the highest degree.

XXIV.

Farewel, ye streams, which once I loved deare[7];
Farewel, ye boys, which on your Chame do float;
Muses, farewel; if there be Muses here;
Farewel, my nets, farewel my little boat:
Come, sadder pipe; farewel, my merry note:
My Thomalin, with thee all sweetnesse dwell;
Think of thy Thirsil, Thirsil loves thee well.
Thomalin, my dearest deare, my Thomalin,
farewel!

XXV.

DORUS.

Ah, haplesse boy, the fisher's joy and pride!
Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo!
Our pity vain: ill may that swain betide
Whose undeserved spite hath wrong'd thee so.
Thirsil, with thee our joy and wishes go.

XXVI.

MYRTILUS.

Dorus, some greater power prevents thy curse:
So vile, so basely lives that hateful swain;
So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.
But Thirsil much a better state doth gain;
For never will he find so thanklesse main.

[7] It will be no injustice to our poet, if, while we read of Thomalin's taking leave of all the objects which were dearest to him, we have in our eye the sentiments of Theocritus's Daphnis, in his last adieu, and the thoughts of Virgil's Melibœus, in similar circumstances to Thomalin.

Ὦ λύκοι, ὦ θῶες, ὦ ἀν' ὤρεα φωλάδες ἄρκτοι,
Χαίρετ'· ὁ βωκόλος ὑμμιν ἐγὼ Δάφνις οὐκέτ' ἀν' ὕλαν,
Οὐκέτ' ἀνὰ δρυμὼς, οὐκ ἄλσεα· χαῖρ' Ἀρεθοῖσα,
Καὶ ποταμοί, τοὶ χεῖτε καλὸν κατα Θύμβριδος ὕδωρ.
Δαφνις ἐγὼν ὁ δὲ τῆνος ὁ τας βωας ὧδε νομεύων,
Δάφνις ὁ τὼς ταύρως καὶ πόρτ.ας ὧδε ποτίδδων.
THEOC. Idyll. 1.

En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis ac tuguri congestum cespite culmen
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas?
Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ:
Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro,
Dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam, non, me pascente, capellæ,
Florentem cytisum, et salices carpetis amaras.
VIRG. Buc. Ecl. 1.

ECLOGUE III.

MYRTILUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Myrtilus, a young fisher, captivated with the love of Celia, is painted sitting on the banks of the river Medway, heedless of his occupation, while his thoughts are solely employed on his mistress. He complains to the sea-nymphs and seas; and, comparing them to the state of his own mind, endeavours by various means to soften the cruel object of his affections. This Eclogue is expressive of all that vicissitude of passions which the ardency of love can inspire.

I.

A FISHER-LAD, (no higher dares he look),
Myrtil, sat down by silver Medway's shore:[1]
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oare,
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding windes the madder ocean shook.
Of Chamus had he learnt to pipe and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.

II.

There, as his boat late in the river stray'd,
A friendly fisher brought the boy to view
Celia the fair, whose lovely beauties drew
His heart from him into that heav'nly maid:
There all his wand'ring thoughts, there now they staid.
All other faire, all other love defies,
In Celia he lives, for Celia dies.

III.

Nor durst the coward woo his high desiring,
(For low he was, lower himself accounts;
And she the highest height in worth surmounts;)
But sits alone in hell, his heaven admiring[2];
And thinks with sighs to fanne, but blows his firing.
Nor does he strive to cure his painful wound;
For till this sicknesse never was he sound.

IV.

His blubber'd face was temper'd to the day;
All sad he lookt, that sure all was not well;
Deep in his heart was hid an heavenly hell:
Thick clouds upon his wat'ry eye-brows lay,
Which melting shower, and show'ring never stay:
So, sitting down upon the sandy plain,
Thus 'gan he vent his grief and hidden pain.

V.

"You sea-born maids, that in the ocean reigne,
(If in your courts is known love's matchlesse powre,
Kindling his fire in your cold wat'ry bowre;)
Learn, by your own, to pity others' pain.
Tryphon, thou know'st a thousand herbs in vain,
But know'st not one to cure a love-sick heart[3];
See here a wound, that farre outgoes thy art.

[1] The river Medway rises in what is called the Weald or woody part of Kent, and afterwards divides itself into many streams, five of which surround Tunbridge. It is a very beautiful and navigable river, and at Rochester is so large as to be the bed of the royal navy.

[2] The greatest fault, perhaps, that can be found in Fletcher's poetry, is that studied quaintness of expression which is too frequently to be met with. The formality of an antithesis, which was so much the fashion of the age in which he wrote, is entirely opposite to the language of passion. It is surprising to think how universally so depraved a taste should have then prevailed, and how powerful it must have been, when Shakespeare himself was often carried away with the torrent. And yet, with all this, we find that in old compositions, even these quaintnesses of expressions, which would disgust in compositions of the present time, have an effect which is sometimes not unpleasing, as they suggest to the mind the idea of a distant and less refined state of society, and of the progressive advancement of taste; reflections that always afford pleasure.

[3] ——————Herbarum subjecta potentia nobis:
Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.
OVID. Met. Apoll. & Daph.

VI.

"Your stately seas (perhaps with love's fire) glow,
And over-seeth their banks with springing-tide;
Must'ring their white plum'd waves with lordly pride,
They soon retire, and lay their curl'd heads low;
So sinking in themselves they backward go:
But in my breast full seas of grief remain,
Which ever flow, and never ebbe again.

VII.

"How well, fair Thetis, in thy glasse I see,
As in a crystal, all my raging pains!
Late thy green fields slept in their even plains,
While smiling heav'ns spread round a canopie:
Now lost with blasts and civil enmitie,
While whistling windes blow trumpets to their fight,
And roaring waves, as drummes, whet on their [spite.

VIII.

"Such cruel stormes my restlesse heart com-
Late thousand joyes securely lodged there, [mand:
Ne fear'd I then to care, ne car'd to fear:
But pull'd the prison'd fishes to the land;
Or (spite of windes) pip'd on the golden sand:
But since love sway'd my breast, these seas' alarms
Are but dead pictures of my raging harms.

IX.

"Love stirs desire; desire, like stormy winde,
Blows up high-swelling waves of hope and fear:
Hope on his top my trembling heart doth bear
Up to my heaven, but straight my lofty minde,
By fear sunk in despair, deep drown'd I finde.
But ah! your tempests cannot last for ever;
But ah! my storms (I fear) will leave me never.

X.

"Haplesse and fond! too fond, more haplesse swain,
Who lovest where th'art scorn'd, scorn'st where th'art lov'd:
Or learn to hate where thou hast hatred prov'd;
Or learn to love where thou art lov'd again:
Ah cease to love, or cease to woo thy pain!
Thy love thus scorn'd is hell; do not so earn it;
At least, learn by forgetting to unlearn it.

XI.

"Ah, fond and haplesse swain! but much more fond,
How can'st unlearn, by learning to forget it;
When thought of what thou shouldst unlearn does whet it;
And surer ties thy mind in captive bond?
Canst thou unlearn a ditty thou hast conn'd?
Canst thou forget a song by oft repeating?
Thus much more wilt thou learn by thy forgetting.

XII.

"Haplesse and fond! most fond, more haplesse swain!
Seeing thy rooted love will leave thee never,
(She hates thy love), love thou her hate for ever:
In vain thou hop'st; hope yet, though still in vain:
Joy in thy grief, and triumph in thy pain:
And though reward exceedeth thy aspiring,
Live in her love, and die in her admiring.

XIII.

"Fair, cruel maid! most cruel, fairer ever,
How hath foul rigour stoln into thy heart?
And, on a comic stage, hath learnt thee art
To play a tyrant-tragical deceiver?
To promise mercy, but perform it never?
To look more sweet, maskt in thy looks' disguise,
Than Mercy's self can look with Pity's eyes?

XIV.

"Who taught thy honied tongue the cunning [slight
To melt the ravish'd eare with music's strains?
And charm the sense with thousand pleasing pains?
And yet, like thunder roll'd in flames and night,
To break the rived heart with fear and fright?
How rules therein thy breast so quiet state,
Spite leagu'd with mercy, love with lovelesse hate.[4]

XV.

"Ah no, fair Celia! in thy sun-like eye [fire,
Heaven sweetly smiles; those starres, soft loving
And living heat, not burning flames, inspire:
Love's self enthron'd in thy brow's ivory,
And every grace in Heaven's livery.
My wants, not thine, me in despairing drown:
When Hell perfumes, no mar'l if Heavens frown.

XVI.

"Those graceful tunes, issuing from glorious spheres,
Ravish the ear and soul with strange delight,
And with sweet nectar fill the thirsty spite;
Thy honied tongue, charming the melted eares,
Stills stormy hearts, and quiets frights and fears:
My daring heart provokes thee; and no wonder
When Earth so high aspires, if Heaven thunder.

XVII.

"See, see, fair Celia, seas are calmly laid[5],
And end their boist'rous threats in quiet peace;
The waves their drummes, the windes their trumpets cease:
But my sick love, (ah love but ill appay'd),
Never can hope his storms may be allay'd;

[4] The following stanzas, which contain some of the like passionate sentiments, I am assured, were never before published.

Fly forth, my sighs, which choke my rending heart;
Leave this poor body——waft you to my fair:
Your glowing warmth to her cold breast impart,
And print therein a lover's tender care.

And, if you dare such matchless charms to brave,
Fly round her lips, and hover o'er her breast:
Kiss those red lips; and on the rolling wave
Of her smooth milky bosom trembling rest.

Fly, and entwine amid those locks of gold;
There loose the cords that keep my heart confin'd:
Those golden nets the captive sense infold,
And with resistless magic's power can bind.

And, whilst ye flutter round that sacred head,
Breathe in her ear in softest notes of woe,
That with her favour all my joys are fled;
Her frowns have bid unceasing tears to flow.

Bid her that heart-confounding reason tell,
Why looks so sweet such cruel wiles disguise
Why in a cherub's lips deceit should dwell,
Or murd'ring lightning flash from angel's eyes.—

——Oh, dearer far than aught on Earth beside!
I feel, I feel my vital strength decay:——
Haste, haste to save;——be but thy mrcy try'd;
Nor let me ling'ring waste my life e away.

[5] Ἡνίδε σιγᾶ μεν πόντος, σιγωντι δ' ἀῆται·
Ἀλλ' ἐμὰ οὐ σιγᾶ φέρων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία,
Αλλ' ἐπὶ τηνῳ πᾶσα παταιθομαι——

THEOC. Idyll. 4. 2.

But giving to his rage no end or leisure,
Still restlesse rests: love knows no mean nor measure.

XVIII.

"Fond boy, she justly scorns thy proud desire,
While thou with singing wouldst forget thy pain:
Go strive to empty the still-flowing main:
Go fuel seek to quench thy growing fire:
Ah, foolish boy! scorn is thy music's hire.
Drown then these flames in seas: but ah! I fear
To fire the main, and to want water there.

XIX.

"There first thy heaven I saw, there felt my hell;
The smooth calm seas rais'd storms of fierce desires;
There cooling waters kindled burning fires,
Nor can the ocean quench them; in thy cell,
Full stor'd of pleasures, all my pleasures fell.
Die then, fond lad: ah! well my death may please thee: [me."
But love, thy love, not life, not death, must ease

XX.

So down he swooning sinks, nor can remove,
Till fisher-boyes (fond fisher-boyes) revive him,
And back again his life and loving give him;
But he such woful gift doth much reprove:
Hopelesse his life; for hopelesse is his love.
Go, then, most loving, but most doleful swain;
Well may I pitie; she must cure thy pain.

ECLOGUE IV.

CHROMIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thelgon and Chromis lament the degeneracy of the times, when the name and employment of a fisher is become despicable and opprobrious. Under this allegory is couched a complaint of the corruption and shameful life of the clergy: Their neglect of their charges; their oppression of their inferiors; and their haughtiness and uncontrouled ambition, are severely touch'd upon. Thelgon draws a parallel between these and the primitive heads of the church; and concludes, exhorting his friend, from the greatest of all examples, to persevere with constancy in his employment.

THELGON, CHROMIS.

I.

THELGON.

CHROMIS, my joy, why drop thy rainie eyes?
And sullen clouds hang on thy heavie brow?
Seems that thy net is rent, and idle lies;
Thy merry pipe hangs broken on a bough:
But late thy time in hundred joyes thou spent'st;
Now time spends thee, while thou in vain lament'st.

II.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, my pipe is whole, and nets are new;
But nets and pipe contemn'd and idle lie:
My little reed, that late so merry blew,
Tunes sad notes to his master's misery.
Time is my foe, and hates my rugged rhimes,
And I as much hate both that hate and times.

III.

THELGON.

What is it then that causeth thy unrest?
Or wicked charms; or love's new-kindled fire?
Ah! much I fear, love eats thy tender breast;
Too well I know his never-quenched ire,
Since I Amyntas lov'd, who me disdains[1];
And loves in me naught but my grief and pains.

IV.

CHROMIS.

No lack of love did ever breed my smart;
I onely learn'd to pity others' pain,
And ward my breast from his deceiving art:
But one I love, and he loves me again:
In love this onely is my greatest sore,
He loves so much, and I can love no more.

V.

But when the fisher's trade, once highly priz'd,
And justly honour'd in those better times,
By every lozel-groom I see despis'd;
No marvel if I hate my jocund rhimes,
And hang my pipe upon a willow bough:
Might I grieve ever, if I grieve not now.

VI.

THELGON.

Ah, foolish boy! why should'st thou so lament
To be like him whom thou dost like so well?
The prince of fishers thousand torments rent.
To Heaven, lad, thou art bound: the way by Hell.
Would'st thou ador'd, and great, and merry be,
When he was mock'd, debas'd, and dead for thee?

VII.

Men's scorns should rather joy than sorrow move;
For then thou highest art when thou art down.
Their storms of hate should more blow up my love;
Their laughters my applause, their mocks my crown.
Sorrow for him, and shame let me betide,
Who for me, wretch, in shame and sorrow died.

VIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, 'tis not myself for whom I plain;
My private losse full easie could I bear,
If private losse might help the public gain:
But who can blame my grief, or chide my fear,
Since now the fisher's trade and honour'd name
Is made the common badge of scorn and shame?

IX.

Little know they the fisher's toilsome pain,
Whose labour with his age, still growing, spends
His care and watchings (oft mispent in vain) [not;
The early morn begins, dark evening ends not.
Too foolish men, that think all labour stands
In travel of the feet or tired hands!.

X.

Ah, wretched fishers! born to hate and strife;
To others' good, but to your rape and spoil.
This is the briefest summe of fisher's life,
To sweat, to freeze, to watch, to fast, to toil;
Hated to love, to live despis'd, forlorn;
A sorrow to himself, all others' scorn.

[1] See Eclogue I.

XI.

THELGON.

Too well I know the fisher's thanklesse pain;
Yet bear it cheerfully, nor dare repine:
To grudge at losse is fond, (too fond and vain),
When highest causes justly it assigne.
Who bites the stone, and yet the dog condemnes,
Much worse is than the beast he so contemnes.

XII.

Chromis, how many fishers dost thou know,
That rule their boats, and use their nets aright?
That neither winde, nor time, nor tide foreslow?
Such some have been; but, ah! by tempests' spite,
Their boats are lost; while we may sit and moan,
That few were such, and now those few are none.

XIII.

CHROMIS.

Ah, cruel spite, and spiteful crueltie,
That thus hath robb'd our joy and desert shore!
No more our seas shall hear your melody[2]; [more:
Your songs and thrilling pipes shall sound no
Silent our shores, our seas are vacant quite.
Ah, spiteful crueltie, and cruel spite!

XIV.

THELGON.

Instead of these, a crew of idle grooms,
Idle and bold, that never saw the seas,
Fearlesse succeed, and fill their empty rooms:
Some lazy live, bathing in wealth and ease:
Their floating boats with waves have leave to play,
Their rusty hooks all yeare keep holiday.

XV.

Here stray their skiffes, themselves are never here;
Ne'er saw their boats: ill mought they fishers be:
Meantime some wanton boy the boat doth steer,
(Poor boat the while!) that cares as much as he:
Who in a brook a wherry cannot row,
Now backs the seas, before the seas he know.

XVI.

CHROMIS.

Ah, foolish lads! that think with waves to play,
And rule rough seas, which never knew com-
First in some river thy new skill essay, [mand!
Till time and practice teach thy weakly hand:
A thin, thin plank keeps in thy vital breath:
Death ready waits. Fond boyes, to play with death!

XVII.

THELGON.

Some, stretching in their boats, supinely sleep,
Seasons in vain recall'd, and windes neglecting:
Others their hooks and baits in poison steep[3],
Neptune himself with deathful drugges infecting:
The fish their life and death together drink,
And dead pollute the seas with venom'd stink.

XVIII.

Some teach to work, but have no hands to row:
Some will be eyes, but have no light to see:
Some will be guides, but have no feet to go:
Some deaf, yet eares; some dumbe, yet tongues
will be: [all;
Dumbe, deaf, lame, blinde and maim'd; yet fishers
Fit for no use, but store an hospital.

XIX.

Some greater, scorning now their narrow boat,
In mighty hulks and ships (like courts) do
dwell;
Slaving the skiffes that in their seas do float;
Their silken sails with windes do proudly swell:
Their narrow bottomes stretch they large and wide,
And make full room for luxurie and pride[4].

XX.

'Self did I see a swain not long ago,
Whose lordly ship kept all the rest in aw:
About him thousand boats do waiting row;
His frowns are death, his word is firmest law;
While all the fisher-boyes their bonnets vail,
And farre adore their lord with strucken sail.

XXI.

His eare is shut to simple fisher-swain;
For Gemma's self (a sea-nymph great and high)
Upon his boat attended long in vain:
What hope poore fisher-boy may come him
nigh?
His speech to her and presence he denied,
Had Neptune come, Neptune he had defied.

XXII.

Where Tyber's swelling waves his banks o'erflow,
There princely fishers[5] dwell in courtly halls:
The trade they scorn, their hands forget to row;
Their trade, to plot their rising, others' falls:
Into their seas to draw the lesser brooks,
And fish for steeples high, with golden hooks.

[2] See Eclogue II.

[3] Poisonous and pernicious doctrines, which while the people adopt, along with divine and necessary truths, they may be properly said to "drink their life and death together."

[4] This is not the first instance that we have of the poet's using the figure of a ship and seamen in an allegorical sense. Sir David Lindsay, who wrote in the reign of James V. of Scotland, (about a hundred years before our poet) in speaking of the clergy of his time, draws a picture which has a striking resemblance to this of Fletcher's, though in rougher measure.

——To Peter and Paul though they succeed,
I think they prove not that into their deed.

For Peter, Andrew, and John, were fishers fine,
Of men and women to the Christian faith:
But they have spread their net, with hook and line,
On rents, riches, on gold and other graith:
Such fishing to neglect they will be laith.
For why, they have fished over-thwart strands,
A great part truly of all temporal lands.

Christ did command Peter to feed his sheep;
And so he did them feed full tenderly;
Of that command they take but little keep,
But Christes sheep they spoil most piteously,
And with the wool they clothe them curiously:
Like greedy wolves they take of them their food:
They eate their flesh, and drink both milk and blood.

As who would make a steersman to a barge
Of one blind born, which can on danger see:
If that ship drown, forsooth I say for me,
Who gave the steersman such commission,
Should of the ship make restitution. &c.
Sir D. LINDSAY's Works, 3d B. of the Monarchy.

[5] The popes.

XXIII.

CHROMIS.

Thelgon, how can'st thou well that fisher blame,
Who in his art so highly doth excel,
That with himself can raise the fisher's name?
Well may he thrive, that spends his art so well.
Ah, little needs their honour to depresse:
Little it is; yet most would have it lesse.

XXIV.

THELGON.

Alas, poor boy! thy shallow-swimming sight
Can never dive into their deepest art,
Those silken shows so dimme thy dazzled sight.
Couldst thou unmask their pomp, unbreast their heart,
How would'st thou laugh at this rich beggerie!
And learn to hate such happy miserie!

XXV.

Panting ambition spurres their tired breast;
Hope chain'd to doubt, fear link'd to pride and threat,
(Too ill yok'd pairs) give them no time to rest;
Tyrants to lesser boats, slaves to the great.
That man I rather pitie than adore,
Who, fear'd by others much, fears others more.

XXVI.

Most cursed town, where but one tyrant reigns!
(Though lesse his single rage on many spent;)
But much more miserie that soul remains,
When many tyrants in one h art are pent:
When thus thou serv'st, the comfort thou cann'st have
From greatnesse is, thou art a greater slave.

XXVII.

CHROMIS.

Ah, wretched swains, that live in fishers' trade;
With inward griefs and outward wants distress'd;
While every day doth more your sorrow lade;
By others scorn'd, and by yourselves oppress'd!
The great the greater serve, the lesser these:
And all their art is how to rise and please.

XXVIII.

THELGON.

Those fisher-swains, from whom our trade doth flow,
That by the King of seas their skill were taught,
As they their boats on Jordan wave did row,
And, catching fish, were by a fisher caught;
(Ah, blessed chance!) much better was the trade,
That being fishers, thus were fishes made.

XXIX.

Those happy swains, in outward shew unblest,
Were scourg'd, were scorn'd; yet was this losse their gain:
By land, by sea, in life, in death distrest;
But now with King of seas securely reigne:
For that short wo in this base earthly dwelling,
Enjoying joy all excellence excelling.

XXX.

Then do not thou, my boy, cast down thy minde,
But seek to please, with all thy busie care,
The King of seas; so shalt thou surely finde
Rest, quiet, joy, in all this troublous fare.
Let not thy net, thy hook, thy singing cease:
And pray these tempests may be turn'd to peace.

XXXI.

Oh, Prince of waters! Sovereigne of seas!
Whom storms and calms, whom windes and waves obey;
If ever that great fisher did thee please,
Chide thou the windes, and furious waves allay:
So on thy shores the fisher-boyes shall sing
Sweet songs of peace to our sweet peace's King.

ECLOGUE V.

NICÆA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Algon, walking sorrowfully along the banks of the Trent, is met by Damon, who kindly enquires the cause of his affliction; but at the same time upbraids him, that, while all nature is gay and joyful, he alone should grieve. Algon describes his feelings, and Damon from thence discovers his passion for Nicæa. Algon complains of his fate, and Damon comforts him by teaching him how to win his mistress's affection. Nicæa herself is introduced, and yields at length to the suit of Algon, and intercession of Damon.

DAMON, ALGON, NICÆA.

I.

THE well-known fisher-boy, that late his name,
And place, and (ah, for pity!) mirth had chang'd;
Which from the Muses' spring and churlish Chame
Was fled, (his glory late, but now his shame;
For he with spite the gentle boy estrang'd:)
Now long the Trent[1] with his new fellows rang'd:
There Damon (friendly Damon!) met the boy,
Where lordly Trent kisses the Darwin coy,
Bathing his liquid streams in lovers' melting joy.

II.

DAMON.

Algon, what lucklesse starre thy mirth hath blasted?
My joy in thee, and thou in sorrow drown'd.
The yeare, with winter storms all rent and wasted,
Hath now fresh youth and gentler seasons tasted:
The warmer Sun his bride hath newly gown'd,
With firie arms clipping the wanton ground,
And 'gets an Heaven on Earth: that primrose there,
Which 'mongst those vi'lets sheds his golden hair,
Seems the Sunne's little sonne, fixt in his azure spheare.

III.

Seest how the dancing lambes on flow'rie banks
Forget their food, to mind their sweeter play?
Seest how they skip, and, in their wanton pranks,
Bound o'er the hillocks set in sportful ranks?
They skip, they vault, full little caren they
To make their milkie mothers bleating stay.

[1] Trent is the third river of note in England: it rises by Mowcon-hill near Cheshire, and, after a long passage, loses itself in the great æstuary of Humber. It is said to derive its name from thirty rivers which it receives in its course.

Seest how the salmons (water's colder nation)
Lately arriv'd from their sea navigation, [fashion[2].
How joy leaps in their heart, shew by their leaping

IV.

What witch enchants thy minde with sullen madnesse? [plaining.
When all things smile, thou only sitt'st com-

ALGON.

Damon, I, only I, have cause of sadnesse:
The more my wo, to weep in common gladnesse:
When all eyes shine, mine only must be raining;
No winter now, but in my breast, remaining:
Yet feels this breast a summer's burning fever:
And yet (alas!) my winter thaweth never:
And yet (alas!) this fire eats and consumes me ever.

V.

DAMON.

Within our Darwin[3], in her rockie cell,
A nymph there lives, which thousand boyes hath
All as she gliding rides in boats of shell, [harm'd;
Darting her eyes, (where spite and beauty dwell:
Ay me, that spite with beautie should be arm'd!)
Her witching eye the boy and boat hath charm'd.
No sooner drinks he down that pois'nous eye,
But mourns and pines: (ah piteous crueltie!)
With her he longs to live; for her he longs to die.

[2] The salmon, during the winter season, constantly frequents the sea, where the water is warmer, and not subject to be frozen, as the rivers are; but, upon the approach of spring, they steer up the rivers, where, in the warm weather, they deposite their spawn. Their power of surmounting the most surprising obstacles in their way, is as well known as it is curious. When a weire or a flood-gate comes in their way, they will not take their leap immediately, but remain still for a while in some pool, till they gather strength after the fatigue of swimming, and then coming below the flood-gate, they bend themselves in a circle, with their tail in their mouth, and, exerting their utmost force, spring upwards sometimes to the height of eight feet perpendicular.

This is described by Ausonius:

Nec te puniceo rutilantem viscere, Salmo,
Transierim, latæ cujus vaga verberà caudæ
Gurgite de medio summas referuntur in undas.

And our countryman, the ingenious Mr. Moses Browne, in his excellent Piscatory Eclogues, has given a very accurate and poetical representation of what I have here related, from which I shall transcribe a few lines.

What various tribes to Ocean's realms belong,
He taught and number'd in his changing song:
How, wand'ring from the main, the salmon-broods
Their summer pleasures seek in fresher floods;
With strength incredible, the scaly race
O'er rocks and weires their upward passage trace:
Bent head to tail, in an elastic ring,
Safe o'er the steepest precipice they spring.
In Tivy's stream, a rock of ancient fame,
Still bears of salmon-leap th' according name.
Ecl. iv. l. 68.

[3] The Darwin, or Derwent, a large and beautiful river, takes its rise in the Peak-hills of Derbyshire, and, after a course of thirty miles, sometimes among huge rocks, and sometimes through beautiful meadows, falls into the Trent below Elwaston.

VI.

ALGON.

Damon, what Tryphon taught thine eye the art
By these few signs to search so soon, so well,
A wound deep hid, deep in my fester'd heart,
Pierc'd by her eye, Love's and Death's pleasing dart?
Ah, she it is, an earthly Heav'n and Hell,
Who thus hath charm'd my heart with sugred spell. [ease
Ease thou my wound: but, ah! what hand can
Or give a med'cine that such wound may please;
When she, my sole physician, is my soul's disease?

VII.

DAMON.

Poore boy! the wounds which spite and love im-
There is no ward to fence, no herb to ease. [part,
Heaven's circling folds lie open to his dart:
Hell's Lethe's self cools not his burning smart:
The fishes cold flame with this strong disease,
And want their water in the midst of seas:
All are his slaves, Hell, Earth, and Heaven above.
Strive not i'th' net, in vain thy force to prove.
Give, woo, sigh, weep, and pray: Love's only cur'd by love.

VIII.

ALGON.

If for thy love no other cure there be, [and art,
Love, thou art curelesse: gifts, pray'rs, vows,
She scorns both you and me: nay, Love, even thee:
Thou sigh'st her prisoner, while she laughs as free.
Whatever charms might move a gentle heart,
I oft have tried, and show'd the earnful smart
Which eats my breast: she laughs at all my pain:
Art, pray'rs, vows, gifts, love, grief, she does disdain: [spent in vain.
Grief, love, gifts, vows, pray'rs, art, ye all are

IX.

DAMON.

Algon, oft hast thou fish'd, but sped not straight;
With hook and net thou beat'st the water round:
Oft-times the place thou changest, oft the bait;
And, catching nothing, still and still dost wait:
Learn by thy trade to cure thee: time hath found
In desp'rate cures, a salve for ev'ry wound.
The fish, long playing with the baited hook,
At last is caught: thus many a nymph is took;
Mocking the strokes of love, is with her striking strook.

X.

ALGON.

The marble's self is pierc'd with drops of rain:
Fires soften steel, and hardest metals try:
But she more hard than both: such her disdain,
That seas of tears, Ætnas of love are vain.
In her strange heart (weep I, burn, pine, or die;)
Still reigns a cold, coy, careless apathie.

The whole county of Derby (and the banks of this river in particular) are remarkable for the agreeable vicissitude of wild and cultivated scenes; and I have heard it well named the epitome of Great-Britain: for, in a few hours travelling, one may have a specimen by turns of all the different beauties of every county, from the richest and most cultivated to the wildest and most romantic.

The rock that bears her name, breeds that hard stone
With goat's blood only soft'ned[4]; she with none:
More precious she, and ah more hard than diamond.

XI.

That rock I think her mother: thence she took
Her name and nature. Damon, Damon, see?
See where she comes, arm'd with a line and hook[5]:
Tell me, perhaps thou think'st in that sweet look
The white is beauty's native tapestrie?
'Tis crystalle, friend, ye'd in the frozen sea:
The red is rubie; these two, joyn'd in one,
Make up that beauteous frame, the difference none
But this, she is a precious, living, speaking stone.

XII.

DAMON.

No gemme so costly but with cost is bought:
The hardest stone is cut and fram'd by art:
A diamond hid in rocks is found, if sought:
Be she a diamond, a diamond's wrought.
Thy fear congeals, thy fainting steels her heart.
I'll be thy captain, boy, and take thy part:
Alcides' self would never combat two.
Take courage, Algon; I will teach thee woo
Cold beggars freeze our gifts: thy faint suit breeds her no.

XIII.

Speak to her boy.

ALGON.

Love is more deaf than blinde.

DAMON.

She must be woo'd.

[4] A stone called Nicæa, which has that fabulous property here remarked.

[5] The women here are described as fishing, not with the net, but with the line and hook, which is a manner of fishing less laborious and more pleasing. The practice of angling with the line and rod has been known in all ages, as appears from the oldest of the classical writers, and from many passages in scripture: Job, chap. xli. 1, 2.—Amos, chap. iv. 2.—Isaiah, chap. xix. 8. Some have supposed it to have been invented with other useful arts by Seth the son of Adam.

Theocritus, in his Eclogue of the Fishers, not only describes the manner of playing the bait, but all the materials for angling, as the line made of horse-hair, &c.—That angling was in use as an amusement in ancient days, appears from many authorities, particularly from the humourous story of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Anthony took particular pleasure in angling, and Cleopatra and he used often to amuse themselves with that recreation; but being one day attended with bad luck, and much concerned to appear before the queen without his usual address and good fortune, he gave orders to some of his fishermen to dive secretly under water, and to fasten to his hook some of the largest fishes which they had taken in their nets. His orders were punctually executed: Cleopatra expressed in appearance great surprize and admiration every time he drew up his line; but being well apprised of the artifice, she caused one of her own attendants to dive secretly under water, and to fasten to Anthony's hook a large dried fish of that kind which is brought from Pontus. When Anthony drew up his line, the whole company was highly diverted at the sight of the salt-fish, and laughed heartily at the triumvir's extraordinary good luck; but he putting on a serious air, and seeming not to relish the joke, the queen took him in her arms; "Leave," said she, "good general, leave the angling line to us kings and queens of Pharos and Canopus; it becomes you to angle for cities, kingdoms, and princes."——Plutarch, Marc. Anton

The amusement of angling is one of those which are most natural to man, as well as most delightful. We may account for our relish for this, as well as for some others of the like sports, from an original and instinctive principle in our nature. In the early ages of society, man has recourse to fishing, hunting, and fowling, for his sole subsistence: he is instructed by natural instinct in the means of rendering inferior animals subservient to his use; and Providence has bountifully ordained, that those actions which are necessary for our preservation, should constantly be attended with a sense of pleasure. It is not then to be wondered at, that we should take delight in that as an amusement, on which, in particular circumstances, we must depend for our support.

The innocence of angling, and the beautiful scene with which it is acquainted, have particularly recommended it to many men of genius, especially such as are fond of retirement and contemplation. Were I to enumerate these, I should mention a Wotton, a Waller, a Gay, and indeed innumerable others; some of whom, who have given proofs of a genius suited to a higher theme, have not disdained to employ their pen on the subject of angling. Of these I shall but mention one, who from eminence is stiled, the Father of Anglers; the amiable Mr. Isaac Walton. His book is indeed a treasure; and the test of his merit is, that it recommends itself to all readers, even to those who have not the least inclination to the art which it teaches. The delightful scenes which he so artlessly describes, the ingenious simplicity of his observations, and the candour and honesty of heart which shine in every page, have well entitled it to the rank of a classical performance. — Walton's Compleat Angler has gone through many editions, the best of which is that published in 1760, with critical and explanatory notes by Mr. Hawkins of Twickenham, whose sentiments and stile are peculiarly adapted to those of the author whom he illustrates. Walton was likewise an excellent biographer, and wrote the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Sanderson, Mr. George Herbert, and Mr. Richard Hooker, all of them his cotemporaries.

While upon the subject of the pleasures of angling, I will transcribe, as a specimen of the powers of a modern to imitate the older poets, a short passage which has many beauties.

Let us our steps direct where father-Thame
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain:
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah, why so long from Isis' banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shepherds play?

ALGON.

Love's tongue is in the eyes.

DAMON.

Speech is love's dart.

ALGON.

Silence best speaks the minde.

DAMON.

Her eye invites.

ALGON.

Thence love and death I finde.

DAMON.

Her smiles speak peace.

ALGON.

Storms breed in smiling skies.

DAMON.

Who silent loves?

ALGON,

Whom speech all hope denies.

DAMON.

Why should'st thou fear?

ALGON.

To love, fear's near a-kin.

DAMON.

Well, if my cunning fail not, by a gin, [and win.
Spite of her scorn, thy fear, I'll make thee woo

XIV.

What, ho! thou fairest maid, turn back thine oare,
And gently deigne to help a fisher's smart.

NICÆA.

Are thy lines broke? or are thy trammels tore?
If thou desir'st my help, unhide the sore.

DAMON.

Ah, gentlest nymph! oft have I heard, thy art
Can sov'raigne herbs to ev'ry grief impart:
So may'st thou live the fisher's song and joy,
As thou wilt deigne to cure this sickly boy.
Unworthy they of art, who of their art are coy!

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,
Can soothe my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of mine eye! the life-blood of my heart!

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lye,
And from the water's crystal bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The perch, with purple speckled many fold;
The eel, in silver lab'rinth self-inroll'd, [gold.
And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And Nature's pencil gay diversify'd,
(For now the Sun hath lick'd away the dews),
Fair-flushing, and bedeck'd like virgin-bride!
Thither, for they invite us, we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Hymn to May, by W. Thompson

William Thompson, an excellent modern poet, was a professed admirer of Phineas Fletcher's poetry, and in his preface to the beautiful hymn to May, from which the above stanzas are taken, he declares he intended that composition as an imitation of Fletcher and of Spenser.—— His poems are printed at Oxford, 1757.

XV.

His inward grief in outward change appears;
His cheeks with sudden fires bright-flaming glow;
Which, quench'd, end all in ashes: storms of teares
Becloud his eyes, which soon forc'd smiling cleares:
Thick tides of passions ever ebbe and flow:
And as his flesh still wastes, his griefs still grow.

NICÆA.

Damon, the wounds deep-rankling in the minde
What herbs could ever cure? what art could finde?
Blinde are mine eyes to see wounds in the soul most blinde.

XVI.

ALGON.

Hard maid! 'tis worse to mock than make a wound: [see
Why should'st thou then (fair cruel!) scorn to
What thou by seeing mad'st? my sorrow's ground
Was in thy eye, may by thine eye be found:
How can thine eye most sharp in wounding be,
In seeing dull? these two are one in thee,
To see and wound by sight: thine eye the dart.
Fair cruel maid, thou well hast learnt the art,
With the same eye to see, to wound, to cure my heart.

XVII.

NICÆA.

What cures thy wounded heart?

ALGON.

Thy heart so wounded.

NICÆA.

Is't love to wound thy love?

ALGON.

Love's wounds are pleasing.

NICÆA.

Why plain'st thou then?

ALGON.

Because thou art unwounded.
Thy wound my cure: on this my plaint is grounded.

NICÆA.

Cures are diseases, when the wounds are easing:
Why would'st thou have me please thee by displeasing?

ALGON.

Scorn'd love is death; love's mutual wounds delighting:
Happie thy love, my love to thine uniting. [ing.
Love paying debts grows rich; requited in requit-

XVIII.

DAMON.

What, lives alone Nicæa? starres most chaste[6]
Have their conjunctions, spheares their mixt embraces,
And mutual folds. Nothing can single last:
But die in living, in increasing waste.

[6] ——Amante e il Cielo, amante
La terra, amante il mare.
Quella, che là sù miri inanzi a l'alba
Cosi leggiadra stella,
Arde d'amor anch'ella, ed essa ehe'nnamora
Innamorata splende:
E questa è forse l'hora
Che le furtive sue dolcezze, e'l seno
Del caro amante lassa,
Vedila pur come sfavilla e ride.

Pastor Fido di GUARINI, att. 1. sc. 1.

NICÆA.

Their joying perfects them, but us defaces.

ALGON.

That's perfect which obtains his end: your
Receive their end in love. She that's alone [graces
Dies as she lives: no number is in one:
Thus while she's but herself, she's not herself, she's none.

XIX.

NICÆA.

Why blam'st thou then my stonie hard confection,
Which nothing loves? thou single nothing art[7].

ALGON.

Love perfects what it loves; thus thy affection,
Married to mine, makes mines and thy perfection.

NICÆA.

Well, then, to pass our Tryphon in his art,
And in a moment cure a wounded heart;
If fairest Darwin, whom I serve, approve
Thy suit, and thou wilt not thy heart remove,
I'll join my heart to thine, and answer thee in love.

XX.

The Sunne is set; adieu.

ALGON.

'Tis set to me;
Thy parting is my ev'n, thy presence light.

NICÆA.

Farewell.

ALGON.

Thou giv'st thy wish; it is in thee:
Unlesse thou wilt, haplesse I cannot be.

DAMON.

Come, Algon, cheerly home; the thievish night
Steals on the world, and robs our eyes of sight.
The silver streams grow black: home let us coast:
There of love's conquest may we safely boast:
Soonest in love he winnes, that oft in love hath lost.

[7] This dialogue, between the lover and his mistress, is by far too pedantic and affected. Reasoning at any rate, in making love, is absurd and unnatural, as I imagine few mistresses have ever been convinced by argumentation into an affection for their lovers. Much more is this pointed and quibbling manner of arguing to be condemned, and all that can be alledged in the author's vindication is, that depraved taste, now happily exploded, but which prevailed universally at the time he wrote, and had not lost much ground even in the time of Cowley and Waller.

ECLOGUE VI.

THOMALIN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Thomalin is painted lying oppress'd with grief on the banks of Chame. Thirsil his friend endeavours to comfort him, and enquires the cause of his affliction. Thomalin describes to him his feelings, but is ignorant of the cause till Thirsil discovers that he is in love, and from his own experience enumerates the various disguises which love assumes to enter the heart. Thirsil then endeavours to subdue his friend's passion, by showing the weakness of the causes which gave rise to it; in which he partly succeeds, by Thomalin's being willing to be cured of his disease.

THIRSIL. THOMALIN.

I.

A FISHER-BOY, that never knew his peer
In dainty songs, the gentle Thomalin,
With folded arms, deep sighs, and heavy cheer,
Where hundred nymphs, and hundred Muses inne,
Sunk down by Chamus' brinks; with him his deare[1]
Deare Thirsil lay; oft-times would he begin
To cure his grief, and better way advise;
But still his words, when his sad friend he spies,
Forsook his silent tongue, to speak his watrie eyes.

II.

Under a sprouting vine they carelesse lie,
Whose tender leaves bit with the eastern blast,
But now were born, and now began to die;
The latter, warned by the former's haste,
Thinly for fear salute the envious skie:
Thus as they sat, Thirsil, embracing fast
His loved friend, feeling his panting heart
To give no rest to his increasing smart,
At length thus spake, while sighs words to his griefs impart.

III.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, I see thy Thirsil thou neglectest,
Some greater love holds down thy heart in fear
Thy Thirsil's love and counsel thou rejectest;
Thy soul was wont to lodge within my eare:
But now that port no longer thou respectest;
Yet hath it still been safely harbour'd there.
My care is not acquainted with my tongue,
That either tongue or eare should do thee wrong:
Why then should'st thou conceal thy hidden grief so long?

IV.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, it is thy love that makes me hide
My smother'd grief from thy known faithful eare:
May still my Thirsil safe and merry bide;
Enough is me my hidden grief to bear:
For while thy breast in Heav'n doth safely ride,
My greater half with thee rides safely there.

THIRSIL.

So thou art well; but still my better part,
My Thomalin, sinks laden with his smart:
Thus thou my finger cur'st, and wounds my bleeding heart.

V.

How oft hath Thomalin to Thirsil vow'd,
That as his heart so he his love esteem'd?
Where are those oaths? Where is that heart bestow'd [deem'd,
Which hides it from that breast which deare it
And to that heart room in his heart allow'd?
That love was never love, but only seem'd.

[1] The Chame and Cambridge have been consecrated to the Muses from a very early age.—See Ecl. i. v. 7. and the note.

Tell me, my Thomalin, what envious thief
Thus robs thy joy: tell me, my liefest lief:
Thou little lov'st me, friend, if more thou lov'st
thy grief.

VI.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, my joyous spring is blasted quite,
And winter storms prevent the summer's ray:
All as this vine, whose green the eastern spite
Hath dy'd to black, his catching arms decay,
And letting go their hold for want of might,
Marl'd winter comes so soon, in first of May.

THIRSIL.

Yet see, the leaves do freshly bud again:
Thou drooping still dy'st in this heavie strain:
Nor can I see or end or cause of all thy pain.

VII.

THOMALIN.

No marvel, Thirsil, if thou dost not know
This grief which in my heart lies deeply drown'd:
My heart itself, though well it feels this wo,
Knows not the wo it feels: the worse my wound,
Which, though I rankling finde, I cannot show.
Thousand fond passions in my breast abound;
Fear leagu'd to joy, hope, and despair, together[2],
Sighs bound to smiles, my heart, though prone to either,
While both it would obey, 'twixt both, obeyeth neither.

VIII.

Oft blushing flames leap up into my face,
My guiltless cheek such purple flash admires:
Oft stealing tears slip from mine eyes apace,
As if they meant to quench those causelesse fires.
My good I hate, my hurt I glad embrace:
My heart though griev'd, his grief as joy desires:
I burn, yet know no fuel to my firing;
My wishes know no want, yet still desiring;
Hope knows not what to hope, yet still in hope aspiring[3].

IX.

THIRSIL.

Too true my fears: alas no wicked sprite,
No writhel'd witch, with spells of pow'rful charms,
Or hellish herbs digg'd in as hellish night,
Gives to thy heart these oft and fierce alarms:
But love, too hateful love, with pleasing spite.
And spiteful pleasure, thus hath bred thy harms;
And seeks thy mirth with pleasance to destroy.
'Tis love, my Thomalin, my liefest boy;
'Tis love robs me of thee, and thee of all thy joy.

[2] Musæus's Leander is in a situation still more strange than our Thomalin, for, upon the sight of his mistress Hero, he is at one and the same time stupid, impudent, bashful and timorous.

Ἐλλε δὲ μιν ποτε θαμβος ἀναιδίη, τρόμος, αἰδως.

Musæi Hero & Leand.

[3] These have been the avowed feelings of lovers in all ages: let every man who knows himself such, compare them with his own.

Adeon' homines immutarier ex amore, ut non cognoscas eundem esse? TERENT. Eun.

X.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, I ken not what is hate or love,
Thee well I love, and thou lov'st me as well;
Yet joy, no torment, in this passion prove:
But often have I heard the fishers tell,
He's not inferior to the mighty Jove, [and Hell a
Jove Heav'n rules, Love, Jove, Heav'n, Earth
Tell me, my friend, if thou dost better know:
Men say, he goes arm'd with his shafts and bow:
Two darts, one swift as fire, as lead the other slow.

XI.

THIRSIL.

Ah, heedlesse boy! Love is not such a lad
As he is fancied by the idle swain;
With bow and shafts and purple feathers clad;
Such as Diana (with her buskin'd train
Of armed nymphs, along the forests glade
With golden quivers,) in Thessalian plain,
In level race outstrips the jumping deer,
With nimble feet; or with a mighty spear
Flings down a bristled boare, or else a squalid beare.

XII.

Love's sooner felt than seen: his substance thinne
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies:
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle ginne[4];
He therefore soonest winnes that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my deare, fly fast, my Thomalin:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappie soul that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugred poison slips.

XIII.

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare;
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair[5]:
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire:
Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear:
And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire:

[4] Mà qual cosa è piu picciola d'amore
Se in ogni breve spatio entra e s'asconde,
In ogni breve spatio? hor sotto a l'ombra
De le palpebre, hor tra minuti rivi
D'un biondo crine, hor dentro le pozzette
Che forman un dolce riso in bella guancia;
E pur fa tanto grandi e si mortali
E cosi immedicabili le piaghe.

AMINTA di Tasso, act. 2. sc. 1.

[5] Golden hair, or, as a humourous song calls it, classical hair, is reckoned by Porta, and the physiognomists, a mark of a warm and amorous disposition. Many people are apt to be surprised with the encomiums which the poets in all ages have lavished on golden locks: the epithet is now become so familiar from being often applied to express beauty, that it naturally conveys to the ear an agreeable idea, and yet they find the eye disgusted whenever they meet with it in nature. These people are in a mistake. The golden hair which is celebrated by the poets is not that fiery complexion of hair which we meet with frequently in this country; nor has the one more resemblance to the other than the colour of a burning coal to the golden beams of the Sun. Let them contemplate the pictures of Guido, of Titian, and the capital painters; and in their female figures they will admire the beauties of the golden hair. It is

Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When Love and Virtue's self become the darts of
Love?

XIV.

THOMALIN.

Sure love it is which breeds this burning fever:
For late, (yet all too soon) on Venus' day,
I chanc'd (oh, cursed chance! yet blessed ever!)
As carelesse on the silent shores I stray,
Five nymphs to see, five fairer saw I never,
Upon the golden sand to dance and play:
The rest among, yet far above the rest,
Sweet Melite, by whom my wounded breast,
Tho' rankling still in grief, yet joyes in his unrest.

XV.

There, to their sportings while I pipe and sing,
Out from her eyes I felt a firie beam,
And pleasing heat, (such as in first of spring
From Sol, inn'd in the Bull, do kindly stream;)
To warm my heart, and with a gentle sting
Blow up desire: yet little did I dream
Such bitter fruits from such sweet roots could grow,
Or from so gentle eye such spite could flow;
For who could fire expect hid in an hill of snow?

XVI.

But when those lips (those melting lips) I press'd,
I lost my heart, which sure she stole away;
For with a blush she soon her guilt confest,
And sighs, which sweetest breath did soft convey,
Betrai'd her theft: from thence my flaming breast,
Like thund'ring Ætna, burns both night and day:
All day she present is, and, in the night,
My wakeful fancy paints her full to sight:
Absence her presence makes, darkness presents
her light.

XVII.

THIRSIL.

Thomalin, too well those bitter sweets I know,
Since fair Nicæa bred my pleasing smart:
But better times did better reason show,
And cur'd those burning wounds with heav'nly [art,
Those storms of looser fire are laid full low;
And higher love safe anchors in my heart:
So now a quiet calm does safely reigne;
And if my friend think not my counsel vain,
Perhaps my art may cure, or much assuage, thy
pain.

XVIII.

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, although this witching grief doth please
My captive heart, and love doth more detest
The cure and curer than the sweet disease;
Yet if my Thirsil doth the cure request,
This storm, which rocks my heart in slumb'ring
Spite of itself shall yield to thy behest. [ease,

THIRSIL.

Then hark, how Tryphon's self did salve my paining,
While in a rock I sat, of love complaining;
My wounds with herbs, my grief with counsel sage,
restraining.

XIX.

But tell me first, why should thy partial minde
More Melite than all the rest approve?

THOMALIN.

Thirsil, her beautie all the rest did blinde,
That she alone seem'd worthy of my love.
Delight upon her face, and sweetnesse shin'd:
Her eyes do spark as starres, as starres do move:
Like those twin fires which on our masts appear[6],
And promise calms. Ah! that those flames so
clear, [fear.
To me alone should raise such storms of hope and

XX.

THIRSIL.

If that which to thy mind doth worthiest seem,
By thy well temper'd soul is most affected;
Can'st thou a face worthy thy love esteem?
What in thy soul than love is more respected?
Those eyes, which in their spheare thou, fond, dost [deem
Like living starres, with some disease infected,
Are dull as leaden drosse: those beauteous rayes,
So like a rose when she her breast displayes,
Are like a rose indeed; as sweet, as soon decayes[7].

XXI.

Art thou in love with wordes? her words are winde,
As fleete as is their matter, fleetest air.
Her beautie moves? Can colours move thy minde?
Colours in scorned weeds more sweet and fair.
Some pleasing qualitie thy thoughts doth binde?
Love then thyself. Perhaps her golden hair?
False metal, which to silver soon descends!
Is't pleasure then which so thy fancie bends?
Poore pleasure, that in pain begins, in sorrow ends?

XXII.

What! is't her company so much contents thee?
How would she present stirre up stormy weather,
When thus in absence present she torments thee?
Lov'st thou not one, but all these join'd together?
All's but a woman. Is't her love that rents thee?
Light windes, light aire; her love more light than
If then due worth thy true affection moves, [either.
Here is no worth. Who some old hag approves,
And scorns a beauteous spouse, he rather dotes
than loves.

indeed a colour which, I believe, is not at all to be met with in our northern climates. In Italy, we are told, that this colour is in the highest estimation; and, even there, its being very uncommon contributes to increase its beauty. It is from that country, and its painters and poets, that our imitators have learned to cry up the beauties of the golden locks; but the epithet is ill suited, because in these climes it represents a picture which has nothing new or uncommon to recommend it, and is rather disagreeable than pleasing.

[6] The appearance of a light or fire on the top of the mast, is well known and familiar to sailors. The ancients, who understood not the principles of electricity, from which this phenomenon is accounted for, supposed it a mark either of the favour or displeasure of the gods; for, when only one fire was seen upon the mast, it was accounted an unlucky omen, and presaging a storm; when two appeared, it was esteemed favourable, and promising good weather. These lights had sometimes the names of Castor and Pollux, who were the sons of Jupiter by Leda, and were supposed to be transformed into stars. Concerning this belief of the ancients, see Pliny, lib. 2. cap. 27. Hygin. lib. 27. Horace, lib. 1. od. 12. See also Magellan's Voyages, where they are mentioned by the names of St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. Clare.

[7] I have seen a very elegant epigram, of which

XXIII.

Then let thy love mount from these baser things,
And to the highest love and worth aspire:
Love's born of fire, fitted with mounting wings,
That, at his highest, he might winde him higher;
Base love, that to base earth so basely clings!
Look, as the beams of that celestial fire
Put out these earthly flames with purer ray;
So shall that love this baser heat allay,
And quench these coals of earth with his more heav'nly day.

XXIV.

Raise then thy prostrate love with tow'ring thought,
And clog it not in chains, and prison here:
The God of fishers deare thy love hath bought:
Most deare he loves: for shame, love thou as deare.
Next, love thou there, where best thy love is sought;
Myself, or else some other fitting peer.
Ah! might thy love with me for ever dwell!
Why should'st thou hate thy Heav'n and love thy Hell?
She shall not more deserve, nor cannot love so well.

XXV.

Thus Tryphon once did weane my fond affection;
Then fits a salve unto th' infected place,
(A salve of soveraigne and strange confection)
Nepenthe, mix'd with rue and herb-de-grace:
So did he quickly heal this strong infection,
And to myself restor'd myself apace.
Yet did he not my love extinguish quite:
I love with sweeter love, and more delight:
But most I love that love, which to my love has right.

XXVI.

THOMALIN.

Thrice happy thou that could'st! my weaker minde
Can never learn to climbe so lofty flight.

THIRSIL.

If from this love thy will thou canst unbinde,
To will is here to can: will gives thee might:
'Tis done if once thou wilt; 'tis done, I finde.
Now let us home: for see, the creeping night
Steals from those further waves upon the land.
To-morrow shall we feast; then, hand in hand,
Free will we sing, and dance along the golden sand.

I know not the author, where this sentiment of the short duration of the rose is prettily expressed:

Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,
Quas pubescentes juncta senecta premit.
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit eoüs,
Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum.

ECLOGUE VII[1].

THE PRIZE.

THE ARGUMENT.

At sunrise, a band of shepherds and shepherdesses are seen advancing in order, and are joined by a troop of fishers and water-nymphs, who had concerted to dispute with them the prize of singing. Daphnis, the shepherds', and Thomalin, the fishers' champion, advance in the middle of the circle, before Thirsil, who is appointed judge, and begin an alternate song, in which, after invoking their tutelary gods, they each recite the history of their loves, and the praises of their mistresses. After deciding the controversy, Thirsil, the judge, gives an invitation to all the shepherds and fishers, with their nymphs, and with him the day is spent in sporting and festivity.

THIRSIL, DAPHNIS, THOMALIN.

I.

AURORA from old Tithon's frosty bed
(Cold, wint'ry, wither'd Tithon) early creeps,
Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
Out of her window close she blushing peeps;
Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steeps;
Casting what sportless nights she ever led:
She dying lives, to think he's living dead.
Curst be, and cursed is, that wretched sire
That yokes green youth with age, want with desire,
Who ties the Sunne to snow, or marries frost to fire[2].

II.

The morn saluting, up I quickly rise,
And to the green I poste; for, on this day,
Shepherd and fisher-boyes had set a prize,
Upon the shore to meet in gentle fray,
Which of the two should sing the choicest lay.
Daphnis, the shepherd-lad, whom Mira's eyes
Had kill'd; yet with such wounde he gladly dies:
Thomalin, the fisher, in whose heart did reigne
Stella, whose love his life, and whose disdain
Seems worse than angry skies, or never-quiet main.

[1] This eclogue is modelled after the third of Virgil, and fifth or eighth of Theocritus, which there have been few pastoral writers who have not chosen to imitate in some of their eclogues: there are, however, I believe, none who, upon comparing this of our poet with the similar eclogues of other authors, (nay, of these great models themselves) will deny him in this the superiority. There is here a much greater variety of sentiment than in the like eclogues of others. Even in Virgil and Theocritus, the one shepherd but barely repeats the sentiment of the other, only varying a little, and adapting it to apply to his own circumstances. One shepherd says, he intends to make a present of pigeons to his mistresses; the other, instead of pigeons, says he will give her apples. The contention between the shepherds in Spenser's Eclogues has something extremely ludicrous and burlesque, where the one shepherd is merely an echo to the last words of the other, and the whole merit lies in an awkward chime of words with little or no meaning.—If this eclogue yields to any of the same kind, it is to the ninth of Michael Drayton's pastorals, which is full of picturesque description, and the contest between the shepherds is there finely managed.

[2] This description of the morning is most elegant and beautiful; and the fine reflection, which he so naturally introduces, is particularly admirable.

III.

There soon I view the merry shepherd-swains
March three by three, clad all in youthful green;
And, while the sad recorder sweetly plains [3],
Three lovely nymphs (each several row between,
More lovely nymphs could no where else be seen,
Whose face's show their snowy garments stains;)
With sweeter voices fit their pleasing strains.
Their flocks flock round about; the horned rammes
And ewes go silent by, while wanton lambes,
Dancing along the plains, forget their milky dammes.

IV.

Scarce were the shepherds set, but straight in sight
The fisher-boyes came driving up the stream;
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright,
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;
All dark below, the top like frothy cream:
Their boats and masts with flow'rs and garlands dight; [white:
And round the swannes guard them, with armies
Their skiffes by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
Which running cornets breathe to full plain grounds, [rebounds.
That strikes the river's face, and thence more sweet

V.

And now the nymphs and swains had took their place; [pride;
First, those two boyes; Thomalin, the fishers'
Daphnis, the shepherds': nymphs their right hand grace;
And choicest swains shut up the other side:
So sit they down, in order fit apply'd:
Thirsil betwixt them both, in middle space;
Thirsil, their judge, who now's a shepherd base,
But late a fisher-swain; till envious Chame
Had rent his nets, and sunk his boat with shame;
So robb'd the boyes of him, and him of all his game.

VI.

So, as they sit, thus Thirsil 'gins the lay:

THIRSIL.

You lovely boyes, the woods' and ocean's pride,
Since I am judge of this sweet peaceful fray,
First tell us, where and when your loves you spy'd:
And when in long discourse you well are try'd,
Then in short verse, by turns, we'll gently play:
In love begin, in love we'll end the day.
Daphnis, thou first; to me you both are deare:
Ah! if I might, I would not judge, but heare:
Nought have I of a judge but an impartial eare.

[3] The recorder is a wind-instrument of a soft and melancholy sound. Milton makes the infernal spirits march on

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorders;———

which, says he, had the effect

———to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.——

Paradise Lost, b. i. v. 550.

VII.

DAPHNIS.

Phœbus, if, as thy words, thy oaths are true,
Give me that verse which to the honour'd bay,
(That verse which by thy promise now is due)
To honour'd Daphne, in a sweet tun'd lay,
(Daphne [4] thy chang'd, thy love unchanged aye;)
Thou sangest late, when she, now better staid,
More humane when a tree than when a maid,
Bending her head, thy love with gentle signe repaid.

VIII.

What tongue, what thought, can paint my love's perfection?
So sweet hath nature pourtray'd ev'ry part,
That art will prove that artist's imperfection,
Who when no eye dare view, dares limme her [face:
Phœbus, in vain I call thy help to blaze
More light than thine; a light that never fell:
Thou tell'st what's done in Heav'n, in Earth, and Hell: [to tell.
Her worth thou may'st admire; there are no words

IX.

She is like thee, or thou art like her rather:
Such as her hair, thy beams; thy single light,
As her twin-sunnes: that creature then, I gather,
Twice-heav'nly is, where two sunnes shine so bright:
So thou, as she, confound'st the gazing sight:
Thy absence is my night: her absence, Hell.
Since then, in all, thyself she doth excel, [tell?
What is beyond thyself, how can'st thou hope to

X.

First her I saw, when tir'd with hunting toil,
In shady grove, spent with the weary chace;
Her naked breast lay open to the spoil;
The crystal humour trickling down apace [5],
Like ropes of pearl, her neck and breast inlace:
The aire (my rival aire) did coolly glide [6]
Through ev'ry part; such when my love I spy'd.
So soon I saw my love, so soon I lov'd and dy'd.

XI.

Her face two colours paint: the first a flame;
(Yet she all cold) a flame in rosy die,
Which sweetly blushes like the morning's shame:
The second snow; such as on Alps doth lie;
And safely there the Sunne doth bold defy.
Yet this cold snow can kindle hot desire.
Thou miracle, mar'l not if I admire [burn as fire.
How flame should coldly freeze, and snow should

XII.

Her slender waste, her hand, that dainty breast,
Her cheek, her forehead, eye, and flaming hair;
And those hid beauties, which must sure be best,
In vain to speak, when words will more impair:
Of all the fairs, she is the fairest fair.

[4] Daphne, the daughter of the river Peneus, was beloved of Apollo; and, being pursued by him, invoked her father's assistance, and was transformed into a laurel or bay-tree.

[5] Whether this image is pleasing or otherwise, would perhaps admit of a little dispute.

[6] That the air has been a lover's rival, is known from the beautiful story of Cephalus and Procris.

Ovid. Met. b. 7.

Cease then, vain words; well may you show affection,
But not her worth: the minde her sweet perfection
Admires; how should it then give the lame tongue direction?

XIII.

THOMALIN.

Unlesse thy words be fleeting as thy wave,
Proteus, that song into my breast inspire
With which the seas, when loud they roar and rave,
Thou softly charm'st; and windes' intestine ire,
When 'gainst Heav'n, Earth, and seas, they did conspire,
Thou quiet laid'st: Proteus, thy song to heare,
Seas list'ning stand, and windes to whistle fear;
The lively dolphins dance, and brisly scales give eare.

XIV.

Stella, my starlike love, my lovely starre:
Her hair a lovely brown, her forehead high,
And lovely fair; such her cheeks roses are:
Lovely her lip, most lovely is her eye:
And as in each of these all love doth lie,
So thousand loves within her minde retiring,
Kindle ten thousand loves with gentle firing.
Ah! let me love my love, not live in love's admiring.

XV.

At Proteus' feast, where many a goodly boye,
And many a lovely lasse, did lately meet;
There first I found, there first I lost my joy:
Her face mine eye, her voice mine eare did greet:
While eare and eye strove which should be most sweet,
That face, or voice: but when my lips at last
Saluted hers, those senses strove as fast,
Which most those lips did please; the eye, eare, touch, or taste.

XVI.

The eye swears, never fairer lip was ey'd;
The eare, with those sweet relishes delighted,
Thinks them the spheares; the taste, that nearer try'd
Their relish sweet, the soul to feast invited;
The touch, with pressure soft more close united,
Wish'd ever there to dwell; and never cloyed,
While thus their joy too greedy they enjoyed,
Enjoy'd not half their joy, by being overjoyed[7].

XVII.

Her hair all dark, more clear the white doth show,
And, with its night, her face's morn commends:
Her eye-brow black, like to an ebon bow,
Which sporting Love upon her forehead bends,
And thence his never-missing arrow sends.
But most I wonder how that jetty ray,
Which those two blackest sunnes do fair display,
Should shine so bright, and night should make so sweet a day.

XVIII.

So is my love an Heav'n; her hair a night;
Her shining forehead Dian's silver light;
Her eyes the starres, their influence delight;
Her voice the spheares; her cheek Aurora bright;
Her breast the globes, where Heaven's paths milkie-white [touch[8],
Runnes 'twixt those hills; her hand, Arion's
As much delights the eye, the eare as much.
Such is my love; that but my love was never such.

XIX.

THIRSIL.

The earth her robe, the sea her swelling tide,
The trees their leaves, the Moon her divers face;
The starres their courses, flow'rs their springing pride, [race.
Dayes change their length, the Sunne his dayly
Be constant when you love; Love loves not ranging: [ing.
Change when you sing; Muses delight in chang-

It is hard to say, whether the above, or the following translation, by sir John Harrington, is more admirable.

Fair mistress, who for me to Heaven shall flye,
To bring again from thence my wand'ring wit?
Which I still lose, since from that piercing eye
The dart came forth that first my heart did hit:
Nor of my loss at all complain would I,
Might I but keep that which remaineth yet:
But if it still decrease, within short space
I doubt I shall be in Orlando's case.

Yet well I wot where to recover mine,
Tho' not in Paradise, nor Cynthia's spheare,
Yet doubtless in a place no less divine,
In that sweet face of yours, in that fair hair,
That ruby lip, in those two star-like eyne,
There is my wit—I know it wanders there;
And with my lips, if ye would give me leave,
I there would search, I thence would it receive.

And, now that we are on the subject of lips, I must mention William Warner, an old poet, and author of a work entitled Albion's England, who thus describes queen Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond, in a fine sentiment:

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow!
Softe were those lippes that bled!

For a larger specimen of Warner's poetical abilities, the reader may consult the second volume of Mr. Percy's Collection of ancient Songs and Ballads, where he will find a pastoral, entitled Argentile and Curan, which will well reward his trouble.

[7] Ariosto's fiction of the Moon's being the receptacle of every thing that is lost on Earth, furnishes the poet with the following beautiful apostrophe to his mistress, with which he introduces the 35th book of Orlando Furioso:

Chi salirà per me, Madonna, in cielo
A riportarme il mio perduto ingegno?
Che poi ch'usci da bei vostri occhi il telo,
Che'l cor mi fisse, ogni hor perdendo vegno;
Ne di tanta jattura mi querelo,
Pur che non cresca, ma stia a questo segno;
Ch'io dubito, se più si va scemando,
Di venir tal, qual'ho discritto Orlando.

Per rihaver l'ingegno mio mi è aviso,
Che non bisogna, che per l'aria io poggi
Nel cerchio de la Luna, o in Paradiso,
Che il mio non credo, che tant'alto allogi;
Noi bei vostri occhi, è nel sereno viso,
Nel sen' d'avorio, e alabastrini poggi
Se ne va errando; & io con queste labbia
Lo corro, se vi par, ch'io lo rihabbia.

[8] Arion, a celebrated musician of antiquity, who saved his life by his skill in his art.

XX.

DAPHNIS.

Pan loves the pine-tree, Jove the oak approves,
High populars Alcides' temples crown;
Phœbus, though in a tree, still Daphne loves,
And Hyacinths, though living now in ground:
Shepherds, if you yourselves would victors see,
Gird then this head with Phœbus' flow'r and tree [9].

XXI.

THOMALIN.

Alcinous peares, Pomona apples bore;
Bacchus the vine, the olive Pallas chose;
Venus loves myrtles, myrtles love the shore;
Venus Adonis loves, who freshly blowes,
Yet breathes no more; weave, lads, with myrtles
And bay and hyacinth the garland loses. [roses,

XXII.

DAPHNIS.

Mira, thine eyes are those twin-heav'nly powers
Which to the widow'd Earth new offspring bring;
No marvel, then, if still thy face so flowers,
And cheeks with beauteous blossoms freshly
So is thy face a never-fading May; [spring:
So is thine eye a never-falling day.

XXIII.

THOMALIN.

Stella, thine eyes are those twin-brothers fair,
Which tempests slake, and promise quiet seas;
No marvel, then, if thy brown shadie hair,
Like night portend sweet rest and gentle ease:
Thus is thine eye an ever-calming light;
Thus is thy hair a lover's ne'er-spent night.

XXIV.

DAPHNIS.

If sleepy poppies yield to lilies white;
If black to snowy lambes; if night to day;
If western shades to fair Aurora's light;
Stella must yield to Mira's shining ray.
In day we sport, in day we shepherds toy; [joy.
The night for wolves; the light the shepherd's

XXV.

THOMALIN.

Who white-thorn equals with the violet?
What workman rest compares with painful light?
Who wears the glaring glass, and scorns the jet?
Day yield to her that is both day and night.
In night the fishers thrive, the workmen play;
Love loves the night; night's lovers' holiday.

XXVI.

DAPHNIS.

Fly then the seas, fly farre the dang'rous shore:
Mira, if thee the king of seas should spy,
He'll think Medusa sweeter than before,
With fairer hair, and doubly-fairer eye,
Is chang'd again; and with thee ebbing low,
In his deep courts again will never flow.

[9] Pastores, edera crescentem ornate poëtam
Arcades invidia rumpantur ut illia Codro.
Aut si ultra placitum audarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virg. Ecl. 7.

XXVII.

THOMALIN.

Stella, avoid both Phœbus' care and eye:
His musicke he will scorn, if thee he heare:
Thee, Daphne, if thy face by chance he spie,
Daphne, now fairer chang'd, he'll rashly sweare;
And, viewing thee, will later rise and fall;
Or, viewing thee, will never rise at all.

XXVIII.

DAPHNIS.

Phœbus and Pan both strive my love to gain,
And seek by gifts to winne my carelesse heart;
Pan vows with lambes to fill the fruitful plain;
Apollo offers skill and pleasing art:
But, Stella, if thou grant my suit, a kiss;
Phœbus and Pan their suit, my love, shall misse.

XXIX.

THOMALIN.

Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek unto me,
And twenty gifts to please my minde devise:
Proteus with songs, Glaucus with fish, doth woo me,
Both strive to winne, but I them both despise:
For if my love my love will entertain,
Proteus himself, and Glaucus, seek in vain.

XXX.

DAPHNIS.

Two twin, two spotted lambes, (my song's reward),
With them a cup I got, where Jove assum'd
New shapes, to mock his wife's too jealous guard;
Full of Jove's fires it burns still unconsum'd:
But, Mira, if thou gently deigne to shine,
Thine be the cup, the spotted lambes be thine.

XXXI.

THOMALIN.

A pair of swannes are mine, and all their train;
With them a cup, which Thetis' self bestow'd,
As she of love did hear me sadly plain;
A pearled cup, where nectar oft hath flow'd:
But if my love will love the gift and giver,
Thine be the cup, thine be the swannes for ever.

XXXII.

DAPHNIS.

Thrice happy swaines! thrice happy shepherd's fate!

THOMALIN.

Ah, blessed life! ah, blessed fisher's state; [you.
Your pipes assuage your love, your nets maintain

DAPHNIS.

Your lambkins clothe you warm; your flocks sustain you.
You fear no stormy seas, nor tempests roaring.

THOMALIN.

You sit not, rots or burning starres deploring:
In calms, you fish; in roughs, use songs and dances.

DAPHNIS.

More do you fear your love's sweet-bitter glances,
Than certain fate, or fortune ever changing.

THOMALIN.

Ah! that the life in seas so safely ranging,
Should with love's weeping eye be sunk and drown'd!

DAPHNIS.

The shepherd's life Phœbus, a shepherd, crown'd;
His snowy flocks by stately Peneus leading.

THOMALIN.

What herb was that, on which old Glaucus feeding
Grows never old, but now the gods augmenteth?

DAPHNIS.

Delia herself her rigour hard relenteth:
To play with shepherd's boy she's not ashamed.

THOMALIN.

Venus, of frothy seas thou first wast framed;
The waves thy cradle: now love's queen art named.

XXXIII.

DAPHNIS.

Thou gentle boy, what prize may well reward thee?
So slender gift as this not half requites thee.
May prosp'rous starres and quiet seas regard thee;
But most that pleasing starre that most delights thee:
May Proteus still, and Glaucus, dearest hold thee;
But most her influence, all safe infold thee:
May she with gentle beams from her fair spheare behold thee.

XXXIV.

THOMALIN.

As whistling windes 'gainst rocks their voices tearing;
As rivers thro' the vallies softly gliding;
As haven after cruel tempests fearing;
Such, fairest boy, such is thy verses' sliding:
Thine be the prize: may Pan and Phœbus grace thee;
Most, whom thou most admir'st, may she embrace thee;
And flaming in thy love, with snowy arms enlace thee.

XXXV.

THIRSIL.

You lovely boys, full well your art you guided;
That with your striving songs your strife is ended:
So you yourselves the cause have well decided;
And by no judge can your award be mended.
Then since the prize, for only one intended,
You both refuse, we justly may reserve it,
And as your offering in Love's temple serve it;
Since none of both deserve, when both so well deserve it.

XXXVI.

Yet, for such songs should ever be rewarded;
Daphnis, take thou this hook of ivory clearest,
Given me by Pan, when Pan my verse regarded;
This feares the wolf, when most the wolf thou fearest.
But thou, my Thomalin, my love, my dearest,
Take thou this pipe, which oft proud storms restrained;
Which, spite of Chamus' spite, I still retained:
Was never little pipe more soft, more sweetly plained.

XXXVII.

And you, fair troop, if Thirsil you disdain not,
Vouchsafe with me to take some short refection;
Excesse, or daints, my lowly roof maintain not;
Peares, apples, plummes; no sugred made confection.
So up they rose, and, by Love's sweet direction,
Sea-nymphs with shepherds sort: sea-boyes complain not,
That wood-nymphs with like love them entertain not.
And all the day to songs and dances lending,
Too swift it runnes, and spends too fast in spending.
With day their sports began, with day they take their ending.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE SPENCER OF THIS AGE.

DEAR FRIEND,

No more a stranger now: I lately past
Thy curious building—call'd—but then my haste
Deny'd me a full draught; I did but taste.

Thy wine was rich and pleasing; did appear
No common grape; my haste could not forbear
A second sip; I hung a garland there:

Past on my way; I lash'd through thick and thin,
Dispatch'd my business, and return'd again;
I call'd the second time; unhors'd, went in:

View'd every room; each room was beautify'd
With new invention, carv'd on every side,
To please the common and the curious ey'd:

View'd every office; every office lay
Like a rich magazine; and did bewray
Thy treasure, open'd with thy golden key:

View'd every orchard; every orchard did
Appear a paradise, whose fruits were hid
(Per chance) with shadowing leaves, but none forbid:

View'd every plot; spent some delightful hours
In every garden, full of new-born flowers,
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers.

Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every stair
Within, and tasted every fruit that's rare
Without, I made thy house my thorough-fare.

Then give me leave, rare Fletcher (as before
I left a garland at thy gates) once more
To hang this ivy at thy postern-door.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

MISCELLANIES.

AN HYMN AT THE MARRIAGE OF MY MOST DEAR COUSINS, MR. W. AND M. R.

Chamus, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,
Gracing their bow'rs, but thou more grac'd by them;
Hark Chamus, from thy low built greeny cell;
Hark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen ring,
While all the nymphs, and all the shepherds sing,
Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy saffron garment bring.

With him a shoal of goodly shepherd-swains;
Yet he more goodly than the goodliest swain:
With her a troop of fairest wood-nymphs trains;
Yet she more fair than fairest of the train:

And all in course their voice attempering,
While the woods back their bounding echo fling, [sing.
Hymen, come holy Hymen; Hymen loud they

His high built forehead almost maiden fair.
Hath made an hundred nymphs her chance envying:
Her more than silver skin, and golden hair,
Cause of a thousand shepherds forced dying.
Where better could her love than here have nested:
Or he his thoughts more daintily have feasted.
Hymen, come Hymen; here thy saffron coat is rested.

His looks resembling humble majesty,
Rightly his fairest mother's grace befitteth:
In her face blushing, fearful modesty,
The queen of chastity and beauty, sitteth:
There cheerfulness all sadness far exileth:
Here love with bow unbent all gently smileth:
Hymen come, Hymen come; no spot thy garment 'fileth.

Love's bow in his bent eye-brows bended lies,
And in his eyes a thousand darts of loving:
Her shining stars, which (fools) we oft call eyes,
As quick as Heav'n itself in speedy moving;
And this in both the only difference being,
Other stars blind, these stars endued with seeing.
Hymen, come Hymen; all is for thy rites agreeing.

His breast a shelf of purest alabaster,
Where Love's self sailing often shipwreckt sitteth:
Her's a twin rock, unknown but to th' shipmaster;
Which though him safe receives, all other splitteth: [unbeaten,
Both Love's high-way, yet by Love's self
Most like the milky path which crosses Heaven. [even.
Hymen, come Hymen; all their marriage joys are

And yet all these but as guilt covers be;
Within, a book more fair we written find:
For Nature, framing th' all's epitome,
Set in the face the index of the mind.
Their bodies are but temples, built for state,
To shrine the graces in their silver plate:
Come Hymen, Hymen come, these temples consecrate.

Hymen, the tier of hearts already tied:
Hymen, the end of lovers never ending;
Hymen the cause of joys, joys never tried;
Joys never to be spent, yet ever spending:
Hymen, that sow'st with men the desert sands;
Come, bring with thee, come bring thy sacred bands: [thou the hands.
Hymen, come Hymen, th' hearts are join'd, join

Warrant of lovers, the true seal of loving,
Sign'd with the face of joy; the holy knot,
That binds two hearts, and holds from slippery moving;
A gainful loss, a stain without a blot;
That mak'st one soul as two and two as one:
Yoke lightning burdens; love's foundation:
Hymen, come Hymen, now untie the maiden zone.

Thou that mad'st man a brief of all thou mad'st,
A little living world, and mad'st him twain
Dividing him whom first thou one creat'st,
And by this bond mad'st one of two again,
Bidding her cleave to him, and him to her,
And leave their parents, when no parents were: [here,
Hymen, send Hymen from thy sacred bosom

See where he goes! how all the troop he cheereth,
Clad with a saffron coat, in's hand a light;
In all his brow not one sad cloud appeareth:
His coat all pure, his torch all burning bright.
Now chant we Hymen, shepherds; Hymen sing;
See where he goes, as fresh as is the spring.
Hymen, oh Hymen, Hymen, all the valleys ring.

Oh happy pair, where nothing wants to either,
Both having to content, and be contented;
Fortune and nature being spare to neither!
Ne'er may this bond of holy love be rented,
But like two parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and in even space.
Hymen, thus Hymen will their spotless marriage grace.

Live each of other firmly lov'd, and loving;
As far from hate, as self-ill jealousy:
Moving like Heav'n still in the self-same moving;
In motion ne'er forgetting constancy.
Be all your days as this: no cause to plain:
Free from satiety, or (but lovers') pain.
Hymen, so Hymen still their present joys maintain.

TO MY BELOVED COUSIN, W. R. ESQUIRE.

CALEND. JANUAR.

Cousin, day birds are silenc't, and those fowl
Yet only sing, which hate warm Phœbus' light;
Th' unlucky parrot, and death-boding owl,
Which ush'ring into Heav'n their mistress Night,
Hallow their mates, triumphing o'er the quick spent night.

The wronged Philomel hath left to plain
Tereus' constraint and cruel ravishment:
Seems the poor bird hath lost her tongue again.
Progne long since is gone to banishment;
And the loud-tuned thrush leaves all her merriment.

All so my frozen Muse, hid in my breast,
To come into the open air refuses;
And dragg'd at length from hence, doth oft protest
This is no time for Phœbus' loving Muses;
When the far distant Sun our frozen coast disuses.

Then till the Sun, which yet in fishes hasks,
Or watry urn, impounds his fainting head,
'Twixt Taurus' horns his warmer beam unmasks,
And sooner rises, latter goes to bed,
Calling back all the flowers, now to their mother fled:

Till Philomel resumes her tongue again,
And Progne fierce returns from long exiling;
Till the shrill blackbird chants his merry vein;
And the day-birds the long liv'd Sun beguiling,
Renew their mirth, and the years pleasant smiling:

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent,
Among our Cambridge fens my time mispending;
But then revisit our long long'd for Kent.
Till then live happy, the time ever mending:
Happy the first o' th' year, thrice happy be the ending.

TO MASTER W. C.

WILLY, my dear, that late by Haddam sitting,
By little Haddam, in whose private shades,
Unto thy fancy thousand pleasures fitting,
With dainty nymphs, in those retired glades
Didst spend thy time; (time that too quickly fades).
Ah! much I fear that those so pleasing toys
Have too much lull'd thy sense and mind in slumb'ring joys.

Now art thou come to nearer Maddingly,
Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth enthral thee;
There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye;
Too much I fear lest some ill chance befal thee:
Hark how the Cambridge Muses thence recal
Willy our dear, Willy his time abuses:
But sure thou hast forgot our Chame and Cambridge Muses.

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn thee,
Will sit and sing among the Muses' nine;
And, safely covered from the scalding shine,
We'll read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet complaining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdaining.

And, when we list, to lower notes descend;
Hear Thirsil's moan, and Fusca's cruelty:
He cares not now his ragged flock to tend;
Fusca his care, but careless enemy:
Hope oft he sees shine in her humble eye,
But soon her angry words of hope deprives him:
So often dies with love, but love as oft revives him.

TO MY EVER HONOURED COUSIN, W. R. ESQUIRE.

STRANGE power of home, with how strong-twisted arms,
And Gordian-twined knot, dost thou enchain me
Never might fair Calisto's doubled charms,
Nor powerful Circe's whisp'ring so detain me,
Though all her art she spent to entertain me;
Their presence could not force a weak desire;
But, oh! thy powerful absence breeds still growing fire.

By night thou try'st with strong imagination
To force my sense 'gainst reason to belie it;
Methinks I see the fast-imprinted fashion
Of every place, and now I fully eye it;
And though with fear, yet cannot well deny it,
Till the morn bell awakes me; then for spite
I shut mine eyes again, and wish back such a night:

But in the day my never-slack'd desire
Will cast to prove by welcome forgery,
That for my absence I am much the nigher;
Seeking to please with soothing flattery.
Love's wing is thought; and thought will soonest flie
Where it finds want; then as our love is dearer,
Absence yields presence, distance makes us nearer.

Ah! might I in some humble Kentish dale
For ever eas'ly spend my slow-pac'd hours:
Much should I scorn fair Æton's pleasant vale,
Or Windsor, Tempe's self, and proudest towers
There would I sit, safe from the stormy showers,
And laugh the troublous winds and angry sky!
Piping (ah!) might I live, and piping might I die.

And would my lucky fortune so much grace me,
As in low Cranebrooke or high Brenchly's-hill,
Or in some cabin near thy dwelling place me,
There would I gladly sport and sing my fill,
And teach my tender Muse to raise her quill;
And that high Mantuan shepherd's self to dare;
If ought with that high Mantuan shepherd mought compare.

There would I chant either thy Gemma's praise,
Or else my Fusca; faivest shepherdess!
Or when me list my slender pipe to raise,
Sing of Eliza's fixed mournfulness,
And much bewail such woful heaviness;
Whilst she a dear-lov'd hart (ah luckless!) slew,
Whose fall she all too late, too soon, too much, did rue.

But seeing now I am not as I would,
But here, among th' unhonour'd willow's shade,
The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold;
Here I forswear my merry piping trade:
My little pipe, of seven reeds ymade,
(Ah pleasing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:
Thou Chame, and Chamish nymphs, bear witness of my vow.

TO E. C. IN CAMBRIDGE, MY SON BY THE UNIVERSITY.

WHEN first my mind call'd itself in to think,
There fell a strife not easy for to end;
Which name should first crown the white paper's brink,
An awing father, or an equal friend:
Fortune gives choice of either to my mind;
Both bonds to tie the soul, it never move;
That of commanding, this of easy love.

The lines of love, which from a father's heart
Are drawn down to the son: and from the son
Ascend to th' father, drawn from every part,
Each other cut, and from the first transition
Still further wander with more wide partition:
But friends, like parallels, run a level race,
In just proportion, and most even space.

Then since a double choice, double affection
Hath plac'd itself in my twice loving breast;
No title then can add to this perfection,
Nor better that, which is already best:
So naming one, I must imply the rest,
The same a father, and a friend; or rather,
Both one; a father friend, and a friend father.

No marvel then the difference of the place
Makes in my mind at all no difference:
For love is not produc'd or penn'd in space,
Having i' th' soul his only residence.
Love's fire is thought; and thought is never thence,
Where it feels want: then where a love is dear,
The mind in farthest distance is most near.

Me Kent holds fast with thousand sweet embraces;
(There mought I die with thee, there with thee live?)
All in the shades, the nymphs and naked Graces
Fresh joys and still succeeding pleasures give;
So much we sport, we have no time to grieve:
Here do we sit, and laugh white-headed caring;
And know no sorrow simple pleasures marring.

A crown of wood-nymphs, spread i' th' grassy plain,
Sit round about, no niggards of their faces;
Nor do they cloud their fair with black disdain;
All to myself will they impart their graces:
Ah! not such joys find I in other places:
To them I often pipe, and often sing,
Sweet notes to sweeter voices tempering.

And now but late I sang the Hymen toys
Of two fair lovers (fairer were there never)
That in one bed coupled their sponsal joys;
Fortune and Nature being scant to neither:
What other dare not wish, was full in either.
Thrice happy bed, thrice happy lovers firing,
Where present blessings have out-stript desiring!

And when me list to sadder tunes apply me,
Pasilia's dirge, and Eupathus complaining;
And often while my pipe lies idle by me, [ing;
Read Fusca's deep disdain, and Thirsil's plain-
Yet in that face is no room for disdaining;
Where cheerful kindness smiles in either eye,
And beauty still kisses humility.

Then do not marvel Kentish strong delights,
Stealing the time, do here so long detain me:
Not powerful Circe with her Hecate rites,
Nor pleasing Lotos thus could entertain me,
As Kentish powerful pleasures here enchain me.
Meantime, the nymphs that in our Brenchly use,
Kindly salute your busy Cambridge Muse.

TO MY BELOVED THENOT, IN ANSWER OF HIS VERSE.

Thenot, my dear, how can a lofty hill
To lowly shepherds' thoughts be rightly fitting?
An humble dale well fits with humble quill:
There may I safely sing, all fearless sitting,
My Fusca's eyes, my Fusca's beauty dittying;
My loved loneness, and hid Muse enjoying:
Yet should'st thou come, and see our simple toying, [joying.
Well would fair Thenot like our sweet retired

But if my Thenot love my humble vein,
(Too lowly vein) ne'er let him Colin call me;
He, while he was, was (ah!) the choicest swain,
That ever grac'd a reed: what e'er befal me,
Or Myrtil, (so 'for Fusca fair did thral me,
Most was I known) or now poor Thirsil name me,
Thirsil, for so my Fusca pleases frame me:
But never mounting Colin; Colin's high style will shame me.

Two shepherds I adore with humble love;
Th' high-tow'ring swain, that by slow Mincius waves
His well grown wings at first did lowly prove,
Where Corydon's sick love full sweetly raves;
But after sung bold Turnus' daring braves:
And next our nearer Colin's sweetest strain;
Most, where he most his Rosalind doth plain,
Well may I after look, but follow all in vain.

Why then speaks Thenot of the honour'd bay?
Apollo's self, though fain, could not obtain her;
She at his melting songs would scorn to stay,
Though all his art he spent to entertain her:
Wild beasts he tam'd, yet never could detain her.
Then sit we here within this willow glade:
Here for my Thenot I a garland made
With purple violets, and lovely myrtle shade.

UPON THE PICTURE OF ACHMAT THE TURKISH TYRANT.

Such Achmat is, the Turks' great emperor,
Third son to Mahomet, whose youthly spring
But now with blossom'd cheeks begins to flow'r;
Out of his face you well may read a king:
Which who will throughly view, will eas'ly find
A perfect index to his haughty mind.

Within his breast, as in a palace, lie
Wakeful ambition leagn'd with hasty pride;
Fierceness ally'd with Turkish majesty;
Rests hate, in which his father living dy'd:
Deep in his heart such Turkish virtue lies,
And thus looks through the window of his eyes.

His pleasure (far from pleasure) is to see
His navy spread her wings unto the wind;
Instead of gold, arms fill his treasury,
Which (numberless) fill not his greedy mind,
The sad Hungarian fears his tried might;
And waning Persia trembles at his sight.

His greener youth, most with the heathen spent,
Gives Christian princes justest cause to fear
His riper age, whose childhood thus is bent.
A thousand trophies will he shortly rear,
Unless that God, who gave him first this rage,
Bind his proud head in humble vassalage.

TO MR. JO. TOMKINS.

Thomalin, my lief, thy music strains to hear,
More raps my soul than when the swelling winds
On craggy rocks their whistling voices tear;
Or when the sea, if stopt his course he finds,
With broken murmurs thinks weak shores to fear,
Scorning such sandy cords his proud head binds:
More than where rivers in the summer's ray,
Through covert glades cutting their shady way,
Run tumbling down the lawns, and with the pebbles play.

Thy strains to hear, old Chamus from his cell
Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs around;
An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
About him flock, with water-lillies crown'd.
For thee the Muses leave their silver well,
And marvel where thou all their art hast found:

There sitting, they admire thy dainty strains,
And while thy sadder accent sweetly plains,
Feel thousand sugar'd joys creep in their melting veins.

How oft have I, the Muses' bow'r frequenting,
Miss'd them at home, and found them all with thee!
Whether thou sing'st sad Eupathus' lamenting,
Or tunest notes to sacred harmony,
The ravish'd soul with thy sweet notes consenting,
Scorning the Earth, in heav'nly extasy
Transcends the stars, and with the angels' train
Those courts surveys; and now come back again,
Finds yet another Heaven in thy delightful strain.

Ah! could'st thou here thy humble mind content,
Lowly with me to live in country cell,
And learn suspect the court's proud blandishment,
Here might we safe, here might we sweetly dwell.
Live Pallas in her tow'rs and marble tent;
But, ah! the country bow'rs please me as well:
There with my Thomalin I safe would sing,
And frame sweet ditties to thy sweeter string;
There would we laugh at spite, and fortune's thundering.

No flattery, hate, or envy, lodgeth there;
There no suspicion, wall'd in proved steel,
Yet fearful of the arms herself doth wear:
Pride is not there; no tyrant there we feel;
No clamorous laws shall deaf thy music ear;
They know no change, nor wanton fortune's wheel:
Thousand fresh sports grow in those dainty places;
Light fawns and nymphs dance in the woody spaces,
And little Love himself plays with the naked Graces.

But seeing fate my happy wish refuses,
Let me alone enjoy my low estate.
Of all the gifts that fair Parnassus uses,
Only scorn'd poverty and fortune's hate
Common I find to me, and to the Muses;
But with the Muses welcome poorest fate.
Safe in my humble cottage will I rest;
And lifting up from my untainted breast
A quiet spirit to Heaven, securely live and blest.

To thee I here bequeath the courtly joys,
Seeing to court my Thomalin is bent:
Take from thy Thirsil these his idle toys;
Here I will end my looser merriment:
And when thou sing'st them to the wanton boys,
Among the courtly lasses' blandishment,
Think of thy Thirsil's love that never spends;
And softly say, his love still better mends:
Ah! too unlike the love of court, or courtly friends!

Go, little pipe; for ever I must leave thee,
My little, little pipe, but sweetest ever:
Go, go, for I have vow'd to see thee never:
Never, ah! never must I more receive thee:
But he in better love will still persever;
Go, little pipe, for I must have a new.
Farewell, ye Norfolk maids, and Ida crew;
Thirsil will play no more; for ever now adieu!

TO THOMALIN.

Thomalin, since Thirsil nothing has to leave thee
And leave thee must; pardon me, (gentle friend)
If nothing but my love I only give thee;
Yet see how great this nothing is, I send:
For though this love of thine I sweetest prove,
Nothing's more sweet than is this sweetest love.

The soldier nothing like his prey esteems;
Nothing toss'd sailors equal with the shore:
Nothing before his health the sick man deems;
The pilgrim hugs his country; nothing more:
The miser hoarding up his golden wares,
This nothing with his precious wealth compares.

Our thoughts' ambition only nothing ends;
Nothing fills up the golden-dropsied mind:
The prodigal, that all so lavish spends,
Yet nothing cannot; nothing stays behind:
The king, that with his life a kingdom buys,
Than life or crown doth nothing higher prize.

Who all enjoys, yet nothing now desires;
Nothing is greater than the highest Jove:
Who dwells in Heav'n, (then) nothing more requires;
Love, more than honey; nothing more sweet than love:
Nothing is only better than the best;
Nothing is sure: nothing is ever blest.

I love my health, my life, my books, my friends,
Thee, (dearest Thomalin) nothing above thee:
For when my books, friends, health, life, fainting ends,
When thy love fails, yet nothing still will love me:
When heav'n, and air, the earth, and floating mains
Are gone, yet nothing still untouch'd remains.

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spiteful Cham of all has quite bereft me;
Since Muses' selves (false Muses) will forsake me,
And but this nothing, nothing else is left me;
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store:
That given, nothing now remaineth more.

AGAINST A RICH MAN DESPISING POVERTY.

If well thou view'st us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty;
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
Our ends and births alike; in this, as I;
Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and who so wants, is poor:
Then this must follow of necessity;
Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gett'st, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content;
Content hath all; and who hath all, is rich:
Then this in reason thou must needs confess,
If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit liable is ever,
To reckon, how, and where, and when he spent:
Then thus thou bragg'st, thou art a great receiver:
Little my debt, when little is my store: [more.
The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the

But seeing God himself descended down
T' enrich the poor by his rich poverty;
His meat, his house, his grave, were not his own,
Yet all is his from all eternity:
Let me be like my head, whom I adore:
Be thou great, wealthy, I still base and poor.

CONTEMNENTI.

CONTINUAL burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icy frosts in midst of summer's frying,
A hell most pleasing, and a heav'n most cruel,
A death still living, and a life still dying,
And whatsoever pains poor hearts can prove,
I feel, and utter, in one word, I love.

Two fires, of love and grief, each upon either,
And both upon one poor heart ever feeding:
Chill cold despair, most cold, yet cooling neither,
In midst of fires his icy frosts is breeding:
So fires and frosts, to make a perfect hell,
Meet in one breast, in one house friendly dwell.

Tir'd in this toilsome way (my deep affection)
I ever forward run, and never ease me:
I dare not swerve, her eye is my direction:
A heavy grief, and weighty love oppress me, [me:
Desire and hope, two spurs, that forth compell'd
But awful fear, a bridle, still withheld me.

Twice have I plung'd, and flung, and strove to cast
This double burden from my weary heart:
Fast though I run, and stop, they sit as fast:
Her looks my bait, which she doth seld' impart:
Thus fainting, still some inn I wish and crave;
Either her maiden bosom, or my grave.

A VOW.

By hope and fear, by grief and joy opprest,
With deadly hate, more deadly love infected;
Without, within, in body, soul, distrest;
Little by all, least myself respected, [ed;
But most, most there, where most I lov'd, neglect-
Hated, and hating life, to death I call;
Who scorns to take what is refus'd by all.

Whither, ah, whither then wilt thou betake thee,
Despised wretch, of friends, of all forlorn, [thee?
Since hope, and love, and life, and death forsake
Poor soul, thy own tormenter, others' scorn!
Whether, poor soul, ah, whither wilt thou turn?
What inn, what host (scorn'd wretch) wilt thou
now choose thee? [fuse thee.
The common host, and inn, death, grave, re-

To thee, great Love, to thee I prostrate fall,
That right'st in love the heart in false love swerved:
On thee, true Love, on thee I weeping call;
I, who am scorn'd, where with all truth I served,
On thee, so wrong'd, where thou hast so deserved:
Disdain'd, where most I lov'd, to thee I plain me,
Who truly lovest those, who (fools) disdain thee.

Thou never-erring way, in thee direct me; [me:
Thou death of death, oh, in thy death engrave
Thou hated Love, with thy firm love respect me;
Thou freest servant, from this yoke unslave me:
Glorious salvation, for thy glory save me.
So neither love, nor hate, scorn, death, shall
move me; [thee.
But with thy love, great Love, I still shall love

ON WOMEN'S LIGHTNESS.

WHO sows the sand? or ploughs the easy shore?
Or strives in nets to prison in the wind?
Yet I, (fond I) more fond, and senseless more,
Thought in sure love a woman's thoughts to bind.
Fond, too fond thoughts, that thought in love
to tie
One more inconstant than inconstancy!

Look as it is with some true April day, [flowers;
Whose various weather stores the world with
The Sun his glorious beams doth fair display,
Then rains, and shines again, and straight it lowers,
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove;
So, and more changing is a woman's love.

Or as the hairs which deck their wanton heads,
Which loosely fly, and play with every wind,
And with each blast turn round their golden threads;
Such as their hair, such is their looser mind:
The difference this, their hair is often bound;
But never bonds a woman might embound.

False is their flattering colour, false and fading;
False is their flattering tongue; false every part,
Their hair is forg'd, their silver foreheads shading;
False are their eyes, but falsest is their heart:
Then this in consequence must needs ensue;
All must be false, when every part's untrue.

Fond then my thoughts, which thought a thing
so vain!
Fond hopes, that anchor on so false a ground!
Fond love, to love what could not love again!
Fond heart, thus fir'd with love, in hope thus
drown'd: [est I,
Fond thoughts, fond heart, fond hope; but fond-
To grasp the wind, and love inconstancy!

A REPLY UPON THE FAIR M. S.

A DAINTY maid, that draws her double name
From bitter sweetness, (with sweet bitterness)
Did late my skill and faulty verses blame,
And to her loving friend did plain confess,
That I my former credit foul did shame,
And might no more a poet's name profess:
The cause that with my verse she was offended,
For women's levity I discommended.

Too true you said, that poet I was never,
And I confess it (fair) if that content ye,
That when I play'd, the poet less than ever;
Not, for of such a verse I now repent me,
(Poets to feign, and make fine lies endeavour)
But I the truth, truth (ah!) too certain sent ye:

Then that I am no poet I deny not;
For when their lightness I condemn, I lie not.

But if my verse had lied against my mind,
And praised that which truth cannot approve,
And falsely said, they were as fair as kind,
As true as sweet, their faith could never move,
But sure is link'd where constant love they find,
That with sweet braving they vie truth and love;
If thus I write, it cannot be deny'd
But I a poet were, so foul I lied.

But give me leave to write as I have found:
Like ruddy apples at their outsides bright,
Whose skin is fair, the core or heart unsound;
Whose cherry-cheek the eye doth much delight,
But inward rottenness the taste doth wound:
Ah! were the taste so good as is the sight,
To pluck such apples (lost with self same price)
Would back restore us part of Paradise.

But truth hath said it, (truth who dare deny!)
Men seldom are, more seldom women sure:
But if (fair sweet) thy truth and constancy
To better faith thy thoughts and mind procure,
If thy firm truth could give firm truth the lie,
If thy first love will first and last endure; [thee,
Thou more than woman art, if time so proves
And he more than a man, that loved loves thee.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PREMISES TO THE LADY CULPEPPER.

Who with a bridle strives to curb the waves?
Or in a cypress chest locks flaming fires?
So when love anger'd in thy bosom raves,
And grief with love a double flame inspires,
By silence thou may'st add, but never less it:
The way is by expressing to repress it.

Who then will blame affection not respected,
To vent in grief the grief that so torments him?
Passion will speak in passion, if neglected:
Love that so soon will chide, as soon repents him;
And therefore boyish love's too like a boy,
With a toy pleas'd, displeased with a toy.

Have you not seen, when you have chid or sought,
That lively picture of your lovely beauty,
Your pretty child, at first to lowr or pout,
But soon again reclaim'd to love and duty;
Forgets the rod, and all her anger ends,
Plays on your lap, or on your neck depends:

Too like that pretty child is childish love,
That when in anger he is wrong'd, or beat,
Will rave and chide, and every passion prove,
But soon to smiles and fawns turns all his heat,
And prays, and swears he never more will do it;
Such one is love: alas, that women know it!

But if so just excuse will not content ye,
But still you blame the words of angry love,
Here I recant, and of those words repent me:
In sign hereof I offer now to prove,
That changing women's love is constant ever,
And men, though ever firm, are constant never.

For men that to one fair their passions bind,
Must ever change, as do those changing fairs;
So as she alters, alters still their mind,
And with their fading loves their love impairs:
Therefore, still moving, as the fair they loved,
Most do they move, by being most unmoved.

But women, when their lovers change their graces,
What first in them they lov'd, love now in others,
Affecting still the same in divers places;
So never change their love, but change their lovers:
Therefore their mind is firm and constant prov'd,
Seeing they ever love what first they lov'd.

Their love tied to some virtue, cannot stray,
Shifting the outside oft, the inside never:
But men (when now their loves dissolv'd to clay
Indeed are nothing) still in love persever:
How then can such fond men be constant made,
That nothing love, or but (a nothing) shade?

What fool commends a stone for never moving?
Or blames the speedy heav'ns for ever ranging?
Cease then, fond men, to blaze your constant loving;
Love's fiery, winged, light, and therefore changing:
Fond man, that thinks such fire and air to fetter!
All change; men for the worse, women for better.

TO MY ONLY CHOSEN VALENTINE AND WIFE.

ANAGRAM. { Maystress Elizabeth Vincent
Is my breast's chaste Valentine. }

Think not (fair love) that chance my hand directed
To make my choice my chance; blind chance and hands
Could never see what most my mind affected;
But Heav'n (that ever with chaste true love stands)
Lent eyes to see what most my heart respected:
Then do not thou resist what Heav'n commands;
But yield thee his, who must be ever thine;
My heart thy altar is, my breast thy shrine;
Thy name for ever is, My breast's chaste Valentine.

A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS, THE THIRD BOOK AND LAST VERSE.

Happy man, whose perfect sight
Views the overflowing light!
Happy man, that canst unbind
Th' earth-bars pounding up the mind!
Once his wife's quick fate lamenting
Orpheus sat, his hair all renting,
While the speedy woods came running,
And rivers stood to hear his cunning;
And the lion with the hart
Join'd side to side to hear his art:
Hares ran with the dogs along,
Not from dogs, but to his song.
But when all his verses turning
Only fann'd his poor heart's burning,
And his grief came but the faster,
(His verse all easing, but his master)
Of the higher powers complaining,
Down he went to Hell disdaining:
There his silver lutestrings hitting,
And his potent verses fitting,
All the sweets that e'er he took
From his sacred mother's brook,
What his double sorrow gives him,
And love, that doubly double grieves him,

There he spends to move deaf Hell,
Charming devils with his spell,
And with sweetest asking leave
Does the lords of ghosts deceive.
The dog, whose never quiet yell
Affrights sad souls in night that dwell,
Pricks up now his thrice two ears;
To howl, or bark, or whine he fears:
Struck with dumb wonder at those songs,
He wish'd more ears, and fewer tongues.
Charon amaz'd his oar foreslows,
While the boat the sculler rows.
Tantal might have eaten now
The fruit as still as is the bough;
But he (fool!) no hunger fearing,
Starv'd his taste, to feed his hearing.
Ixion, though his wheel stood still,
Still was rapt with music's skill.
At length the judge of souls with pity
Yields, as conquer'd with his ditty;
Let's give back his spouse's hearse,
Purchas'd with so pleasing verse:
Yet this law shall bind our gift,
He turn not, till h'as Tartar left.
Who to laws can lovers draw?
Love in love is only law:
Now almost he left the night,
When he first turn'd back his sight;
And at once, while her he ey'd,
His love he saw, and lost, and dy'd.
So, who strives out of the night
To bring his soul to joy in light,
Yet again turns back his eye
To view left Hell's deformity;
Though he seems enlighten'd more,
Yet is blacker than afore.

A TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS, BOOK SECOND, VERSE SEVENTH.

Who only honour seeks with prone affection,
And thinks that glory is his greatest bliss; [tion,
First let him view the Heav'n's wide-stretched sec-
Then in some map the Earth's short narrowness:
Well may he blush to see his name not able
To fill one quarter of so brief a table.

Why then should high-grown minds so much rejoice
To draw their stubborn necks from man's subjection: [voice
For though loud fame stretch high her prattling
To blaze abroad their virtue's great perfection;
Though goodly titles of their house adorn them
With ancient heraldry, yet death doth scorn them:
The high and base lie in the self same grave;
No difference there between a king and slave.

Where now are true Fabricius' bones remaining:
Who knows where Brutus, or rough Cato lives!
Only a weak report, their names sustaining,
In records old a slender knowledge gives:
Yet when we read the deeds of men inhumed,
Can we by that know them long since consumed?

Now therefore lie you buried and forgotten;
Nor can report frustrate encroaching death:
Or if you think when you are dead and rotten,
You live again by fame, and vulgar breath:
When with time's shadows this false glory wanes,
You die again; but this your glory gains.

UPON MY BROTHER MR. G. F. HIS BOOK INTITULED CHRIST'S VICTORY AND TRIUMPH.

Fond lads, that spend so fast your posting time,
(Too posting time, that spends your time as fast)
To chant light toys, or frame some wanton rhyme,
Where idle boys may glut their lustful taste;
Or else with praise to clothe some fleshly slime
With virgin roses, and fair lilies chaste:
While itching bloods, and youthful cares adore it; [abhor it.
But wiser men, and once yourselves will most

But thou, (most near, most dear) in this of thine
Hast prov'd the Muses not to Venus bound;
Such as thy matter, such thy Muse, divine:
Or thou such grace with Mercy's self hast found,
That she herself deigns in thy leaves to shine;
Or stol'n from Heav'n, thou brought'st this verse to ground, [thunder,
Which frights the numbed soul with fearful
And soon with honeyed dews thaws it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues esteem;
(The glass, through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a mole-hill mountain seem)
His praise dispraises; his dispraises praise;
Enough, if best men best thy labours deem,
And to the highest pitch thy merit raise;
While all the Muses to thy song decree
Victorious triumph, triumphant victory.

UPON THE BISHOP OF EXON, DR. HALL, HIS MEDITATIONS.

Most wretched soul, that here carousing pleasure,
Hath all his Heav'n on Earth; and ne'er distressed
Enjoys these fond delights without all measure,
And freely living thus, is thus deceased!
Ah, greatest curse, so to be ever blessed!
For where to live is Heav'n, 'tis Hell to die.
Ah, wretch! that here begins Hell's misery!

Most blessed soul, that, lifted up with wings
Of faith and love, leaves this base habitation,
And scorning sluggish Earth, to Heav'n up springs;
On Earth, yet still in Heav'n by meditation;
With the soul's eye foreseeing th' heavenly station:
Then 'gins his life, when he's of life bereaven.
Ah, blessed soul! that here begins his Heaven!

UPON THE CONTEMPLATIONS OF THE BISHOP OF EXCESTER, GIVEN TO THE LADY E. W. AT NEW-YEAR'S TIDE.

This little world's two little stars are eyes,
And he that all eyes framed, fram'd all others
Downward to fall, but these to climb the skies,
There to acquaint them with their starry brothers;
Planets fix'd in the head, (their sphere of sense)
Yet wand'ring still thro' Heav'n's circumference,
The intellect being their intelligence.

Dull then that heavy soul, which ever bent
On Earth and earthly toys, his Heav'n neglects;
Content with that which cannot give content:
What thy foot scorning kicks, thy soul respects.
Fond soul! thy eye will up to Heav'n erect thee;
Thou it direct'st, and must it now direct thee?
Dull, heavy soul! thy scholar must correct thee.

Thrice happy soul, that guided by thine eyes,
Art mounted up unto that starry nation;
And leaving there thy sense, enterest the skies,
Enshrin'd and fainted there by contemplation!
Heav'n thou enjoy'st on Earth, and now bereaven
Of life, a new life to thy soul is given.
Thrice happy soul, that hast a double Heaven!

That sacred hand, which to this year hath brought you,
Perfect your years, and with your years, his graces;
And when his will unto his will hath wrought you,
Conduct your soul unto those happy places,
Where thousand joys, and pleasures ever new,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets, rain on that heav'nly crew.

THESE ASCLEPIADS OF MR. H. S. TRANSLATED AND ENLARGED.

Ne verbum mihi sit mortua litera,
Nec Christi meritum gratia vanida;
Sed verbum fatuo sola scientia,
Et Christus misero sola redemptio.

Unletter'd Word, which never ear could hear;
Unwritten Word, which never eye could see,
Yet syllabled in flesh-spell'd character,
That so to senses thou might'st subject be;
Since thou in bread art stampt, in print art read,
Let not thy print-stamp'd word to me be dead.

Thou all-contriving, all deserving Spirit,
Made flesh to die, that so thou might'st be mine,
That thou in us, and we in thee might merit,
We thine, thou ours; thou human, we divine;
Let not my dead life's merit, my dead heart
Forfeit so dear a purchas'd death's desert.

Thou Sun of wisdom, knowledge infinite,
Made folly to the wise, night to profane;
Be I thy Moon, oh, let thy sacred light
Increase to th' full, and never, never wane:
Wise folly in me set, fond wisdom rise,
Make me renounce my wisdom, to be wise.

Thou Life eternal, purest blessedness,
Made mortal, wretched, sin itself, for me;
Show me my death, my sin, my wretchedness,
That I may flourish, shine, and live in thee:
So I with praise shall sing thy life, death's story,
O thou my merit, life, my wisdom, glory!

CERTAIN OF THE ROYAL PROPHET'S PSALMS METAPHRASED.

PSALM XLII.

Which agrees with the tune of Like the hermit poor.

Look as an hart with sweat and blood imbrued,
Chas'd and emboss'd, thirsts in the soil to be;
So my poor soul, with eager foes pursued, [thee:
Looks, longs, O Lord, pines, pants, and faints, for
When, O my God! when shall I come in place
To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

I dine and sup with sighs, with groans and tears,
While all thy foes mine ears with taunting load;
"Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer hears?
Where is," say they, "where is thy boasted God?"
My molten heart, deep plung'd in sad despairs,
Runs forth to thee in streams of tears and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now past days,
When to thy house my troops with joy I led:
We sang, we danc'd, we chanted sacred lays;
No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my breast?
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

My famish'd soul, driv'n from thy sweetest word,
(From Hermon hill, and Jordan's swelling brook)
To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord!
To thee sends back her hungry, longing look:
Floods of thy wrath breed floods of grief and fears; [tears.
And floods of grief breed floods of plaints and

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
These dreary clouds, and storms of sad despairs:
Sure am I in the night his songs to hear,
Sweet songs of joy, as well as he my prayers.
I'll say, "My God, why slight'st thou my distress,
While all my foes my weary soul oppress?"

My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid;
They cut my heart, they vaunt that bitter word,
"Where is thy trust? where is thy hope?" they said;
"Where is thy God? where is thy boasted Lord?"
Why droop'st, my soul? why faint'st thou in my breast?
Wait still with praise; his presence is thy rest.

PSALM XLIII.

Which may be sung as the Widow, or Mock Widow.

O Lord! before the morning
Gives Heaven warning
To let out the day,
My wakeful eyes
Look for thy rise,
And wait to let in thy joyful ray.
Lank hunger here peoples the desert cells,
Here thirst fills up the empty wells:
How longs my flesh for that bread without leaven!
How thirsts my soul for that wine of Heaven!
Such (oh!) to taste thy ravishing grace!
Such in thy house to view thy glorious face!

Thy love, thy light, thy face's
Bright-shining graces,
(Whose unchanged ray
Knows, nor morn's dawn
Nor evening's wane)
How far surmount they life's winter day!
My heart to thy glory tunes all his strings;
My tongue thy praises cheerly sings:
And till I slumber, and death shall undress me,
Thus will I sing, thus will I bless thee.
"Fill me with love, oh! fill me with praise!
So shall I vent due thanks in joyful lays."

When night all eyes hath quenched,
And thoughts lie drenched
In silence and rest;
Then will I all
Thy ways recal,
And look on thy light in darkness best.
When my poor soul, wounded, had lost the field,
Thou wast my fort, thou wast my shield.
Safe in thy trenches I boldly will vaunt me,
There will I sing, there will I chant thee;
There I'll triumph in thy banner of grace,
My conq'ring arms shall be thy arms' embrace.

My foes from deeps descending,
In rage transcending,
Assaulting me sore,
Into their Hell,
Are headlong fell;
There shall they lie, there howl, and roar:
There let deserv'd torments their spirits tear;
Feel they worst ills, and worse yet fear:
But with his spouse thine anointed in pleasure
Shall reign, and joy past time or measure:
There new delights, new pleasures, still spring:
Haste there, oh! haste, my soul, to dance and sing.

PSALM CXXVII.

To the tune of that psalm.

If God build not the house, and lay
The ground-work sure; whoever build,
It cannot stand one stormy day:
If God be not the city's shield;
If he be not their bars and wall,
In vain is watch-tower, men, and all.

Though then thou wak'st when others rest,
Though rising thou prevent'st the Sun;
Though with lean Care thou daily feast,
Thy labour's lost, and thou undone:
But God his child will feed and keep,
And draw the curtains to his sleep.

Though th' hast a wife fit, young, and fair,
An heritage heirs to advance;
Yet canst thou not command an heir;
For heirs are God's inheritance:
He gives the seed, the bud, the bloom;
He gives the harvest to the womb.

And look, as arrows, by strong arm
In a strong bow drawn to the head,
Where they are meant, will surely harm,
And if they hit, wound deep and dead;
Children of youth are even so;
As harmful, deadly, to a foe.

That man shall live in bliss and peace,
Who fills his quiver with such shot:
Whose garners swell with such increase,
Terrour and shame assail him not;
And though his foes deep hatred bear,
Thus arm'd, he shall not need to fear.

PSALM CXXXVII.

To be sung as, See the building.

Where Perah's flowers
Perfume proud Babel's bowers,
And paint her wall;
There we lay'd asteeping,
Our eyes in endless weeping,
For Sion's fall.
Our feasts and songs we laid aside,
On forlorn willows
(By Perah's billows)
We hung our harps, and mirth and joy defy'd,
That Sion's ruins should build foul Babel's pride.

Our conqu'rors vaunting
With bitter scoffs and taunting,
Thus proudly jest:
"Take down your harps, and string them,
Recal your songs, and sing them,
For Sion's feast."
Were our harps well tun'd in every string,
Our heart-strings broken,
Throats drown'd, and soaken
With tears and sighs, how can we praise and sing
The King of Heaven under an heathen king?

In all my mourning,
Jerusalem, thy burning
If I forget;
Forget thy running,
My hand, and all thy cunning,
To th' harp to set.
Let thy mouth, my tongue, be still thy grave;
Lie there asleeping,
For Sion weeping:
Oh! let mine eyes in tears thy office have;
Nor rise, nor set, but in their briny wave.

Proud Edom's raging,
Their hate with blood assuaging,
And vengeful sword,
Their cursed joying
In Sion's walls destroying,
Remember, Lord;
Forget not, Lord, their spiteful cry,
"Fire and deface it,
Destroy and rase it;
Oh, let the name of Sion ever die!"
Thus did they roar, and us and thee defy.

So shall thy towers,
And all thy princely bowers,
Proud Babel, fall:
Him ever blessed,
Who th' oppressor hath oppressed,
Shall all men call:
Thrice blest, that turns thy mirth to groans;
That burns to ashes
Thy towers, and dashes
Thy brats 'gainst rocks, to wash thy bloody stones
With thine own blood, and pave thee with thy bones.

PSALM I.

Blessed, who walk'st not in the worldling's way;
Blessed, who with foul sinners wilt not stand:
Blessed, who with proud mockers dar'st not stay;
Nor sit thee down amongst that scornful band.
Thrice blessed man, who in that heavenly light
Walk'st, stand'st, and sitt'st, rejoicing day and night.

Look as a thirsty palm full Jordan drinks,
(Whose leaf and fruit still live, when winter dies)
With conqu'ring branches crowns the river's brinks;
And summer's fires, and winter's frosts defies:
All so the soul, whom that clear light revives,
Still springs, buds, grows, and dying time survives.

But as the dust of chaff, cast in the air,
Sinks in the dirt, and turns to dung and mire;
So sinners, driv'n to Hell by fierce despair,
Shall fry in ice, and freeze in hellish fire:
For he, whose flaming eyes all actions turn,
Sees both; to light the one, the other burn.

PSALM CXXX.

From the deeps of grief and fear,
O Lord! to thee my soul repairs:
From thy Heaven bow down thine ear;
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
Oh! if thou mark'st
What's done amiss,
What soul so pure,
Can see thy bliss?

But with thee sweet Mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, working fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands;
Wait, mine eye, oh! wait, mine ear:
If he his eye
Or tongue affords,
Watch all his looks,
Catch all his words.

As a watchman waits for day,
And looks for light, and looks again;
When the night grows old and gray,
To be reliev'd he calls amain:
So look, so wait,
So long mine eyes,
To see my Lord,
My Sun, arise.

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord:
For from his tongue sweet mercy flows;
Wait on his cross, wait on his word;
Upon that tree redemption grows:
He will redeem
His Israel
From sin and wrath,
From death and Hell.

AN HYMN.

Wake, O my soul! awake, and raise
Up every part to sing his praise,
Who from his sphere of glory fell,
To raise thee up from death and Hell:
See how his soul vext for thy sin,
Weeps blood without, feels Hell within:
See where he hangs:
Hark how he cries:
Oh, bitter pangs!
Now, now, he dies.

Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view
Those two twin lights, whence Heavens drew
Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight
Fills you with joy, with life, and light;
See how with clouds of sorrow drown'd,
They wash with tears thy sinful wound:
See how with streams
Of spit th' are drench'd;
See how their beams
With death are quench'd.

Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear
That powerful voice, which stills thy fear,
And brings from Heaven those joyful news,
Which Heaven commands, which Hell subdues;
Hark how his ears (Heav'n's mercy-seat)
Foul slanders with reproaches beat:
Hark how the knocks
Our ears resound;
Hark how their mocks
His hearing wound.

Wake, O my heart! tune every string:
Wake, O my tongue! awake, and sing:
Think not a thought in all thy lays,
Speak not a word but of his praise:
Tell how his sweetest tongue they drown'd
With gall: think how his heart they wound:
That bloody spout,
Gagg'd for thy sin,
His life lets out,
Thy death lets in.

AN HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from Heav'n
The news and Prince of Peace:
Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease:
In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

ON MY FRIEND'S PICTURE, WHO DIED IN TRAVEL.

Though now to Heav'n thy travels are confin'd,
Thy wealth, friends, life, and country, all are lost;
Yet in this picture we thee living find;
And thou with lesser travel, lesser cost,
Hast found new life, friends, wealth, and better coast:
So by thy death thou liv'st, by loss thou gain'st;
And in thy absence present still remain'st.

UPON DR. PLAYFER.

Who lives with death, by death in death is lying;
But he who living dies, best lives by dying:
Who life to truth, who death to errour gives,
In life may die, by death more surely lives.
My soul in Heaven breathes, in schools my fame:
Then on my tomb write nothing but my name.

UPON MY BROTHER'S BOOK, CALLED
THE GROUNDS, LABOUR, AND REWARD OF FAITH.

This lamp fill'd up, and fir'd by that blest spirit,
Spent his last oil in this pure heav'nly flame;
Laying the grounds, walls, roof of faith: this frame
With life he ends; and now doth there inherit
What here he built, crown'd with his laurel merit:
Whose palms and triumphs once he loudly rang.
There now enjoys what here he sweetly sang.

This is his monument, on which he drew
His spirit's image, that can never die; [eye;
But breathes in these live words, and speaks to th'
In these his winding-sheets he dead doth show
To buried souls the way to live anew,
And in his grave more powerfully now preacheth:
Who will not learn, when that a dead man teach-
eth?

UPON MR. PERKINS, HIS PRINTED SERMONS.

Perkins (our wonder) living, though long dead,
In this white paper, as a winding-sheet;
And in this vellum lies enveloped:
Yet still he lives, guiding the erring feet,
Speaking now to our eyes, though buried.
If once so well, much better now he teacheth:
Who will not hear, when a live-dead man
preacheth.

ELIZA;

OR AN ELEGY UPON THE UNRIPE DECEASE OF

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

Composed at the request (and for a monument) of
his surviving lady.

ANAGRAMA.

Antonius Irbeus
An virtus obiens!
Esto mei mortisque memor.
Funus virtuti fœnus.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR ANTONY IRBY.

SIR,

I am altogether (I think) unknown to you, (as having never seen you since your infancy) neither do I now desire to be known by this trifle. But I cannot rule these few lines composed presently after your father's decease; they are broken from me, and will see more light than they deserve. I wish there were any thing in them worthy of your vacant hours: such as they are, yours they are by inheritance. As an urn, therefore, of your father's ashes (I beseech you) receive them, for his sake, and from him, who desires in some better employment to be

your servant,

P. P.

Look as a stag, pierc'd with a fatal bow,
(As by a wood he walks securely feeding)
In coverts thick conceals his deadly blow,
And feeling death swim in his endless bleeding,
(His heavy head his fainting strength exceeding)
Bids woods adieu, so sinks into his grave;
Green brakes and primrose sweet his seemly hearse
embrave:

So lay a gentle knight now full of death,
With cloudy eyes his latest hour expecting;
And by his side, sucking his fleeting breath,
His weeping spouse Eliza, life neglecting,
And all her beauteous fairs with grief infecting:
Her cheek as pale as his, 'twere hard to scan,
If death or sorrow's face did look more pale or
wan.

Close by, her sister, fair Alicia, sits;
Fairest Alicia, to whose sweetest graces
His tears and sighs a fellow passion fits:
Upon her eye (his throne) love sorrow places;
There comfort sadness, beauty grief embraces:
Pity might seem a while that face to borrow,
And thither now was come to comfort death and
sorrow.

At length loud grief thus with a cheerful shriek
(His trumpet) sounds a battle, joy defying;
Spreading his colours in Eliza's cheek,
And from her eyes (his watch-tower) far espying,
With hope, delight, and joy, and comfort flying,
Thus with her tongue their coward flight pursues,
While sighs, shrieks tears, give chase with never
fainting cries:

"Thou traitour joy, that in prosperity
So loudly vaunt'st! whither, ah, whither fliest?
And thou that brag'st never from life to fly,
False hope, ah! whither now so speedy hiest?
In vain thy winged feet so fast thou pliest:
Hope, thou art dead, and Joy, in hope relying,
Bleeds in his hopeless wounds, and in his death
lies dying."

But then Alicia (in whose cheerful eye
Comfort with grief, hope with compassion, lived)
Renews the fight: "If joy and comfort die,
The fault is yours; so much (too much) you
grieved,
That hope could never hope to be relieved.
If all your hopes to one poor hope you bind,
No marvel if one fled, not one remains behind.

"Fond hopes on life, so weak a thread, depending!
Weak, as the thread such knots so weakly tying;
But heav'nly joys are circular, ne'er ending,
Sure as the rock on which they grow; and lying
In Heav'n, increase by loss, live best by dying.
Then let your hope on those sure joys depend,
Which live and grow by death, and waste not when
they spend."

Then she: "Great Lord, thy judgments righte-
ous be,
To make good ill, when to our ill we use it:
Good leads us to the greatest good, to thee;
But we to other ends most fond abuse it:
A common fault, yet cannot that excuse it:
We love thy gifts, and take them gladly ever:
We love them (ah, too much!) more than we love
the giver."

So falling low upon her humbled knees,
And all her heart within her eye expressing;
"'Tis true, great Mercy, only miseries
Teach us ourselves: and thee, oh! if confessing
Our faults to thee be all our faults releasing,
But in thine ear, I never sought to hide them,
Ah! thou hast heard them oft, as oft as thou hast ey'd them.

"I know the heart knows more than tongue can tell;
But thou perceiv'st the heart his foulness telling:
Yet knows the heart not half, so wide an Hell,
Such seas of sin in such scant banks are swelling!
Who sees all faults within his bosom dwelling;
Many my tenants are, and I not know them.
Most dangerous the wounds thou feel'st, and canst not show them.

"Some hidden fault, my Father, and my God,
Some fault I know not yet, nor yet amended,
Hath forc'st thee frown, and use thy smarting rod;
Some grievous fault thee grievously offended:
But let thy wrath, (ah!) let it now be ended.
Father, this childish plea (if once I know it)
Let stay thy threat'ning hand, I never more will do it.

"If to my heart thou show this hidden sore,
Spare me; no more, no more I will offend thee,
I dare not say I will, I would no more:
Say thou I shall, and soon I will amend me.
Then smooth thy brow, and now some comfort lend me;
Oh, let thy softest mercies rest contented:
Though late, I most repent, that I so late repented.

"Lay down thy rod, and stay thy smarting hand;
There raining eyes into thy bottle gather:
Oh, see thy bleeding Son betwixt us stand;
Remember me a child, thyself a Father:
Or, if thou may'st not stay, oh, punish rather
The part offending, this rebellious heart!
Why pardon'st thou the worse, and plagu'st my better part?

"Was't not thy hand, that tied the sacred knot?
Was't not thy hand, that to my hand did give him?
Hast thou not made us one? command'st thou not,
None loose what thou hast bound? if then thou leave him,
How, without me, by halves dost thou receive him!
Tak'st thou the head, and leav'st the heart behind?
Ay me! in me alone canst thou such monster find?

"Oh, why dost thou so strong me weak assail?
Woman of all thy creatures is the weakest,
And in her greatest strength did weakly fail;
Thou who the weak and bruised never breakest,
Who never triumph in the yielding seekest;
Pity my weak estate, and leave me never:
I ever yet was weak, and now more weak than ever."

With that her fainting spouse lifts up his head,
And with some joy his inward griefs refraining,
Thus with a feeble voice, yet cheerful, said:
"Spend not in tears this little time remaining;
Thy grief doth add to mine, not ease my paining:
My death is life; such is the scourge of God:
Ah! if his rod be such, who would not kiss his rod?

"My dear, (once all my joy, now all my care)
To these my words (these my last words) apply thee!
Give me thy hand; these my last greetings are:
Show me thy face, I never more shall eye thee.
Ah, would our boys, our lesser selves, were by thee!
Those my live pictures to the world I give:
So single only die, in them twice-two I live.

"You little souls, your sweetest times enjoy,
And softly spend among your mother's kisses;
And with your pretty sports and hurtless joy,
Supply your weeping mother's grievous misses:
Ah! while you may, enjoy your little blisses,
While yet you nothing know: when back you view,
Sweet will this knowledge seem, when yet you nothing knew.

"For when to riper times your years arrive,
No more (ah! then no more) may you go play you:
Launch'd in the deep far from the wished hive,
Change of world's tempests through blind seas will sway you,
Till to the long-long'd haven they convey you:
Thro' many a wave this brittle life must pass,
And cut the churlish seas, shipt in a bark of glass.

"How many ships in quicksands swallow'd been!
What gaping waves, whales, monsters, there expect you!
How many rocks, much sooner felt than seen!
Yet let no fear, no coward fright, affect you:
He holds the stern, and he will safe direct you,
Who to my sails thus long so gently blew,
That now I touch the shore, before the seas I knew.

"I touch the shore, and see my rest preparing.
Oh, blessed God! how infinite a blessing
Is in this thought, that thro' this troubled faring,
Through all the faults this guilty age depressing
I guiltless past, no helpless man oppressing;
And coming now to thee, lift to the skies
Unbribed hands, clean'd heart, and never tainted eyes!

"Life, life! how many Scyllas dost thou hide
In thy calm streams, which sooner kill than threaten!
Gold, honour, greatness, and their daughter, pride!
More quiet lives, and less with tempests beaten,
Whose middle state content doth richly sweeten!
He knows not strife, or brabling lawyers' brawls;
His love and wish live pleas'd within his private walls.

"The king he never sees, nor fears, nor prays;
Nor sits court promise and false hopes lamenting:
Within that house he spends and ends his days,
Where day he viewed first; his heart's contenting,
His wife, and babes; nor sits new joys inventing:
Unspotted there, and quiet, he remains;
And 'mong his dutcous sons most lov'd and fearless reigns.

"Thou God of Peace, with what a gentle tide
Through this world's raging tempest hast thou brought me?
Thou, thou my open soul didst safely hide,
When thousand crafty foes so nearly sought me;
Else had the endless pit too quickly caught me;
That endless pit, where it is easier never
To fall, than being fall'n, to cease from falling ever.

" I never knew or want or luxury,
Much less their followers; or cares tormenting,
Or ranging lust, or base-bred flattery:
I lov'd, and was belov'd with like consenting:
My hate was hers, her joy my solo contenting:
Thus long I liv'd, and yet have never prov'd
Whether I lov'd her more, or more by her was lov'd.

" Four babes (the fifth with thee I soon shall find)
With equal grace in soul and body fram'd:
And lest these goods might swell my bladder'd mind,
(Which last I name, but should not last be nam'd)
A sickness long my stubborn heart hath tam'd,
And taught me pleasing goods are not the best;
But most unblest he lives, that lives here ever blest.

" Ah, life! once virtue's spring, now sink of evil!
Thou change of pleasing pain, and painful pleasure;
Thou brittle painted bubble, shop o' th' Devil;
How dost thou bribe us with false guilded treasure,
That in thy joys we find no mean or measure!
How dost thou witch! I know thou dost deceive me: [thee.
I know I should, I must, and yet I would not leave

" Ah, death! once greatest ill, now only blessing,
Untroubled sleep, short travel, ever resting,
All sickness' cure, thou end of all distressing,
Thou one meal's fast, usher to endless feasting;
Tho' hopeless griefs cry out, thy aid requesting,
Tho' thou art sweeten'd by a life most hateful,
How is't, that when thou com'st, thy coming is ungrateful?

" Frail flesh, why would'st thou keep a hated guest,
And him refuse whom thou hast oft invited?
Life thy tormenter, death thy sleep and rest.
And thou, (poor soul!) why at his sight art frighted,
Who clears thine eyes, and makes thee eagle-sighted?
Mount now, my soul, and seat thee in thy throne:
Thou shalt be one with him, by whom thou first wast one.

" Why should'st thou love this star, this borrow'd light,
And not that Sun, at which thou oft hast guessed,
But guess'd in vain? which dares thy piercing sight,
Which never was, which cannot be expressed?
Why lov'st thy load, and joy'st to be oppressed?
Seest thou those joys? those thousand thousand graces? [embraces.
Mount now, my soul, and leap to those outstretch'd

" Dear country, I must leave thee; and in thee
No benefit, which most doth pierce and grieve me:
Yet, had not hasty death prevented me,
I would repay my life, and somewhat give thee:
My sons for that I leave; and so I leave thee:
Thus Heav'n commands; the lord outrides the page,
And is arriv'd before: death hath prevented age.

" My dearest Betty, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now; with thee all earthly joying:
Heav'n knows, with thee alone I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
Thy constant loves, next Heav'n, I did refer them:
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heav'n I should prefer them.

" I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living: [ing:
In them, and for them, stay thy too much griev-
Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

" And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
And in their face some part of me surveying,
In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him, who lov'd thee ever dear.

" And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them:
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them; [them:
And when green age permits, to goodness bend
A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

" Turn their unweary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have us'd to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
Point thou to Heav'n, and say, 'He there remaineth:'
And if they live in grace, grow, and persever,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me never.

" My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection;
Thou gav'st them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them thou, and help her weak direction;
That re-united by thy strong election,
Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

" Betty, let these last words long with thee dwell:
If yet a second Hymen do expect thee,
Though well he love thee, once I lov'd as well:
Yet if his presence make thee less respect me,
Ah, do not in my children's good neglect me!
Let me this faithful hope departing have;
More easy shall I die, and sleep in careless grave.

" Farewel, farewel! I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing:
Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in Heav'n I live.

" Death, end of our joys, entrance into new,
I follow thee, I know I am thy debtor;
Not unexpect thou com'st to claim thy due;
Take here thine own, my soul's too heavy fetter;
Not life, life's place I change, but for a better;
Take thou my soul, that bought'st it: cease your tears:
Who sighing leaves the Earth, himself and Heaven fears."

Thus said, and while the body slumb'ring lay,
(As Theseus Ariadne's bed forsaking)
His quiet soul stole from her house of clay;
And glorious angels on their wings it taking,
Swifter than lightning flew, for Heaven making;
There happy goes he, heav'nly fires admiring,
Whose motion is their bait, whose rest is restless jeering.

And now the courts of that thrice blessed King
It enters, and his presence sits enjoying;
While in itself it finds an endless spring
Of pleasures new, and never weary joying,
Ne'er spent in spending; feeding, never cloying:
Weak pen to write! for thought can never feign them: [tain them.
The mind that all can hold, yet cannot half con-

There doth it blessed sit, and looking down,
Laughs at our busy care, and idle paining;
And fitting to itself that glorious crown, [reigning;
Scorns Earth, where even kings most serve by
Where men get wealth, and Hell; so lose by gaining.
Ah, blessed soul! there sit thou still delighted,
Till we at length to him with thee shall be united.

But when at last his lady sad espies
His flesh of life, herself of him deprived,
Too full of grief, closing his quenched eyes,
As if in him, by him, for him she lived,
Fell dead with him; and once again revived,
Fell once again, pain weary of his paining,
And grief with too much grief felt now no grief remaining.

Again relievd, all silent sat she long;
No word to name such grief durst first adventure:
Grief is but light that floats upon the tongue,
But weighty sorrow presses to the centre,
And never rests till th' heavy heart it enter;
And in life's house was married to life: [grief:
Grief made life grievous seem, and life enlivens

And from their bed proceeds a numerous press,
First shrieks, then tears and sighs, the heart's ground renting:
In vain poor Muse would'st thou such dole express;
For thou thyself lamenting her lamenting,
And with like grief transform'd to like tormenting,
With heavy pace bring'st forth thy lagging verse,
Which cloth'd with blackest lines attends the mournful herse.

The cunning hand which that Greek princess drew
Ready in holy fires to be consum'd,
Pity and sorrow paints in divers hue; [fum'd;
One wept, he pray'd, this sigh'd, that chaf'd and
But not to limn her father's look presum'd:
For well he knew his skilful hand had fail'd:
Best was his sorrow seen, when with a cloth 'twas veil'd.

Look as a nightingale, whose callow young [taken
Some boy hath mark'd, and now half nak'd hath
Which long she closely kept, and foster'd long,
But all in vain: she now poor bird forsaken
Flies up and down, but grief no place can slacken;
All day and night her loss she fresh doth rue,
And where she ends her plaints, there soon begins anew:

Thus sat she desolate, so short a good,
Such gift so soon exacted sore complaining:
Sleep could not pass, but almost sunk i' th' flood:
So high her eye banks swell'd with endless raining;
Surfeit of grief had bred all meats disdaining:
A thousand times, "My Antony," she cried,
"Irby" a thousand times; and in that name she died.

Thus circling in her grief it never ends,
But moving round back to itself inclineth:
Both day and night alike in grief she spends:
Day shows her day is gone, no sun there shineth:
Black night her fellow mourner she defineth:
Light shows his want, and shades his picture draw: [she saw.
Him (nothing) best she sees, when nothing, now

Thou blacker Muse, whose rude uncombed hairs
With fatal yew and cypress still are shaded;
Bring hither all thy sighs, hither thy tears:
As sweet a plant, as fair a flower is faded,
As ever in the Muses' garden bladed;
While th' owner (hapless owner) sits lamenting,
And but in discontent and grief, finds no contenting.

The sweet (now sad) Eliza weeping lies,
While fair Alicia's words in vain relieve her;
In vain those wells of grief she often dries:
What her so long, now doubled sorrows give her,
What both their loves (which doubly double grieve her)
She careless spends without or end or measure;
Yet as it spends, it grows, poor grief can tell his treasure.

All as a turtle on a bared bough
(A widow turtle) joy and life despises,
Whose trusty mate (to pay his holy vow)
Some watchful eye late in his roost surprises,
And to his god for errour sacrifices;
She joyless bird sits mourning all alone; [none:
And being one when two, would now be two, or

So sat she, gentle lady, weeping sore,
Her desert self and now cold lord lamenting;
So sat she careless on the dusty floor,
As if her tears were all her soul's contenting;
So sat she, as when speechless griefs tormenting
Locks up the heart, the captive tongue enchaining; [plaining.
So sat she joyless down in worldless grief com-

Her cheerful eye (which once the crystal was,
Where love and beauty dress'd their fairest faces,
And fairer seem'd by looking in that glass)
Had now in tears drown'd all their former graces:
Her snow-white arms, whose warm and sweet embraces
Could quicken death, their now-dead lord enfold,
And seem'd as cold and dead as was the flesh they hold.

The roses in her cheek grow pale and wan;
As if his pale cheeks' livery they affected:
Her head, like fainting flowers oppress'd with rain,
On her left shoulder lean'd his weight neglected:
Her dark gold locks hung loosely unrespected;
As if those fairs, which he alone deserv'd,
With him had lost their use, and now for nothing serv'd.

Her lady sister sat close by her side,
Alicia, in whose face love proudly lorded;
Where beauty's self and mildness sweet reside,
Where every grace her naked sight afforded,
And majesty with love sat well-accorded:
A little map of Heav'n, sweet influence giving;
More perfect yet in this, it was a Heaven living.

Yet now this Heav'n with melting clouds was stain'd:
Her starry eyes with sister grief infected,
Might seem the Pleiades, so fast they rain'd:
And though her tongue to comfort she directed,
Sighs waiting on each word like grief detected;
That in her face you now might plainly see
Sorrow to sit for love, pity for majesty.

At length when now those storms she had allay'd,
A league with grief for some short time indenting;
She 'gan to speak, and "Sister" only said:
The sad Eliza soon her words preventing, [menting;
EL. In vain you think to ease my heart's tor-
Words, comforts, hope, all med'cine is in vain:
My heart most hates this cure, and solves his pleasing pain.

AL. As vain to weep, since fate cannot reprieve.
EL. Tears are most due, when there is no reprieving. [grieve.
AL. When doom is past, weak hearts that fondly
EL. A helpless grief's sole joy is joyless grieving.
AL. To losses old new loss is no relieving:
You lose your tears. EL. When that I only fear
For ever now is lost, poor loss to lose a tear.

AL. Nature can teach, that who is born must die.
EL. And Nature teaches tears in grief's tormenting.
AL. Passions are slaves to reason's monarchy.
EL. Reason best shows her reason in lamenting.
AL. Religion blames impatient discontenting.
EL. Not passion, but excess religion branded;
Nor ever countermands what Nature's self commanded.

AL. That hand which gave him first into your hand,
To his own hand doth now again receive him:
Impious and fond, to grudge at his command,
Who once by death from death doth ever reave him!
He lives by leaving life, which soon would leave him: [crying
Thus God and him you wrong by too much
Who living dy'd to life, much better lives by dying.

EL. Not him I 'plain; ill would it fit our loves,
In his best state to show my heart's repining;
To mourn at others' good, fond envy proves:
I know his soul is now more brightly shining
Than all the stars their light in one combining:
No, dearest soul; (so lifting up her eyes,
Which show'd like wat'ry Suns quench'd in the moister skies)

My dear, my dearest Irby, (at that name,
As at a well-known watch-word, forth there pressed
Whole floods of tears, and straight a sudden qualm
Seizing her heart, her tongue with weight oppressed,
And look'd her grief within her soul distressed;
There all in vain he close and hidden lies:
Silence is sorrow's speech; his tongue speaks in her eyes;

Till grief new mounted on uneven wings [ing,
Of loud-breath'd sighs, his leaden weight up send-
Back to the tongue his heavy presence brings,
His usher tears, deep groans behind attending,
And in his name her breath most gladly spending,
As if he gone, his name were all her joying)
Irby I never grudg'd thee Heav'n, and Heav'n's enjoying.

'Tis not thy happiness that breeds my smart,
It is my loss, and cause that made me lose thee;
Which hatching first this tempest in my heart,
Thus justly rages; he that lately chose thee
To live with him, where thou might'st safe repose thee,
Hath found some cause out of my little caring,
By spoiling thine to spare, and spoil my life by sparing.

Whither, ah whither shall I turn my head,
Since thou my God so sore my heart hast beaten?
Thy rods yet with my blood are warm and red:
Thy scourge my soul hath drunk, my flesh hath eaten. [threaten?
Who helps, when thou my father so dost
Thou hid'st thy eyes, or if thou dost not hide them, [them.
So dost thou frown, that best I hidden may abide

I weeping grant, whatever may be dreaded,
All ill thou canst inflict, I have deserved;
Thy mercy I, I mercy only pleaded.
Most wretched men, if all that from thee swerved,
By merit only in just weight were served!
If nought thou giv'st, but what desert doth get me, [thee.
Oh! give me nothing then; for nothing I entreat

Ah, wherefore are thy mercies infinite!
If thou dost hoard them up, and never spend them?
Mercy's no mercy hid in envious night: [them,
The rich man's goods, while in his chest he penn'd
Were then no goods; much better to mispend them. [threat me?
Why mak'st thou such a rod? so fierce doth
Thy frowns to me were rods; thy forehead would have beat me.

Thou seiz'd'st my joy; ah! he is dead and gone,
That might have dress'd my wounds, when thus they smarted:
To all my griefs I now am left alone;
Comfort's in vain to hopeless grief imparted:
Hope, comfort, joy, with him are all departed.
Comfort, hope, joy, life's flatterers, most I fly you, [you.
And would not deign to name, but naming to defy

AL. Sister, too far your passions' violent heat
And griefs too headlong in your plaint convey you;
You feel your stripes, but mark not who does beat;
'Tis he that takes away, who can repay you:
This grief to other rods doth open lay you:
He binds your grief to patience, not dejection.
Who bears the first not well, provokes a new correction.

EL. I know 'tis true; but sorrow's blubber'd eye
Fain would not see, and cannot well behold it:
My heart surround with grief is swoll'n so high,
It will not sink, till I alone unfold it; [hold it:
But grows more strong, the more you do with-

Leave me a while alone; grief's tide grows low,
And ebbs, when private tears the eye-banks overflow.

She quickly rose, and ready now to go,
" Remember measure in your griefs complaining;
His last, his dying words command you so:"
So left her, and Eliza sole remaining,
Now every grief more boldly entertaining,
They flock about her round, so one was gone,
And twenty fresh arriv'd. 'Lone grief is least alone.

Thus as she sat with fix'd and settled eye,
Thousand fond thoughts their wand'ring shapes depainted.
Now seem'd she mounted to the crystal sky,
And one with him, and with him fellow-sainted;
Straight pull'd from Heav'n: and then again she fainted: [brought,
Thus while their numerous thoughts each fancy
The mind all idle sat: much thinking lost her thought.

And fancy, finding now the dulled sight
Idle with business, to her soul presented
(While th' heavy mind obscur'd his shaded light)
Her woful body from her head absented; [mented,
And sudden starting, with that thought tor-
A thing impossible too true she found: [sound.
The head was gone, and yet the headless body

Nor yet awake she cries; " Ah! this is wrong,
To part what Nature's hand so near hath tied;
Stay, oh my head, and take thy trunk along:"
But then her mind (recall'd) her errour spied;
And sigh'd to see how true the fancy lied,
Which made the eye his instrument to see
That true, which being true itself must nothing be.

" Vile trunk" (says she) " thy head is ever gone;
Vile heedless trunk, why art thou not engraved?
One wast thou once with him, now art thou none,
Or if thou art, or wert, how art thou saved?
And livest still, when he to death is slaved?
But, (ah!) when well I think, I plainly see,
That death to him was life, and life is death to me.

" Vile trunk, if yet he live, ah! then again
Why seek'st thou not with him to be combined?
But, oh! since he in Heav'n doth living reign,
Death wer't to him in such knots to be twined;
And life to me with him to be confined:
So while I better think, I eas'ly see [to me.
My life to him were death, his death were life

" Then die with him, vile trunk, and dying live;
Or rather with him live, his life applying,
Where thou shalt never die, nor ever grieve:
But ah, though death thou feel'st within thee lying, [dying:
Thou ne'er art dead, though still in sorrow
Most wretched soul, which hast thy seat and being, [agreeing!
Where life with death is one, and death with life

" He lives and joys; death life to him hath bred:
Why is he living then in earth enwombed?
But I, a walking corse, in life am dead:
'Tis I, my friends, 'tis I must be entombed;
Whose joy with grief, whose life with death's benumbed?
Thou, coffin, art not his, nor he is thine; [shrine.
Mine art thou: thou the dead, and not the living's

" You few thin boards, how in so scanted room
So quiet such great enemies contain ye?
All joy, all grief lies in this narrow tomb:
You contraries, how thus in peace remain ye,
That one small cabin so should entertain ye:
But joy is dead, and here entomb'd doth lie,
While grief is come to moan his dead lov'd enemy.

" How many virtues in this little space
(This little little space) lie buried ever!
In him they liv'd and with them every grace;
In him they liv'd, and dy'd, and rise will never.
Fond men! go now, in virtue's steps persever;
Go sweat, and toil; thus you inglorious lie:
In this old frozen age virtue itself can die.

" Those petty northern stars do never fall,
The unwash'd Bear the ocean wave despises;
Ever unmov'd it moves, and ever shall:
The Sun, which oft his head in night disguises,
So often as he falls, so often rises;
And stealing backward by some hidden way, [day.
With self same light begins and ends the year and

" The flowers, which in the absence of the Sun
Sleep in their winter-houses all disarm'd,
And backward to their mother's womb do run;
Soon as the Earth by Taurus' horns is warm'd,
Muster their colour'd troops; and freshly arm'd,
Spreading their braving colours to the skie,
Winter and winter's spite, bold little elves, defy.

" But virtue's heav'nly and more glorious light,
Though seeming ever sure, yet oft dismounteth;
And sinking low, sleeps in eternal night,
Nor ever more his broken sphere remounteth:
Her sweetest flower, which other flowers surmounteth
As far as roses nettles, soonest fadeth; [bladeth.
Down falls her glorious leaf, and never more it

" And as that dainty flower, the maiden rose,
Her swelling bosom to the Sun discloses;
Soon as her lover hot and fiery grows,
Straight all her sweets unto his heat exposes,
Then soon disrob'd her sweet and beauty loses;
While hurtful weeds, hemlocks, and nettles stinking [sinking.
Soon from the earth ascend, late to their graves are

" All so the virtuous bud in blooming falls,
While vice long flourishing late sees her ending:
Virtue once dead no gentle spring recals;
But vice springs of itself, and soon ascending,
Long views the day, late to his night descending.
Vain men, that in this life set up your rest,
Which to the ill is long, and short unto the best!

" And as a dream, where th' idle fancy plays,
One thinks that fortune high his head advances;
Another spends in woe his weary days;
A third seems sport in love, and courtly dances;
A fourth to find some glitt'ring treasure chances;
Soon as they wake, they see their thoughts were vain.
And either quite forget, or laugh their idle brain:

" Such is the world, and such life's quick-spent play: [ing;
This base, and scorn'd; that great, in high esteem-
This poor, and patched seems; that rich, and gay;
This sick, that sound; yet all is but a seeming,
So like, that waking oft we fear we're dreaming;
And think we wake oft, when we dreaming play.
Dreams are as living nights; life as a dreaming day.

"Go then, vain life; for I will trust no more [me:
Thy flattering dreams; death, to thy resting take
Thou sleep without all dreams, life's quiet shore,
When wilt thou come? when wilt thou overtake me?
Enough I now have liv'd; loth'd life forsake me:
Thou good men's endless light, thou ill men's feast;
That at the best art bad, and worst art to the best."

Thus as in tears she drowns her swollen eyes,
A sudden noise recalls them; backward bending
Her weary head, there all in black she spies
Six mournful bearers, the sad herse attending,
Their feet and hands to that last duty lending:
All silent stood she, trembling, pale, and wan;
The first grief left his stage, anew his part began.

And now the coffin in their arms they take,
While she with weight of grief sat still amazed;
As do sear leaves in March, so did she quake,
And with intented eyes upon them gazed:
But when from ground the doleful herse they raised,
Down on the bier half dead she careless fell;
While tears did talk apace, and sighs her sorrows tell.

At last, "Fond men," said she, "you are deceiv'd;
It is not he, 'tis I must be interred:
Not he, but I of life and soul bereav'd;
He lives in Heav'n, among the saints referred:
This trunk, this headless body, must be buried."
But while by force some hold her, up they rear him, [him.
And weeping at her tears, away they softly bear

But then impatient grief all passion proves,
She prays and weeps; with tears she doth entreat
But when this only fellow-passion moves, [them,
She storms and raves, and now as fast doth threat them; [them;
And as she only could, with words doth beat
"Ah, cruel men! ah, men most cruel, stay!
It is my heart, my life, my soul, you bear away!"

And now no sooner was he out of sight,
As if she would make good what she had spoken,
First from her heart's deep centre deep she sigh'd,
Then (as if heart, and life, and soul, were broken)
Down dead she fell; and once again awoken,
Fell once again; so to her bed they bore her:
While friends (no friends) hard love to life and grief restore her.

"Unfriendly friends," saith she, "why do ye strive
To bar wish'd Death from his so just ingression?
Your pity kills me; 'tis my death to live,
And life to die: it is as great oppression
To force out death, as life from due possession.
'Tis much more great: better that quickly spills
A lothed life, than he that with long torture kills."

And then, as if her guiltless bed offended:
"Thou trait'rous bed, when first thou didst receive me,
Not single to thy rest I then ascended:
Double I came, why should I single leave thee?
Why of my better part dost thou bereave me?
Two press'd thee first: why should but one depart? [part!"
Restore, thou trait'rous bed, restore that better

Thus while one grief another's place inherits,
And one yet hardly spent, a new complained:
Grief's leaden vapour dulls the heavy spirits,
And sleep too long from so wish'd seat restrained,
Now of her eyes un'wares possession gained;
And that she might him better welcome give,
Her lord he new presents, and makes him fresh to live.

She thinks he lives, and with her goes along;
And oft she kiss'd his cheek, and oft embrac'd;
And sweetly ask'd him where he staid so long,
While he again her in his arms enlaced;
Till strong delight her dream and joy defaced;
But then she willing sleeps; sleep glad receives her; [ceives her.
And she as glad of sleep, that with such shapes de-

Sleep, widow'd eyes, and cease so fierce lamenting;
Sleep, grieved heart, and now a little rest thee:
Sleep, sighing words, stop all your discontenting;
Sleep, beaten breast; no blows shall now molest thee:
Sleep, happy lips; in mutual kisses nest ye:
Sleep, weary Muse, and do not now disease her:
Fancy, do thou with dreams and his sweet presence please her.

THE

POEMS

OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THE

LIFE OF FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE reader is indebted for the most valuable part of this life to the historian of Leicestershire, who in many other instances has shown how much information may be recovered of the remotest times by intelligent research, and even when the chain of events seems to be irrecoverably broken.

Francis Beaumont, third son of Francis the judge[1], was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1586, and in the beginning of Lent Term, 1596, was admitted (with his two brothers, Henry and John) a gentleman commoner of Broadgate-hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. Anthony Wood, who refers his education to Cambridge, mistakes him for his cousin Francis, master of the Charter-house, who died in 1624. It is remarkable, that there were four Francis Beaumonts of this family, all living in 1615, and of these at least three were poetical; the master of the Charter-house, the dramatic writer, and Francis Beaumont, a Jesuit[2].

Our poet studied for some time in the Inner Temple, and his Mask of the Inner Temple and Grays Inn, was acted and printed in 1612 - 13, when he was in his twenty-sixth year. His application to the law was probably not very intense, nor indeed is it possible to conceive that he could have been preparing for the practice of the bar, and producing his poems and plays within the limits of a life not exceeding thirty years. He appears to have devoted himself to the dramatic Muse from a very early period; but at what time he commenced a partnership with Fletcher, who was ten years older, is not known. The date of their first play is 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year; and it was probably acted some time before. He brought, however, into this firm a genius uncommonly fertile and commanding. In all the editions of their plays, and in every notice of their joint-productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont always stands first.

Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate, and it would appear, at one time, very economical. Aubrey informs us, that "there was a wonderful consimility of fancy between Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearness of friendship between them. I have heard Dr.

[1] See the Life of Sir John Beaumont, p. 1 of the present volume. *C.*

[2] See a letter on this subject, Gent. Mag. vol. LXXIII. p. 105. *C.*

John Earl, since bishop of Sarum, say, who knew them, that his (Beaumont's) main business was to correct the super-overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's wit. They lived together on the Bank-side, not far from the play-house, both bachelors; had one bench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloaths, cloak, &c. between them."

As Beaumont is not admitted into this collection on account of his being a dramatic poet, it will not be expected that we should enter into a discussion on what specific share he had in the plays which have been published as the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. The reader may find much information, and perhaps all that can now be ascertained on this subject, in the preliminary matter of the edition published in 1778, 10 volumes 8vo. or more briefly in a note in Mr. Malone's life of Dryden, vol. II. p. 100-101.

Mr. Egerton Brydges, whose judgment is of sterling value in matters of literary antiquity, suspects that great injustice has been generally done to Beaumont, by the supposition of Langbaine and others that his merit was principally confined to lopping the redundancies of Fletcher. He acquits, however, the editors of the Biographia Dramatica of this blame. They say, " It is probable that the forming of the plan, and contriving the conduct of the fable, the writing of the *more serious and pathetic parts*, and lopping the redundant branches of Fletcher's wit, whose luxuriances we are told frequently stood in need of castigation, might be in general Beaumont's portion of the work. "This," adds Mr. Brydges, "is to afford him very high praise," and the authorities of sir John Birkenhead, Jasper Mayne, sir George Lisle, and others, amount to strong proof that he was considered by his contemporaries in a superior light, (and by none more than by Jonson,) and that this estimation of his talents was common in the life-time of his colleague, who, from candour or friendship, appears to have acquiesced in every respect paid to the memory of Beaumont.

How his life was spent his works show. The production of so many plays, and the interest he took in their success, were sufficient to occupy his mind during his short span, which cannot be supposed to have been diversified by any other events than those that are incident to candidates for theatrical fame and profit. Although his ambition was confined to one object, his life probably abounded in those little varieties of hope and fear, perplexity and satisfaction, jealousy and rivalship, friendship and caprice, which are to be experienced within the walls of a theatre, and compose the history of a dramatic writer.

He appears a satirist on women in some of his poems, but he was more influenced by wit than disappointment, and probably only versified the common place raillery of the times. He married Ursula, daughter and co-heir of Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent, by whom he had two daughters. One of these, Frances, was living at a great age in Leicestershire, in the year 1700, and at that time enjoyed a pension of 100l. a year from the duke of Ormond, in whose family she had resided for some time as a domestic. She had once in her possession several poems of her father's writing, which were lost at sea during her voyage from Ireland.

Mr. Beaumont died early in March 1615-16, and was buried on the 9th, at the

entrance of St. Benedict's chapel near the earl of Middlesex's monument, in the collegiate church of St. Peter Westminster, without any inscription.

The first edition of his poems appeared in 1640, quarto, and the second in 1653, but neither so correct as could be wished. The editor of both was the bookseller Lawrence Blaiklock, whom Antony Wood characterises as a "presbyterian bookbinder near Temple Bar, afterwards an informer to the Committee of Sequestration at Haberdashers' and Goldsmiths' Hall, and a beggar defunct in prison." Whoever he was, he put together what he could find in circulation, without much discernment or inquiry, and has mixed, with Beaumont's, several pieces that belong to other authors. Some of these are pointed out in the present edition. The only poem printed in Beaumont's life time was Salmacis and Hermaphroditus from Ovid, which he published in 1602, when he was only sixteen years of age, a circumstance not necessary to prove it the production of a very young man.

His original poems give him very superior claims to a place in this collection. Although we find some of the metaphysical conceits so common in his day, particularly in the elegy on lady Markham, he is in general more free from them than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined and his versification is unusually harmonious. Where have we more lively imagery or in such profusion, as in the sonnet, "Like a ring without a finger?" His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the empassioned spirit of Shakspeare and Milton. Mr. Brydges is of opinion that the third song in the play of Nice Valour afforded the first hint of the Il Penseroso.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, THE WORTHILY HONOURED,

ROBERT PARKHURST, ES2.

WERE these but worthless poems, or light rimes,
Writ by some common scribler of the times,
Without your leave I durst not then engage
You to ennoble 'em by your patronage;
But these though orphans, and left fatherlesse,
Their rich endowments show they do possesse
A father's blessing; whom the Fates thought fit
To make a master of a mine of wit:
Whose ravishing conceits do towre so high,
As if his quill had dropt from Mercury:
But when his fancy chanc'd of love to sing,
You'd sweare his pen were plum'd from Cupid's [wing;
He doth an amorous passion so discover,
As if (save Beaumont) none had ere been lover;
Some praise a manly bounty, some incline
More to applaud the vertues feminine;
Some severall graces in both sexes hid,
But only Beaumont's, he alone that did
By a rare stratagem of wit connex
What's choice and excellent in either sex. [straine,
Then cherish (sir) these saplings, whose each
Speakes them the issue of brave Beaumont's braine;
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,
Which will, if ought can, adde unto their fame.
I am, sir,
your most humble and
devoted servant,
L. B[1].

TO THE TRUE PATRONESSE OF ALL POETRY,

CALIOPE.

IT is a statute in deep wisdom's lore,
That for his lines none should a patron choose,
By wealth or poverty, by lesse or more,
But who the same is able to peruse:
Nor ought a man his labour dedicate,
Without a true and sensible desert,
To any power of such a mighty state:
But such a wise defendresse as thou art;
Thou great and powerfull Muse, then pardon me,
That I presume thy maiden cheek to staine,
In dedicating such a worke to thee,
Sprung from the issue of an idle braine;
I use thee as a woman ought to be,
I consecrate my idle hours to thee. F. B.

[1] Lawrence Blaiklock, the bookseller.

IN LAUDEM AUTHORIS.

LIKE to the weake estate of a poore friend,
To whom sweet fortune hath been ever slow,
Which daily doth that happy houre attend,
When his poore state may his affection show:
So fares my love, not able as the rest,
To chant thy praises in a lofty vaine;
Yet my poore Muse, doth vow to do her best,
And wanting wings, she'll tread an humble straine;
I thought at first her homely steps to raise,
And for some blazing epethites to look:
But then I fear'd that by such wond'rous praise,
Some men would grow suspitious of thy book:
For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,
Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.
W. B.

TO THE AUTHOR.

EITHER the goddesse draws her troops of loves
From Paphos, where she erst was held devine,
And doth unyoke her tender necked doves,
Placing her seat on this small pap'ry shrine;
Or the sweet Graces through th' Idalian grove,
Led the best author in their danced rings;
Or wanton nymphs in watry bowers have wove,
With faire Mylesian threads, the verse he sings;
Or curious Pallas once againe doth strive
With proud Arachne, for illustrious glory,
And once against doth loves of gods revive,
Spinning in silver twists a lasting story:
If none of these then Venus chose his sight,
To lead the steps of her blind son aright.
J. B.

TO THE AUTHOR.

THE matchlesse lust of a faire poesie,
Which was erst buried in old Rome's decaies;
Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,
Her dust wrapt head from rotten tombe to raise,
And with fresh splendour gilds her fearelesse crest,
Rearing her pallace in our poet's breast.
The wanton Ovid, whose intising rimes
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention
No more shall be admir'd at: for these times
Produce a poet, whose more rare invention,
Will teare the love-sick mirtle from his brows,
T' adorne his temple with deserved boughs.
The strongest marble feares the smallest rain,
The rusting canker eates the purest gold;
Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain,
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:

But this faire issue of thy fruitfull braine,
Nor dreads age, envy, cankering, rust or raine,
J. F.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

I SING the fortune of a lucklesse paire,
Whose spotlesse soules now in one body be;
For beauty still is Prodromus to care,
Crost by the sad stars of nativity:
And of the strange inchantment of a well,
Given by the gods; my sportive Muse doth write,
Which sweet lip'd Ovid long ago did tell,
Wherein who bathes streight turnes Hermaphrodite:
I hone my poem is so lively writ,
That thou wilt turn halfe mad with reading it.

TO MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT

(THEN LIVING.)

How I do love thee Beaumont, and thy Muse,
That unto me do'st such religion use!
How I do feare my selfe, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so it selfe bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.
BEN. JOHNSON.

VPON

M. FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAIES.

APOLLO sings, his harpe resounds; give roome,
For now behold the golden pompe is come,
Thy pompe of playes which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O volume worthy leafe, by leafe and cover
To be with juice of cedar washt all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoone, and maids to dye for love.
Love lies a bleeding here, Evadne there
Swels with brave rage, yet comly every where:
Here's a mad lover, there that high designe
Of King and no King, (and the rare plot thine)
So that when e're we circumvolve our eyes;
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varieties,
Ravish our spirits, that entrane't we see
None writes love's passion in the world like thee.
ROB. HERRICK.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF AUTHORS,

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

GREAT paire of authors, whom one equall star
Begot so like in genius, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much lesse your praise; you, who had equall fire,
And did each other mutually inspire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dresse,
Or th' one disposed what the other did expresse;
Where e're your parts between your selves lay, we
In all things which you did, but one thread see,
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That art with nature ne're did smoother run.
Where shall I fixe my praise then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert
More to be fram'd than other? shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflam'd,
So jealously inrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage, and actor been?
Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbeare
To clap, when I a captaine do meet there;
So lively in his own vaine humour drest,
So braggingly, and like himselfe exprest,
That moderne cowards, when they saw him plaid,
Saw, blusht, departed guilty, and betrai'd?
You wrote all parts right; whatsoe're the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had their equall life: vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who possess'd a box, and halfe crown spent
To learne obscenenes, return'd innocent; [scene
And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whose chast
Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so cleane;
That they who brought foule fires, and thither came
To bargaine, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praise too, that your stock and veine
Held both to tragic and to comic straine;
Where e're you listed to be high and grave,
No buskin show'd more solid, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw teares from eyes,
Spectators sate part in your tragedies.
And where you listed to be low, and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen issued all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfes, and make one wit;
But as some things we see have double cause,
And yet the effect it selfe, from both whole draws:
So though you were thus twisted and combin'd
As two bodies, to have but one faire mind;
Yet if we praise you rightly, we must say
Both joyn'd, and both did wholly make the play:
For that you could write singly, we may guesse
By the divided peeces, which the presse
Hath severally set forth; nor were gone so
(Like some our moderne authors) made to go
On meerely by the help of th' other, who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
The other into shape, nor did one stick
The other's cold inventions with such wit,
As serv'd like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor out of mutuall want, or emptinesse,
Did you conspire to go still twins to th' presse:
But what thus joyned you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
That thus united them, you did joyne sense;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence;
And the presse which both thus amongst us sends,
Sends us one poet in a paire of friends.

ON THE HAPPY COLLECTION OF

BEAUMONT'S AND FLETCHER'S WORKS.

Fletcher, arise, usurpers share thy bayes,
They canton thy vast wit to build small playes:
He comes! his volume breaks through clouds and [dust,
Down, little wits, ye must refund, ye must.
Nor comes he private, here's great Beaumont [too,
How could one single world encompasse two?
For these co-heires had equall power to teach
All that all wits both can and cannot reach.
Shakespeare was early up and went so drest,
As for those dawning houres he knew was best;
But when the Sun shone forth, you two thought fit
To weare just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.
Now, now 'twas perfect; none must looke for new,
Manners and scenes may alter, but not you;
For yours are not meere humours, gilded strains;
The fashion lost, your massy sense remaines.
Some thinke your wit's of two complexions fram'd,
That one the sock, th' other the buskin claim'd;
That should the stage embattaile all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.
But, you were both for both; not semi-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits:
Y' are not two faculties (and one soule still);
He th' understanding, thou the quick free will;
But, as two voices in one song embrace,
(Fletcher's keen trebble, and deep Beaumont's base)
Two, full, congeniall soules; still both prevail'd;
His Muse and thine were quarter'd, not impal'd:
Both brought your ingots, both toyl'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, till no drosse stuck in't;
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every graine;
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stampt both your names upon't at one bold hit,
Then, then 'twas coyne, as well as bullion-wit.

Thus twinns: but as when Fate one eye deprives,
That other strives to double which survives:
So Beaumont dy'd: yet left in legacy
His rules, and standard-wit (Fletcher) to thee.
Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,
A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full-moon.
Joynt love before, now honour doth provoke;
So the old twin-giants forcing a huge oake,
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.
Imperiall Fletcher! here begins thy raign,
Scenes flow like sun-beames from thy glorious brain;
Thy swift dispatching soule no more doth stay,
Than he that built two cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o're,
To feed poore languid wits that waite at doore;
Who creep, and creep, yet ne're above-ground stood, [blood)
(For creatures have most feet which have least
But thou art still that Bird of Paradise
Which hath no feet, and ever nobly flies:
Rich, lusty sence, such as the poet ought;
For poems, if not excellent, are naught;
Low wit in scenes, in state a peasant goes;
If meane and flat, let it foot yeoman prose,
That such may spell as are not readers grown,
To whom he that writes wit, shows he hath none.
Brave Shakespeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings
Often above himselfe, sometimes below; [too,
Thou alwaies best; if ought seem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging rout's mistake, not thine:
Thus thy faire Shepheardesse, which the bold heap
(False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheape,
Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd,
At worst 'twas worth two hundred thousand pound.
Some blast thy works, lest we should track their walke [talke;
Where they steale all those few good things they
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,
For plunder'd folkes ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as stoln goods go off at halfe their worth)
Thy strong sence palls when they purloine it forth. [read
When did'st thou borrow? where's the man e're
Ought begg'd by thee from those alive or dead?
Or from dry goddesses, as some who when
They stuffe their page with gods, write worse than men. [odds,
Thou wast thine own Muse, and hadst such vast
Thou out-writt'st him whose verse made all those gods:
Surpassing those our dwarfish age upreares,
As much as Greeks or Latines thee in yeares:
The ocean fancy knew nor bankes nor damms,
We ebbe down dry to pebble-anagrams;
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit,
Lost to behold this great relapse of wit: [fierce)
What strength remaines, is like that (wild and
Till Johnson made good poets and right verse.
Such boyst'rous trifles thy Muse would not brooke,
Save when she'd show how scurvily they looke;
No savage metaphors (things rudely great)
Thou dost display, not butcher a conceit;
Thy nerves have beauty, which invades and charmes;
Looks like a princesse harness'd in bright armes.
Nor art thou loud and cloudy; those that do
Thunder so much, do't without lightning too;
Tearing themselves, and almost split their braine
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and cleane;
Such gloomy sense may passe for high and proud,
But true-born wit still flies above the cloud;
Thou knew'st 'twas impotence what they call height; [light.
Who blusters strong i'th' darke, but creeps i'th'
And as thy thoughts were cleare, so, innocent;
Thy phancy gave no unswept language vent;
Slaunder'st not laws, prophan'st no holy page,
(As if thy father's crosier aw'd the stage;)
High crimes were still arraign'd, though they made shift
To prosper out foure acts, were plagu'd i'th' fift:
All's safe and wise; no stiff-affected scene,
Nor swoln, nor flat, a true full naturall veine;
Thy sence (like well-drest ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor city-startcht and pinn'd;
Thou hadst no sloath, no rage, no sullen fit,
But strength and mirth, Fletcher's a sanguin wit.

Thus, two great consul-poets all things sway'd,
Till all was English borne, or English made:
Miter and coyfe here into one piece spun,
Beaumont a judge's, this a prelat's son.
What strange production is at last displaid,
(Got by two fathers, without female aide)
Behold, two masculines espous'd each other,
Wit and the world were born without a mother.

I. Berkenhead.

POEMS

OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

AN

ELEGIE ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

As unthrifts groan in straw for their pawn'd beds;
As women weep for their lost maiden-heads;
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely griefe I have for thee.
I never saw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert;
But being lifted hence, that which to thee
Was Death's sad dart, prov'd Cupid's shaft to me.
Whoever thinkes me foolish that the force
Of a report can make me love a coarse,
Know he, that when with this I do compare
The love I do a living woman beare,
I find my selfe most happy: now I know
Where I can find my mistris, and can go
Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away
Her grasse-greene mantle, and her sheet display,
And touch her naked, and though th' envious mould
In which she lies uncovered, moist and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide
With any art her blemishes to hide,
As many living do, and know their need,
Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed;
But make a stinke with all their art and skill,
Which their physicians warrant with a bill,
Nor at her doore doth heapes of coaches stay,
Foot-men and midwives to bar up my way:
Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,
To knock me early from my golden sleep,
With letters that her honour all is gone,
If I not right her cause on such a one.
Her heart is not so hard to make me pay
For every kisse a supper and a play:
Nor will she ever open her pure lips
To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,
Upon the land, though she should keep her word;
Yet, e're an houre be past, in some new vaine
Break them, and sweare them double o're againe.
Pardon me, that with thy blest memory
I mingle mine own former miserie:
Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought
These crosses on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love was black and foule,
Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soule:
For I protest for all that I can see,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.
You wormes (my rivals) whilst she was alive,
How many thousands were there that did strive
To have your freedome? For their sake forbeare
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to weare:
But if you must, (as what worms can abstaine
To taste her tender body?) yet refraine
With your disordered eatings to deface her,
But feed your selves so as you most may grace her.
First, through her ear-tips see you make a paire
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed aire
Turnes into water, may the cleane drops take,
And in her eares a paire of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been
Enough t' have ransom'd many a thousand soule
Captive to love? If not, then upward roule,
Your little bodies, where I would you have
This epitaph upon her forehead grave.

"Living, she was young, faire, and full of wit;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ."

AN ELEGIE.

Can my poore lines no better office have,
But like scriech-owls still dwell about the grave?
When shall I take some pleasure for my paine,
By praising them that can yeeld praise againe?
When shall my Muse in love-sick lines recite
Some lady's worth? which she of whom I write,

With thankfull smiles, may read in her own daies;
Or, when shall I a breathing woman praise?
Never; I am ambitious in my strings,
They never sound but of eternall things,
Such as freed soules: but had I thought it fit
To praise a soul unto a body knit,
I would confesse, I spent my time amiss
When I was slow to give due praise to this.
Thus when all sleep my time is come to sing,
And from her ashes must my poems spring;
Though in the race I see some swiftly run,
I will not crown them till the goale be won.
They that have fought, not they that are to fight,
May claime the glorious garland as their right[1].

A CHARME.

Sleep, old man, let silence charme thee,
Dreaming slumbers overtake thee,
Quiet thoughts and darknesse arme thee,
That no creaking do awake thee.

Phœbe hath put out her light,
All her shadows closing;
Phœbe lend her hornes to night
To thy head's disposing.

Let no fatall bell nor clock
Pierce the hollow of thy eare:
Tongulesse be the early cock,
Or what else may adde a feare.

Let no rat, nor silly mouse,
Move the senselesse rushes,
Nor a cough disturbe this house
Till Aurora blushes.

Come, my sweet Corrinna, come;
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring:
Sable midnight makes all dumbe,
But thy jealous husband's snoring.

And with thy sweet perfumed kisses
Entertaine a stranger:
Love's delight, and sweetest blisse, is
Got with greatest danger.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

A BEAUTIOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN WITH AN ANCIENT MAN.

Fondly, too curious Nature, to adorne
Aurora with the blushes of the morne:
Why do her rosie lips breath gums, and spice,
Unto the east, and sweet to paradice?
Why do her eyes open the day? her hand,
And voice entrance the panther, and command
Incensed winds: her breasts, the tents of love,
Smooth as the godded swan, or Venus' dove;
Soft as the balmy dew, whose every touch
Is pregnant; but why those rich spoiles, when such
Wonder and perfection must be led
A bridall captive unto Tithon's bed?
Ag'd, and deformed Tithon! must thy twine
Circle and blast at once what care and time
Had made for wonder? must pure beauty have
No other soile but ruine and a grave?
So have I seene the pride of Nature's store,
The orient pearle, chain'd to the sooty Moore.
So hath the diamond's bright ray been set
In night, and wedded to the negro-jet.
See, see, how thick those flowers of pearle do fall
To weep her ransome, or her funerall,
Whose every treasur'd drop, congeal'd, might bring
Freedome and ransome to a fettered king,
While tyrant wealth stands by, and laughs to see
How he can wed, love, and antipathy:
Hymen, thy pine burnes with adulterate fire;
Thou and thy quiver'd boy did once conspire
To mingle equall flames, and then no shine
Of gold, but beauty, dress'd the Paphian shrine,
Roses and lillies kiss'd; the amorous vine,
Did with the faire and straight limb'd elme entwine.

THE GLANCE.

Cold vertue guard me, or I shall endure
From the next glance a double calenture
Of fire and lust; two flames, two Semeleis
Dwell in those eyes, whose looser glowing raies
Would thaw the frozen Russian into lust,
And parch the negroe's hotter blood to dust.
Dart not your balls of wild-fire here, go throw
Those flakes upon the eunuch's colder snow,
Till he in active blood do boile as high
As he that made him so in jealousie.
When the loose queene of love did dresse her eyes
In the most taking flame to win the prize
At Ida; that faint glare to this desire
Burnt like a taper to the zone of fire:
And could she then the lustfull youth have crown'd
With thee, his Hellen, Troy had never found
Her fate in Sinon's fire, thy hotter eyes
Had made it burne a quicker sacrifice
To lust, whilst every glance in subtile wiles
Had shot it selfe like lightning through the piles.
Go blow upon some equall blood, and let
Earth's hotter ray engender and beget
New flames to dresse the aged Paphians' quire,
And lend the world new Cupids borne on fire.
Dart no more here those flames, nor strive to throw
Your fire on him who is immur'd in snow:
Those glances worke on me like the weake shine
The frosty Sun throwes on the Appennine,
When the hill's active coldnesse doth go neere
To freeze the glimmering taper to his spheare:
Each ray is lost on me like the faint light
The glow-worme shoots at the cold breast of night.
Thus vertue can secure, but for that name
I had been now sin's martyr, and your flame.

A SONNET.

Flattering hope away and leave me,
She'll not come; thou dost deceive me;

[1] These lines are part of Sir John Beaumont's Elegy on the lady Marquesse of Winchester, and inserted here probably from an oversight of the editor. *C.*

Harke the cock crows, th' envious light
Chides away the silent night;
Yet she comes not, oh how I tyre
Betwixt cold feare and hot desire,

Here alone enforc'd to tarry
While the tedious minutes marry,
And get houres; those daies and yeeres
Which I count with sighs and feares:
Yet she comes not, oh how I tyre
Betwixt cold feare and hot desire.

Restlesse thoughts a while remove
Unto the bosome of my love,
Let her languish in my paine,
Feare, and hope, and feare againe;
Then let her tell me in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire.

Endlesse wishing, tedious longing,
Hopes and feares together thronging;
Rich in dreames, yet poore in waking,
Let her be in such a taking
Then let her tell me in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire.

Come then, love, prevent day's eyeing,
My desire would faine be dying:
Smother me with breathlesse kisses,
Let me dreame no more of blisses;
But tell me which is in love's fire
Best, to enjoy, or to desire.

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman faire,
And her mind as cleare as aire,
If her beauty goe alone,
'Tis to me as if 't were none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride should cause disdaine,
Tell me, lover, where's thy gaine?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise;
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is beauty's fairest hue;
There is beauty, love, and wit,
Happy he can compasse it.

THE INDIFFERENT.

Never more will I protest
To love a woman but in jest:
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each man his due,
When the woing fit is past,
Their affection cannot last.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a mistris faire and sweet,
She my service shall obtaine,
Loving her for love againe:
Thus much liberty I crave.
Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have try'd each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
He or she that loves too long
Sell their freedome for a song.

LOVE'S FREEDOME.

Why should man be only ty'd
To a foolish female thing,
When all creatures else beside,
Birds and beasts, change every spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Why should I my self confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all Europe mine,
Where I list to run my race.
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Would you thinke him wise that now
Still one sort of meat doth eat,
When both sea and land allow
Sundry sorts of other meat?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

E're old Saturne chang'd his throne,
Freedome raign'd and banish'd strife,
Where was he that knew his own,
Or who call'd a woman wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Ten times happier are those men
That enjoy'd those golden daies:
Untill time redresse 't againe
I will never Hymen praise.
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blowes out, the bubble dies,
The spring intomb'd in autumn lies:
The dew's dry'd up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot[2].

[2] These lines are in bishop King's poems, 1657. Ellis.

AN EPITAPH.

Here she lies, whose spotlesse fame,
Invites a stone to learne her name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unlesse for war, on charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegie:
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refin'd,
From lawlesse fire remain'd as free,
As now from heat her ashes be:
Her husband, yet without a sin,
Was not a stranger, but her kin,
That her chaste love might seeme no other
To her husband than a brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be call'd for let it rest;
For while this jewell here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

A SONNET.

Like a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no guest bidden;
Like a well without a bucket,
Or a rose if no man pluck it:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worne, the finger decks,
The bell pull'd by the ringer speakes;
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;
The bucket draws the water forth,
The rose when pluck'd is still most worth:
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,
Or like a lute not play'd upon;
Like a jack without a weight,
Or a barque without a fraight;
Like a lock without a key,
Or a candle in the day:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The graffed stock doth beare best fruit,
There's music in the fingered lute;
The weight doth make the jack go ready,
The fraught doth make the barque go steady;
The key the lock doth open right:
The candle's usefull in the night:
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like a call without Anon, sir,
Or a question and no answer;
Like a ship was never rigg'd,
Or a mine was never digg'd;
Like a wound without a tent,
Or civet boxe without a scent:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid,

Th' Anon, sir, doth obey the call,
The question answered pleaseth all;
Who riggs a ship sailes with the wind,
Who digs a mine doth treasure find;
The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,
The boxe perfum'd the senses please:
Such is the virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like marrow bone was never broken,
Or commendations and no token;
Like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone and no man in it:
Like a schoole without a teacher,
Or like a pulpit and no preacher:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,
The token doth adorne the greet;
There's triumph in the fort, being woon,
The man rides glorious in the Moon;
The schoole is by the teacher still'd,
The pulpit by the preacher fill'd:
Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd;
Like the gold was never tryed,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a house that's not possessed,
Or the book was never pressed:
Just such as these may she be said
That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season prefers every thing;
The gold that's try'd from drosse is pur'd,
There's profit in the ground mannur'd;
The house is by possession graced,
The book when press'd is then embraced:
Such is the virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreame desires;
An object seeks, of which possest,
The wheeles are fix'd, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie opprest;
This meteor striving high to rise,
The fewell spent, fals down and dies.

Much sweeter, and more pure delights
Are drawn from faire alluring sights,
When ravisht minds attempt to praise
Commanding eyes like heavenly raies,
Whose force the gentle heart obeys;
Than where the end of this pretence
Descends to base inferiour sence.

Why then should lovers (most will say)
Expect so much th' enjoying day;
Love is like youth, he thirsts for age,
He scornes to be his mother's page;
But when proceeding times asswage
The former heat, he will complaine,
And wish those pleasant houres againe.

We know that hope and love are twins,
Hope gone, fruition now begins;

But what is this unconstant fraile,
In nothing sure, but sure to faile?
Which if we lose it we bewaile,
And when we have it still we beare
The worst of passions, daily feare.

When love thus in his center ends,
Desire and hope, his inward friends
Are shaken off, while doubt and griefe,
The weakest givers of reliefe,
Stand in his councell as the chiefe;
And now he to his period brought,
From love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United soules from serious love,
The best attempts by mortals made
Reflect on things which quickly fade;
Yet never will I men perswade
To leave affections where may shine
Impressions of the love divine.

THE SHEPHERDESSE.

A SHEPHERDESSE who long had kept her flocks
On stony Charnwood's dry and barren rocks,
In heate of summer to the vales declin'd
To seek fresh pasture for her lambs halfe pin'd;
She (while her charge was feeding) spent the houres
To gaze on sliding brooks, and smiling flowers.

A FUNERALL ELOGIE ON THE DEATH OF

THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON[3].

SINCE thou art dead (Clifton) the world may see
A certaine end of flesh and bloud in thee;
Till then a way was left for man to cry,
Flesh may be made so pure, it cannot dye:
But now, thy unexpected death doth strike
With griefe the better and the worse alike;
The good are sad they are not with thee there,
The bad have found they must not tarry here.
Death, I confesse, 'tis just in thee to try
Thy power on us, for thou thy selfe must dye;
Thou pay'st but wages, Death, yet I would know
What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so;
When thou com'st face to face thou strik'st us mute,
And all our liberty is to dispute
With thee behinde thy back, which I will use;
If thou hadst brav'ry in thee thou wouldst chuse
(Since thou art absolute, and canst controule
All things beneath a reasonable soule.)
Some look for way of killing; if her day
Had ended in a fire, a sword, or sea,
Or hadst thou come hid in a hundred yeares
To make an end of all her hopes and feares,
Or any other way direct to thee
Which Nature might esteeme an enemy,
Who would have chid thee? now it shews thy hand
Desires to cosin where it might command:
Thou art not prone to kill, but where th' intent
Of those that suffer is their nourishment;
If thou canst steale into a dish, and creep,
When all is still as though into a sleep,
And cover thy dry body with a draught,
Whereby some innocent lady may be caught,
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come
And stretch thy self upon her early tombe,
And laugh, as pleas'd, to shew thou canst devoure
Mortality as well by wit as power.
I would thou hadst had eyes, or not a dart,
That yet at least, the cloathing of that heart
Thou strook'st so spightfully, might have appear'd,
To thee, and with a reverence have been fear'd:
But since thou art so blind, receive from me
Who 'twas on whom thou wrought'st this tragedy;
She was a lady, who for publique fame,
Never (since she in thy protection came,
Who sett'st all living tongues at large) receiv'd
A blemish; with her beauty she deceiv'd
No man, when taken with it they agree
'Twas Nature's fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee.
And such her vertue was, that although she
Receive as much joy, having pass'd through thee,
As ever any did; yet hath thy hate
Made her as little better in her state,
As ever it did any being here,
She liv'd with us as if she had been there.
Such ladies thou canst kill no more, but so
I give thee warning here to kill no moe;
For if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest
Of those that live, especially the best,
Whom thou most thirstest for, t' abandon all
Those fruitlesse things, which thou wouldst have us call
Preservatives, keeping their diet so,
As the long-living poore their neighbours do:
Then shall we have them long, and they at last
Shall passe from thee to her, but not so fast.

[3] Daughter to Robert Rich, earl of Warwick, and first wife of sir Gervase Clifton, bart. See another elegy on her in Sir John Beaumont's poems. *C.*

THE

EXAMINATION OF HIS MISTRIS' PERFECTIONS.

STAND still my happinesse, and swelling heart
No more, till I consider what thou art.
Desire of knowledge was man's fatall vice,
For when our parents were in Paradice [good)
(Though they themselves, and all they saw was
They thought it nothing if not understood.
And I (part of their seed struck with their sin)
Though by their bountious favour I be in
A paradice, where I may freely taste
Of all the vertuous pleasures which thou hast,
Wanting that knowledge, must in all my blisse
Erre with my parents, and aske what it is.
My faith saith 'tis not Heaven, and I dare sweare
If it be Hell no paine of sence is there;
Sure 'tis some pleasant place, where I may stay,
As I to Heaven go, in the middle way.
Wert thou but faire and no whit vertuous,
Thou wert no more to me but a faire house
Hanted with spirits, from which men do them blesse,
And no man will halfe furnish to possesse:
Or hadst thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,
'Twere inaccessable; who durst go in

To find it out? far sooner would I go
To find a pearle covered with hills of snow;
'Twere buried vertue, and thou mightst me move
To reverence the tombe, but not to love,
No more than dotingly to cast mine eye
Upon the urne where Lucrece' ashes lye.
But thou art faire, and sweet, and every good
That ever yet durst mixe with flesh and blood:
The Devill ne're saw in his fallen state
An object whereupon to ground his hate
So fit as thee; all living things but he
Love thee; how happy then must that man be
When from amongst all creatures thou dost take?
Is there a hope beyond it? Can he make
A wish to change thee for? This is my blisse,
Let it run on now, I know what it is.

FRAN. BEAUMONT.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIRE.

Here, Cœlia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so neere my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy;
And that I may successefull prove,
Transforme myself to what you love.
Foole that I was, so much to prize
Those simple vertues you despise?
Foole, that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vaine lance.
Now will I wander through the aire,
Mount, make a stoope at every faire,
And with a fancy unconfin'd
(As lawlesse as the sea, or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe're you flie,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formall stars do travell so
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks
Would thinke them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art the motion us'd,
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despaires to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spatious aire
Jove's royall consort had the care,
And by that power did once escape
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he imbrac'd.
Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thirsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cœlia caught;
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the faire
He fill'd his armes with yeelding aire,
A fate for which he grieves the lesse
Because the gods had like successe:
For in their story one (we see)
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A second with a lover's haste
Scone overtakes what he had chaste;
But she that did a virgin seeme,
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring streame.
For his supposed love a third
Laies greedy hold upon a bird;
And stands amaz'd to see his deare
A wild inhabitant of the aire.
To such old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
But, Cœlia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Againe deceive him, and againe,
And then he sweares he'l not complaine;
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasures lovers know,
Who, like good falkners, take delight
Not in the quarrey, but the flight.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatcht from thy selfe, how far behind
Already I behold the shore.

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosome of this deep:
No, 'tis so rocklesse, and so cleare,
That the rich bottom does appeare
Pav'd all with precious things, not torne
From shipwrackt vessels, but there borne;

Sweetnesse, truth, and every grace
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymph with colour faint,
And pencill slow may Cupid paint;
And a weake heart in time destroy,
She has a stampe and prints the boy,
Can with a single looke inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THO. BATT.

THE ANTIPLATONIC.

For shame thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace, and never falling to her.
Love that 's in contemplation plac'd,
Is Venus drawn but to the waste?
Unlesse your flame confesse its gender,
And your parley cause surrender;
Y' are salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a dame of stone,
The widow of Pigmalion;
As hard and unrelenting she
As the new crusted Niobe;
Or what doth more of statue carry,
A nun of the Platonic quarry?
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a feather bed.

For shame, you pretty female elves,
Cease for to candy up your selves:

No more, you sectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by Cupid's dart,
As a king hunting dubs a hart;
Love's votaries inthrale each other's soule,
Till both of them live but upon parole.

Vertue's no more in women kind,
But the green sicknesse of the mind.
Phylosophy, their new delight,
A kind of charcoale appetite.
There is no sophistry prevailes
Where all-convincing love assailes;
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of horrour all inviron;
That's strung with wire instead of veines,
In whose embraces you're in chaines;
Let a magnetic girle appeare,
Straight he turnes Cupid's cuiraseer.
Love stormes his lips, and takes the fortresse in,
For all the bristled turn-pikes of his chin.

Since love's artillery then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come let us in affections riot,
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a diet.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunucht with formality:
Like an embassadour that beds a queen,
With the nice caution of a sword between.

SONG.

Say, lovely dreame, where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortall place.

In Heaven it selfe thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dreame,
Cruell Sacharissa's mind
Never put on that sweete extreame.

Faire dreame, if thou intend'st me grace,
Change this heavenly forme of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appeare like mine.

Pale, wan, and meager, let it looke,
With a pitty-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brooke
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchlesse nymph appeare,
In whose shape thou shinest so,
Softly in her sleeping eare,
With humble words expresse my woe.

Perhaps from greatnesse, state and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And death resembling equals all.

SONG II.

Behold the brand of beauty tost;
See how the motion does dilate the flame,
Delighted love his spoiles does boast,
And triumph in this game:
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our feare,
Moving the mind
Like lightning hurled through the aire.

High Heaven the glory doth increase
Of all her shining lamps this artfull way;
The Sun in figures such as these
Joies with the Moone to play;
To these sweet straines they advance,
Which do result from their own spheares,
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which she heares.

AN ELEGY.

Heaven knows my love to thee, fed on desires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the purest beames shot from the Sun
At his full height, and the devotion
Of dying martyrs could not burne more cleare,
Nor innocence in her first robes appeare
Whiter than our affections; they did show
Like frost forc'd out of flames and fire from snow.
So pure the phœnix, when she did refine
Her age to youth, borrow'd no flames but mine.
But now my day's so 're cast, for I have now
Drawn anger, like a tempest, o're the brow
Of my faire mistris; those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise
Thereat, like revengefull meteors; and I feele
My torment, my gilt double, my Hell;
'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,
Done to another, but it was made sin,
And justly mortall too, by troubling thee,
Slight wrongs are treasons done to majesty.
O all ye blest ghosts of deceased loves,
That now lie sainted in the Eclesian groves,
Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine [mine:
Meet with full quire, and joine your prayers with
Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,
By your past sufferings, and your present blisses.
Conjure her by your mutuall hopes and feares,
By all your intermixed sighs and teares,
To plead my pardon: go to her and tell
That you will walke the guardian sentinell,
My soule's safe Genii, that she need not feare
A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there;
But what needs that, when she alone sits there
Sole angell of that orbe? in her own spheare
Alone she sits, and can secure it free
From all irregular motions; only she,
Can give the balsome that must cure this sore,
And the sweet antidote to sin no more[4].

UPON MR. CHARLES BEAUMONT,

WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

While others drop their teares upon thy hearse,
Sweet Charles, and sigh t' increase the wind, my verse,

[4] These lines occur among Randolph's poems. *N.*

Pious in naming thee, cannot complaine
Of death, or fate, for they were lately slaine
By thy own conflict; and since good men know
What Heaven to such a virgin saint doth owe;
Though some will say they saw thee dead, yet I
Congratulate thy life and victory:
Thy flesh, an upper garment, that it might
Aide thy eternall progresse, first grew light;
Nothing but angel now, which thou wert neere,
Almost reduc'd to thy first spirit here:
But fly, faire soule, while our complaints are just,
That cannot follow for our chaines of dust[5].

FIE ON LOVE.

Now fie on foolish love, it not befits
Or man or woman know it.
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly shew it
Betray the straw, and feathers in their braine,
And shall have Bedlam for their paine:
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

A SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to heare mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And sweare,
No where
Lives a woman true and faire.

SECRESIE PROTESTED.

Feare not (deare love) that I'le reveale
Those hours of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No eare shall heare our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The god of love himselfe (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart).
Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell:
This only meanes may find it out,
If when I die physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart, O then I feare
The world will see thy picture there.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weake flame
Cannot retaine
His heat in spight of absence or disdaine;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burne and expire.

True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That noble flame which my breast keeps alive
Shall still survive,
When my soule's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead,
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.

My very ashes in their urne
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burne.

THE

WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRIS.

Let fooles great Cupid's yoake disdaine,
Loving their own wild freedome better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant chaine
I sit, and court my beautious fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring haires,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As he brings ruine that repaires
The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veiles from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes whose motion wheeles
The restlesse fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my sick heart feeles,
And wounds themselves have made discover.

A MASKE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF GRAIES INNE, AND THE INNER TEMPLE.

BY MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Enter Iris running, Mercury following and catching hold of her.

MERCURY.

Stay light-foot Iris, for thou striv'st in vaine,
My wings are nimbler than thy feet;
IRIS. Away,
Dissembling Mercury, my messages
Aske honest haste, not like those wanton ones
Your thundring father sends.

[5] These lines have been ascribed to James Shirley, in whose poems they are printed. Page 65, ed. 1646. *N.*

MER. Stay foolish maid,
Or I will take my rise upon a hill
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wing,
Till I catch hold on thy discolour'd bow,
And shiver it beyond the angry power
Of your mad mistris to make up againe.

IRIS. Hermes forbeare, Juno will chide and strike:
Is great Jove jealous that I am imployed?
On her love errands she did never yet
Claspe weak mortality in her white armes,
As he hath often done; I only come
To celebrate the long-wish'd nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly rivers that have mix'd
Their gentle winding waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streames, great as themselves:
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In Heaven and Earth, and I am sent from her,
The queene of marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them joyne, and hath not chid
Since it was done; god Hermes, let me go.

MER. Nay you must stay. Jove's message is the same,
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is [thunder,
Whose breath is airy wind, he will, who knowes
How to be first in Earth as well as Heaven.

IRIS. But what hath he to do with nuptiall rites?
Let him sit pleas'd upon his starry throne,
And fright poore mortals with his thunder-bolts,
Leaving to us the mutuall darts of eyes.

MER. Alas, when ever offer'd he t' abridge
Your ladie's power, but only now in these,
Whose match concernes the generall government:
Hath not each god a part in these high joyes?
And shall not he the king of gods presume
Without proud Juno's lycence? let her know,
That when enamour'd Jove first gave her power
To linke soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himselfe reserv'd
The honour of this marriage; thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I to blesse this feast,
Will summon up with my all-charming rod
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.
Ye Nymphs, who, bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to see them when their circled heads
Refresh'd the aire, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from the wels, and with your nimble feet
Performe that office to this happy paire
Which in these plaines you to Alpheus did,
When, passing hence through many seas unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his Aretheuse.

The Nymphs rise and dance a little and then make a stand.

IRIS. Is Hermes grown a lover? by what power
Unknown to us calls he the maids?

MER. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee
Till thou forget'st thy ladie's messages,
And runn'st back crying to her: thou shalt know [dance,
My power is more, only my breath and this
Shall move fix'd stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who governe showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitfull bow;
Ye maids, who yeareley at appointed times
Advance with kindly teares the gentle floods,
Descend and powre your blessing on these streames,
Which rouling down from Heaven, aspiring hils,
And now united in the fruitfull vales,
Beare all before them, ravish with their joy,
And swell in glory till they know no bounds.

The cloud descends with the Hyades, at which the maids seeme to be rejoyced, they all dance a while together, then make another stand as if they wanted something.

IRIS. Great wit and power hath Hermes to con-
A lively dance which of one sex consists. [trive

MER. Alas poore Iris, Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boyes,
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First stuck these flowers with their equall darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth and joyne with these,
To honour that which they themselves began.

The Cupids come forth and dance, they are weary with their blind pursuing the Nymphs, and the Nymphs weary with flying them.

IRIS. Behold the statues which wise Vulcan
Under the altar of Olympian Jove, [plac'd
And gave to them an artificiall life;
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild trees which followed Orpheus' harpe.

The Statues come down, and they all dance till the Nymphs out-run them and lose them, then the Cupids go off, and last the statues.

MER. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?

IRIS. Just match this show, or mine inventions faile;
Had it been worthier I would have invok'd
The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,
And all my kindred, meteors of the aire,
To have excelled it, but I now must strive
To imitate confusion, therefore thou,
Delightfull Flora, if thou ever felt'st
Increase of sweetnesse in those blooming plants
On which the hornes of my faire bow decline,
Send hither all that rurall company
Which deck the maygames with their clownish sports,
Juno will have it so.

The second Antimasque rusheth in, they dance their measure, and as rudely depart.

MER. Iris we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst
E're we returne. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done in honour of the state
She governs.

IRIS. Hermes so it may be done
Meerly in honour of the state, and those
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfie
The lust of Jupiter in having thanks
More than his Juno, if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the Heaven, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the buds of earth,
To bring thee any thing that may do grace
To us, and these, do it, we shall be pleas'd;
They know that from the mouth of Jove himselfe,
Whose words have winks, and need not to be borne,
I took a message, and I bore it through
A thousand yeelding clouds, and never staid

Till his high will was done. The Olympian games
Which long had slept at these wish'd nuptials
He pleas'd to have renewed, and all his knights
Are gathered hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill, upon whose rising head

The Alter is discovered, with the Priests about it, and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying in their tents on each side neere the top of the hill.

Behold Jove's altar and his blessed priests
Moving about it: come you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those for whom they are againe begun.

THE FIRST SONG.

When the priests descend, and the knights follow them.

SHAKE off your heavy trance
And leape into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow.

THE SECOND SONG

At the end of the first dance.

ON, blessed youths, for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a paire
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each song a sacrifice.

THE THIRD SONG

After their many dances, when they are to take the ladies single.

MORE pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies mov'd as well as knights;
Run every one of you and catch
A nymph in honour of this match,
And whisper boldly in her eare,
Jove will but laugh if you forsweare.

ALL.

And this daie's sins he doth resolve,
That we his priests should all absolve.

THE FOURTH SONG

When they have parted with the ladies, a shrill musique sounds, supposed to be that which cals them to the Olympian games, at which they all make a seeming preparation to depart.

You should stay longer, if we durst,
Away, alas, that he that first
Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Has now no power to make him stay;
And though these games must needs be played,
I would these paire when they are layed,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his sigh as he doth passe,
And clip his wings, and breake his glasse,
And keep 'em ever by 'em.

THE FIFTH SONG

When all is done as they ascend.

PEACE and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride:
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder:
If we should stay we should do worse,
And turne our blessings to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, AND SONGS TO SEVERALL PLAIES.

WRITTEN BY MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE MAD LOVER.

TO please all's impossible, and to despaire
Ruines our selves, and damps the writer's care:
Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the minds here equall with the men!
But we must venture; now to sea we go,
Faire fortune with us, give us roome and blow:
Remember y'are all venturers; and in this play
How many twelvepences ye have stowed this day;
Remember for returne of your delight,
We lanch and plough through stormes of feare and spight:
Give us your forewinds fairely, fill our wings,
And steere us right, and as the sailers sing,
Loaden with wealth on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound voyage cheerefully;
And you our noble merchants, for your treasure,
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleasure.

THE EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now, let our plaies be good,
Our own care sayling equall in this floud;
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i'th' mire;
Here we stick fast, is there no way to cleare
This passage of your judgment, and our feare?
No mitigation of that law? brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preserves it selfe, each will,
If not perverse and crooked, utters still,
The best of that it ventures in: have care
Even for your pleasure's sake, of what you are,
And do not ruine all; you may frowne still
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

FIRST SONG TO THE MAD LOVER.

STRE. ORPHEUS, I am come from the deeps below
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to show,
To the faire fields, where loves eternall dwell,
There's none that come, but first they passe through Hell.

Harke and beware, unlesse thou hast lov'd ever,
Belov'd againe, thou shalt see those joyes never.
Harke how they groane that dyed despairing,
O take heed then:
Harke how they houle for ever daring,
All these were men:
They that be fooles and dye for fame,
They lose their name,
And they that bleed,
Harke how they speed.
Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires,
They sit and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall their soules be free from pains and feares,
Till women waft them over in their teares.

THE SECOND SONG TO THE MAD LOVER.

ORPH. CHARON, O Charon,
Thou wafter of the soules to blisse or bane.
CHA. Who cals the ferry-man of Hell?
ORPH. Come neare
And say who lives in joy, and whom in feare.
CHA. Those that dye well, eternall joy shall follow;
Those that dye ill, their own foule fate shall swallow.
ORPH. Shall thy black harke those guilty spirits [stow
That kill themselves for love.
CHA. O no, no,
My courage cracks when such great sins are neare,
No wind blows faire, nor I my selfe can steare.
ORPH. What lovers passe and in Elysium raigne?
CHA. Those gentle loves that are belov'd againe.
ORPH. This souldier loves, and faine would dye [to win,
Shall he go on?
CHA. No, 'tis too foule a sin,
He must not come aboard; I dare not row,
Stormes of despaire and guilty blood will blow.
ORPH. Shall time release him, say?
CHA. No, no, no, no,
Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My boat is destiny, and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still
And love by reason, mortall, not by will.
ORPH. And when thy mistris shall close up thine [eyes.
CHA. Then come aboard and passe.
ORPH. Till when be wise.
CHA. Till when be wise.

THE THIRD SONG TO THE MAD LOVER.

O FAIRE, sweet goddesse, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble eyed, and ever ruing
Those poore hearts their loves pursuing.
O thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of deare content and pleasure,
Of mutuall love the endlesse treasure,
Accept this sacrifice we bring;
Thou continuall youth and spring,
Grant this lady her desires,
And every houre wee'l crown thy fires.

THE FOURTH SONG TO THE MAD LOVER.

ARME, arme, arme, arme, the scouts are all come in,
Keep your rankes close, and now your honour win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appeares,
Bows, bils, glaves, arrows, shields, and speares,
Like a darke wood he comes, or tempest powring;
O view the wings of horse the meadows scowring.
The vant-guard marches bravely, hark the drums—
dub, dub.
They meet, they meet, now the battle comes;
See how the arrows flie,
That darken all the skie;
Harke how the trumpets sound,
Harke how the hils rebound—tara, tara, tara.
Harke how the horses charge in boyes, in boys in,—
The battle totters, now the wounds begin, [tara, tara,
O how thy cry,
O how they dye.
Roome for the valiant Memnon armed with thunder,
See how he breakes the rankes asunder:
They fly, they fly, Eumenes hath the chase,
And brave Politins makes good his place.
To the plaines, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the flouds,
They fly for succour: follow, follow, follow,
Harke how the souldiers hollow; [hey, hey.—
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his souldiers fled,
The battle's won and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SPANISH CURATE.

To tell ye (gentlemen) we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis lanch'd to day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;
To tell you 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitternesse of wit you'l say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid to tell you too, till merry,
And meane to make you pleasant, and not weary:
The streame that guides ye easie to attend
To tell you that 'tis good is to no end,
If you beleeve not; nay to go thus far,
To sweare it, if you sweare against it, were
To assure you any thing, unlesse you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it selfe, and pray
Like a good barque it may worke out to day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proofe,
And we hope highly, if she lie aloofe
For her own vantage, to give wind at will;
Why, let her worke, only be you but still,
And sweet opinion'd, and we are bound to say,
You are worthy judges, and you crown the play.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our suite never ends,
Still when you part you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends; if ought have falne amisse,
Oh let it be sufficient that it is,
And you have pardon'd it; in buildings great
All the whole body cannot be so neat
But something may be mended; those are faire,
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

THE

PROLOGUE TO THE FRENCH LAWYER.

To promise much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done aske pardon, were a sin

Wee'l not be guilty of: and to excuse
Before we know a fault, were to abuse
The writers and our selves; for I dare say
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And such a play as shall (so should plaies do)
Impe times dull wings, and make you merry too;
'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it,
And we have our wish'd ends if you commend it.

THE EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM sent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us and our poets, they will be
This night exceeding merry, so will we;
If you approve their labours they professe,
You are their patrons, and we say no lesse;
Resolve us then, for you can only tell
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

FIRST SONG TO THE PLAY,

CALLED THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER, CALLED AN EPITHALAMINE SONG, AT THE WEDDING.

COME away, bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side;
You faire troope of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her;
Blush and wish you virgins all
Many such faire nights may fall.

CHORUS.

Hymen fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires imploy:
Blesse the bed with holy love,
Now faire orbe of beauty move.

SECOND SONG TO THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER,

CALLED, SONG IN THE WOOD.

THIS way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear;
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whil'st we melt the frozen ground:
This way, come, make hast, O faire,
Let your cleare eyes gild the aire;
Come and blesse us with your sight,
This way, this way seeke delight.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE CUSTOME OF THE COUNTREY.

SO free this worke is (gentlemen) from offence,
That we are confident it needs no defence
From us, or from the poets, we dare locke
On any man that brings his table booke
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat;
Let such come swel'd with malice to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady we have tax'd, nor state,
Nor any private person, their poore hate
Will be starv'd here, for envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind;
And yet despaire not gentlemen, the play
Is quick and witty, so the poets say,
And we beleeve them, the plot neat and new,
Fashioned by those that are approv'd by you;
Only 'twill crave attention in the most,
Because one point unmask'd the whole is lost;
Heare first then, and judge after, and be free,
And as our cause is let our censure be.

THE EPILOGUE.

WHY there should be an epilogue to a play,
I know no cause, the old and usuall way
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators in this place;
And time, 'tis to no purpose, for I know
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe're I say
In the behalfe of us, and of the play,
Only to quit our doubts, if you thinke fit,
You may, or cry it up, or silence it.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE FOR THE SAME PLAY.

WE wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's look, if new,
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right,
Yet so far known, and credit me, 'twas made,
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and dranke lusty wine,
The nectar of the Muses; some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appeare
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawfull birth
To passionate scenes mixt with no vulgar mirth,
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name;
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound pallats, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to discry this now,
For being lik'd before, you may allow
Your candour safe what's taught in the old schooles,
All such as lived before you were not fooles.

THE EPILOGUE.

I SPEAKE much in the prologue for the play,
To its desert I hope, yet you might say,
Should I change now from that which then was meant,
Or in a syl'able grow lesse confident,
I were weak-hearted, I am still the same,
In my opinion, and forbeare to frame
Qualification, or excuse, if you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true;
Shew it with any signe, and from this place,
And send me off exploded, or with grace.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

WIT is become an antic, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the times' applause, as the times dare
Change severall fashions, nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worne some twenty yeare ago,
Comes into grace againe, and we pursue
That custome by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appeare the same, if you allow

Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death live in their fame.

THE EPILOGUE.

The monuments of vertue and desert
Appeare more goodly when the glosse of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censured at the worst;
We have done our best, for your contents to fit,
With new paines this old monument of wit.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE CAPTAINE.

To please you with this play we feare will be
(So does the author too) a mystery
Some what above our art, for all men's eyes,
Eares, faith and judgements are not of one size;
For to say truth and not to flatter ye,
This is nor comedy, nor tragedy,
Nor history, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a weeke) be made a perfect play:
Yet those that love to laugh, and those that think
Twelve pence goes further this way than in drinke,
Or damsels; if they marke the matter through,
May stumble on a foolish toy or two,
Will make them shew their teeth: pray, for my [sake,
That likely am your first man, do not take
A distaste before you feel it, for ye may
When this is hist to ashes have a play.
And here to out-hisse this be patient then,
(My honour done) you are welcome gentlemen.

THE EPILOGUE.

If you mislike (as you shall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own noblenesse yet do not hisse,
But as you go by, say it was amisse,
And we will mend, chide us, but let it be;
Never let it be in coole bloud. O' my honesty,
If I have any, this I'le say for all,
Our meaning was to please you still, and shall.

FIRST SONG TO THE PLAY, CALLED, THE CAPTAINE.

Tell me dearest what is love?
'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call desire.
BOTH. 'Tis a grave
Gapes to have
Those poore fooles that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true?
2. Yes some are, and some as you;
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change.
BOTH. And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love to love anew.

1. Tell me more, yet can they grieve?
2. Yes, and sicken sore, but live:
And be wise and delay
When you men are as wise as they.
BOTH. Then I see
Faith will be
Never till they both beleeve.

THE SECOND SONG.

Away, delights, go seeke some other dwelling,
For I must dye;
Farewell, false love, thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts,
Alas for pitty go
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee, mine was not so.
Never againe deluding love shall know me,
For I will dye:
And all those griefes that thinke to over-grow me,
Shall be as I;
For ever will I sleepe while poore maids cry,
Alas, for pity stay,
And let us dye,
With thee men cannot mock us in the day.

THE THIRD SONG.

Come hither, you that love, and heare me sing
Of joyes still growing,
Greene, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing;
Come hither, youths that blush and dare not know
What is desire,
And old men worse than you, that cannot blow
One sparke of fire;
And with the power of my enchanting song
Boyes shall be able men, and old men yong.
Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
Leave off complaining,
Youth, strength, and beauty that shall never dye,
Are here remaining.
Come hither fooles and blush you stay so long
From being blest,
And mad men worse than you, that suffer wrong,
Yet seeke no rest;
And in an houre with my enchanting song
You shall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

SONG TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE BEGGER'S BUSH.

Cast our caps and care away: this is beggers [and sing;
holiday,
At the crowning of our king thus we ever dance
In the world look out and see, wher so happy a [do we;
prince as he
Where the nation live so free, and so merry as
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are [gown,
not prest:
Nor are call'd into the town to be troubled with the
Hang all offices we cry, and the magistrate too by;
When the subsidies encreast, we are not a penny [straw,
ceast;
Now will any goe to law with the begger for a
All which happinesse he brags he doth owe unto
his rags.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE COXCOMBE.

This comedy long forgot, by some thought dead,
By us preserv'd, once more doth raise her head;

And to your noble censures does present
Her outward forme, and inward ornament.
Nor let this smell of arrogance, since 'tis known
The makers that confest it for their own,
Were this way skilfull, and without the crime
Of flatteries, I might say, did please the time;
The worke it selfe too, when it first came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, though some rude
And harsh among the ignorant multitude.
That relish grosse food better than a dish
(That's cook'd with care, and serv'd in to the wish
Of curious pallats) wanting wit and strength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length,
That fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be tri'd
Before such judges, 'twill not be deny'd
A free and noble hearing nor feare I
But 'twill deserve to have free liberty,
And give you cause (and with content) to say,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis ended, but my hopes and feare begin,
Nor can it be imputed as a sin
In me to wish it favour, if this night
To the judicious it hath given light,
I have my ends, and may such, for their grace
Vouchsafed to this, find theirs in every place.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY,

CALLED, THE FALSE ONE.

New titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old and 'tis as true;
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage: what borrows he
From him that wrought old Priam's tragedy
That writes his love to Hecuba? sure to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
In the capitall, can never be the same
To the judicious: nor will such blame [find
Those that penn'd this for barrennesse, when they
Young Cleopatra here and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid and free,
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldnesse she did dye,
Nor of her fatall love to Antony;
What we present and offer to your view
(Upon their faiths) the stage yet never knew;
Let reason then first to your wils give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

THE EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace,
And but expresse some signe that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their feares are eas'd;
I would beg further (gentlemen) and much say
In the favour of our selves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd? the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

FIRST SONG TO THE FALSE ONE, A TRAGEDY.

Look out, bright eyes, and blesse the aire,
Even in shadows you are faire:
Shut up, beauty is like fire
That breakes out clearer still and higher;
Though your body be confin'd,
And lost love a pris'ner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither cheeke, nor chaine hath found.
Looke out nobly then, and dare,
Even the fetters that you weare.

THE SECOND SONG.

Isis, the goddesse of this land,
Bids thee (great Cæsar) understand
And marke our customes, and first know,
With greedy eyes, these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus, when he comes
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertaine him, cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play;
Nilus himselfe shall rise and shew
His matchlesse wealth in overflow.

THE THIRD SONG.

Come let us help the reverend Nyle,
He's very old (alas the while),
Let us dig him easie waies,
And prepare a thousand plaies
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk and glide it o're the lawns;
This way profit comes and gaine,
How he tumbles here amaine,
How his waters haste to fall
In our channell, labour all
And let him in: let Nylus flow,
And perpetuall plenty show;
With incense let us blesse the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums, and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring;
Come, (old father) come away,
Our labour is our holiday.
Isis. Here comes the aged river now,
With garlands of great pearle his brow
Begirt and rounded, in his flow
All things take life, and all things grow;
A thousand wealthy treasures still
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising floud, and powre
Perpetuall blessings in our store.
Heare him, and next there will advance
His sacred heads to tread a dance
In honour of my royall guest,
Marke them too, and you have a feast.

THE FOURTH SONG.

Make roome, for my rich waters' fall,
And blesse my floud,
Nylus come flowing to you all
Encrease and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and every thing;
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud that I may rise:

Your holy feasts and houres begin,
And each man brings a sacrifice;
Now my wanton pearles I show
That to ladies' faire necks grow;
Now my gold
And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall blesse this land by my rich flow;
And after this to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy bed arise.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE CHANCES.

APTNESSE for mirth to all this instant night
Thalia hath prepar'd for your delight;
Her choice and curious vyands in each part,
Season'd with rarities of wit, as art.
Nor feare I to be tax'd for a vaine boast,
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himselfe a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare averre,
Living, he made that house a theater
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but play to his loud memory.
For our selves we do intreat that you would not
Expect strange turnes and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhime
To gaule particular persons with the time;
Or that his towring Muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight:
But if that sweet expression, quick conceit,
Familiar language fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speake it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise,
We may professe, presuming on his skill,
If his Chances please not you, our fortune's ill.

THE EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long,
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike our paines were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd,
But such ambition soares too high, if we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a faire censure, we have our reward,
And in them arm'd desire no surer guard.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE LOYALL SUBJECT.

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth joyn'd with grave matter, and intent,
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speake the maker, and to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his; the age
Mourning his losse, and our now widdowed stage
In vaine lamenting, I could adde so far,
Behind him the most moderne writers are;
That when they would commend him their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise,
To his best memory so much a friend
Presumes to write secure, 'twill not offend
The living that are modest with the rest,
That may repine he cares not to contest:
This debt to Fletcher paid it is profest,
But us the actors we will do our best
To send such savouring friends, as hither come
To grace the scene, pleas'd and contented home.

THE EPILOGUE.

THOUGH something well assur'd, few here repent,
Three houres of pretious time or money spent
On our endeavours, yet not to relie
Too much upon our care and industry:
'Tis fit we should aske but a modest way
How you approve our action in the play;
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty and gives us cause
Hereafter with a generall consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

FIRST SONG TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

BROOME, broome, the bonny broome,
Come buy my birchen broome,
I' th' wars we have no more roome,
Buy all my bonny broome.
For a kisse take two,
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure;
If all these will not do't,
Take the broome man to boot;
Broome, broome, the bonny broome.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE wars are done and gone,
And souldiers now neglected pedlers are;
Come, maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware,
Powders for the head,
And drinkes for your bed
To make ye blith and bonny:
As well in the night we souldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.

THE THIRD SONG.

WILL ye buy any honesty? come away,
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forced light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle.
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble bloud,
The city dame to rule her eyes:
Ye are rich men now, come buy, and then
I'le make ye richer, honest men.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE LOVERS PROGRESSE.

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ,
Truth must take place, and by an able wit,

Foulemouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give so much to Fletcher's memory:
If so, some may object, Why then do you
Present an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profest writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a plagary?
To this he answers in his just defence,
And to maintaine to all our innocence,
Thus much, though he hath travel'd the same way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us nor you;
He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare
The utmost of his strength, and his best care
In the reviving it; and though his powers
Could not, as he desir'd, in three short houres
Contract the subject, and much lesse expresse
The changes, and the various passages
That will be look'd for, you may heare this day
Some scenes that will confirme it as a play,
He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.

THE EPILOGUE.

Still doubtfull and perplexed too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher right in the history;
The poet sits within, since he must know it,
He with respect desires that you would shew it
By some accustom'd signe; if from our action
Or his endeavours you meet satisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends, we hope the best,
To make that certainty, in you doth rest.

FIRST SONG TO THE LOVERS PROGRESSE.

Adieu, fond love, farewel, ye wanton powers,
I am free againe;
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle houres,
Bewitching paine.
Fly to the fooles that sigh away their time,
My nobler love to Heaven clime,
And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
Immortall sweetnesse by faire angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy:
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

THE SECOND SONG.

'Tis late and cold, stir up the fire,
Set close and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty med'cine 'gainst a cold.
Your beds of wanton down the best:
Where you shall tumble to your rest:
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do;
Call for the best, the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret let them bring,
And drinke apace while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drinke in the grave;
Plover, partridge for your dinner,
And a capen for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you are up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome shall fly round,
And I shall smile though under ground.

SONGS TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE MAID IN THE MILL.

THE FIRST SONG.

Come follow me, you country lasses,
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing,
Pedro he shall rub the string:
Each shall have a loose-bodied gown
Of greene; and laugh till you lye down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

THE SECOND SONG.

How long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vaine?
How long, like the turtle dove,
Shall I heartily thus complaine?
Shall the sailes of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the mill, let the mill go round.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE PASSIONATE MAD-MAN.

It's grown in fash'on of late in these daies
To come and beg a suff'rance to our plaies;
Faith, gentlemen, our poet ever writ
Language so good, mixt with such sprightly wit;
He made the theatre so soveraigne [veine,
With his rare scenes, he scorn'd this crouching
We stabb'd him with keene daggers when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made;
He could not write these toyes, 'twas easier far
To bring a fellon to appear at th' bar:
So much he hated basenesse, which this day
His scenes will best convince you of in's play.

THE EPILOGUE.

Our poet bid us say, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But feares our over-acting passions may,
As not adorne, deface his labour'd play:
Yet still he is res'lute for what is writ
Of nicer valour, and assumes the wit;
But for the love sceanes which he ever meant,
Cupid in's petticoat should represent;
He'l stand no shock of censure, the play's good,
He saies he knows it (if well understood)
But we (blind god) beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt shoot thy arrowes round, this play was thine.

SONGS TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, THE NICE VALOUR: OR, THE PASSIONATE MAD-MAN.

THE FIRST SONG.

Thou deity, swift winged love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that makest a heart thy tower,

And thy loope-holes, ladies' eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious liver;
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to shoot more;
Shoot more, shoot more.

THE SECOND SONG.

O TURN thy bow,
Thy power we feele and know,
Faire Cupid turn away thy bow:
They be those golden arrows
Bring ladies all their sorrowes,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at maids agen.

THE THIRD SONG.

HENCE, all you vaine delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholly,
O sweetest melancholly.
Welcome folded armes and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies;
A looke that's fastned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;
Fountain heads, and pathlesse graves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-light walkes, when all the fowles
Are warmely hous'd save bats and owles;
A midnight bell, a parting groane,
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing so dainty, sweet, as lovely melancholly.

THE FOURTH SONG.

A CURSE upon thee for a slave;
Art thou here and heard'st me rave
Flie not sparkles from mine eye
To shew mine indignation nigh;
Am I not all foame and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a town crier?
How my back opes and shuts together
With fury as old men's with weather;
Could'st thou not heare my teeth gnash hither?

THE FIFTH SONG.

THOU nasty scurvy mungrill toad,
Mischiefe on thee,
Light upon thee
All the plagues
That can confound thee,
Or did ever raigne abroad;
Better a thousand lives it cost
Then have brave anger spilt or lost.

THE SIXTH SONG.

PAS. OH how my lungs do trickle? ha, ha, ha.
BAS. Oh how my lungs do trickle? oh, oh, ho, ho.
PAS. sings.
Set a sharpe jest
Against my breast,
Then how my lungs do trickle;
As nightingales,
And things in cambric railes
Sing best against a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
BAS. Ho, ho, ho, ha. [Laugh.
PAS. Laugh. BAS. Laugh. PAS. Laugh. BAS.
PAS. Wide. BAS. loud. PAS. and vary.
BAS. A smile is for a simp'ring novice.
PAS. One that ne're tasted caveare.
BAS. Nor knows the smack of deare anchovis.
PAS. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
BAS. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.
PAS. A giling waiting wench for me,
That shewes her teeth how white they be.
BAS. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foule and hardly three.
PAS. Ha, ha, ha.
BAS. Ho, ho, ho.
PAS. Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
Now I misse thy laugh, and ha since.
BAS. There you nam'd the famous jeerer
That ever jeer'd in Rome or Athens.
PAS. Ha, ha, ha.
BAS. Ho, ho, ho.
PAS. How brave lives he that keeps a foole,
Although the rate be deeper.
BAS. But he that is his own foole, sir,
Does live a great deale cheaper.
PAS. Sure I shall burst, burst, quite breake, thou
art so witty. [to th' citty.
BAS. 'Tis rare to breake at court, for that belongs
PAS. Ha, ha, my spleen is almost worn to the last
laughter. [hereafter.
BAS. O keep a corner for a friend, a jest may come

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE TAMER TAMED.

LADIES, to you, in whose defence and right
Fletcher's brave Muse prepar'd her selfe to fight,
A battle without bloud, 'twas well fought too,
(The victorie's yours, though got with much adoe.)
We do present this comedy, in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Adde grace and ornament to a merry play,
Which this may prove: yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,
We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and what's worse,
In a true comedy politique discourse.
The end we aime at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gaule the city, nor the court:
Heare and observe this comique straine, and when
Y' are sick of melancholly, see't agen.
'Tis no deare physick, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions with our paines are lost.

THE EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's tam'd, but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives
They should not raigne as tyrants o'er their wives;
Nor can the woman from this president
Insult or triumph: it being aptly meant

To teach both sexes due equality;
And as they stand bound to love mutually.
If this effect arising from a cause
Well laid, and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope our honest ends
Will keep the men and women too, our friends.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MARTIALL MAID.

STATUES and pictures challenge praise and fame,
If they can justly boast, and prove they came
From Phydeas or Apelles: none deny,
Poets and picture painters hold a sympathy;
Yet their workes may decay and lose their grace,
Receiving blemish in their limbs or face;
When the mind's art hath this preheminence
She still retaineth her first excellence.
Then why should not this deare peece be esteem'd
Child to the richest fancies that e're teem'd?
When not their meanest off-spring that came forth
But bore the image of their fathers' worth,
Beaumont's and Fletcher's, whose desert out-weighs
The best applause, and their least sprig of bayes
Is worthy Phœbus; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit, he shall not rob the treasure;
Nor can you ever surfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare, though they be dainty:
The more you take, the more you do them right,
And we will thanke you for your own delight.

THE EPILOGUE.

OUR author feares there are some rebels' hearts,
Whose dulnesse doth oppose love's piercing darts:
Such will be apt to say there wanted wit,
The language low, very few scenes are writ
With spirit and life; such odd things as these
He cares not for, nor never meanes to please;
For if your selves a mistris, or love's friends,
Are lik'd with this smooth play, he hath his ends.

A SONG TO THE PLAY.

CALLED, WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

FAINE would I wake you, sweet, but feare
I should invite you to worse cheare;
In your dreames you cannot fare
Meaner than music, no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a child:
Your day delights, so well compact,
That what you thinke, turnes all to act;
I'de wish my life no better play,
Your dreame by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your dreames;
The morning flies,
To your faire eyes,
To take her speciall beames.

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE FAIRE MAID OF THE INNE.

PLAIES have their fates, not as in their true sence
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custome madly works upon
The drosse of many tongu'd opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ
For language, modest mirth, conceit, or wit,
Mercies oft times with the sweet commendation
Of hang't 'tis scurvey, when for approbation,
A jigge shall be clapt at, and every rhime
Prais'd amd applauded by a clam'rous chyme;
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muses petty. Hether
Came nobler judgements, and to those the straine
Of our invention is not bent in vaine.
The faire maid of the Inne to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes, and withall intends
In the entertaines to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

THE EPILOGUE.

WE would faine please ye, and as faine be pleas'd,
'Tis but a little liking both are eas'd;
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And to our understanding good and faire;
For your own wisdome's sake be not so mad [bad;
To acknowledge ye have bought things deare and
Let not a brack i'th' stuffe, or here and there
The fading glosse, a generall losse appeare,
We know ye take up worse commodities,
And dearer pay, yet thinke your bargains wise:
We know in meat and wine, ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay;
And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost,
We bid you not unto repenting cost:
The price is easie, and so light the play,
That ye may new digest it ev'ry day.
Then noble friends, as ye would choose a mistris,
Only to please the eye a while and kisse,
Till a good wife be got: so let this play
Hold ye a while, untill a better may.

FIRST SONG TO THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN.

Now the lusty spring is seene,
Golden, yellow, gaudy blew,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every greene,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And inticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full.
All love's emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluck'd we dye.

Yet the lusty spring hath stayd,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid,
Cherries kissing as they grow,
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste.
All love's emblems, and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluckt, we dye.

THE SECOND SONG.

Heare, ye ladies that despise
What the mighty Love hath done;
Feare examples, and be wise,
Faire Calisto was a nun.

Leda sailing on the streame,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dreame,
Doated on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a flower.

Heare ye ladies that are cov,
What the mighty Love can do,
Feare the fiercenesse of the boy,
The chaste Moone he makes to wooe.
Vesta kindling holy fires
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion in a short tower higher,
He can once more build, and once more fire.

THE THIRD SONG.

HONOUR that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that sees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flowes.
Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labours' rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she cals thee Cæsar.

CHORUS.

Haile, haile, Cæsar, haile and stand,
And thy name out-live the land;
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows.

THE FOURTH SONG.

GOD Lisus ever young,
Ever renown'd, ever sung;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes;
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plentious hand divine,
Let a river run with wine;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor feare.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE PLAY,

CALLED, LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

To this place, gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid you welcome; and to many a play:
And those whose angry soules were not displeas'd
With law, or lending money, we have pleas'd,
And make no doubt to do againe; this night
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We must intreat you looke for: a good tale,
Told in two houres, we will not faile
If we be perfect to rehearse ye: new
I am sure it is, and handsome; but how true
Let them dispute that writ it. Ten to one
We please the women, and I would know what man
Follows not their example. If ye meane
To know the play well, travell with the scene,
For it lies upon the road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good men leave us not i'th' mire,
Another bait may mend us: if you grow
A little gald or wearie, cry but hoa,
And wee'l stay for ye; when our journey ends
Every man's pot I hope, and all part friends.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

YOU that can look through heaven, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To these men honours, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's surveyers, and can show
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadfull thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under:
Tell me by all your art, I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me;
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angell, and his way;
Observe my face, next fall into your dreames,
Sweep cleane your houses, and new line your sceames,
Then say your worst: or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately, or did fall?
Or am I poore, not able, no full flame,
My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it your art can only worke on those
That deale with dangers, dignities and cloaths?
With love, or new opinions? you all lye,
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I,
But far above your finding, he that gives
Out of his providence to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no not you:
He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lousie, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filtch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you, your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own star, and the soule that can
Render an honest and a perfect man.
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him fals early, or too late;
Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill,
Our fatall shadows that walke by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they governe, but they grieve
For stubborne ignorance; all things that are
Made for our generall uses are at war,
Even we among our selves, and from the strife
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
O man, thou image of thy Maker's good,
What canst thou feare when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is that built thee? what dull sence
Makes thee suspect, in need, that providence?
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light
Guide to thy labours? who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet show'rs
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee
To let thee grow so neare himselfe, the tree?
Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus, and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay even thy servants when devotions call!

O canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seeke a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate, and when my mind
Is furnished with his fulnesse, my poore story
Should out-live all their age, and all their glory.
The hand of danger cannot fall amisse,
When I know what, and in whose power it is:
Nor want, the cause of man, shall make me groane,
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us all we can
To worke our selves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the foole's fire dies;
Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Increase to wealth, honour, and ev'ry thing;
Were she as perfect good as we can aime,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistris then be knowledge, and faire truth;
So I enjoy all beauty, and all youth:
And though to time her lights and laws she lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends.
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend knows to live;
Affliction when I know it is but this,
A deep allay whereby man tougher is
To beare the hammer and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his will;
Sicknesse an hum'rous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night.
Man is his own star, and that soule that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER TO BEN IOHNSON,

WRITTEN BEFORE HE AND MR. FLETCHER CAME TO LONDON, WITH TWO OF THE PRECEDENT COMEDIES THEN NOT FINISHED, WHICH DEFERRED THEIR MERRY MEETINGS AT THE MERMAID.

The Sun which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the selfe same thing
They know they see, however absent is,
(Here our best hay-maker, forgive me this,
It is our countrie's stile) in this warme shine
I lie and dreame of your full Mermaid wine;
O we have water mixt with claret lees,
Drinke apt to bring in drier heresies
Than here, good only for the sonnet's straine,
With fustian metaphors to stuffe the braine;
So mixt, that given to the thirstiest one
'Twill not prove almes. unlesse he have the stone:
Thinke with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades;
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutclifts, wit,
Like where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Fill'd with such moysture, in most grievous qualmes
Did Robert Wisdome write his singing psalmes:
And so must I do this, and yet I thinke
It is a portion sent us downe to drinke
By special providence, keeps us from fights,
Make us not laugh when we make legs to knights:
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates;
For we do live more free than you, no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state
Moves us, we are all equall every whit;
Of land that God gives men, here is their wit
If we consider fully for our best,
And gravest men will with his maine house jest,
Scarce please you, we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too;
Here are none that can beare a painted show,
Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow;
Who like mils, set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gaines alike with ev'ry wind:
Only some fellows with the subtil'st pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that the most;
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you, for a wit is like a rest,
Held up a tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid? Hard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtill flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a foole the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justifie the town
For three daies past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to take foolishly
Till that were cancell'd, and when that was gone
We left an aire behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies [wise:
Right witty, though but down-right fooles more
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin t' allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballatin grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargaines, and I feare shall bring
My selfe to speake the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any with one wind
That takes no med'cines: but one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the guard, have growing soules,
Only strong destiny, which all controules,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poore.
Banisht unto this home-fate once againe, [plaine
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben, when these scenes are perfect wee'l taste
wine, [mine.
I'le drinke thy Muses health, thou shalt quaffe

ON FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S DEATH.

BY BISHOP CORBET[1].

He that had youth, and friends, and so much wit
As would aske five good wits to husband it:
He that hath wrote so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware,
Beaumont is dead, by which our art appeares,
Wit's a disease consumes one in few yeares.

[1] Altered by the bishop afterwards. See his poems. *C.*

AN

ELEGY UPON MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

BEAUMONT lies here, and where now shall we have
A Muse, like his, to sigh upon his grave?
Ah none to weep this with a worthy teare,
But he that cannot, Beaumont, that lies here;
Who now shall pay this tombe with such a verse,
As thou that ladie's did'st, faire Rutland's hearse?
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she:
In thee all's lost, a sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on wit, good epitaphs are scant:
We dare not write thy elegy, for each feares
He ne're shall match a copy of thy teares;
Scarce yet in age a poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soone as blown.
Why should weake nature tyre her selfe in vaine,
In such a peece, and cast it straight againe?
Why should she take such worke beyond her skill,
And when she cannot perfect she must kill;
Alas, what is't to temper slime and mire?
Then's nature pussel'd when the work's intire:
Great braines, like bright glass, crackle straight, while those
Of stone and wood hold out and feare no blows;
And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
Whose wit was never their mortality.
Beaumont dies young, so Sydney dy'd before,
There was not poetry, he could live no more:
He could not grow up higher, nay, I scarce know,
If th' art it selfe unto that pitch could grow,
Wer't not in thee, who hadst arriv'd to th' height
Of all that art could reach, or nature might.
Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetnesse, couch'd in every line;
Such life of fancy, such high choice of braine,
Nought of the vulgar mint, or borrow'd straine;
Such passions, such expressions, meet mine eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity:
And these so unaffectedly exprest,
But all in a pure flowing language drest;
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
And all so borne within thy selfe, thine own:
I grieve not now that old Meander's veine
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee againe:
Such in his time was he, of the same peece,
The smooth, even naturall wit, and love of Greece,
Whose few sententious fragments show more worth
Than all the poets Athens e're brought forth:
And I am sorry I have lost those houres
On them, whose quicknesse comes far short of ours,
And dwelt not more on thee, whose every page
May be a patterne to their scene and age;
I will not yeeld thy worth so meane a praise,
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are
Nor with that dull supinenesse to be read, [plaies:
To passe a fire, or laugh an houre in bed:
How do the Muses suffer every where?
Taken in such mouths, sensur'd in such cares;
That 'twixt a wiffe, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheume together, spawle a verse:
'Tis all a punie's leasure after play,
Drinke and tobacco, it may spend the day;
Whilst even their very idlenesse they thinke,
Is lost in these, that lose their times in drinke:
Pitty their dulnesse; we that better know,
Will a more serious houre on thee bestow;
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
Who, if my pen may, as my faults, be free,
Were humble wits, and buffoons both to thee:
Yet those our learned of severest brow,
Will deigne to looke on, and so note them too;
That will defie our own, his English stuffe,
And th' authour is not rotten long enough:
Alas, how ill are they compar'd to thee,
In thy Philaster, or Maid's Tragedy?
Where's such a humour as thy Bessus? nay,
Let them put all their treasures in one play,
He shall out-bid them, their conceit was poore,
All in the circle of a bawd or whore,
A cozening —— take the foole away,
And not a good jest extant in a play:
Yet these are wits, th'are old, that's it, and now
Be'ng Greeke, or Latin, they are learning too;
But those their own times were content t' allow
A thriftier fame, and thine is lowest now,
But thou shalt live, and when thy name is grown
Six ages elder, shall be better known:
When th'art of Chaucer's standing in thy tombe,
Thou shalt not shame, but take up all his roome.

J. EARLE[1].

ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

RENOWNED Spencer lye a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
A little nearer Spencer, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tombe,
To lodge all foure in one bed make a shift
Untill doom's day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day, and that by fates be slaine,
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.
If your precedency in death do barre
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sacred marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare tragœdian Shakespeare! sleep alone.
Thy unmolested peace in an unshared cave,
Possesse as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

ON BEN JOHNSON.

HERE lies Johnson with the rest
Of the poets: but the best
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his story, not this stone;
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewel.

ANOTHER ON BEN JOHNSON.

THE Muses fairest light in no darke time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
That none can passe; the most proportion'd wit
To Nature; the best judge of what was fit:
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most eccho'd by consenting men:
The soule which answer'd best to all well said
By others; and which most requitall made:

[1] Afterwards bishop of Salisbury. *C.*

Tun'd to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with her own,
In whom with Nature, study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himselfe ow'd all his art.
Here lyes Ben Johnson, every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

ON MR. EDM. SPENCER,

FAMOUS POET.

At Delphos' shrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by th' oracle must be released,
Whether of poets were the best renown'd:
Those that survive, or they that are deceased?
The gods made answer by divine suggestion,
While Spencer is alive, it is no question.

ON MICHAEL DRAYTON,

BURIED IN WESTMINSTER.

Dor, pious marble, let thy readers know,
What they, and what their children ow
To Drayton's sacred name, whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruines shall disclaime
To be the treasury of his name,
His name which cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

ON THE TOMBES IN WESTMINSTER.

Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of flesh is here!
Thinke how many royall bones
Sleep within these heap of stones;
Here they lye, had realmes, and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, "In greatnesse is no trust."
Here's an acre sown indeed,
With the richest, royall'st seed,
That the earth did e're suck in,
Since the first man dy'd for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
"Though gods they were, as men they dy'd:"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate

THE EX-ALE-TATION OF ALE.

Nor drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in Ales-bury vale;
He saw by my face, that I was in the case
To speake no great harme of *a pot of good ale.*

Then did he me greet, and said, "Since we meet"
(And he put me in mind of the name of the dale)
"For Ales-bury's sake some paines I would take,
And not bury the praise of *a pot of good ale.*"

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me
If the ale I dranke last were nappy and stale,
To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
And fall to commend a &c.

Quoth I, "To commend it I dare not begin,
Lest therein my credit might happen to faile;
For many men now do count it a sin,
But once to look toward a &c.

"Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
Nor any thing else my courage to quaile:
For, this we do find, that take it in kind,
Much vertue there is in a &c.

"And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac't,
Nor the merry-go-down without pull or hale,
Perfuming the throat, when the stomack's afloat,
With the fragrant sweet sent of a &c.

"Nor yet the delight that comes to the sight,
To see how it flowers and mantles in graile,
As greene as a leeke, with a smile in the cheeke,
The true orient colour of a &c.

"But I meane the mind, and the good it doth find;
Not only the body, so feeble and fraile:
For body and soule may blesse the black bowle,
Since both are beholden to a &c.

"For, when heavinesse the mind doth oppresse,
And sorrow and griefe the heart do assaile,
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
And to wash away cares with a &c.

"The widow that buried her husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to waile,
And thinke ev'ry day twaine, till she marry againe,
If she read the contents of a &c.

"It is like a belly-blast to a cold heart,
And warms, and engenders the spirits vitale,
To keep them from domage, all sp'rits owe their homage
To the sp'rite of the buttery, a &c.

"And down to the legs the vertue doth go,
And to a bad foot-man is as good as a saile;
When it fils the veines, and makes light the braines,
No lackey so nimble as a &c.

"The naked complains not for want of a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turne his taile;
All the way as he goes he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be but well wrapt in a &c.

"The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Tho 'his stomach would brook a ten-penny naile;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparkes of a &c.

"The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the yeare eats neither partridge nor quaile,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast
With a crust of brown bread, and a &c.

"The shepheard, the sower, the thresher, the mower, flaile,
The one with his scyth, the other with his
Take them out by the poll, on the perill of my soll,
All will hold up their hands to a &c.

"The black-smith, whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still, without e're a vaile,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you a lye,
But where you may be sure of a &c.

"Who ever denies it, the pris'ners will praise it,
That beg at the grate, and lye in the goale:
For, even in their fetters, they thinke themselves better,
May they get but a two penny black pot of ale.

"The begger, whose portion is alwaies his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his taile,
Is as rich in his rags, as the churle in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a &c.

"It drives his poverty cleane out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet, and maile;
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,
If once he be enricht with a &c.

"And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himselfe quite at the plough-taile,
Will speake no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the top of a &c.

"'Tis like a whetstone to a blunt wit,
And makes a supply where nature doth faile:
The dullest wit soon will look quite thro' the Moon,
If his temples be wet with a &c.

"Then Dick to his dearling full boldly dare speake,
Tho' before (silly fellow) his courage did quaile,
He gives her the smouch, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a &c.

"And it makes the carter a courtier straight-way,
With rhetoricall termes he will tell his tale;
With courtesies great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a &c.

"The old man, whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
(For old-age by nature doth drivell and drale)
Will stir and will fling like a dog in a string,
If he warme his cold blood with a &c.

"And the good old clarke, whose sight waxeth darke,
And ever he thinkes the print is to small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a &c.

"The cheekes and the jaws to commend it have cause;
For where they were late but even wan and pale,
They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
By the true die and tincture of a &c.

"Marke her ennemies, though they thinke themselves wise,
How meagre they look, with how low a waile,
How their cheeks do fall, without sp'rits at all,
That alien their minds from a &c.

"And now that the grains do worke in my brains,
Me thinks I were able to give by retaile
Commodities store, a dozen and more,
That flow to mankind from a &c.

"The Muses would muse any should it misuse:
For it makes them to sing like a nightingale,
With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat
With the caballine spring of a &c.

"And the musician, of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his scale:
It will cleare his pipes, and moisten his lights,
If he drink alternatim a &c.

"The poet divine, that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times faile,
Will hit on the veine to make a good streine,
If he be but inspired with a &c.

"For ballads Elderton[1] never had peere,
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale;
And with all the sailes up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a &c.

"And the power of it shows, no whit lesse in prose,
It will file one's phrase, and set forth his tale:
Fill him but a boule, it will make his tongue troule,
For flowing speech flows from a &c.

"And master philosopher, if he drinke his part,
Will not trifle his time in the huske or the shale,
But go to the kernell by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottome of a &c.

"Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of sixteen,
And put him to prove that an ape hath no taile,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a &c.

"Thus it helps speech and wit: and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the virtues morale,
Then thinke it not much if a little I touch
The good morall parts of a &c.

"To the church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our fore-fathers their wisdome did faile,
That at every mile, next to the church stile,
Set a consecrate house to a &c.

"But now, as they say, beere beares it away;
The more is the pitty, if right might prevaile:
For, with this same beer, came up heresie here,
The old catholic drinke is a &c.

"The churches much ow, as we all do know;
For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
By a Whitson or Church-ale up againe they shall go,
And owe their repairing to a &c.

"Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveale:
For, they that will drinke, will speake what they think;
Tom tell-troth lies hid in a &c.

"It is justice's friend, she will it commend,
For all is here served by measure and tale:
Now, true-tale and good measure are justice's treasure,
And much to the praise of a &c.

"And next I alleadge, it is fortitude's edge:
For a very cow-heard, that shrinkes like a snaile,
Will sweare and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but arm'd with a &c.

"Yea, ale hath her knights and squires of degree,
That never wore corslet, nor yet shirt of maile,
But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot and the wall,
When once they were dubb'd with a &c.

[1] A drunken balladmaker, of whom see Warton's Hist. of Poetry, vol. iv. p. 40, 41. *C.*

"And sure it will make a man suddenly wise,
E're while was scarce able to tell a right tale:
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
As made a right bencher of a &c.

"Or he that will make a bargaine to gaine,
In buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
And seale up his match with a &c.

"But for sobernesse needs must I confesse,
The matter goes hard: and few do prevaile
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
Such is the attractive of a &c.

"But here's an amends, which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best availe;
If you take it too deep, it will make you but sleep;
So comes no great harme of a &c.

"If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great, they may hold by the raile:
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a &c.

"If drinking about they chance to fall out,
Feare not the alarm, though flesh be but fraile,
It will prove but some blows, or at most a bloudy [nose,
And friends againe straight with a &c.

"And physic will favour ale as it is bound,
And be against beere both tooth and naile:
They send up and down, all over the town,
To get for their patients a &c.

"Their ale-berries, cawdles, and possets each one,
And syllabubs made at the milking-paile,
Although they be many, beere comes not in any,
But all are composed with a &c.

"And in very deed the hop's but a weed,
Brought o're against law, and here set to sale:
Would the law were renew'd, and no more beere [brew'd,
But all good men betake them to a &c.

"The law, that will take it under her wing:
For, at every law-day, or moot of the hale,
One is sworne to serve our soveraigne the king,
In the ancient office of a comer of ale.

"There's never a lord of mannor or of town,
By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a franchise, and a flow'r of the crown,
To hold the assize of a &c.

"And though there lie writs, from the courts paramount,
To stay the proceedings of the courts paravaile;
Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,
There lies no prohibition to a &c.

"They talke much of state both early and late,
But if Gascoign and Spain their wine should but [faile,
No remedy then, with us Englishmen,
But the state it must stand by a &c.

"And they that sit by it are good men and quiet,
No dangerous plotters in the common-weale
Of treason and murder: for they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for, a &c.

"To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king, [tale)
That devis'd for his nation (by the Welshmen's
Seventeen hundred yeares before Christ did spring,
The happy invention of a &c.

"The north they will praise it, and praise it with passion,
Where every river gives name to a dale:
There men are yet living that are of th' old fashion,
No nectar they know but a &c.

"The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seale:
The Picts were undone, slain each mother's son,
For not teaching the Scots to make hether eale.

"But hither or thither, it skils not much whether:
For drinke must be had, men live not by keale,
Nor by havor-bannocks, nor by havor-jannocks,
The thing the Scots live on is a &c.

"Now, if you will say it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale:
Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
Than to die by the part of a &c.

"Yet let not the innocent beare any blame,
It is their own doings to breake o're the pale:
And neither the malt, nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a &c.

"They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,
How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
Though he drinke no beere any day in the yeare,
By the radicall humour of a &c.

"But, to speake of killing, that am I not willing;
For that, in a manner, were but to raile:
But beere hath its name, 'cause it brings to the [biere,
Therefore well-fare, say I, to a &c.

"Too many (I wis) with their deaths proved this,
And therefore (if ancient records do not faile)
He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a rope,
And found his beere far more bitter than ale.

"O ale ab olendo! thou liquor of life!
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale!
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle
That belongs to the praise of a &c.

"Thus, I trow, some vertues I have marked you
And never a vice in all this long traile, [out,
But that after the pot there cometh a shot,
And that's th' only blot of a &c."

With that my friend said, "That blot will I beare,
You have done very well, it is time to strike saile,
Wee'l have six pots more, tho' I die on the score,
To make all this good of *a pot of good ale.*"

THE GOOD FELLOW.

When shall we meet againe to have a taste
Of that transcendent ale we dranke of last?
What wild ingredient did the woman chose
To make her drinke withall? It made me lose
My wit before I quencht my thirst; there came
Such whimsies in my braine, and such a flame
Of fiery drunkennesse had sing'd my nose,
My beard shrunke in for feare: there were of those
That tooke me for a comet, some afar
Distant remote, thought me a blazing star:
The Earth, methought, just as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling course of merriment;

My head was ever drooping, and my nose
Offering to be a suiter to my toes;
My pock-hole face, they say, appear'd to some
Just like a dry and burning honey-combe;
My tongue did swim in ale, and joy'd to boast
It selfe a greater seaman than the toast;
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whisper in mine eare;
My guts were mines of sulphur, and my set
Of parched teeth struck fire as they met:
Nay, when I pist, my urine was so hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber-pot:
Each brewer that I met I kiss'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the trade:
One did approve the motion, when he saw,
That my own legs could my indentures draw.
Well, sir, I grew starke mad, as you may see
By this adventure upon poetry.
You easily may guesse, I am not quite
Grown sober yet, by these weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you see,
Whos'ere paid for the ale, I'm sure't paid me.

THE VERTUE OF SACK.

Fetch me Ben Johnson's scull, and fill't with sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weaknesse in the wine,
There's vertue in the cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of ale does taste too much
Of earth, the malt retaines a scurvy touch
Of the dull hand that sows it; and I feare
There's heresie in hops; give blockheads beere,
And silly ignoramus, such as think
There's powder-treason in all Spanish drink,
Call sack an idoll: we will kisse the cup,
For feare the conventicle be blown up
With superstition: away with brew-house alms,
Whose best mirth is six shillings beere and qualms.
Let me rejoice in sprightly sack, that can
Create a braine even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that dost inspire
And actuate the soule with heavenly fire.
Thou that sublim'st the genius-making wit,
Scorne earth, and such as love or live by it.
Thou mak'st us lords of regions large and faire,
Whil'st our conceits build castles in the aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'le know no element but thee.
Thou precious elixar of all grapes,
Welcome, by thee my Muse begins her scapes,
Such is the worth of sack; I am (me thinks)
In the exchequer now: hark, how it chinks!
And do esteeme my venerable selfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
Were sure mine own, and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it: I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And change the gold for sack to keep me drunk;
And so by consequence, till rich Spaine's wine
Being in my crown, the Indies too were mine:
And when my brains are once afoot, (Heaven bless
I think my selfe a better man than Crœsus. [us!)
And now I do conceit my selfe a judge,
And coughing, laugh to see my clients trudge
After my lordship's coach unto the hall
For justice, and am full of law withall,
And do become the bench as well as he
That fled long since for want of honesty:
But I'le be judge no longer, though in jest,
For fear I should be talk'd with, like the rest,
When I am sober. Who can choose but think
Me wise, that am so wary in my drink?
Oh, admirable sack! here's dainty sport,
I am come back from Westminster to court,
And am grown young againe; my ptisic now
Hath left me, and my judge's graver brow
Is smooth'd; and I turn'd amorous as May,
When she invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flow'ry bosome: I could win
A vestall now, or tempt a queen to sin.
Oh, for a score of queens! yon'd laugh to see
How they would strive which first should ravish me:
Three goddesses were nothing: sack has tipt
My tongue with charmes like those which Paris sipt
From Venus, when she taught him how to kisse
Faire Hellen, and invite a fairer blisse:
Mine is Canary-rhetoric, that alone
Would turne Diana to a burning stone;
Stone with amazement, burning with love's fire,
Hard to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable sack! thou mak'st us rich,
Wise, amorous, any thing: I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy sake.
If I be once inflam'd against thy foes,
That would preach down thy worth in small-beere
I shall do miracles as bad, or worse, [prose,
As he that gave the king an hundred horse:
T'other odde cup, and I shall be prepar'd
To snatch at stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from Jove upon their backs,
That are, or Charles his enemies, or sack's:
Let it be full, if I do chance to spill
Over my standish by the way, I will,
Dipping in this diviner inke my pen,
Write my selfe sober, and fall to't agen.

CANTO,

IN THE PRAISE OF SACK.

Listen all, I pray,
To the words I have to say,
In memory sure insert 'um:
Rich wines do us raise
To the honour of baies,
Quem non fecere disertum?

Of all the juice
Which the gods produce,
Sack shall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis sack that shall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale,
And beere that is stale,
Rosa-solis, and damnable hum:
But we will crack
In the praise of sack,
'Gainst omne quod exit in um.

This is the wine,
Which, in former time,
Each wise one of the magi
Was wont to arouse
In a frolick house,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
And a rope be their shame,
Let the gout and collick pine 'um,
That offer to shrink,
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, sive Latinum.

Let the glasse go round,
Let the quart-pot sound,
Let each one do as he's done to:
Avant, ye that hug
The abominable jug,
'Mongst us Heteroclita sunto.

There's no such disease,
As he that doth please
His palate with beere for to shame us:
'Tis sack makes us sing,
"Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly dispute,
That drinks ought else but wine O:
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a subtle sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our soules,
By the lowsie bowles
Of beere that doth nought but swill us,
Do go into swine,
(Pythagoras, 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis & illos.

When I've sack in my braine,
I'm in a merry veine,
And this to me a blisse is:
Him that is wise,
I can justly despise:
Mecum confertur Ulisses.

How it cheares the brains,
How it warms the vains,
How against all crosses it arms us!
How it makes him that's poore
Couragiously roare,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my tantum that drinks his tale:
By sack that he waxes
In our syntaxes,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weake or lame,
Or thy wits too blame?
Call for sack, and thou shalt have it,
'Twill make thee rise,
And be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolic rounds,
We have merry go downs,
Yet nothing is done at randome;
For when we are to pay,
We club and away,
Id est commune notandum.

The blades that want cash
Have credit for crash,
They'll have sack, whatever it cost 'um;
They do not pay
Till another day,
Manet alta mente repostum.

Who ne'er failes to drink
All cleare from the brink,
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'le offer at his shrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still,
And never hath his fill,
Hath a passage like a conduit,
The sack doth inspire
In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe,
If any do off,
And then from you needs will passe ye,
Give their nose a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as Orlando,
He is an asse
That from hence doth passe,
Nisi bibit ab ostia stando.

THE

ANSWER OF ALE TO THE CHALLENGE OF SACK.

Come, all you brave wights,
That are dubbed ale-knights,
Now set out yourselves in sight:
And let them that crack
In the praises of sack,
Know malt is of mickle might.
Though sack they define
To holy divine,
Yet it is but naturall liquor:
Ale hath for its part
An addition of art,
To make it drinke thinner or thicker.
Sack's fiery fume
Doth waste and consume
Men's humidum radicale;
It scaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning feavers,
Proves vinum venenum reale.
But history gathers,
From aged forefathers,
That ale's the true liquor of life:
Men liv'd long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whil'st barley-broth only was rife.
Sack quickly ascends,
And suddenly ends
What company came for at first:
And that which yet worse is,
It empties men's purses
Before it halfe quencheth their thirst.
Ale is not so costly,
Although that the most lye
Too long by the oyle of barley;
Yet may they part late
At a reasonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.

Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing ;
Whil'st dagger-ale barrels
Beare off many quarrels,
And often turne chiding to laughing.
Sack's drinke for our masters,
All may be ale-tasters ;
Good things the more common the better.
Sack's but single broth :
Ale's meat, drink, and cloath,
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends till they wrangle,
And quarrell for other men's pleasure ;
Let Ale keep his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due measure.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TOBACCO OVER SACK AND ALE.

Nay, soft, by your leaves,
Tobacco hereaves
You both of the garland : forbeare it ;
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone
Is like both to win it, and weare it.
Though many men crack,
Some of ale, some of sack,
And thinke they have reason to do it ;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poore as well as the wealthy ;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.
It plainly appeares
That in a few yeares
Tobacco more custome hath gained,
Than sack, or than ale,
Though they double the tale
Of the times wherein they have reigned.
And worthily too ;
For what they undo,
Tobacco doth helpe to regaine,
On fairer conditions
Than many physitions,
Puts an end to much griefe and paine.
It helpeth digestion,
Of that there's no question,
The gout, and the toothach, it easeth ;
Be it early, or late,
'Tis never out of date,
He may safely take it that pleaseth.
Tobacco prevents
Infection by sents,
That hurt the brain, and are heady ;
An antidote is,
Before you're amisse,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cooles them that do sweat,
And them that are fat maketh leane :
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent spirits restoreth againe.
Tobacco infused
May safely be used
For purging, and killing of lice ;
Not so much as the ashes
But heales cuts and slashes,
And that out of hand in a trice.
The poets of old
Many fables have told
Of the gods and their symposia :
But Tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their nectar and ambrosia.
It is not the smack
Of ale, or of sack,
That can with Tobacco compare :
For taste, and for smell,
It beares away the bell
From them both where ever they are.
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noses will wipe
Of the praises they desire,
Unlesse they conspire
To sing to the tune of his pipe.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy is he, that from all businesse cleere,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tils his sire's left lands,
And is not in the usurer's bands :
Nor, souldier-like, started with new alarms,
Nor dreads the sea's inraged harms :
But flees the barre and courts, with the proud
And waiting chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine [bords,
With the grown issue of the vine ;
And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
And sets more happy in the place :
Or in the bending vale beholds a-farre
The lowing herds there grazing are :
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
Of earth, and sheares the tender sheepe :
Or when that Autumne thro' the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking peares, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad !
With which, Priapus, he may thanke thy hands,
And, Sylvane, thine that kept'st his lands !
Then now beneath some ancient oake he may
Now in the rooted grasse him lay,
Whilst from the higher bankes do slide the floods,
The soft birds quarrell in the woods,
The fountaines murmure as the streames do creep,
And all invite to easie sleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his snow and
Are gathering by the wintry houres ; [showres
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild bores into his toyles pitch'd round :
Or straines on his small forke his subtill nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-fals sets :
And snares the fearfull hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'ne.

Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
Love's cares, so evill, and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet
For houshold aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabine's, or a sun-burnt blowse,
Some lusty quick Apulian's spouse;
To deck the hallow'd harth with old wood fir'd
Against the husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet tub, wine of this yeare takes,
And unbought viands ready makes:
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,
Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes;
If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our seas send any such:
Th' Ionian god-wit, nor the Ginny hen,
Could not go down my belly then.
More sweet than olives, that new gather'd be
From fattest branches of the tree:
Or the herb sorrell, that loves meadows still,
Or mallows loosing bodies ill:
Or at the feast of bounds, the lambe then slaine,
Or kid forc'd from the woolfe againe,
Among these cates how glad the sight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home!
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned share!
The wealthy houshold swarme of bondmen met,
And 'bout the steeming chimney set!
These thoughts when usurer Alphius, now about
To turne more farmer, had spoke out
'Gainst the Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
At th' Calends puts all out againe.

TRANSLATIONS.

SALMACIS & HERMAPHRODITUS:

OR THE HERMAPHRODITE.

FROM OVID.

My wanton lines do treat of amorous love,
Such as would bow the hearts of gods above.
Thou, Venus, our great Citheræan queene,
That hourely trip'st on the Idalian greene;
Thou, laughing Erycina, daigne to see
These verses wholly consecrate to thee:
Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,
That every lover's eye may melt a line;
Command the god of love, that little king,
To give each verse a sleight touch with his wing;
That as I write, one line may draw the other,
And every word skip nimbly o're another.
There was a lovely boy the nymphs had kept,
That on th' Idalian mountaines oft had slept,
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,
By learned Mercury on the queene of love.
A face he had that shew'd his parents' fame,
And from them both conjoyn'd he drew his name:
So wondrous faire he was, that (as they say)
Diana being hunting on a day,
She saw the boy upon a green banke lay him,
And there the virgin huntresse meant to slay him;
Because no nimphs would now pursue the chace,
For all were struck blind with the wanton's face.
But when that beauteous face Diana saw,
Her armes were nummed, and she could not draw,
Yet did she strive to shoot, but all in vaine,
She bent her bow, but loos'd it straight againe:
Then she began to chide her wanton eye,
And faine would shoot, but durst not see him dye:
She turn'd and shot, but did of purpose misse him,
She turn'd againe and could not choose but kisse him;
Then the boy ran: for some say had he staid,
Diana had no longer been a maid:
Phœbus so doted on this rosiat face,
That he hath oft stoln closly from his place,
When he did lie by faire Leucothoe's side,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide.
And ever since this lovely boy did dye,
Phœbus each day about the world doth flye,
And on the earth he seeks him all the day,
And every night he seeks him in the sea:
His cheeks were sanguine, and his lips were red,
As are the blushing leaves of the rose spread;
And I have heard that till this boy was born,
Roses grew white upon the virgine thorn;
'Till one day walking to a pleasant spring,
To heare how cunningly the birds could sing.
Laying him down upon a flowry bed,
The roses blush't and turn'd themselves to red:
The rose that blush't not for his great offence,
The gods did punish, and for's impudence
They gave this doome, and 'twas agreed by all,
The smell of the white rose should be but small.
His haire was bushie, but it was not long,
The nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong;
For as it grew they pull'd away his haire,
And made habiliments of gold to weare:
His eyes were Cupid's, for untill his birth
Cupid had eyes, and liv'd upon the Earth;
Till on a day when the great queen of love
Was by her white doves drawn from Heaven above,
Unto the top of the Idalian hill,
To see how well the nymphs her charge fulfil,
And whether they had done the goddesse right
In nursing of her sweet Hermaphrodite;
Whom when she saw, (although compleat and full)
Yet she complain'd his eyes were somewhat dull:
And therefore more the wanton boy to grace,
She pull'd the sparkling eyes from Cupid's face,
Faining a cause to take away his sight,
Because the ape would sometimes shoot for spight:
But Venus set those eyes in such a place,
As grac'd those cleare eyes with a clearer face;
For his white hand each goddesse did him wooe,
For it was whiter than the driven snow;
His leg was straighter than the thigh of Jove,
And he far fairer than the god of love.
When first this well shap'd boy, beautie's chiefe king,
Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring,
How curiously it painted all the earth,
He 'gan to travell from his place of birth,
Leaving the stately hils where he was nurst,
And where the nymphs had brought him up at first;
He lov'd to travell unto coasts unknown,
To see the regions far beyond his own,
Seeking cleare watry springs to bath him in,
For he did love to wash his ivory skin.
The lovely nymphs have oft times seen him swim,
And closely stol'n his cloaths from off the brim,
Because the wanton wenches would so faine
See him come nak'd to aske his cloaths againe;

He lov'd besides to see the Lician grounds,
And know the wealthy Carians' utmost bounds.
Using to travell thus, one day he found
A christall brook that tril'd along the ground;
A brook that in reflection did surpasse
The cleare reflection of the clearest glasse;
About the side there grew no foggy reeds,
Nor was the front compast with barren weeds,
But living turfe grew all along the side,
And grasse that ever flourish'd in his pride;
Within this brook a beautious nymph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excel;
So faire she was, of such a pleasing grace,
So straight a body, and so sweet a face,
So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,
So large a forehead, such a cristall eye,
So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a brest,
So faire a cheek, so well in all the rest:
That Jupiter would revell in her bower
Were he to spend again his golden shower.
Her teeth were whiter than the morning-milk,
Her lips were softer than the softest silk,
Her haire as far surpast the burnish'd gold,
As silver doth excell the basest mold;
Jove courted her for her translucent eye,
And told her he would place her in the skie;
Promising her, if she would be his love,
He would ingrave her in the Heavens above:
Telling this lovely nymph, that if he would,
He could deceive her in a shower of gold;
Or like a swan come to her naked bed,
And so deceive her of her maidenhead,
But yet because he thought that pleasure best
Where each consenting joines each loving brest,
He would put off that all commanding crowne,
Whose terrour stroke th' aspiring giants down;
That glitt'ring crown whose radiant sight did tosse
Great Pelion from the top of mighty Osse,
He would depose from his world-swaying head,
To tast the amorous pleasure of her bed;
This added, he besides the more to grace her,
Like a bright star he would in Heaven's vault place her.
By this the proud lascivious nymph was mov'd,
Perceiving that by great Iove she was lov'd:
And hoping as a star she should e're long
Be stern or gracious to the sea-man's song,
(For mortals still are subject to the eye,
And what it sees they strive to get as high)
She was contented that almighty Iove
Should have the first and best fruits of her love;
For women may be likned to the yeare,
Whose first fruits still do make the daintiest cheare.
But yet Astræa first should plight her troath,
For the performance of Iove's sacred oath;
Just times decline, and all good daies are dead,
When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.
This heard great Iupiter and lik'd it well,
And hastily he seeks Astræa's cell,
About the massie Earth searching her tower;
But she had long since left this earthly bower,
And flew to Heaven above, loathing to see
The sinfull actions of humanity:
Which when Iove did perceive, he left the Earth,
And flew up to the place of his own birth;
The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy
Astrea's pallace in the glitt'ring sky.
This stately tower was builded up on high,
Far from the reach of any mortall eye;
And from the pallace side there did distill
A little water through a little quill,
The dew of justice which did seldom fall,
And when it dropt, the drops were very small:
Glad was great Iove, when he beheld her tower,
Meaning a while to rest him in her bower;
And therefore sought to enter at her doore,
But there was such a busie rout before,
(Some serving-men, and some promooters be,)
That he could passe no foot without a fee:
But as he goes he reaches out his hands,
And paies each one in order as he stands,
And still as he was paying those before,
Some slipt again betwixt him and the doore:
At length (with much adoe) he past them all,
And entring straight into a spatious hall,
Full of darke angles and of hidden waies,
Crooked meanders, infinite delaies,
All which delaies and entries he must passe
E're he could come where just Astræa was:
All these being past by his immortall wit,
Without her doore he saw a porter sit,
An aged man that long time there had been,
Who us'd to search all those that entred in,
And still to every one he gave this curse,
None must see justice but with empty purse.
This man searcht Iove for his own private gaine,
To have the money which did yet remaine,
Which was but small, for much was spent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the doore;
When he had done he brought him to the place
Where he might see divine Astræa's face,
There the great king of gods and men in went,
And saw his daughter Venus there lament,
And crying loud for justice, whom Iove found
Kneeling before Astræa on the ground,
And still she cried and begg'd for a just doome
Against black Vulcan, that unseemely groome,
Whom she had chosen for her only love,
Though she was daughter to great thundring Iove;
And though the fairest goddesse; yet content
To marry him though weake and impotent:
But for all this they alwaies were at strife,
For evermore he rail'd at her his wife,
Telling her still "thou art no wife of mine,
Another's strumpet, Mars his concubine."
By this Astræa spy'd almighty Iove,
And bow'd her finger to the queene of love,
To cease her suit which she would heare anon,
When the great king of all the world was gone;
Then she descended from her stately throne,
Which seat was builded all of jasper stone,
And o're the seat was painted all above
The wanton unseene stealths of amorous Iove.
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of lovely Venus in the vale of Ide,
When Pallas and Iove's beauteous wife and she
Strove for the prise of beautie's rarity,
And there lame Vulcan and his Cyclops strove
To make the thunderbolt for mighty Iove;
From this same stately throne she down descended,
And said the griefes of Iove should be amended,
Asking the king of gods what lucklesse cause,
What great contempt of state, what breach of laws,
(For sure she thought some uncouth cause befell
That made him visite poore Astræa's cell)
Troubled his thoughts, and if she might decide it,
Who vext great Iove full dearly should abide it:
Iove only thank'd her, and began to show
His cause of coming, (for each one doth know

The longing words of lovers are not many
If they desire to be enjoy'd of any,)
Telling Astræa, it would now befall
That she might make him blest that blesseth all:
For as he walk'd upon the flowry Earth,
To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,
To see how streight he held it, and how just
He rul'd this massie pondrous heap of dust:
He laid him down by a coole river's side,
Whose pleasant water did so gently slide,
With such soft whispering, for the brooke was deep,
That it had lull'd him in a heavenly sleep.
When first he laid him down there was none neere him,
(For he did call before, but none could heare him,)
But a faire nymph was bathing when he wak'd,
(Here sight great Iove, and after brought forth) nak'd:
He seeing lov'd the nymph, yet here did rest
Where just Astræa might make Iove be blest,
If she would passe her faithfull word so far
As that great Iove should make the maid a star;
Astræa yeelded, at which Iove was pleas'd,
And all his longing hopes and feares were eas'd,
Iove took his leave and parted from her sight,
Whose thoughts were full of lovers' sweet delight;
And she ascended to the throne above,
To heare the griefes of the great queen of love:
But she was satisfied and would no more
Raile at her husband as she did before;
But forth she tript apace, because she strove
With her swift feet to overtake great Iove;
She skipt so nimbly as she went to look him,
That at the pallace doore she overtook him;
The way was plaine and broad as they went out,
And now they could see no tumultuous rout.
Here Venus fearing lest the love of Iove
Should make this maid be plac'd in Heaven above;
Because she thought this nymph so wondrous bright
That she would dazell her accustom'd light,
And fearing now she should not first be seen
Of all the glittering stars as she had been;
But that the wanton nymph would every night
Be first that should salute each mortall sight,
Began to tell great Iove she griev'd to see
The Heaven so full of his iniquity:
Complaining that each strumpet now was grac'd,
And with immortall goddesses was plac'd,
Intreating him to place in Heaven no more
Each wanton strumpet, and lascivious whore.
Iove, mad with love, minded not what she said,
His thoughts were so intangled with the maid:
But furiously he to his pallace lept,
Being minded there till morning to have slept.
For the next morne so soone as Phœbus' raies
Should yet shine coole by reason of the seas,
And e're the parting teares of Thetis bed
Should be quite shak'd from off his glittering head,
Astræa promis'd to attend great Iove
At his own pallace in the Heavens above,
And at that pallace she would set her hand
To what the love-sick god should her command:
But to descend to Earth she did deny,
She loath'd the sight of any mortall eye,
And for the compasse of the earthly round
She would not set one foot upon the ground:
Therefore Iove meant to rise but with the Sun,
Yet thought it long untill the night was done.
In the meane space Venus was drawn along
By her white doves unto the sweating throng
Of hammering blacksmiths, at the lofty hill
Of stately Ætna, whose top burneth still;
For at that mountaine's glittering top
Her cripple husband Vulcan kept his shop;
To him she went, and so collogues that night
With the best straines of pleasure's sweet delight,
That ere they parted she made Vulcan sweare
By dreadfull Styx, (an oath that gods do feare)
If Iove would make the mortall maid a star,
Himselfe should frame his instruments of war:
He took his oath by black Cocytus lake
He never more a thunderbolt would make;
For Venus so this night his senses pleas'd,
That now he thought his former griefes were eas'd,
She with her hands the blacksmith's body bound,
And with her ivory armes she twin'd him round,
And still the faire queen with a pretty grace
Dispers'd her sweet breath o're his swarthy face;
Her snowy armes so well she did display,
That Vulcan thought they melted as they lay,
Untill the morn in this delight they lay.
Then up they got and hasted fast away
In the white charriot of the queen of love,
Towards the pallace of great thundring Iove:
Where they did see divine Astræa stand
To passe her word for what Iove should command;
In limp'd the blacksmith, after stept his queen,
Whose light arraiment was of lovely green:
When they were in, Vulcan began to sweare,
By oaths that Jupiter himselfe doth feare,
If any whore in Heaven's bright vault were seen,
To dim the shining of his beauteous queen,
Each mortall man should the great god disgrace,
And mock almighty Jove unto his face:
And giants should enforce bright Heaven to fall
Ere he would frame one thunder-bolt at all;
Jove did intreat him that he would forbeare,
The more he spake the more did Vulcan sweare.
Jove heard the words and 'gan to make his moane,
That mortall men would pluck him from his throne,
Or else he must incur this plague he said,
Quite to forgo the pleasure of the maid;
And once he thought rather than lose those blisses,
Her heavenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,
Her soft embraces, and the amorous nights,
That he should often spend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortall hands
From the blest place where his bright pallace stands:
But afterwards he saw with better sight,
He should be scorn'd by every mortall wight,
If he should want his thunderbolts to beat
Aspiring mortals from his glittering seat;
Therefore the god no more did woe or move her,
But left to seeke her love, though not to love her:
Yet he forgot not that he woo'd the lasse,
But made her twice as beautious as she was,
Because his wonted love he needs would shew.
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true;
And whether her cleare beauty was so bright,
That it could dazzle the immortall sight
Of gods, and make them for her love despaire,
I do not know, but sure the maid was faire:
Yet the faire nymph was never seen resort
Unto the savage and the bloudy sport
Of chaste Diana, nor was ever wont
To bend a bow, nor never us'd to hunt;
Nor did she ever strive with pretty cunning
To overgo her fellow nymphs in running:
For she was the faire water-nymph alone,
That unto chaste Diana was unknown.

It is reported that her fellows us'd,
To bid her (though the beautious nymph refus'd)
To take a painted quiver, or a dart,
And put her lazie idlenesse apart.
But she would none; but in the fountaines swims,
Where oft she washeth o're her snowy limbs;
Sometimes she comb'd her soft dishevell'd haire,
Which with a fillet ty'd she oft did weare;
But sometimes loose she let it hang behind,
When she was pleas'd to grace the easterne wind,
For up and down it would her tresses hurle,
And as she went it made her loose haire curle:
Oft in the water did she see her face,
And oft she us'd to practice what quaint grace
Might well become her, and what comly feature
Might be best fitting so divine a creature.
Her skin was with a thin vaile over-thrown,
Through which her naked beauty clearly shone;
She us'd in this light raiment as she was
To spread her body on the dewy grasse:
Sometimes by her own fountaines as she walks
She nipt the flowers from off the fertile stalks,
And with a garland of the sweating vine
Sometimes she doth her beautious front entwine;
But she was gathering flow'rs with her white hand,
When she beheld Hermaphroditus stand
By her cleare fountaine wondring at the sight,
That there was any brooke could be so bright,
For this was the bright river where the boy
Did dye himselfe, that he could not enjoy
Himselfe in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses
Of his own melting and delicious kisses.
Here did she see him, and by Venus' law
She did desire to have him as she saw:
But the faire nymph had never seen the place
Where the boy was, nor his inchanting face;
But by an uncouth accident of love
Betwixt great Phœbus and the son of Jove,
(Light-headed Bacchus) for upon a day
As the boy-god was keeping on his way,
Bearing his vine-leaves and ivy bands
To Naxos, where his house and temple stands,
He saw the nymph, and seeing he did stay,
And threw his leaves and ivy bands away.
Thinking at first she was of heavenly birth,
Some goddesse that did live upon the Earth;
Virgin Diana that so lovely shone
When she did court her sweet Endimion;
But he a god, at last did plainly see
She had no marke of immortality:
Unto the nymph went the young god of wine,
Whose head was chaf'd so with the bleeding vine,
That now, or feare, or terrour had he none,
But 'gan to court her as she sat alone;
" Fairer than fairest" (thus began his speech)
Would but your radiant eye please to enrich
My eye with looking, or one glance to give
Whereby my other parts may feed and live,
Or with one sight my senses to enspire,
Far livelier than the stolu Promethean fire;
Then might I live, then by the sunny light
That should proceed from thy chiefe radiant sight
I might survive to ages, but that missing,"
(At that same word he would have fain been kissing)
" I pine (fair nymph.) O never let me dye
For one poore glance from thy translucent eye,
Far more transparent than the clearest brooke:"
The nymph was taken with his golden hook,
Yet she turn'd back and would have tript away,
But Bacchus forc'd the lovely maid to stay,
Asking her why she strugled to be gone,
Why such a nymph should wish to live alone;
Heaven never made her faire that she should vaunt
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant
She should be borne so beautious from her mother,
But to reflect her beauty on another:
" Then with a sweet kisse cast thy beames on me,
And I'le reflect them back again on thee.
At Naxos stands my temple and my shrine,
Where I do presse the lusty swelling vine;
There with green ivy shall thy head be bound,
And with the red grape be incircled round;
There shall Silenus sing unto thy praise
His drunken reeling songs and tipling laies.
Come hither, gentle nymph:" here blusht the maid,
And faine she would have gone, but yet she staid.
Bacchus perceiv'd he had o'recome the lasse,
And down he throws her in the dewy grasse
And kist the helplesse nymph upon the ground,
And would have strai'd beyond that lawfull bound.
This saw bright Phœbus, for his glittering eye
Sees all that lies below the starry sky:
And for an old affection that he bore
Unto this lovely nymph long time before,
(For he would oft times in his circle stand,
And sport himselfe upon her snowy hand:)
He kept her from the sweets of Bacchus' bed,
And 'gainst her will he sav'd her maiden-head.
Bacchus perceiving this, apace did hie
Unto the pallace of swift Mercury;
But he did find him far below his birth,
Drinking with theeves and catchpoles on the Earth,
And they were parting what they stole to day,
In consultation for to morrow's prey;
To him went youthfull Bacchus, and begun
To shew his cause of griefe against the Sun,
How he bereft him of his heavenly blisses,
His sweet delight, his nectar-flowing kisses,
And other sweeter sweets, that he had won
But for the malice of the bright fac'd Sun;
Intreating Mercury by all the love
That had him born amongst the sons of Jove,
(Of which they two were part) to stand his friend
Against the god that did him so offend;
The quaint tongu'd issue of great Atlas' race,
Swift Mercurie, that with delightfull grace,
And pleasing accents of his feigned tongue,
Hath oft reform'd a rude uncivill throng
Of mortals, that great messenger of love,
And all the meaner gods that dwell above,
He whose acute wit was so quick and sharp,
In the invention of the crooked harp:
He that's so cunning with his jesting slights
To steale from heavenly gods, or earthly wights,
Bearing a great hate in his grieved breast
Against that great commander of the west,
Bright fac'd Apollo; for upon a day
Young Mercury did steale his beasts away;
Which the great god perceiving streight did show
The piercing arrows, and the fearefull bow [him,
That kill'd great Pithon, and with that did threat
To bring his beasts againe, or he would beat him;
Which Mercury perceiving, unespi'd,
Did closely steale his arrows from his side;
For this old grudge he was the easier won
To help young Bacchus 'gainst the fiery Sun:
And now the Sun was in the middle way,
And had o'ercome the one halfe of the day;
Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand
That lies upon the meere Ægyptian land,

That the hot people burnt even from their birth,
Do creep againe into their mother earth:
When Mercury did take his powerfull wand,
His charming caduceus in his hand,
And the thick beaver which he us'd to weare
When ought from Jove he to the Sun did beare,
That did protect him from the piercing light
Which did proceed from Phœbus' glittering sight;
Clad in these powerfull ornaments he flies
With out-stretcht wings up to the azur skies,
Where seeing Phœbus in his orient shrine,
He did so well revenge the god of wine,
That whil'st the Sun wonders his chariot reeles,
The crafty god had stoln away his wheeles;
Which when he did perceive he down did slide
(Laying his glittering coronet aside)
From the bright spangled firmament above
To seek the nymph that Bacchus so did love,
And found her looking in her watry glass,
To see how cleare her radiant beauty was:
And (for he had but little time to stay,
Because he meant to finish out his day)
At the first sight he 'gan to make his moane,
Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone;
Promising her if she would but obtaine
The wheeles that Mercury had stol'n againe,
That he might end his day, she should enjoy
The heavenly sight of the most beautious boy
That ever was: the nymph was pleas'd with this,
Hoping to reape some unaccustom'd blisse,
By the sweet pleasure that she should enjoy
In the blest sight of such a melting boy.
Therefore at his request she did obtaine,
The burning wheels that he had lost againe;
Which when he had receiv'd, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his coach did stand,
And there he set them on, for all this space
The horses had not stirr'd from out their place;
Which when he saw he wept, and 'gan to say,
"Would Mercury had stoln my wheels away,
When Phaeton, my haire-brain'd issue, try'd
What a laborious thing it was to guide
My burning chariot, then he might have pleas'd me,
And of a father's griefe he might have eas'd me:
For then the steeds would have obey'd his will,
Or else at least they would have rested still."
When he had done, he took his whip of steele,
Whose bitter smart he made his horses feele,
For he did lash so hard to end the day,
That he was quickly at the westerne sea.
And there with Thetis did he rest a space,
For he did never rest in any place
Before that time; but ever since his wheels
Were stoln away, his burning chariot reeles
Towards the declining of the parting day,
Therefore he lights and mends them in the sea.
And though the poets faine that Jove did make
A treble night for faire A'cmena's sake,
That he might sleep securely with his love,
Yet sure the long night was unknown to Jove:
But the Sun's wheels one day disordered more,
Were thrice as long a mending as before.
Now was the Sun environ'd with the sea,
Cooling his watry tresses as he lay,
And in dread Neptune's kingdome while he sleeps
Faire Thetis clips him in the watry deeps;
There Mair-maids and the Tritons of the west,
Straining their voices to make Titan rest:
The while the black night with her pithy hand
Took just possession of the swarthy land,
He spent the darksome houres in this delight,
Giving his power up to the gladsome night;
For ne'er before he was so truly blest
To take an houre, or one poore minute's rest.
But now the burning god this pleasure feels
By reason of his newly crazed wheels;
There must she stay untill lame Vulcan send
The fiery wheeles which he had took to mend;
Now all the night the smith so hard had wrought,
That ere the Sun could wake his wheels were brought;
Titan being pleas'd with rest and not to rise,
And loath to open yet his slumbring eyes;
And yet perceiving how the longing sight
Of mortals waited for his glittering light,
He sent Aurora from him to the skye
To give a glimpsing to each mortall eye.
Aurora, much asham'd of that same place
That great Apollo's light was wont to grace,
Finding no place to hide her shamefull head
Painted her chaste cheeks with a blushing red;
Which ever since remain'd upon her face
In token of her new receiv'd disgrace:
Therefore she not so white as she had been,
Loathing of every mortall to be seen;
No sooner can the rosie fingred morne
Kisse every flower that by her dew is borne;
But from the golden window she doth peep
When the most part of earthly creatures sleep.
By this bright Titan opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to jerk his horses through the skies,
And taking in his hand his fiery whip
He made Æous and swift Æthon skip
So fast, that straight he dazled had the sight
Of faire Aurora, glad to see his light;
And now the Sun in all his fiery haste
Did call to mind his promise lately past,
And all the vows and oaths that he did passe
Unto faire Salmacis the beautious lasse:
For he had promis'd her she should enjoy
So lovely, faire, and such a well-shapt boy,
As ne're before his own all-seeing eye
Saw from his bright seat in the starry skie;
Remembring this he sent the boy that way
Where the cleare fountaine of the faire nymph lay;
There was he come to seek some pleasing brook,
No sooner came he but the nymph was strook,
And though she longed to embrace the boy,
Yet did the nymph a while defer her joy,
Till she had bound up her loose flagging haire,
And well order'd the garments she did weare,
Faigning her count'nance with a lover's care,
And did deserve to be accounted faire;
When thus much spake she while the boy abode,
"O boy! more worthy to be thought a god,
Thou maiest inhabit in the glorious place
Of gods, or mai'st proceed from humane race;
Thou mai'st be Cupid, or the god of wine,
That lately woo'd me with the swelling vine:
But whosoe're thou art, O happy he
That was so blest to be a sire to thee!
Thy happy mother is most blest of many,
Blessed thy sisters, if her wombe bare any;
Both fortunate, O and thrice happy she,
Whose too much blessed brest gave suck to thee:
If ame's wish with thy sweet bed be blest,
O she is far more happy than the rest!
If thou hast any, let her name be known,
Or else let me be she, if thou hast none."
Here did she pause a while, and then she said,
"Be not obdurate to a silly maid;

A flinty heart within a snowy breast
Is like base mold lock'd in a golden chest.
They say the eye's the index of the heart,
And shews th' affection of each inward part:
Then love plaies lively there, the little god
Hath a cleare cristall pallace of abode;
O bar him not from playing in thy heart,
That sports himselfe upon each outward part."
Thus much she spake, and then her tongue was husht;
At her loose speeches Hermaphroditus blusht;
He knew not what love was, yet love did shame him,
Making him blush, and yet his blush became him.
Then might a man his lively colour see,
Like the ripe apple on a sunny tree,
Or ivory dy'd o're with a pleasing red,
Or like the pale morne being shadowed.
By this the nymph recovered had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in silence long,
And said, " Thy cheek is mild, O be thou so,
Thy cheeke saith I, then do not answer no; [said,
Thy cheek doth shame, then do thou shame", she
" It is a man's shame to deny a maid:
Thou look'st to sport with Venus in her tower,
And be belov'd of every heavenly power;
Men are but mortals, so are women too,
Why should your thoughts aspire more than ours do:
For sure they do aspire; else could a youth,
Whose countenance is full of spotlesse truth,
Be so relentlesse to a virgin's tongue?
Let me be woo'd by thee but halfe so long;
With halfe those termes, do but my love require,
And I will eas'ly grant thee thy desire;
Ages are bad when men become so slow,
That poore unskilfull maids are forc'd to wooe."
Her radiant beauty, and her subtill art,
So deeply struck Hermaphroditus' heart,
That she had won his love, but that the light
Of her translucent eye did shine too bright,
For long he look'd upon the lovely maid,
And at the last Hermaphroditus said,
" How should I love thee, when I do espie
A far more beautious nymph hid in thy eye; [thee,
When thou dost love let not that nymph be nigh
Nor when thou woo'st let that same nymph be by
Or quite obscure her from thy lover's face, [thee:
Or hide her beauty in a darker place;"
By this the nymph perceiv'd he did espy
None but himselfe reflected in her eye.
And for himselfe no more she meant to shew him,
She shut her eyes, and blindfold thus did wooe him:
" Faire boy, think not thy beauty can dispence
With any paine due to a bad offence;
Remember how the gods punisht that boy,
That scorn'd to let a beautious nymph enjoy
Her long wisht pleasure, for the peevish elfe,
Lov'd of all others, needs would love himself:
So maiest thou love perhaps; thou maiest be blest
By granting to a lucklesse nymph's request,
Then rest a while with me amidst these weeds,
The Sun that sees all winks at lovers' deeds.
Phœbus is blind when love sports are begun,
And never sees untill their sports be done;
Beleeve me boy, thy bloud is very staid,
That art so loath to kisse a youthfull maid:
Wert thou a maid and I a man, I'le shew thee
With what a manly boldnesse I could wooe thee:
' Fairer than love's queen' (thus I would begin)
' Might not my over-boldnesse be a sin,
I would intreat this favour if I could
Thy roseat cheeks a little to behold;'
Then would I beg a touch, and then a kisse,
And then a lower, yet a higher blisse;
Then would I aske what Jove and Leda did,
When like a swan the crafty god was hid;
What came he for? why did he there abide?
Surely I think he did not come to chide;
He came to see her face, to talke, and chat,
To touch, to kisse, came he for nought but that?
Yes something else, what was it he would have?
That which all men of maidens ought to crave."
This said, her eye-lids wide she did display,
But in this space the boy was run away:
The wanton speeches of the lovely lasse
Forc'd him for shame to hide him in the grasse;
When she perceiv'd she could not see him neere her,
When she had call'd, and yet he would not heare her,
Look how when Autumne comes, a little space
Paleth the red blush of the Summer's face,
Tearing the leaves, the Summer's covering,
Three months in weaving by the curious Spring.
Making the grasse his green locks go to wrack,
Tearing each ornament from off his back;
So did she spoile the garments she did weare,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden haire;
She thus deluded of her longed blisse,
With much adoe at last she uttred this:
" Why wert so bashfull boy? Thou hast no part
Shewes thee to be of such a female heart:
His eye is grey, so is the morning's eye,
That blusheth alwaies when the day is nigh.
Then is grey eyes the cause? that cannot be,
The grey ey'd morn is far more bold than he,
For with a gentle dew from Heaven's bright tower,
It gets the maidenhead of every flower:
I would to God he were the rosiat morn,
And I a flower from out the earth new born.
His face was smooth, Narcissus face was so,
And he was carelesse of a sad nymph's woe.
Then that's the cause, and yet that cannot be,
Youthfull Narcissus was more bold than he;
Because he dy'd for love, though of his shade,
This boy nor loves himselfe, nor yet a maid:
Besides, his glorious eye is wondrous bright,
So is the fiery and all-seeing light
Of Phœbus, who at every morning's birth
Blusheth for shame upon the sullen earth;
Then that's the cause, and yet that cannot be,
The fiery Sun is far more bold than he;
He nightly kisseth Thetis in the sea,
All know the storie of Leucothoë.
His cheek is red, so is the fragrant rose,
Whose ruddy cheek with over-blushing glowes;
Then that's the cause, and yet that cannot be,
Each blushing rose is far more bold than he:
Whose boldnesse may be plainly seen in this,
The ruddy rose is not asham'd to kisse;
For alwaies when the day is new begun,
The spreading rose will kisse the morning Sun."
This said, hid in the grasse she did espy him,
And stumbling with her will she fell down by him,
And with her wanton talke, because he woo'd not,
Beg'd that which he, poore novice, understood not.
And (for she could not get a greater blisse)
She did intreat at least a sister's kisse;
But still the more she did the boy beseech,
The more he powted at her wanton speech.
At last the nymph began to touch his skin,
Whiter than mountain snow hath ever been,
And did in purenesse that cleare spring surpasse,
Wherein Acteon saw th' Arcadian lasse.

Thus did she dally long, till at the last
In her white palm she lockt his white hand fast;
Then in her hands his wrist she 'gan to close,
When though his pulses straight his warme bloud
Whose youthfull music fanning Cupid's fire, [glows,
In her warme brest kindled a fresh desire;
Then did she lift her hand unto his brest,
A part as white and youthfull as the rest,
Where as his flowry breath still comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his cloaths;
At last she took her hand from off that part,
And said it panted like another heart;
" Why should it be more feeble, and lesse bold?
Why should the bloud about it be more cold?
Nay sure that yields, only thy tongue denies,
And the true fancy of thy heart belies."
Then did she lift her hand unto his chin,
And prais'd the pretty dimpling of his skin.
But straight his chin she 'gan to overslip,
When she beheld the rednesse of his lip;
And said, " Thy lips are soft, presse them to mine.
And thou shalt see they are as soft as thine."
Then would she faine have gone unto his eye,
But still his ruddy lip, standing so nigh,
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye she mist,
'Ginning to claspe his neck, and would have kist:
But then the boy did struggle to be gone,
Vowing to leave her in that place alone;
But the bright Salmacis began to feare,
And said, " Faire stranger, I will leave thee here,
And these so pleasant places all alone;"
So, turning back, she fained to be gone:
But from his sight she had no power to passe,
Therefore she turn'd, and hid her in the grasse;
When to the ground bending her snow-white knee,
The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.
He then, supposing he was all alone,
Like a young boy that is espy'd of none,
Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,
Then on the christall current of the brook,
Then with his feet he toucht the silver streames,
Whose drowzie waves made music in their dreames,
And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,
Talking aloud, and babling in their sleep,
Whose pleasant coolenesse when the boy did feele,
He thrust his foot down lower to the heele,
O'recome with whose sweet noise, he did begin
To strip his soft cloaths from his tender skin,
When streight the scorching Sun wept teares of brine,
(Because he durst not touch him with his shine)
For feare of spoiling that same ivory skin,
Whose whitenesse he so much delighted in;
And then the Moon, mother of mortall ease,
Would faine have come from the Antipodes,
To have beheld him naked as he stood
Ready to leap into the silver floud,
But might not, for the laws of Heaven deny
To shew men's secrets to a woman's eye;
And therefore was her sad and gloomy light
Confin'd unto the secret keeping night.
When beautious Salmacis a while had gaz'd
Upon his naked corps, she stood amaz'd,
And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face
Like the bright Sun reflected in a glasse;
Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,
Scarce can she now defer her hoped joy:
So fast her youthfull bloud plaies in her veines,
That, almost mad, she scarce her selfe containes;
When young Hermaphroditus, as he stands
Clapping his white side with his hollow hands,
Leapt lively from the land whereon he stood
Into the maine part of the christall floud;
Like ivory then his snowy body was,
Or a white lilly in a christall glasse;
Then rose the water-nymph from where she lay,
As having won the glory of the day,
And her light garments cast from off her skin,
" He's mine," she cry'd, and so leapt sprightly in;
The flatt'ring ivy who did ever see
Inclasp'd the huge trunke of an aged tree,
Let him behold the young boy as he stands
Inclaspt in wanton Salmacis' pure hands;
Betwixt those ivory armes she lockt him fast,
Striving to get away, till at the last,
Fondling she said, ' Why striv'st thou to be gone?
Why shouldst thou so desire to be alone?
Thy cheeke is never faire when none is by,
For what is red and white but to the eye?
And for that cause the Heavens are dark at night,
Because all creatures close their weary sight:
For there's no mortall can so early rise,
But still the morning waits upon his eyes;
The early rising and soon singing lark
Can never chant her sweet notes in the dark;
For sleep she ne'r so little or so long,
Yet still the morning will attend her song.
All creatures that beneath bright Cinthia be
Have appetite unto society;
The overflowing waves would have a bound
Within the confines of the spacious ground,
And all their shady currents would be plac'd
In hollow of the solitary vaste:
But that they loath to let their soft streams sing
Where none can heare their gentle murmuring."
Yet still the boy, regardlesse what she said,
Strugled apace to overswim the maid;
Which when the nymph perceiv'd, she 'gan to say,
" Struggle thou maiest, but never get away;
So grant, just gods, that never day may see
The separation 'twixt this boy and me."
The gods did heare her prayer, and feele her woe,
And in one body they began to grow:
She felt his youthfull bloud in every veine,
And he felt hers warm his cold breast againe;
And ever since was woman's love so blest,
That it will draw bloud from the strongest breast.
Nor man, nor maid, now could they be esteem'd,
Neither and either might they well be deem'd;
When the young boy Hermaphroditus said,
With the set voice of neither man nor maid,
" Swift Mercury, thou author of my life,
And thou, my mother, Vulcan's lovely wife,
Let your poore off-spring's latest breath be blest
In but obtaining this his last request:
Grant that whoe're, heated by Phœbus' beams,
Shall come to coole him in these silver streams,
May never more a manly shape retaine,
But halfe a virgin may returne againe."
His parents hark'ned to his last request,
And with that great power they the fountaine blest;
And since that time who in that fountaine swims
A maiden smoothness seeth halfe his limbs.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

FROM OVID.

When Cup'd read this title, straight he said,
" Wars, I perceive, against me will be made:"

But spare (oh, Love!) to tax thy poet so,
Who oft hath born thy ensign 'gainst thy fo;
I am not he by whom thy mother bled,
When she to Heaven on Mars his horses fled.
I oft, like other youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou aske, what I do still; I love.
Nay, I have taught by art to keep love's course,
And made that reason which before was force.
I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
Nor what I once have written to destroy.
If any love, and find his mistris kind,
Let him go on, and saile with his own wind;
But he that by his love is discontented,
To save his life my verses were invented;
Why should a lover kill himselfe? or why
Should any, with his own griefe wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still,
Thy reign is soft, play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
Make lovers meet by stealth, and steale a kisse:
Make them to feare, least any over-watch them,
And tremble when they thinke some come to catch them:
And with those teares that lovers shed all night
Be thou content, but do not kill out-right.
Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,
And said, "Write on, I freely give thee leave."
Come then, all ye despis'd, that love endure,
I, that have felt the wounds, your love will cure;
But come at first, for if you make delay
Your sicknesse will grow mortall by your stay;
The tree, which by delay is grown so big,
In the beginning was a tender twig.
That which at first was but a span in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted past man's strength.
Resist beginnings, med'cines bring no curing,
Where sicknesse is grown strong by long enduring.
When first thou seest a lasse that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy present powers to descry
Whether her eye or carriage first would show
If she be fit for love's delights, or no;
Some will be easie, such an one elect;
But she that beares too grave and sterne aspect
Take heed of her, and make her not thy jewell,
Either she cannot love, or will be cruell.
If love assaile thee there, betime take heed,
Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed;
He that to day cannot shake off love's sorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.
Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue,
That he will lead thee all thy life along;
And on a sudden claspe thee in a yoke,
Where thou must either draw, or striving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
May stop a water drill that weares the sand;
But, if delayed, it breakes into a floud,
Mountaines will hardly make the passage good;
But I am out: for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heale those that are in.
First therefore (lovers) I intend to show
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what love's passions be,
Never be idle, learne that rule of me.
Ease makes you love, as that o'recomes your wils,
Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.
Turne ease and idlenesse but out of doore,
Love's darts are broke, his flame can burne no more.
As reeds and willows love the water's side,
So Love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you faine would be,
Love yeelds to labour, labour and be free.
Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding;
Nothing to do, and pleasure of exceeding,
Dulls all our senses, makes our vertue stupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villaine Cupid.
That boy loves ease of life, hates such as stir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy countrie's enemies in armes,
At home Love gripes thy heart in his slie charmes;
Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloath,
Thy labour may at once o'recome them both.
If this seem hard, and too unpleasant, then
Behold the law set forth by God and men,
Sit down and study that, that thou maiest know
The way to guide thy selfe, and others show.
Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,
Learne to assaile the deere with trusty bow,
That through the woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may ring,
Whose eccho better joyes, than love, will sing.
There maiest thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto Venus is no friend.
The country will afford thee meanes enough;
Sometimes disdaine not to direct the plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating lambe,
That mournes to misse the comfort of his dam.
Assist the harvest, help to prune the trees;
Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,
Which will imploy thy mind and fill thy dish;
That being weary with these paines, at night
Sound sleeps may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With such delights, or labours, as are these,
Forget to love, and learne thy selfe to please.
But chiefly learne this lesson, for my sake,
Fly from her far, some journey undertake;
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told,
Will be enough thy journey to with-hold:
But when thou find'st thy selfe most bent to stay,
Compell thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wish that raine or stormy weather
May stay your steps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you passe, nor doubt the way,
Lest those respects should turne you back to stay,
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,
But flie like lightning, or the northerne wind;
For where we are too much o'rematcht in might,
There is no way for safeguard, but by flight.
But some will count my lines too hard and bitter,
I must confesse them hard; but yet 'tis better
To fast a while that health may be provok'd,
Than feed at plenteous tables and be choak'd.
To cure the wretched body, I am sure,
Both fire and steele thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take paines by any art
To cure thy mind, which is thy better part?
The hardnesse is at first, and that once past,
Pleasant and easie waies will come at last.
I do not bid thee strive with witches' charmes,
Or such unholy acts, to cease thy harms:
Ceres her selfe, who all these things did know,
Had never power to cure her own love so:
No, take this medicine, (which of all is sure)
Labour and absence is the only cure.
But if the Fates compell thee, in such fashion,
That thou must needs live neere her habitation,
And canst not flie her sight, learne here of me,
That thou would'st faine, and canst not yet be free.

Set all thy mistris' faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own disgraces well advise;
Say to thy selfe, that "she is covetous,
Hath ta'ne my gifts, and us'd me thus, and thus;
Thus hath she sworne to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hope, and thus have been bereaved.
With love she feeds my rivall, while I starve,
And poures on him kisses, which I deserve:
She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
Sad looks, no lover's, but a stranger's fee.
All those embraces I so oft desired,
To him she offers daily unrequired, [gether,
Whose whole desert, and halfe mine, weigh'd to-
Would make mine lead, and his seem corke and feather."
Then let her go, and since she proves so hard,
Regard thy selfe, and give her no regard.
Thus must thou schoole thy selfe, and I could wish
Thee to thy selfe most eloquent in this.
But put on griefe enough, and do not feare,
Griefe will enforce thy eloquence t' appeare.
Thus I my selfe the love did once expell
Of one whose coynesse vex'd my soule like Hell.
I must confesse she touch'd me to the quick,
And I, that am physitian, then was sick.
But this I found to profit, I did still
Ruminate what I thought in her was ill;
And, for to cure my selfe, I found a way,
Some honest slanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, "How lamely doth my mistris go!"
(Although, I must confesse, it was not so;)
I said, her armes were crooked, fingers bent,
Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consum'd and spent:
Her colour sad, her neck as darke as night,
(When Venus might in all have ta'ne delight,)
But yet because I would no more come nigh her,
My selfe unto my selfe did thus belye her.
Do thou the like, and though she faire appeare,
Thinke, vice to vertue often comes too neere;
And in that errour (though it be an errour)
Preserve thy selfe from any further terrour.
If she be round and plumpe, say shee's too fat;
If brown, say black, and think who cares for that;
If she be slender, sweare she is too leane,
That such a wench will weare a man out cleane,
If she be red, say, shee's too full of bloud;
If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton, say, she seeks thee to devoure;
If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sowre.
Nay, if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,
Praise it, that in thy presence she may show it:
As if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her sing,
If she have any blemish in her foot,
Commend her dancing still, and put her to't.
If she be rude in speech, incite her talke;
If haulting lame, provoke her much to walke.
Or if on instruments she have small skill,
Reach down a viall, urge her to that still.
Take any way to ease thy own distresse,
And think those faults be, which are nothing lesse;
Then meditate besides, what thing it is
That makes thee still in love to go amisse.
Advise thee well, for as the world now goes
Men are not caught with substance, but with shows;
Women are in their bodies turn'd to French,
That face and body's least part of a wench.
I know a woman hath in love been troubled
For that which taylors make, a fine neat doublet.
And men are even as mad in their desiring,
That oftentimes love women for their tyring;
He that doth so, let him take this advise,
Let him rise early, and not being nice,
Up to his mistris' chamber let him bie,
E're she arise, and there he shall espie
Such a confusion of disordered things,
In bodies, jewels, tyres, wyres, lawnes, and rings,
That sure it cannot choose but much abhor him,
To see her lye in peeces thus before him;
And find those things shut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my selfe had a great mind to see
What kind of things women undressed be,
And found my sweet-heart, just when I came at her,
Screwing in teeth, and dipping rags in water.
She miss'd her perriwig, and durst not stay,
But put it on in haste the backward way;
That had I not on th' sudden chang'd my mind,
I had mistooke and kiss'd my love behind.
So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares:
Or rather put the better way in proofe,
Come thou not neere, but keep thy selfe aloofe.
If all this serve not, use one medicine more,
Seek out another love, and her adore;
But choose out one, in whom thou well maiest see
A heart inclin'd to love and cherish thee.
For as a river parted slower goes,
So, love, thus parted, still more evenly flowes.
One anchor will not serve a vessell tall,
Nor is one hooke enough to fish withall,
He that can solace him, and sport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou that to one hast shew'd thy selfe too kind,
Maiest in a second much more comfort find;
If one love entertaine thee with despight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurst,
The second will contend t' excell the first,
And strive, with love, to drive her from thy breast:
("That first to second yields, women know best.")
Or if to yeeld to either thou art loath,
This may perhaps acquit them of them both.
For what one love makes odde, two shall make even,
Thus blows with blows, and fire by fire's out driven.
Perchance this course will turne thy first love's heart,
And when thine is at ease, cause hers to smart.
If thy love's rivall stick so neere thy side,
Thinke, women can copartners worse abide.
For though thy mistris never meane to love thee,
Yet from the other's love she'l strive to move thee:
But let her strive, she oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to beare her selfe a part.
And though thy bowels burne like Ætna's fire,
Seeme colder far than ice, or her desire;
Faigne thy selfe free, and sigh not over much,
But laugh aloud when griefe thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee breake through fire and flame,
Such violence in love is much too blame;
But I advise, that thou dissemble deep,
And all thy passions in thine own brest keep.
Faigne thy selfe well, and thou at last shalt see
Thy selfe as well as thou didst faigne to be.
So have I often, when I would not drink,
Sate down as one asleep, and faign'd to wink,
Till, as I nodding sate, and tooke no heed,
I have at last falne fast asleep indeed.

So have I oft been angry, faigning spight,
And counterfeiting smiles, have laught outright.
So love, by use, doth come, by use doth go,
And he that feignes well shall at length be so.
If e're thy mistris promis'd to receive thee
Into her bosome, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rivall in, thee out of doore,
Be not dejected, seeme not to deplore,
Nor when thou seest her next take notice of it,
But passe it over, it shall turne to profit:
For if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vexe thee.
But if she prove thee constant in this kind,
She will begin at length some sleights to find,
How she may draw thee back and keep thee still
A servile captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proofe of men,
Be thou as constant as thou seemest then:
Receive no messages, regard no lines,
They are but snares to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, thinke all that praise her flatter;
Whate're she writes, beleeve not halfe the matter.
Converse not with her servant, nor her maid,
Scarce bid good morrow, lest thou be betray'd.
When thou go'st by her doore, never look back,
And though she call, do not thy journey slack;
If she should send her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walke with thee.
Do not beleeve one word they say is sooth.
Nor do not aske so much as how she doth;
Yea, though thy very heart should burne to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show;
Thy carelesse silence shall perplex her more
Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o're and o're;
By saying thou lovest not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in love that saies I love not:
Then hold thy peace, and shortly love will die,
That wound heals best that cures not by and by.
But some will say, "Alas, this rule is hard,
Must we not love where we may find reward?
How should a tender woman beare this scorne
That cannot, without art, by men be borne?"
Mistake me not; I do not wish you show
Such a contempt to them whose love you know:
But where a scornfull lasse makes you endure
Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure,
Nor think in leaving love you wrong your lasse,
Who one to her content already has;
While she doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many.
Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,
But cure thy selfe, and she shall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly did commend
Absence in this to be the only friend.
And so it is, but I would have ye learne
The perfect use of absence to discerne.
First then, when thou art absent to her sight,
In solitarinesse do not delight:
Be seldome left alone, for then I know
A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lovely walkes, and uncouth places sad,
They are the nurse of thoughts that make men mad;
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see
The place where she did give love's rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of those joyes,
And turne thy kisses into sad annoies.
Frequent not woods and groves, nor sit and muse
With armes acrosse, as foolish lovers use:
For as thou sitt'st alone, thou soone shalt find
Thy mistris' face presented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantasie
As if she were in presence, and stood by.
This to eschew open thy doores all day,
Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies, and when there's none,
Then walke thou forth thy selfe, and seek out one;
When he is found, seeke more, laugh, drinke,
Rather than be alone, do any thing. [and sing;
Or if thou be constrain'd to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way, when thou art eas'd of paine,
To wound anew, and make thee sick againe.
Or if thou hast it, thinke the painter's skill
Flattered her face, and that she looks more ill;
And thinke as thou dost musing on it sit,
That she her selfe is counterfeit like it.
Or rather fly all things that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy mind.
View not her tokens, nor thinke on her words,
But take some book, whose learned wombe affords
Physic for soules, there search for some reliefe
To guile the time, and rid away thy griefe.
But if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,
Thinke what a deale of precious time was spent
In quest of her; and that thy best of youth
Languish'd and died while she was void of truth.
Thinke but how ill she did deserve affection,
And yet how long she held thee in subjection.
Thinke how she chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking so, leave love, and flie far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Must flie the place where the infected be.
And he that would from love's affection flie,
Must leave his mistris' walks, and not come nigh.
"Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,
And wounds do soon from new-heal'd scars arise."
As embers touch'd with sulphurs do renew,
So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.
If then thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee,
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aspect will raise desire in thee,
And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.
If e're she sent thee letters, that lie by,
Peruse them not, they'l captivate thy eye:
But lap them up, and cast them in the fire,
And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.
If e're thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,
Go not to fetch them back; for it is better
That she detain a little paltry pelfe, [selfe.
Than thou shouldst seeke for them, and lose thy
For why? her sight will so enchant thy heart,
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.
But if by chance there fortune such a case,
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place;
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force:
Against thou goest, curle not thy head and haire,
Nor care whether thy band be foule or faire;
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array
As if thou mean'st to make it holiday;
Neglect thy selfe for once, that she may see
Her love hath now no power to worke on thee.
And if thy rivall be in presence too,
Seeme not to marke, but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Returne all curtesies that he affords:
Drinke to him, carve him, give him complement
This shall thy mistris, more than thee, torment:
For she will think by this, thy careless show,
Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.

But if thou canst perswade thy selfe indeed
She hath no lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy selfe alone,
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;
Thus sooth thy selfe, and thou shalt seeme to be
In far more happy taking than is she.
For if thou think'st she's lov'd, and loves againe,
Hell fire will seeme more easie than thy paine:
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spie
The man she most affecteth standing by,
And see him graspe her by the tender hand,
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;
If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,
And canst performe more than thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o're to teach, and learne of thee.
But this way I would take among them all,
I would pick out some lasse to talke withall,
Whose quick inventions, and whose nimble wit,
Should busie mine, and keep me from my fit:
My eye with all my art should be a wooing,
No matter what I said, so I were doing;
For all that while my love should thinke at least
That I, as well as she, on love did feast.
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Or her unkindnesse, and my own disgrace,
Of all my present paines by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
Perchance, in envy thou shouldst sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,
Her conference alone thou shouldst forbeare;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rul'd by me:
When she begins to talke, imagine straight,
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait;
Then call to mind some businesse or affaire,
Whose doubtfull issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talke thy troubled fancies stirs,
Thy mind may worke, and give no heed to hers.
Alas! I know men's hearts, and that full soone,
By women's gentle words we are undone.
If women sigh or weep, our soules are griev'd,
Or if they sweare they love, they are beleev'd;
But trust not thou to oaths if she should sweare,
Nor hearty sighs, beleeve they dwell not there.
If she should grieve in earnest, or in jest,
Or force her arguments with sad protest,
As if true sorrow in her eye-lid sate;
Nay, if she come to weeping, trust not that;
For know, that women can both weep and smile
With much more danger than the crocodile.
Thinke all she doth is but to breed thy paine,
And get the power to tyrannize againe.
And she will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.
Do not complaine to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare
(Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From thence a thousand snares and arrows flye.
Lo, let her not perceive, by sighs or signes,
How at her deeds thy inward soule repines.
Seeme carelesse of her speech, and do not harke,
Answer by chance, as though thou didst not marke.
And if she bid thee home, straight promise not,
Or breake thy word, as if thou hadst forgot.
Seeme not to care whether thou come or no,
And if she be not earnest, do not go.
Feigne thou hast businesse, and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting,
And as she talkes, cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,
And look among the lasses that are there.
Compare their severall beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her forme disgrace;
On both their faces carry still thy view,
Ballance them equally in judgement true:
And when thou find'st the other doth excel,
(Yet that thou canst not love it halfe so well)
Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her
More than on those thy judgement doth prefer;
When thou hast let her speake all that she would,
Seeme as thou hast not one word understood:
And when to part with thee thou seest her bent,
Give her some ordinary complement,
Such as may seeme of courtesie, not love;
And so to other companie remove.
This carelesnesse in which thou seem'st to be,
(Howe're in her) will worke this change in thee,
That thou shalt thinke, for using her so slight,
She cannot chuse but turne her love to spight:
And if thou art perswaded once she hates,
Thou wilt beware, and not come neere her baits;
But though I wish thee constantly beleeve
She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive;
Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,
That which seems ill in her do not thou do;
'Twill indiscretion seeme, and want of wit,
Where thou didst love, to hate instead of it;
And thou maiest shame ever to be so mated,
And joyn'd in love with one that should be hated:
Such kind of love is fit for clownes and hinds,
And not for debonaire and gentle minds;
For can there be in man a madnesse more
Than hate those lips he wish'd to kisse before?
Or loath to see those eyes, or heare that voice,
Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice?
Such acts as these much indiscretion shows,
When men from kissing turne to wish for blows:
And this their own example shews so naught,
That when they should direct they must be taught:
But thou wilt say, "For all the love I beare her,
And all the service, I am ne're the neater:"
And which thee most of all doth vexe like Hell,
"She loves a man ne're lov'd her halfe so well:
Him she adores, but I must not come at her,
Have I not then good reason for to hate her?"
I answer, No; for make the case thine owne,
And in thy glasse her actions shall be showne:
When thou thy selfe in love wert so far gone,
Say, could'st thou love any but her alone?
I know thou couldst not, tho' with teares and cries
These had made deafe thine eares, and dim thine eyes:
Would'st thou for this that they hate thee againe,
If so, thou wouldst then hate thy love againe:
Your faults are both alike; thou lovest her,
And she, in love, thy rivall doth prefer:
If then her love to him thy hate procure,
Thou shouldst for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate, for all the lines I write
Are not address'd to turne thy love to spight,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden meane thy thoughts may move;

In which, when once thou find'st thy selfe at quiet,
Learne to preserve thy selfe with this good diet.

THE CONCLUSION.

Sleep not too much, nor longer than asleep
Within thy bed thy lazie body keep;
For when thou warme awake shalt feele it soft,
Fond cogitations will assaile thee oft:
Then start up early, study, worke, or write,
Let labour (others' toyle) be thy delight.
Eat not too much, for if thou much dost eat,
Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:
Abstaine from wine, altho' thou thinke it good,
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy bloud;
Use thy selfe much to bath thy wanton limbs
In coolest streams, which o're the gravell swims:
Be still in gravest company, and flye
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose lustfull tricks will lead thee to delight,
To thinke on love, where thou shalt perish quite;
Come not at all where many women are,
But like a bird that lately scap'd the snare,
Avoyd their garish beauty, fly with speed,
And learne by her that lately made thee bleed;
Be not too much alone; but if alone,
Get thee some modest booke to looke upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire agen:
Abstaine from songs and verses, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM BROWNE.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM BROWNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS ingenious poet was the son of Thomas Browne, of Tavistock, in Devonshire, gent. who, according to Prince, in his Worthies of Devon, was most probably a descendant from the knightly family of Browne, of Brownes-Ilash, in the parish of Langtree, near Great Torrington, in Devonshire[1]. His son was born in the year 1590, and became a student of Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of James I. After making a great progress in classical and polite literature, he removed to the Inner Temple, where his attention to the study of the law was frequently interrupted by his devotion to the Muses. In his twenty-third year (1613) he published, in folio, the first part of his Britannia's Pastorals, which, according to the custom of the time, was ushered into the world with so many poetical eulogies, that he appears to have secured, at a very early age, the friendship and favour of the most celebrated of his contemporaries, among whom we find the names of Selden and Drayton. To these he afterwards added Davies, of Hereford, Ben Jonson, and others. That he wrote some of these pastorals before he had attained his twentieth year, has been conjectured from a passage in Book I. Song V. but there is sufficient internal evidence, independent of these lines, that much of them was the offspring of a juvenile fancy. In the following year he published, in octavo, The Shepherd's Pipe, in seven eclogues. In the fourth of these he laments the death of his friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood, under the name of Philarete, the precursor, as some critics assert, of Milton's Lycidas.

In 1616, he published the second part of his Britannia's Pastorals, recommended as before by his poetical friends, whose praises he repaid with liberality in the body of the work. The two parts were reprinted, in octavo, in 1625, and procured him, as is too frequently the case, more fame than profit. About a year before this, he appears to have taken leave of the Muses, and returned to Exeter College, in the capacity of tutor to Robert Dormer, earl of Caernarvon, a nobleman who fell in the battle of

[1] The facts in this short sketch are taken from Prince's Worthies, the General Dictionary, Biog. Britannica, and Wood's Athenæ. *C.*

Newbury in 1643, while fighting gallantly for his king, at the head of a regiment of horse, and of whom lord Clarendon has given us a character drawn with his usual discrimination and fidelity. While guiding the studies of this nobleman, Browne was created Master of Arts, with this honourable notice in the public register: Vir omni humana literatura et bonarum artium cognitione instructus.

After leaving the university with lord Caernarvon, he found a liberal patron in William earl of Pembroke, of whom likewise we have a most elaborate character in Clarendon, some part of which may be supposed to reflect honour on our poet. "He was a great lover of his country, and of the religion and justice, which he believed could only support it: and his friendships were *only with men of those principles.* And as his conversation was most with men of the *most pregnant parts and understanding,* so, towards any such who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal."

This nobleman, who had a respect for Browne probably founded on the circumstances intimated in the above character, took him into his family, and employed him in such a manner, according to Wood, that he was enabled to purchase an estate. Little more, however, is known of his history, nor is the exact time of his death ascertained. Wood finds that one of both his names, of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, died in the winter of 1645, but knows not whether this be the same. He hints at his person in these words: "As he had a little body, so a great mind;" a high character from this biographer, who had no indulgence for poetical failings.

Browne has experienced the fate of many of his contemporaries, whose fame died with them, and whose writings have been left to be revived, under many disadvantages, by an age of refined taste and curiosity. The civil wars, which raged about the time of his death, and whose consequences continued to operate for many years after, diverted the public mind from the concerns of poetry. The lives of the poets were forgotten, and their works perished through neglect or wantonness. We have no edition of Browne's poems from 1625 to 1772, when Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, was assisted by some of his learned friends in publishing them, in three small volumes. The advertisement, prefixed to the first volume, informs us that the gentlemen of the king's library procured the use of the first edition of Britannia's Pastorals, which had several manuscript notes on the margin, written by the rev. William Thomson, one of the few scholars of his time who studied the antiquities of English poetry[2]. Mr. Thomas Warton contributed his copy of the Shepherd's Pipe, which was at that time so scarce that no other could be procured. Mr. Price, the librarian of the Bodleian library, sent a correct copy of the Elegy upon the death of Henry, prince of Wales, from a manuscript in that repository: and Dr. Farmer furnished a transcript of the Inner Temple Mask from the library of Emanuel College, which had never before been printed. With such helps, a correct edition might have been expected; but the truth is, that the few editions of ancient poets (Suckling, Marvell, Carew, &c.) which Davies undertook to print, are extremely deficient in correctness. Of this assertion, which the comparison of a few pages with any of the originals will amply

[2] See his Life and Works, vol. xv. of the present collection. *C.*

confirm, we have a very striking instance in the present work, in which two entire pages of Book I. of Britannia's Pastorals were omitted [3].

Few poets, however, of his age, have a better claim to be added to a collection like the present, than Browne. His works exhibit abundant specimens of true inspiration, and had his judgment been equal to his powers of invention, or had he yielded less to the bad taste of his age, or occasionally met with a critic instead of a flatterer, he would have been entitled to a much higher rank in the class of genuine poets. His Pastorals form a vast store-house of rural imagery and description, and in personifying the passions and affections, he exhibits pictures that are not only faithful but striking, just to nature and to feeling, and frequently heightened by original touches of the pathetic and sublime, and by many of those wild graces which true genius only can exhibit. It is not improbable that he studied Spenser, as well as the Italian poets. To the latter he owes something of elegance and something of extravagance. From the former he appears to have caught the idea of a story like the Faery Queene, although it wants regularity of plan; and he follows his great model in a profusion of allegorical description and romantic landscape [4].

His versification, which is so generally harmonious that where he fails, it may be imputed to carelessness, is at the same time so various as to relax the imagination with specimens of every kind, and he seems to pass from the one to the other with an ease that we do not often find among the writers of lengthened poems. Those, however, who are in search of faulty rhimes, of foolish conceits, of vulgar ideas and of degrading imagery, will not lose their pains. He was, among other qualities, a man of humour, and his humour is often exceedingly extravagant. So mixed, indeed, is his style, and so whimsical his flights, that we are sometimes reminded of Swift in all his grossness, and sometimes of Milton in the plenitude of his inspiration.

The obligations Milton owes to this poet might alone justify his admission into a more fastidious collection than the present can pretend to be. Mr. Warton has remarked [5] that the morning landscape of the L'Allegro is an assemblage of the same objects which Browne had before collected in his Britannia's Pastorals, B. IV. Song IV. beginning,

"By this had chanticlere," &c.

It has already been noticed that Philarete was the precursor of Lycidas, but what Mr. Warton asserts of Comus deserves some consideration. After copying the exquisite Ode which Circe, in the Inner Temple Mask, sings as a charm to drive away sleep from Ulysses, Mr. Warton adds,—"In praise of this song it will be sufficient to say, that it reminds us of some favourite touches in Milton's Comus, to which it perhaps gave birth. Indeed one cannot help observing here in general, although the observation more properly belongs to another place, that a masque thus recently

[3] The first notice of this egregious blunder was reserved for Mr. Waldron, in his Miscellanies on the English Stage, p. 49. *C.*

[4] He studied also our earliest poets, having incorporated in his Shepherd's Pipe a poem written by Hoccleve, translated from Gesta Romanorum, and entitled the story of Ionathas. See Mr. George Mason's splenetic republication of some of the poems of that very indifferent writer. Preface, p. 2. *C.*

[5] Warton's Milton, p. 46, 47.

exhibited on the story of Circe, which there is reason to think had acquired some popularity, suggested to Milton the hint of a masque on the story of Comus. It would be superfluous to point out minutely the absolute similiarity of the two characters: they both deal in incantations conducted by the same mode of operation, and producing effects exactly parallel."

Without offering any objection to these remarks, it may still be necessary to remind the reader of a circumstance to which this excellent critic has not adverted—namely, that the Inner Temple Mask appears to have been exhibited about the year 1620, when Milton was a boy of only twelve years old, and remained in manuscript until Dr. Farmer procured a copy for the edition of 1772; and that Milton produced his Comus at the age of twenty-six. It remains, therefore, for some future conjecture to determine on the probability of Milton's having seen Browne's manuscript in the *interim*[6].

Prince informs us, that "as he had honoured his country with his sweet and elegant Pastorals, so it was expected, and he also entreated a little farther to grace it by his drawing out the line of his poetic ancestors, beginning in Joseph Iscanus, and ending in himself. A noble design if it had been effected." Josephus Iscanus was Joseph of Exeter, who flourished in the thirteenth century, and wrote two epic poems in Latin heroics. Had Browne begun much later he would have conferred a very high obligation on posterity. Collections of poetry are of very ancient date, but very little is known with certainty of the lives of English poets, and that little must now be recovered with great difficulty.

It yet remains to be noticed, that some poems of Browne are supposed to exist in manuscript. Mr. Nichols[7] thinks that Warburton the herald had some which were sold with the rest of his library about the year 1759 or 1760.

[6] Those who are fond of coincidences may be probably amused by comparing the account of a concert among the birds in Britannia's Pastorals, Book I. Song 3. beginning,

"Two nights thus past: the lilly-handed morne, &c."

with some ingenious poems lately written for the use of children, under the titles of the Butterfly's Ball, the Peacock at home, &c. *C.*

[7] Nichols's Miscellany Poems, vol. i. p. 262. *C.*

DEDICATION.

TO THE NO LESSE ENOBLED BY VIRTUE, THAN ANCIENT IN NOBILITIE,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD LORD ZOUCH,

ST. MAURE AND CANTELUPE, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTIE'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVIE COUNSELL.

HONOR'S bright ray,
More highly crown'd with vertue then with yeares,
Pardon a rusticke Muse that thus appeares
In shepheards gray,
Intreating your attention to a lay
Fitting a Sylvan bowre, not courtly traines;
Such choiser eares,
Should have Apollo's priests, not Pan's rude swaines:
But if the musick of contented plaines
A thought upreares,
For your approvement of that part she beares,
When time (that embrions to perfection brings)
Hath taught her straines,
May better boast their being from the spring
Where brave Heroë's worth the Sisters sing:
(In lines whose raignes
In spight of Envy and her restless paines:
Be unconfin'd as blest eternities:)
The vales shall ring
Thy honor'd name: and every song shall be
A pyramis built to thy memorie.

Your honor's:

W. BROWNE.

TO THE READER.

THE times are swolne so big with nicer wits,
That nought sounds good, but what opinion strikes,
Censure with judgment seld together sits;
And now the man more than the matter likes.

The great rewardresse of a poet's penne,
Fame, is by those so clogg'd she seldome flyes,
The Muses sitting on the graves of men,
Singing that vertue lives and never dyes,

Are chas'd away by the malignant tongues
Of such, by whom detraction is ador'd:
Hence grows the want of ever-living songs,
With which our ile was whilome bravely stor'd.

If such a basiliske dart downe his eye,
(Impoyson'd with the dregs of utmost hate)
To kill the first bloomes of my poesie,
It is his worst, and makes me fortunate.
Kinde wits I vaile to, but to fooles precise
I am as confident as they are nice.

W. W.

From the Inner Temple,
June the 18, 1613.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

IN BUCOLICA G. BROUN,

QUOD, PER SECESSUS RUSTICI OTIA, LICUIT AD AMIC. & BON. LIT. AMANTIST.

ANACREONTICUM.

Καλλος σὸν Κυθέρεια,
Σὸν, Κούραι Διὸς, ἧθος
Εμνήστευσαν, Ιλερμί.
Τῇ συμπεράζαν Ερῶτες·
Ταῖς συν Παλλάδι Φοιβος·
Τῆς Μοῦσαι προκατῆρχον.
Ταῖς Σὺ Δοῦλος ὑπάρχεις·
Τῆς οὔμὴν ἀικούσης.
Ὦ γὰρ ἰς' ἀνέρασος
Ψυχῆ, Εννεα τῆνου
Φέυγουσ' αὐτῶ ἴσονται
Ος προστύσσιτ' Ερῶτας·
Μούσαις κ' Αφρογενίη
Προῦπτον τοῦτο φίλεσκε
Νόσσαξ ἀμφετερῆσιν
Οὕτως ἐστὶ φίλιστος.

AD AMORIS NUMINA.

QUIN vostrum Paphie, Anteros, Erosque,
Ut regnum capiat mali quid, absit!
Venus, per Syrium nimis venustum!
Amplexus teneros, pares, suaves
Psyches, per, tibi, basiationum,
Eros quantum erat! & per Anterotis
Fœlices animas! periclitanti
Obtestor, dubiæque consulatis
Rei vostræ! Miserûm magis favete
Languori, miserûm favete amantum,
Divi, cordolio! Quod est amatum
Ictu propitii ferite pectus!
Ictus quin sit ab aurea sagitta!
Ortas spe placita fovete flammas!
Ortis quin similes parate flammas!
Suas gnaviter ambiant Neæras[1]!
Et cautim laciant suos Neæræ!
Dextras sternuite adprobationes!
Adjuctis detur osculum labellis!
Et junctis detur osculum salivis!
Tui nectaris adde, diva, quinctam[2].

[1] Amica, domina (nostro idiomate amatorio, MISTRESSE) & Neæra sunt uti synonyma Prudentio, ante alios, Peri Steph. hymn. 12. & alicubi. v. si placet & Jos. Scalig. ad 3. Tibulli.

[2] Horat. Carm. 1. od. 13.

Conturbet tremulæ libido linguæ,
Ne quis basia fascinare possit[3]!
Morsus mutua temperet voluptas!
Dormitis, nimiumque defuistis
Procis, atque adamantinis puellis.
Isthæc prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
Audax admonui Tuas Apollo,
Deusque, Arcadiæ, Minerva, & Hermes
Supplantant Veneres. Murinus arcum
Tendit, quin jaculis tua pharetra
Surreptis petimur. Camena texit
Cantu dædala, blandulum Aphrodites
Cestum, & insidias plicat. Minervæ
Buxus, Mercurii Chelys, Cicuta
Fauni, dulce melos canunt. Erota
En, olim docuit[4], plagas Eroti
Jam tendit, juvenis, poeta, pastor,
Isthac prospiciens tibi, Cupido,
Audax admonui. Fave Cupido.

BY THE SAME.

So much a stranger my severer Muse
Is not to love-strains, or a shepward's reed,
But that she knows some rites of Phœbus' dues,
Of Pan, of Pallas, and hir sister's meed.
Read and commend, she durst these tun'd essaies
Of him that loves her (she hath ever found
Hir studies as one circle.) Next she prayes
His readers be with rose and myrtle crown'd!
No willow touch them! As his baies[1] are free
From wrong of bolts, so may their chaplets be!

J. SELDEN, JURIS C.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR[5].

DRIVE forth thy flocke, young pastor, to that plaine,
Where our old shepeards wont their flocks to feed:
To those cleare walkes, where many a skilfull swaine
To'ards the calme ev'ning, tun'd his pleasant reede.

[3] Ne scilicet quis pernumeret. Finitus n. & notus numerus fascino, apud veteres, obnoxius. Idque in Basiis observatum habes ap. Catul. Carm. 5. & 7.

[4] Amor a pastore omne genus Musices olim edoctus, Bion Idyll. 3.

[5] Baies (faire readers) being the materials of poet's ghirlands (as myrtle and roses are for enjoying lovers, and the fruitlesse willow for them which your unconstancie, too oft, makes most unhappy) are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are.

[6] See Canto 5. and B. 2. S. 2.

Those, to the Muses once so sacred, downes,
As no rude foote might there presume to stand:
(Now made the way of the unworthiest clownes,
Dig'd and plow'd up with each unhallowed hand)
If possible thou canst, redeeme those places,
Where, by the brim of many a silver spring,
The learned maydens, and delightfull graces
Often have sate to heare our shepheards sing:
Where on those pines the neighb'ring groves among
(Now utterly neglected in these dayes)
Our garlands, pipes, and cornamutes were hong
The monuments of our deserved praise.
So may thy sheepe like, so thy lambes increase,
And from the wolfe feede over safe and free!
So mai'st thou thrive, among the learned prease,
As thou young shepheard art belov'd of me!

MICHAEL DRAYTON [6].

TO HIS INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

He that will tunc his oaten pipe aright,
To great Apollo's harp: he that will write
A living poem; must have many yeres,
And setled judgment 'mongst his equall peeres,
In well-rig'd barke to steere his doubtful course;
Least secret, rockie envy; or the source
Of froathy, but skye-tow'ring arrogance;
Or fleeting, sandy vulgar censure chance
To leave him ship-wrackt, on the desert maine
Imploring aged Neptune's help in vaine.
The younger cygnet, even at best, doth teare,
With his harsh squealings, the melodious eare:
It is the old, and dying swan that sings
Notes worthy life, worthy the Thespian springs.
But thou art young; and yet thy voyce as sweet,
Thy verse as smooth, composure as discreet
As any swan's, whose tuneful notes are spent
On Thames his bancks; which makes me confident,
He knows no music, hath not ears, nor tongue,
That not commends a voyce so sweet, so young.

ON HIM;

A PASTORALL ODE TO HIS FAIREST SHEPHEARDESSE.

Syren more than earthly faire,
Sweetly breake the yeelding ayre:
Sing on Albion's whitest rockes:
Sing; whilst Willie to his flockes,
Deftly tunes his various reede.
Sing; and he, whilst younglings feede,
Answere shall thy best of singing,
With his rural musicke, bringing
Equall pleasure; and requite
Musicke's sweets with like delight.
What though Willie's songs be plaine,
Sweet they be: for he's a swaine
Made of purer mould than earth.
Him did Nature from his birth,
And the Muses single out,
For a second Colin Clout.
Tityrus made him a singer:
Pan him taught his pipe to finger:
Numbers, curious eares to please,
Learn'd he of Philisides.
Kala loves him: and the lasses
Points at him, as by he passes,
Wishing never tongue that's bad
Censure may so blithe a lad.
Therefore well can he requite
Musicke's sweets with like delight:
Sing then; breake the yeelding ayre,
Syren more than earthly fayre.

è So Int. Templ. EDWARD HEYWARD.

[6] He likewise pays him this compliment in his epistle on Poets and Poetry, in the 2d vol. of his poems, in fol. printed 1627, p. 208. or vol iv. p. 398 of the present collection.

Then they two Beaumonts and my Browne arose,
My dear companions, whom I freely chose.
My bosom friends *; and in their several wayes
Rightly born poets, and in these last days
Men of much note, and no less noble parts, &c.

* Sir John Beaumont, bart. and his brother Francis Beaumont, esq.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR [7],

UPON HIS POEM.

This plant is knotlesse that puts forth these leaves,
Upon whose branches I his praise doe sing:
Fruitfull the ground, whose verdure it receives
From fertile Nature and the learned spring.
In zeale to good; knowne, but unpractiz'd ill,
Chaste in his thoughts, though in his youthful prime,
He writes of past'rall love, with nectar'd quill,
And offers up his first fruits unto time. [them
Receive them (Time) and in thy border place
Among thy various flowers of poesie;
No envy blast, nor ignorance deface them,
But keepe them fresh in fayrest memory!
And when from Daphne's tree he plucks more baies [laies.
His shepherd's pipe may chant more heav'nly

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

ANAGRAMMA.

GUILIELMUS BROWNE.

Ne vulgo Librum ejus.

Si vulgus gustare tuo velis apta palato;
I, pete vulgares, ac aliunde, dapes.
Nil vulgare sapit liber hic; hinc vulgus abesto:
Non nisi delicias hæc tibi mensa dabit.

è So. Int. Templ. FR. DYNNE.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

On (jolly lad) and hye thee to the field
Amongst the best swaines that the vallies yeeld;
Goe boldly, and in presence of them all,
Proceede a shepheard with his pastorall.
Let Pan, and all his rurall traine attending,
From stately mountaines to the plaines descending,
Salute this pastor with their kinde embraces;
And entertaine him to their holy places.
Let all the nymphes of hils and dales together
Kisse him for earnest of his welcome thither:
Crowne him with garlands of the choisest flowres,
And make him ever dwell within their bowres:

[7] See Book 2. Canto 2.

For well I wote in all the plaines around,
There are but few such shepheards to be found,
That can such learned layes and ditties frame,
Or aptly fit their tunes unto the same.
And let them all (if this young swaine should die)
Tune all their reedes to sing his memorie.
è So. Int. Templ. THO. GARDINER.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Had I beheld thy Muse upon the stage,
A poesie in fashion with this age;
Or had I seen, when first I view'd thy taske,
An active wit dance in a satyre's maske,
I should in those have prais'd thy wit and art,
But not thy ground, a poem's better part:
Which being the perfect'st image of the braine,
Not fram'd to any base end, but to gaine
True approbation of the artist's worth,
When to an open view he sets it forth,
Judiciously: he strives, no lesse t' adorne
By a choise subject, than a curious forme:
Well hast thou then past o'er all other rhime,
And in a pastorall spent thy leasure's time:
Where fruit so fayre, and field so fruitfull is,
That hard it is to judge whether in this
The substance or the fashion more excel,
So precious is the jemme, and wrought so well.
Thus rest thou prais'd of me, fruit, field, jemme art,
Doe claime much praise to equall such desart.
è So. Med. Templ. W. FERRAR.

TO THE AUTHOR.

Friend, ile not erre in blazing of thy worth;
This worke in truest termes will set it forth:
In these few lines the all I doe intend
Is but to show that I have such a friend.
è So. Int. Templ. FR. OULDE.

TO THE MOST INGENIOUS AUTHOR

MR. W. BROWNE.

Ingenious swaine! that highly dost adorne
Clear Tavy! on whose brinck we both were borne!
Just praise in me would ne'er be thought to move
From thy sole worth, but from thy partiall love.
Wherefore I will not do thee so much wrong,
As by such mixture to allay thy song.
But while kind strangers rightly praise each grace
Of thy chaste Muse, I (from the happy place,
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not unfit
To boast now, that it earst bred such a wit;)
Would onely have it knowne I much rejoyce,
To hear such matters, sung by such a voyce.
JOHN GLANVILL.

TO HIS FRIEND MR. BROWNE.

All that doe reade thy workes, and see thy face,
(Where scarce a haire growes up, thy chin to grace)
Doe greatly wonder how so youthful yeeres
Could frame a worke, where so much worth appeares.
To hear how thou describ'st a tree, a dale,
A grove, a greene, a solitary vale,
The evening showers, and the morning gleames,
The golden mountaines, and the silver streames,
How smooth thy verse is, and how sweet thy rimes,
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy lines;
What more or lesse can there be said by men,
But, Muses rule thy hand, and guide thy pen.
è So. Int. Templ. THO. WENMAN.

TO HIS WORTHILY-AFFECTED FRIEND

MR. W. BROWNE.

Awake sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,
Made so by Time, but more by Fortune's spight:
Awake, and high us to the greene,
There shall be seene
The quaintest lad of all the time
For neater rime:
Whose free and unaffected straines
Take all the swaines
That are not rude and ignorant,
Or envy want.

And envy lest its hate discovered be
A courtly love and friendship offers thee:
The shepardiesses blith and fayre
For thee despayre.
And whosoe're depends on Pan
Holds him a man
Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)
He is so rare,
So innocent in all his wayes
As in his layes.
He master's no low soule who hopes to please
The nephew of the brave Philisides.

ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

Were all men's envies fixt in one man's lookes,
That monster that would prey on safest fame,
Durst not once checke at thine, not at thy name:
So he who men can reade as well as bookes
Attest thy lines; thus tryde, they show to us
As Scæva's shield, thyselfe Emeritus.
W. HERBERT.

To my Browne, yet brightest swaine
That woons, or haunts, or hill, or plaine.

POETA NASCITUR.

Pipe on, sweet swaine, till joy, in blisse, sleepe waking!
Hermes, it seems, to thee, of all the swaines,
Hath lent his pipe and art: for, thou art making
With sweet notes (noted) heav'n of hils and plaines!
Nay, as if thou beginn'st, thou dost hold on,
The totall earth thine Arcadie will be;
And Neptune's monarchy thy Helicon:
So, all in both will make a god of thee.
To whom they will exhibit sacrifice
Of richest love and praise; and envious swaines
(Charm'd with thine accents) shall thy notes agnize
To reach above great Pan's in all thy straines.
Then, ply this veyne: for, it may well containe
The richest morals under poorest shroud;
And sith in thee the past'rall spirit doth raigne,
On such wit's treasures let it sit abrood:

Till it hath hatch'd such numbers as may buy
The rarest fame that e're enriched ayre:
Or fann'd the way faire to eternity,
To which, unsoil'd, thy glory shall repaire!
Where (with the gods that in faire starres doe dwell,
When thou shalt, blazing, in a starre abide)
Thou shalt be stil'd the shepherd's starre, to tell
Them many mysteries, and be their guide.
Thus, do I spurre thee on with sharpest praise,
To use thy gifts of nature, and of skill,
To double-guild Aprllo's browes, and bayes,
Yet make great Nature art's true sov'raigne still.
So, Fame shall ever say, to thy renowne,
"The shepherd's starre, or bright'st in sky, is Browne!"

The true lover of thyne
Art and Nature,
JOHN DAVIES of Heref.

AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM JUVENEM

GULIELMUM BROWNE,

GENEROSUM, IN OPERIS SUI TOMUM SECUNDUM.

CARMEN GRATULATORIUM.

SCRIPTA priùs vidi, legi, digitoque notavi
Carminis istius singula verba meo.
Ex scriptis sparsim quærebam carpere dicta,
Omnia sed par est, aut ego nulla notem.
Filia si fuerit facies hæc nacta sororis,
Laudator prolis solus & author eris:
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarrat scriptis omina certa tuis.
CAROLUS CROKE.

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

A PERFECT pen, itselfe will ever praise.
So pipes our shepheard in his roundelayes,
That who could judge of musique's sweetest straine,
Would swear thy Muse were in a heavenly vayne.
A worke of worth, shews what the worke-man is:
When as the fault that may be found amisse,
(To such at least, as have judicious eyes)
Nor in the worke, nor yet the worke-man lyes.
Well worthy thou, to weare the lawrell wreathe:
When from thy brest, these blessed thoughts do breathe;
That in thy gracious lines such grace doe give,
It makes thee, everlastingly to live.
Thy words well coucht, thy sweet invention show
A perfect poet, that could place them so.
è So. Int. Templ. UNTON CROKE.

TO THE AUTHOR.

THAT priviledge which others claime,
To flatter with their friends,
With thee, friend, shall not be mine ayme,
My verse so much pretends.

The generall umpire of best wit
In this will speak thy fame.
The Muse's minions as they sit,
Will still confirme the same.
Let me sing him that merits best,
Let other scrape for fashion;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will jest,
And sleight such commendation.
ANTH. VINCENT.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM BROWNE,

ON HIS BOOKE.

THAT poets are not bred so, but so borne,
Thy Muse it proves; for in her age's morne
She hath stroke envy dumbe, and charm'd the love
Of ev'ry Muse whose birth the skyes approve.
Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely straines affect the eare
Of that rare lord, who judge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which do advantage man!
è So. Int. Templ. JOHN MORGAN.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

SOMETIMES (deare friend) I make thy booke my meat,
And then I judge 'tis honey that I eate.
Sometimes my drink it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's nectar, and no drinke.
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store
Thy booke, a precious balsame for the sore.
'Tis hony, nectar, balsame most divine:
Or one word for them all; my friend, 'tis thine.
è So. Int. Templ. THO. HEYGATE.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

IF antique swaines wanne such immortall praise,
Though they alone with their melodious layes,
Did onely charme the woods and flow'ry lawnes:
Satyres, and floods, and stones, and hairy fawnes:
How much, brave youth, to thy due worth belongs
That charm'st not them but men with thy sweet songs?
è So. Int. Templ. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

TO THE AUTHOR.

'TIS knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my friend:
Which by my censure should now more appeare,
Were this not full as good as thou art deare:
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartiall humour show
By finding fault; nor one of these friends tell
How to show love so ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feel an envious touch,
And tell thee, swaine: that at thy fame I grutch,
Wishing the art that makes this poeme shine,
And this thy worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when detraction shall forgotten be
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any busie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise: here he shall see,
'Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd than he.
G. WITHER.

TO MR. BROWNE.

WERE there a thought so strange as to deny
That happy bayes do some men's births adorne,
Thy worke alone might serve to justifie,
That poets are not madeso, but so borne. [highe
How could thy plumes thussoone have soar'd thus
Hadst thou not lawrell in thy cradle worne?
Thy birth o'er-took thy youth: and it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders over-take.

W. B.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND,

MR. BROWNE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

SOME men, of bookes or friends not speaking right,
May hurt them more with praise, than foes with spight.
But I have seen thy worke, and I know thee:
And, if thou list thyselfe, what thou canst be.
For, though but early in these pathes thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine owne judgement, yet, that sends
This thy worke forth: that judgment mine commends. [fames,
And, where the most reade bookes on author's
Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
On credit, and are cossen'd; see, that thou
By off'ring not more sureties, than inow,
Hold thyne owne worth unbroke: which is so good
Upon th' exchange of letters, as I wou'd
More of our writers would, like thee, not swell
With the how much they set forth, but th' how well.

BEN JONSON.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM BROWNE.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK I.

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's love, ycleep'd the faire,
Celand's disdaine, and her despaire,
Are the first wings my Muse puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon.

I THAT whileare, neere Tavie's [1] stragling spring,
Unto my seely sheepe did use to sing,
And plai'd to please myselfe, on rusticke reede,
Nor sought for baye, (the learned shepheard's meede)
But as a swayne unkent fed on the plaines,
And made the Eccho umpire of my straines:
And drawne by time (altho' the weak'st of many)
To sing those layes as yet unsung of any.
What neede I tune the swaines of Thessaly?
Or, bootelesse, adde to them of Arcadie?
No: faire Arcadia cannot be compleater,
My prayse may lesson, but not make thee greater.

[1] Tavie is a river, having his head in Dertmore, in Devon, some few miles from Marie-Tavy, and falls southward into Tamar: out of the same moore riseth, running northward, another, called Tau: which by the way the rather I speake of, because in the printed Malmesburie de Gest. Pontific. lib. 2. fol. 146. you reade, Est in Domnonia cœnobium Monachorum juxta Tau fluvium, quod Tavistock vocatur: whereas upon Tau stands (neere the north-side of the shire) Taustocke, being no remnants of a monasterie: so that you must there reade, juxta Tavi Fluvium, as in a manuscript copie of Malmesburie, (the forme of the hand assuring Malmesburie's time) belonging to the abbey of S. Augustine, in Canterburie, I have seen, in the hands of my very learned friend M. Selden.

My Muse for lofty pitches shall not rome,
But homely pipen of her native home:
And to the swaynes, love rural minstralsie,
Thus, deare Britannia, will I sing of thee.
High on the plaines of that renowned ile,
Which all men Beautie's Garden-plot enstyle,
A shepheard dwelt, whom fortune had made rich
With all the gifts that seely men bewitch.
Neere him a shepheardesse, for beautie's store
Unparalell'd of any age before.
Within those brests her face a flame did move,
Which never knew before what 'twas to love,
Dazeling each shepheard's sight that view'd her eyes,
And, as the Persians, did idolatrise
Unto the Sunne: they thought that Cinthia's light
Might well be spar'd, where she appear'd in night.
And as when many to the goale doe runne,
The prize is given never but to one:
So first, and onely Celandine was led,
Of destinies and Heaven much favoured,
To gaine this beautie, which I here do offer
To memorie: his paynes (who would not proffer
Paynes for such pleasures?) were not great nor much,
But that his labour's recompence was such
As countervayled all: for she whose passion,
(And passion oft is love) whose inclination
Bent all her course to him-wards, let him know
He was the elme whereby her vine did grow:
Yea, told him, when his tongue began this taske,
She knew not to deny when he would aske.
Finding his suite as quickly got as mov'd,
Celandine, in his thoughts, not well approv'd
What none could disallow, his love grew fained,
And what he once affected, now disdained.
But faire Marina (for so was she call'd)
Having in Celandine her love install'd,
Affected so this faithlesse shepheard's boy,
That she was rapt beyond degree of joy.
Briefely, she could not live one houre without him,
And thought no joy like theirs that liv'd about him.
This variable shepheard for a while
Did Nature's jewell, by his craft, beguile:
And still the perfecter her love did grow,
His did appeare more counterfeit in show.

Which she perceiving that his flame did slake,
And lov'd her onely for his trophie's sake:
" For he that's stuffed with a faithlesse tumour,
Loves onely for his lust and for his humour:"
And that he often, in his merry fit,
Would say, his good came, ere he hop'd for it:
His thoughts for other subjects being prest,
Esteeming that as nought, which he possest:
" For, what is gotten but with little paine,
As little griefe we take to lose againe:"
Well-minded Marine, grieving, thought it strange,
That her ingratefull swaine did seeke for change.
Still by degrees her cares grew to the full,
Joyes to the wane: heart-rending griefe did pull
Her from herselfe, and she abandon'd all
To cryes and teares, fruits of a funerall:
Running, the mountaines, fields, by wat'ry springs,
Filling each cave with wofull ecchoings;
Making in thousand places her complaint,
And uttering to the trees what her tears meant.
" For griefes conceal'd (proceeding from desire)
Consume the more, as doth a close-pent fire."
Whilst that the daye's sole eye doth guide the seas,
In his daye's journey to th' Antipodes:
And all the time the jetty chariotere
Hurles her black mantle through our hemisphere,
Under the covert of a sprouding pyne
She sits and grieves for faithlesse Celandine.
Beginning thus: " Alas! and must it be
That love, which thus torments and trouble me
In settling it, so small advice hath lent
To make me captive, where enfranchisement
Cannot be gotten? Nor where, like a slave,
The office due to faithfull prisoners, have?
Oh, cruel Celandine! why shouldst thou hate
Her, who to love thee was ordain'd by Fate!
Should I not follow thee, and sacrifice
My wretched life to thy betraying eyes?
Aye me! of all, my most unhappy lot,
What others would, thou mai'st, and yet wilt not.
Have I rejected those that me ador'd,
To be of him, whom I adore, abhor'd?
And pass'd by others' teares, to make election
Of one, that should so pass by my affection?
I have: and see, the heav'nly powers intend
' To punish sinners in what they offend!'
May be he takes delight to see in me
The burning rage of hellish jealousie;
Tries if in fury any love appeares;
And bathes his joy within my floud of teares.
But if he lov'd to soile my spotlesse soule,
And me amongst deceived maides enroule,
To publish to the world my open shame:
Then, heart, take freedome; hence, accursed flame!
And, as queene regent, in my heart shall move
' Disdaine, that onely over-ruleth love:'
By this infranchiz'd sure my thoughts shall be,
And in the same sort love, as thou lov'st me.
But what! or can I cancell or unbinde [sign'd?
That which my heart hath seal'd and love hath
No, no! griefe doth deceive me more each houre;
' For, whoso truely loves, hath not that power.'
I wrong to say so, since of all 'tis knowne,
' Who yeelds to love doth leave to be her owne.'
But what availes my living thus apart?
Can I forget him? or out of my heart
Can tears expulse his image? Surely no.
' We well may flye the place, but not the woe:
Love's fire is of a nature which by turnes
Consumes in presence, and in absence burnes.'
And knowing this, aye me! unhappy wight!
What meanes is left to helpe me in this plight?
And from that peevish, shooting, hood-winckt elfe,
To repossesse my love, my heart, myselfe?
Onely this helpe I finde, which I elect,
Since what my life, nor can nor will effect,
My ruine shall: and by it, I shall finde,
' Death cures (when all helps faile) the grieved minde.'
And welcome here, (than love, a better guest)
That of all labours art the onely rest:
Whilst thus I live, all things discomfort give,
The life is sure a death wherein I live:
Save life and death do differ in this one,
That life hath ever cares, and death hath none.
But if that he (disdainfull swaine) should know
That for his love I wrought my overthrow;
Will he not glory in't? and from my death
Draw more delights, and give new joyes their [breath?
Admit he doe, yet better 'tis that I
Render myselfe to death than misery.
I cannot live, thus barred from his sight,
Nor yet endure, in presence, any wight
Should love him but myselfe. O reason's eye,
How art thou blinded with wilde jealousie!
And is it thus? Then which shall have my blood,
Or certaine ruine, or uncertaine good?
Why do I doubt? Are we not still adviz'd,
' That certaintie in all things best is priz'd?'
Then, if a certaine end can helpe my mone,
' Know death hath certaintie, but life hath none.'
" Here is a mount, whose toppe seemes to despise
The farre inferiour vale that under lies:
Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by Fate,
Measures his height by others' meane estate:
Neere to whose foote there glides a silver flood,
Falling from hence, I'll climbe unto my good:
And by it finish love and reason's strife,
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a coward's hartener in warre, [farre,
The stirring drumme, keepes lesser noyse from
So seeme the murmuring waves tell in mine eare,
That guiltlesse bloud was never spilled there.
Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those springs,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deede, (as moved by my cry)
Wherby my soule, as spotlesse ivory, [hence,
May turne from whence it came, and, freed from
Be unpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,
' And generous spirits never feare for danger:
Death is a thing most naturall to us,
And feare doth onely make it odious.' "
As when to seeke her foode abroad doth rove
The nuncius of peace, the seely dove,
Two sharpe set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
And she knowes not which way to flye from them:
Or like a shippe, that tossed to and fro
With winde and tyde, the winde doth sternely blow,
And drives her to the maine, the tyde comes sore
And hurles her backe againe towards the shore;
And since her balast and her sailes do lacke,
One brings her out, the other beates her backe;
Till one of them encreasing more his shockes,
Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the rockes:
So stood she long, 'twixt love and reason tost,
Untill despaire (who, were it comes, rules most)
Wonne her to throw herselfe, to meete with death,
From off the rocke into the floud beneath.

The waves that were above, when as she fell,
For feare flew backe againe into their well ;
Doubting ensuing times on them would frowne,
That they so rare a beauty help'd to drowne,
Her fall, in griefe, did make the streame so rore,
That sullen murmurings filled all the shore.
A shepheard (neere this floud that fed his sheepe,
Who at this chance left grazing, and did weepe)
Having so sad an object for his eyes,
Left pipe and flocke, and in the water flyes,
To save a jewell, which was never sent
To be possest by one sole element:
But such a worke Nature dispos'd and gave,
Where all the elements concordance have.
He tooke her in his armes, for pittie cride,
And brought her to the river's further side:
Yea, and he sought by all his arte and paine,
To bring her likewise to herselfe againe:
While she that by her fall was senselesse left,
And almost in the waves had life bereft,
Lay long, as if her sweet immortall spirit
Was fled, some other palace to inherit.
But as cleere Phœbus, when some foggy cloud
His brightnesse from the world a while doth shrowd,
Doth by degrees beginne to shew his light
Unto the view: or, as the queene of night,
In her increasing hornes, doth rounder grow,
Till full and perfect she appeare in show:
Such order in this mayde the shepheard spyes,
When she beganne to shew the world her eyes.
Who (thinking now that she had past death's dreame,
Occasion'd by her fall into the streame,
And that Hell's ferriman did then deliver
Her to the other side th' infernall river)
Said to the swaine: "O Charon! I am bound
More to thy kindnesse, than all else, that round
Come thronging to thy boate: thou hast past over
The woful'st maide that ere these shades did cover:
But prithee, ferriman, direct my spright
Where that blacke river runnes that Lethe hight,
That I of it (as other ghosts) may drinke,
And never of the world, or love, more thinke."
The swaine perceiving by her words ill sorted,
That she was wholy from herselfe transported;
And fearing lest those often idle fits
Might cleane expel her uncollected wits:
"Faire nymph," said he, "the powers above deny
So faire a beautie should so quickly dy:
The Heavens unto the world have made a loane,
And must for you have interest, three for one:
Call backe your thoughts, o'er-cast with dolour's night;
Do you not see the day, the heavens, the light?
Do you not know, in Pluto's darkesome place
The light of Heaven did never shew his face?
Do not your pulses beat, y' are warme, have breath,
Your sense is rapt with feare, but not with death?
I am not Charon, nor of Pluto's hoast;
Nor is there flesh and blond found in a ghost:
But, as you see, a seely shepheard's swaine,
Who, though my meere revenues be the traine
Of milk-white sheepe, yet am I joy'd as much,
In saving you, (O, who would not save such!)
As ever was the wand'ring youth of Greece [2],
That brought from Colchos home the golden fleece."
The never-too-much-praised faire Marine,
Hearing those words, beleev'd her eares and eyne:
And knew how she escaped had the flood
By meanes of this young swaine that neere her stood.
Whereat, for griefe, she gan againe to faint,
Redoubling thus her cryes and sad complaint:
"Alas! and is that likewise barr'd from me,
Which for all persons else lies ever free?
Will life, nor death, nor aught abridge my paine?
But live still dying, dye to live againe?
The most unhappy I! which finde most sure,
The wound of love, neglected, is past cure.
Most cruell god of love! (if such there be)
That still to my desires art contrary!
Why should I not in reason this obtaine,
That as I love, I may be lov'd againe?
Alas! with thee, too, Nature playes her parts,
That fram'd so great a discord 'tweene two harts:
One flyes, and alwaies doth in hate persever;
The other followes, and in love growes ever.
Why dost thou not extinguish cleane this flame,
And plac't on him that best deserves the same?
Why had not I affected some kinde youth,
Whose everie word had bene the word of truth?
Who might have had to love, and lov'd to have
So true a heart as I to Celand gave.
For Psyche's love [3]! if beautie gave thee birth,
Or if thou hast attractive power on Earth,
Dame Venus' sweetest childe, requite this love;
Or Fate yeeld meanes my soule may hence remove!"
Once seeing in a spring her drowned eyes,
"O cruell beautie, cause of this!" she cryes;
"Mother of love, (my joye's most fatall knife)
That work'st her death, by whom thyselfe hast saint
life!"
The youthfull swaine, that heard this loving
So oftentimes to poure forth such complaint,
Within his heart such true affection prais'd,
And did perceive kinde love and pittie rais'd
His minde to sighes; yea, beautie forced this,
That all her griefe he thought was likewise his.
And having brought her what his lodge affords,
Sometime he wept with her, sometime with words
Would seeke to comfort; when, alas, poor elfe!
He needed then a comforter himselfe.
Daily whole troupes of griefe unto him came,
For her who languish'd of another flame.
If that she sigh'd, he thought him lov'd of her,
When 'twas another saile her winde did stirre:
But had her sighes and teares beene for this boy,
Her sorrow had beene lesse, and more her joy.
Long time in griefe he hid his love-made paines,
And did attend her walkes in woods and plaines;
Bearing a fuell, which her sun-like eyes
Inflam'd, and made his heart the sacrifice.
Yet he, sad swaine! to shew it did not dare;
And she, least he should love, nye dy'd for feare.
She, ever-wailing, blam'd the powers above,
That night nor day give any rest to love.
He prais'd the Heavens in silence, oft was mute,
And thought with tears and sighs to winne his sute.
Once in the shade, when she by sleepe repos'd,
And her cleare eyes 'twixt her faire lids enclos'd;
The shepheard-swaine beganne to hate and curse
That day unfortunate, which was the nurse
Of all his sorrowes. He had given breath
And life to her, which was his cause of death.

[2] Jason.

[3] See Apuleius' Golden Ass, 4th, 5th, and 6th v.

O Æsop's snake, that thirstest for his bloud,
From whom thyselfe receiv'd'st a certayne good.
Thus oftentimes unto himselfe alone
Would he recount his griefe, utter his mone;
And after much debating did resolve
Rather his grandame Earth should cleane involve
His pining body, ere he would make knowne
To her, what tares love in his breast had sowne.
Yea, he would say, when griefe for speech hath [cride;
"'Tis better never aske than be denide."
But as the queene of rivers, fairest Thames,
That for her buildings other flouds enflames
With greatest envie; or the nymph[4] of Kent,
That statelyest ships to sea hath ever sent;
Some baser groome, for lucre's hellish course,
Her channell having stopt, kept backe her source,
(Fill'd with disdaine) doth swell above her mounds,
And overfloweth all the neighb'ring grounds,
Angry she teares up all that stops her way,
And with more violence runnes to the sea:
So the kind shepheard's griefe (which, long uppent,
Grew more in powre, and longer in extent)
Forth of his heart more violently thrust,
And all his vow'd intentions quickly burst.
Marina hearing sighes, to him drew neere,
And did entreate his cause of griefe to heare:
But had she knowne her beauty was the sting,
That caused all that instant sorrowing;
Silence in bands her tongue had stronger kept,
And sh'ad not ask'd for what the shepheard wept.
The swaine first, of all times, this best did thinke,
To show his love, whilst on the river's brinke
They sate alone, then thought, he next would move her
With sighes and teares (true tokens of a lover):
And since she knew what helpe from him she found,
When in the river she had else beene drown'd,
He thinketh sure she cannot but grant this,
To give reliefe to him, by whom she is:
By this incited, said: "Whom I adore,
Sole mistresse of my heart, I thee implore,
Doe not in bondage hold my freedome long;
And since I life or death hold from your tongue,
Suffer my heart to love, yea, dare to hope
To get that good of love's intended scope.
Grant I may praise that light in you I see,
And dying to myselfe, may live in thee.
Faire nymph, surcease this death-alluring languish,
So rare a beautie was not borne for anguish.
Why shouldst thou care for him that cares not for thee?
Yea, most unworthy wight, seemes to abhorre thee:
And if he be as you doe here paint forth him,
He thinkes you, best of beauties, are not worth him;
That all the joyes of love will not quit cost
For all lov'd freedome which by it is lost.
Within his heart such selfe-opinion dwels,
That his conceit in this he thinkes excels;
Accounting women beautie's sugred baites,
That never catch, but fooles, with their deceits:
'Who of himself harbours so vaine a thought,
Truely to love could never yet be brought.'
Then love that heart, where lies no faithlesse seed,
That never wore dissimulation's weed:
Who doth account all beauties of the spring,
That jocund summer-daies are ushering,
As foiles to yours. But if this cannot move
Your minde to pittie, nor your heart to love;

[4] Medway.

Yet, sweetest, grant me love to quench that flame,
Which burnes you now. Expel his worthlesse name,
Cleane roote him out by me, and in his place
Let him inhabit, that will runne a race
More true in love. It may be for your rest.
And when he sees her, who did love him best,
Possessed by another, he will rate
The much of good he lost, when 'tis too late:
'For what is in our powers, we little deeme,
And things possest by others, best esteeme.'
If all this gaine you not a shepheard's wife,
Yet give not death to him which gave you life."
Marine the faire, hearing his woing tale,
Perceived well what wall his thoughts did scale,
And answer'd thus: "I pray, sir swaine, what
Is it to me to plucke up by the roote [boote
My former love, and in his place to sow
As ill a seede, for any thing I know?
Rather 'gainst thee I mortall hate retaine,
That seek'st to plant in me new cares, new paine:
Alas! th' hast kept my soule from death's sweet
To give me over to a tyrant's hands; [bands,
Who on his racks will torture by his powre,
This weakned, harmlesse body, every howre.
Be you the judge, and see if reason's lawes
Give recompence of favour for this cause:
You from the streames of death brought life on shore;
Releas'd one paine, to give me ten times more.
For love's sake, let my thoughts in this be free;
Object no more your haplesse saving me:
That obligation which you thinke should binde,
Doth still encrease more hatred in my minde;
Yea, I doe think, more thankes to him were due
That would bereave my life, than unto you."
The thunder-stroken swaine lean'd to a tree,
As voyd of sense as weeping Niobe:
Making his teares the instruments to wooe her,
The sea wherein his love should swimme unto her:
And, could there flow from his two-headed fount,
As great a floud as is the Hellespont,
Within that deepe he would as willing wander,
To meet his Hero, as did ere Leander[5].
Mean while the nymph withdrew herselfe aside,
And to a grove at hand her steps applide.
With that sad sight (O! had he never seene,
His heart in better case had ever beene)
Against his heart, against the streame he went,
With this resolve, and with a full intent,
When of that streame he had discovered
The fount, the well-spring, or the bubbling head,
He there would sit, and with the well-drop vie,
That it before his eyes would first runne drie:
But then he thought the god[6] that haunts that lake,
The spoyling of his spring would not well take.
And therefore leaving soone the christall flood,
Did take his way unto the neerest wood:

[5] See Musæus and Ovid's Epistles; likewise the Testyad, a poem, in six books, begun by Christopher Marlow, and finished by George Chapman; highly esteemed by Ben Jonson.

[6] Deæ sanè et nimphæ, plerùnque fontibus & fluviis præsunt apud poetas, quæ Ephydriades & Naiades dictæ: verum & nobis tamen deum præficere (sic Alpheum Tyberinum, & Rhenum, & id genus alios divos legimus) haud illicitum.

Seating himselfe within a darkesome cave,
(Such places heavy Saturnists doe crave)
Where yet the gladsome day was never seene,
Nor Phœbus' piercing beams had ever beene,
Fit for the synode house of those fell legions,
That walke the mountains, and Silvanus' regions,
Where Tragedie might have her full scope given,
From men's aspects, and from the view to Heaven.
Within the same some crannies did deliver
Into the midst thereof a pretty river;
The nymph whereof came by out of the veynes
Of our first mother, having late tane paines
In scouring of her channell all the way,
From where it first beganne to leave the sea.
And in her labour thus farre now had gone,
When comming thro' the cave, she heard that one
Spake thus: "If I doe in my death persever,
Pittie may that effect, which love could never."
By this she can conjecture 'twas some swaine,
Who, overladen by a maide's disdaine,
Had here (as fittest) chosen out a place,
Where he might give a period to the race
Of his loath'd life: which she (for pittie's sake)
Minding to hinder, div'd into her lake,
And hast'ned where the ever-teeming earth
Unto her current gives a wished birth;
And by her new-delivered river's side,
Upon a banke of flow'rs, had soone espide
Remond, young Remond, that full well could sing,
And tune his pipe at Pan's-birth carolling:
Who for his nimble leaping, sweetest layes,
A lawrell garland wore on holidayes;
In framing of whose hand dame Nature swore
There never was his like, nor should be more:
Whose locks (insnaring nets) were like the rayes,
Wherewith the Sunne doth diaper the seas:
Which if they had beene cut, and hung upon
The snow-white cliffes of fertile Albion,
Would have allured more, to be their winner,
Than all the diamonds [7] that are hidden in her.
Him she accosted thus: "Swaine of the wreathe,
Thou art not placed, only here to breathe;
But Nature, in thy framing, showes to me,
Doe good; and surely I myselfe perswade,
Thou never wert for evill action made.
In Heaven's consistory 'twas decreed,
That choisest fruit should come from choisest seede;
In baser vessels we doe ever put
Basest materials, doe never shut
Those jewels most in estimation set,
But in some curious costly cabinet.
If I may judge by th' outward shape alone,
Within, all vertues have convention:
'For't gives most lustre unto Vertue's feature,
When she appeares cloth'd in a goodly creature.'
Halfe way the hill, neere to those aged trees,
Whose insides are as hives for lab'ring bees,
(As who should say, before their rootes were dead,
For good workes' sake and almes, they harboured
Those whom nought else did cover but the skies:)
A path (untrodden but of beasts) there lies,
Directing to a cave in yonder glade,
Where all this forest's citizens, for shade,
At noone-time come, and are the first, I thinke,
That (running thro' that cave) my waters drinke:
Within this rocke their sits a wofull wight,
As voide of comfort as that cave of light;
And as I wot, occasion'd by the frownes
Of some coy shepheardesse that haunts these downes.
This I doe know, (whos'ever wrought his care)
He is a man nye treading to despaire.
Then hie thee thither, since 'tis charitie
To save a man; leave here thy flocke with me:
For whilst thou sav'st him from the Stygian bay,
I'le keepe thy lambkins from all beasts of prey."
The neernesse of the danger, (in his thought)
As it doth ever, more compassion wrought:
So that, with reverence to the nymph, he went
With winged speed, and hast'ned to prevent
Th' untimely seisure of the greedy grave:
Breathlesse, at last, he came into the cave;
Where, by a sign directed to the man,
To comfort him he in this sort began:
"Shepheard, all haile! what mean these plaints? This cave
(Th' image of death, true portrait of the grave)
Why dost frequent? and waile thee under ground,
From whence there never yet was pittie found?
Come forth, and show thyselfe unto the light,
Thy griefe to me. If there be ought that might
Give any ease unto thy troubled minde,
We joy as much to give, as thou to finde."
The love-sicke swaine replide: "Remond, thou art
The man alone to whom I would impart
My woes, more willing than to any swaine,
That lives and feeds his sheepe upon the plaine.
But vaine it is, and 'twould increase my woes
By their relation, or to thee or those
That cannot remedie. Let it suffise,
No fond distrust of thee makes me precise
To show my griefe. Leave me then, and forgo
This cave more sad, since I have made it so."
Here teares broke forth. And Remond gan anew:
With such intreaties earnest to pursue
His former suite, that he (though hardly) wan
The shepheard to disclose; and thus began:
"Know briefly, Remond, then, a heavenly face,
Nature's idea, and perfection's grace,
Within my breast hath kindled such a fire,
That doth consume all things, except desire;
Which daily doth increase, tho' alwaies burning,
And I want teares, but lacke no cause of mourning:
'For he whom Love under his colours drawes,
May often want th' effect, but ne're the cause.'"
Quoth th' other, "Have thy starres maligne bene
That their predominations sway so much [such,
Over the rest, that with a milde aspect
The lives and loves of shepheards doe affect?
Then doe I thinke there is some greater hand,
Which thy endeavours still doth countermand:
Wherefore I wish thee quench the flame, thus mov'd,
'And never love, except thou be belov'd:
For such an humour every woman seiseth,
She loves not him that plaineth, but that pleaseth.
When much thou lovest, most disdaine comes on thee, [thee;
And when thou thinkst to hold her, she flyes from
She follow'd, flyes; she fled from, followes post,
And loveth best where she is hated most.
'Tis ever noted, both in maides and wives,
Their hearts and tongues are never relatives.

[7] Julium Cæsarem, spe Margaritarum, Britanniam petisse, scribit Sueton. in Jul. cap. 47. & ex iis thoracem factum Veneri genetrici dicâsse. Plin. Hist. Nat. 9. cap. 35. De Margaritis verò nostris consulas Camden. in Cornub. & Somerset.

Hearts full of holes, (so elder shepheard's saine)
As apter to receive than to retaine.'
Whose crafts and wiles did I intend to show,
This day would not permit me time, I know:
The daye's swift horses would their course have run,
And div'd themselves within the ocean,
Ere I should have performed halfe my taske,
Striving their craftie subtilties t' unmaske.
And gentle swaine some counsell take of me;
Love not still where thou mai'st; love, who loves thee;
Draw to the courteous, flye thy love's abhorrer,
'And if she be not for thee, be not for her.'
If that she still be wavering, will away,
Why should'st thou strive to hold what will not stay?
This maxime, reason never can confute,
'Better to live by losse than dye by sute.'
If to some other love she is inclinde, [minde.
Time will at length cleane roote that from her
Time will extinct love's flames, his hell-like flashes,
And like a burning brand consum't to ashes.
Yet mai'st thou still attend, but not importune:
'Who seekes oft misseth, sleepers light on fortune,'
Yea, and on woman too. 'Thus doltish sots
Have fate and fairest women for their lots.
Favour and pittie waite on patience:'
And hatred oft attendeth violence.
If thou wilt get desire, whence love hath pawn'd it,
Believe me, take thy time, but ne'r demaund it.
Women, as well as men, retaine desire;
But can dissemble, more than men, their fire.
Be never caught with lookes, nor selfe-wrought rumour:
Nor by a quaint disguise, nor singing humour.
Those out-side showes are toyes, which outwards snare:
But virtue lodg'd within, is onely faire.
If thou hast seene the beauty of our nation,
And find'st her have no love, have thou no passion:
But seeke thou further; other places sure
May yeeld a face as faire, a love more pure:
Leave, (O, then leave) fond swaine, this idle course,
For Love's a god no mortall wight can force."

Thus Remond said, and saw the faire Marine
Plac'd neere a spring, whose waters christaline
Did in their murmurings bare a part, and plained
That one so true, so faire, should be disdained:
Whilst in her cryes, that fil'd the vale along,
Still Celand was the burthen of her song.
The stranger shepheard left the other swaine,
To give attendance to his fleecy traine;
Who in departing from him, let him know,
That yonder was his freedome's over-throw,
Who sate bewailing (as he late had done)
That love by true affection was not wonne.
This fully known: Remond came to the mayde
And after some few words (her tears allay'd)
Began to blame her rigour, call'd her cruell,
To follow hate, and flye love's chiefest jewell.

"Faire, doe not blame him that he thus is moved;
For women sure were made to be beloved.
If beautie wanting lovers long should stay,
It like an house undwelt in would decay:
When in the heart if it have taken place,
Time cannot blot, nor crooked age deface.
The adamant and beautie we discover
To be alike; for beautie drawes a lover,
The adamant is iron. Doe not blame
His loving then, but that which caus'd the same.
Who so is lov'd, doth glory so to be:
The more your lovers, more your victorie.
Know, if you stand on faith, most women's loathing,
'Tis but a word, a character of nothing.
Admit it somewhat, if what we call constance,
Within a heart hath no long time residence,
And in a woman, she becomes alone
Faire to herselfe, but foule to every one.
If in a man it once have taken place,
He is a foole, or doates, or wants a face
To winne a woman, and I thinke it be
No vertue, but a meere necessitie." ["have done,
"Heaven's powers deny it swaine" (quoth she)
Strive not to bring that in derision,
Which whosoe'er detracts in setting forth,
Doth truly derogate from his owne worth.
It is a thing which Heaven to all hath lent
To be their vertue's chiefest ornament:
Which whoso wants, is well compar'd to these
False tables, wrought by Alcibiades[8];
Which noted well of all, were found t' have bin
Most faire without, but most deform'd within.
Then shepheard know that I intend to be
As true to one, as he is false to me."

"To one?" (quoth he) "why so? Maides pleasure take
To see a thousand languish for their sake:
Women desire for lovers of each sort,
And why not you? Th' amorous swaine for sport;
The lad that drives the greatest flocke to field;
Will buskins, gloves, and other fancies yeeld;
The gallant swaine will save you from the jawes
Of ravenous bears, and from the lyon's pawes.
Beleeve what I propound; doe many chuse,
'The least hearbe in the field serves for some use.'"

Nothing perswaded, nor asswag'd by this,
Was fairest Marine, or her heavinesse:
But prais'd the shepheard as he ere did hope,
His silly sheepe should fearelesse have the scope
Of all the shadowes that the trees do lend,
From Raynard's stealth, when Titan doth ascend,
And runne his mid-way course; to leave her there,
And to his bleating charge againe repaire.
He condescended; left her by the brooke,
And to the swaine and's sheepe himselfe betooke.

He gone: she with herselfe thus gan to saine;
"Alas poore Marine, think'st thou to attaine
His love by sitting here? or can the fire
Be quencht with wood? can we allay desire
By wanting what's desired? O that breath,
The cause of life, should be the cause of death!
That who is shipwrackt on love's hidden shelfe,
Doth live to others, dyes unto herselfe.
Why might I not attempt by death as yet
To gaine that freedom, which I could not get,
Being hind'red heretofore; a time as free,
A place as fit offers itselfe to me,
Whose seed of ill is growne to such a height,
That makes the earth groane to support his weight.
Who so is lull'd asleepe with Midas' treasures,
And onely feares by death to lose life's pleasures;
Let them feare death: but since my fault is such,
And onely fault, that I have lov'd too much,
On joyes of life why should I stand! for those
Which I neere had, I surely cannot lose.
Admit a while I to those thoughts consented,
'Death can be but deferred, not prevented.'"

[8] They represented a god or goddess without, and a Silenus or deformed piper within. Erasmus has a curious dissertation on Sileni Alcibiades.—Adag. p. 667. Edit. R. Stephens.

Then raging with delay, her teares that fell
Usher'd her way, and she into a well
Straight-wayes leapt after: 'O! how desperation
Attends upon the minde enthral'd to passion!'
The fall of her did make the god below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noyse should grow:
Whether some ruder clowne in spite did fling
A lambe, untimely falne, into his spring:
And if it were, he solemnely then swore
His spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knots, or give a gowne of greene
Unto their meadowes, nor be seene to play,
Nor drive the rushy-mills, that in his way
The shepheards made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot.
And with such moorish springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but mosse and rushes yeeld.
Upon each hillocke, where the merry boy
Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,
He'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
And turne the same into a running sand.
Upon the oake, the plumb-tree and the holme,
The stock dove and the blackbird should not come,
Whose muting on those trees does make to grow
Rots curing hyphear[9], and the misseltoe. [failes,
Nor shall this helpe their sheep, whose stomackes
By tying knots of wooll neere to their tails:
But as the place next to the knot doth dye,
So shall it all the body mortifie.
Thus spake the god! but when as in the water
The corps came sinking downe, he spide the matter,
And catching softly in his arms the maide,
He brought her up, and having gently laid
Her on his banke, did presently command
Those waters in her, to come forth: at hand
They straight came gushing out, and did contest
Which chiefly should obey their god's behest.
This done, her then pale lips he straight held ope,
And from his silver haire let fall a drop
Into her mouth, of such an excellence, [thence,
That call'd backe life, which griev'd to part from
Being for troth assur'd, that, than this one,
She ne'er possest a fairer mansion.
Then did the god her body forwards steepe,
And cast her for a while into a sleepe:
Sitting still by her did his full view take
Of Nature's master-piece. Here for her sake,
My pipe in silence as of right shall mourne,
Till from the wat'ring we againe returne.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Oblivion's spring, and Dory's love,
With faire Marina's rape, first move
Mine oaten pipe, which after sings
The birth of two renowned springs.

Now till the Sunne shall leave us to our rest,
And Cinthia have her brother's place possest,

[9] Hyphear ad saginanda pecora utilissimus: nino autem satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvum avium redditum maximè palumbis & turdi. Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44. Hinc illud vetus verbum, Turdus sibi malum cacat.

I shall goe on: and first in diff'ring stripe,
The floud-god's speech thus tune on oaten pipe.
"Or mortall, or a power above,
Inrag'd by fury, or by love,
Or both, I know not, such a deede,
Thou would'st effected, that I blede
To thinke thereon: alas! poore elfe,
What, growne a traitour to thyselfe?
This face, this haire, this hand so pure
Were not ordain'd for nothing sure.
Nor was it meant so sweet a breath
Should be expos'd by such a death;
But rather in some lover's brest
Be given up, the place that best
Befits a lover yeeld his soule.
Nor should those mortals ere controule
The gods, that in their wisdome sage
Appointed have what pilgrimage
Each one should runne: and why should men
Abridge the journey set by them?
But much I wonder any wight
If he did turne his outward sight
Into his inward, dar'd to act
Her death, whose body is compact
Of all the beauties ever Nature
Laid up in store for earthly creature.
No savage beast can be so cruell
To rob the Earth of such a jewell.
Rather the stately unicorne
Would in his brest enrraged scorne,
That maides committed to his charge
By any beast in forrest large
Shoul'd so be wrong'd. Satyres rude
Durst not attempt, or ere intrude
With such a minde the flowry balkes
Where harmelesse virgines have their walkes.
Would she be wonne with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the sea
The corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearles of orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the diamond,
And whereas now unto my spring
They nothing else but gravell bring,
They should within a mine of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which ile pave and over-spread
My bottome, where her foote shall tread.
The best of fishes in my flood
Shall give themselves to be her food.
The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame,
The eele, that loves the troubled streame,
The miller's thumbe, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever nibling roach,
The shoales with whom is Tavie fraught,
The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,
And last the little minnow-fish,
Whose chief delight in gravell is.
"In right she cannot me despise
Because so low mine empire lyes.
For I could tell how Nature's store
Of majesty appeareth more
In waters, than in all the rest
Of elements. It seem'd her best
To give the waves most strength and powre:
For they doe swallow and devoure
The earth; the waters quence and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting still

Up in the aire, are seene to be,
As challenging a seignore
Within the Heavens, and to be one
That should have like dominion.
They be a seeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours store
Arising from them, vitall spirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is stopped, kept asunder.
And what's the reason else of thunder,
Of lightning's flashes all about,
That with such violence break out,
Causing such troubles and such jarres,
As with itselfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, than in the aire
Congealed waters oft to spie
Continuing pendant in the skie?
Till falling downe in haile or snow,
They make those mortall wights below
To runne, and ever helpe desire,
From his foe element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad
Within doores maketh his abeade.
Or falling downe oft time in raine,
Doth give greene liveries to the plaine,
Make shepheard's lambs fit for the dish,
And giveth nutriment to fish.
Which nourisheth all things of worth
The earth produceth and brings forth:
And therefore well considering
The nature of it in each thing:
As when the teeming earth doth grow
So hard, that none can plow nor sow,
Her brest it doth so mollifie,
That it not onely comes to be
More easie for the share and oxe,
But that in harvest times the shocks
Of Ceres' hanging eared corne
Doth fill the hovell and the barne.
To trees and plants I comfort give
By me they fructifie and live:
For first ascending from beneath
Into the skie, with lively breath,
I thence am furnish'd, and bestow
The same on hearbes, that are below.
So that by this each one may see
I cause them spring and multiply.
Who seeth this, can doe no lesse,
Than of his owne accord confesse,
That notwithstanding all the strength
The earth enjoyes in breadth and length,
She is beholding to each streame,
And hath received all from them.
Her love to him she then must give
By whom herselfe doth chiefly live."
This being spoken by this water's god,
He straight-way in his hand did take his rod,
And stroke it on his banke, wherewith the flood
Did such a roaring make within the wood, [shore,
That straight the nymph[1] who then sate on her
Knew there was somewhat to be done in store:
And therefore hasting to her brother's spring
She spied what caus'd the water's echoing.
Saw where faire Marine fast asleepe did lie,
Whilst that the god still viewing her sate by:
Who when he saw his sister nymphe draw neare,
He thus gan tunc his voyce unto her eare.

[1] The watry nymph that spoke to Remond.

"Fairest sister (for we come
Both from the swelling Thetis' wombe)
The reason why of late I strooke
My ruling wand upon my brooke
Was for this purpose: Late this maide
Which on my bank asleepe is laide,
Was by herselfe, or other wight,
Cast in my spring, and did affright,
With her late fall, the fish that take
Their chiefest pleasure in my lake:
Of all the fry within my deepe,
None durst out of their dwellings peepe.
The trout within the weeds did scud,
The eele him hid within the mud.
Yea, from this feare I was not free;
For as I musing sate to see
How that the pretty pibbles round
Came with my spring from under ground,
And how the waters issuing
Did make them dance about my spring;
The noyse thereof did me appall;
That starting upward therewithall,
I in my arms her body caught,
And both to light and life her brought:
Then cast her in a sleepe you see."
"But brother, to the cause," quoth she,
"Why by your raging waters wilde
Am I here called?" "Thetis' childe,"
Replide the god, "for thee I sent,
That when her time of sleepe is spent,
I may commit her to thy gage,
Since women best know women's rage.
Mean while, faire nymph, accompany
My spring with thy sweet harmony;
And we will make her soule to take
Some pleasure, which is sad to wake,
Although the body hath his rest."
She gave consent: and each of them addrest
Unto their part. The watry nymph did sing
In manner of a pretty questioning:
The god made answer to what she propounded,
While from the spring a pleasant musicke sounded,
(Making each shrub in silence to adore them)
Taking their subject from what lay before them.

NYMPH.

What's that, compact of earth, infus'd with ayre,
A certaine, made full with uncertainties;
Sway'd by the motion of each severall spheare;
Who's fed with nought but infelicities;
Indures nor heate nor colde; is like a swan,
That this hour sings, next dies?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, borne to be sicke, so alwayes dying,
That's guided by inevitable fate;
That comes in weeping, and that goes out crying;
Whose kalender of woes is still in date;
Whose life's a bubble, and in length a span;
A consort still in discords?

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, whose thoughts are still quell'd in th'
Though ne'er so lawful, by an opposite, [event,
Hath all things fleeting, nothing permanent:
And at his eares weares still a parasite:

Hath friends in wealth, or wealthy friends, who
In want prove meere illusions? [can

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

What's he, that what he is not, strives to seeme,
That doth support an Atlas-weight of care:
That of an outward good doth best esteeme,
And looketh not within how solid they are:
That doth not vertuous, but the richest scan;
Learning and worth by wealth?

GOD. It is a man.

NYMPH.

What's that possessor, which of good makes bad;
And what is worst makes choice still for the best;
That giveth most to thinke of what he had,
And of his chiefest losse accounteth least,
That doth not what he ought, but what he can;
Whose fancie's ever boundlesse!

GOD. 'Tis a man.

NYMPH.

But what is it, wherein dame Nature[2] wrought
The best of workes, the onely frame of Heaven;
And having long to finde a present sought,
Wherein the world's whole beautie might be given;
She did resolve in it all arts to summon,
To joyne with nature's framing?

GOD. 'Tis this woman.

NYMPH.

If beautie be a thing to be admired;
And if admiring draw to it affection;
And what we do affect, is most desired:
What wight is he to love denyes subjection?
And can his thoughts within himselfe confine?

Marine that waking lay, said; "Celandine.
He is the man that hates, which some admire;
He is the wight that loathes whom most desire:
'Tis onely he to love denies subjecting,
And but himselfe, thinkes none is worth affecting.
Unhappy me the while: accurst my fate,
That Nature gives no love where she gave hate."
The watry rulers then perceived plaine,
Nipt with the winter of love's frost, disdaine;
This non-pareil of beautie had been led
To doe an act which envy pittyed:
Therefore in pitty did conferre together,
What physicke best might cure this burning fever.
At last found out that in a grove below,
Where shadowing sicamours past number grow,
A fountaine takes his journey to the maine,
Whose liquor's nature was so soveraigne,
(Like to the wond'rous well and famous spring,
Which in Boetia[3] hath his issuing)
That who so of it doth but onely taste,
All former memory from him doth waste.
Not changing any other worke of nature,
But doth endowe the drinker with a feature
More lovely. Fair Medea tooke from hence
Some of this water; by whose quintessence,
Æson[4] from age came backe to youth. This
The god thus spake: [knowne,

"Nymph be thine owne,
And after mine. This goddesse here
(For she's no lesse) will bring thee where
Thou shalt acknowledge springs have done
As much for thee as any one.
Which ended, and thou gotten free,
If thou wilt come and live with me,
No shepheard's daughter, nor his wife,
Shall boast them of a better life,
Meane while I leave thy thoughts at large,
Thy body to my sister's charge;
Whilst I into my spring do dive,
To see that they do not deprive
The meadows neare, which much do thirst,
Thus heated by the Sunne." "May first"
(Quoth Marine) "swaines give lambs to thee;
And may thy floud have seignorie
Of all flouds else; and to thy fame
Meete greater springs, yet keep thy name.
May never euet, nor the toade,
Within thy banks make their abode!
Taking thy journey from the sea,
Maist thou ne'er happen in thy way
On nitre or on brimstone myne,
To spoyle thy taste! this spring of thine
Let it of nothing taste but earth,
And salt conceived, in their birth
Be ever fresh! Let no man dare
To spoil thy fish, make locke or ware,
But on thy margent still let dwell
Those flowers which have the sweetest smell.
And let the dust upon thy strand
Become like Tagus' golden sand.
Let as much good betide to thee,
As thou hast favour shew'd to me."
Thus said; in gentle paces they remove,
And hast'ned onward to the shady grove:
Where both arriv'd! and having found the rocke,
Saw how this precious water it did locke.
As he whom avarice possesseth most,
Drawne by necessitie unto his cost, [gold,
Doth drop by piece-meale downe his prison'd
And seemes unwilling to let goe his hold.
So the strong rocke the water long time stops
And by degrees lets it fall downe in drops.
Like hoording huswives that doe mold their food,
And keep from others, what doth them no good.
The drops within a cesterne fell of stone
Which fram'd by Nature, art had never one
Halfe part so curious. Many spels then using,
The water's nymph twixt Marine's lips infusing
Part of this water, she might straight perceive
How soone her troubled thoughts began to leave
Her love-swolne breast; and that her inward
Was cleane asswaged, and the very name [flame
Of Celandine forgotten; did scarce know
If there were such a thing as love or no.
And sighing, therewithall threw in the ayre
All former love, all sorrow, all despaire;
And all the former causes of her mone
Did therewith bury in oblivion.
Then must'ring up her thoughts, growne vagabonds
Prest to relieve her inward bleeding wounds,
She had as quickly all things past forgotten,
As men doe monarchs that in earth lie rotten.

[2] The first woman is fayned to be named Pandora, i. e. a creature framed of the concurrence of the gifts and ornaments of all the gods. As Hesiod. Ὅτι πάντες ὀλυμπια δώματ' ἔχοντες Δῶρον ἐδόρησαν.

[3] Plinie writes of two springs rising in Boetia, the first helping memory, called Μνήμη. The latter causing oblivion, called Λήθη.

[4] Ovid. Metam. B. 6.

As one new borne she seem'd, so all descerning:
"Though things long learned are the longst unlearning."
Then walk'd they to a grove but neare at hand,
Where fiery Titan had but small command,
Because the leaves conspiring kept his beames,
For feare of hurting (when he's in extreames)
The under-flowers, which did enrich the ground
With sweeter sents than in Arabia found. [exhale)
The earth doth yeeld (which they through pores
Earth's best of odours, th' aromaticall:
Like to that smell, which oft our sense descries
Within a field which long unplowed lyes,
Some-what before the setting of the Sunne;
And where the raine-bow in the horizon
Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
The hand of Heaven his spungy clouds doth straine,
And throwes into her lap a showre of raine;
She sendeth up (conceived from the Sunne)
A sweete perfume and exhalation
Not all the ointments brought from Delos isle;
Nor from the confines of seaven-headed Nyle:
Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes;
Nor Cyprus' wilde vine-flowers; nor that of Rhodes;
Nor roses-oyle from Naples, Capua,
Saffron confected in Cilicia;
Nor that of quinces, nor of marioram,
That ever from the isle of Coös came,
Nor these, nor any else, though ne're so rare,
Could with this place for sweetest smels compare,
There stood the elme[5], whose shade so mildly dym
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.
Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him long flowrisheth.
The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade
The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made.
The oake, that best endures the thunder shocks:
The everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe.
The olive that in wainscot never cleaves.
The amorous vine which in the elme still weaves.
The lotus, juniper, where wormes ne'er enter:
The pyne, with whom men through the ocean venter. [lance)
The warlike yewgh, by which (more than the
The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.
Amongst the rest the tamariske there stood,
For huswive's besomes onely knowne most good.
The cold-place-loving birch, and servis tree:
The walnut loving vales, and mulbury.
The maple, ashe, that doe delight in fountaines,
Which have their currents by the sides of moun-
The laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold [taines.
Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold.
The firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop:
The beach that scales the welkin with his top:
All these, and thousand more within this grove,
By all the industry of nature strove
To frame an harbour that might keepe within it
The best of beauties that the world hath in it.
Here ent'ring, at the entrance of which shroud,
The Sunne half angry hid him in a cloud,
As raging that a grove should from his sight
Locke up a beauty whence himselfe had light.

[5] See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 1. st. 8, 9.

The flowers pull'd in their heads as being sham'd
Their beauties by the others were defam'd. [meade,
Neare to this wood there lay a pleasant
Where fairies often did their measures treade,
Which in the meadow made such circles greene,
As if with garlands it had crowned beene,
Or like the circle where the signes we tracke,
And learned shepheards call't the zodiacke:
Within one of these rounds was to be seene
A hillock rise, where oft the fairie queene
At twy-light sate, and did command her elves,
To pinch those maids that had not swept their
And further if by maidens' over-sight, [shelves:
Within doores water were not brought at night:
Or if they spread no table, set no bread,
They should have nips from toe unto the head:
And for the maid that had perform'd each thing,
She in the water-pale bad leave a ring.
Upon this hill there sate a lovely swaine,
As if that Nature thought it great disdaine
That he should (so through her his genius told him)
Take equall place with swaines, since she did hold him
Her chiefest worke, and therefore thought it fit,
That with inferiours he should never sit.
Narcissus' change sure Ovid cleane mistooke,
He dy'd not looking in a christall brooke,
But (as those which in emulation gaze)
He pinde to death by looking on this face.
When he stood fishing by some river's brim,
The fish wou'd leape, more for a sight of him
Than for the flie. The eagle highest bred,
Was taking him once up for Ganimed.
The shag-hair'd satyres, and the tripping fawnes;
With all the troope that frolicke on the lawnes,
Would come and gaze on him, as who should say
They had not seen his like this many a day.
Yea Venus knew no difference 'twixt these twaine,
Save Adon[6] was a hunter, this a swaine.
The wood's sweet quiristers from spray to spray
Would hop them nearest him, and then there stay:
Each joying greatly from his little hart,
That they with his sweet reed might beare a part.
This was the boy, (the poets did mistake)
To whom bright Cynthia so much love did make;
And promis'd for his love no scornfull eyes
Should ever see her more in horned guize:
But she at his command would as of dutie
Become as full of light as he of beautie.
Lucina at his birth for midwife stucke:
And Citherea nurc'd and gave him sucke.
Who to that end, once dove-drawn from the sea,
Her full paps dropt, whence came the milkie-way.
And as when Plato did i'th' cradle thrive,
Bees to his lips brought honey from their hive:
So to this boy they came, I know not whether
They brought, or from his lips did honey gather.
The wood-nymphs oftentimes would busied be,
And pluck for him the blushing strawberie:
Making of them a bracelet on a bent,
Which for a favour to this swaine they sent.
Sitting in shades, the Sunne would oft by skips
Steale through the boughes, and seize upon his lips.
The chiefest cause the Sunne did condiscend
To Phäeton's request[7], was to this end,

[6] See Shakespear's Venus and Adonis.

[7] See Ovid's Metam. b. 2. Apollonius Argonaut. l. 4. Lucretius, l. 5.

That whilst the other did his horses reyne,
He might slide from his sphéare, and court this swaine;
Whose sparkling eyes vi'd lustre with the starres,
The truest center of all circulars.
In briefe, if any man in skill were able
To finish up Apelles' halfe-done table[8],
This boy (the man left out) were fittest sure
To be the patterne of that portraiture.
Piping he sate, as merry as his looke,
And by him lay his bottle and his hooke,
His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silke,
Which held a legge more white than morning's milke.
Those buskins he had got and brought away
For dancing best upon the revell day.
His oaten reede did yeeld forth such sweet notes,
Joyned in consort with the birds shrill throtes,
That equaliz'd the harmony sphears,
A musicke that would ravish choisest eares.
Long look'd they on (who would not long looke on,
That such an object had to looke upon?)
Till at the last the nymph did Marine send,
To aske the neerest way, whereby to wend
To those faire walkes where sprung Marina's ill
Whilst she would stay: Marine obey'd her will,
And hast'ned towards him (who would not doe so,
That such a pretty journey had to goe?)
Sweetly she came and with a modest blush,
Gave him the day, and then accosted thus:
"Fairest of men, that (whilst thy flocke doth feed)
Sit'st sweetly piping on thine oaten reed
Upon this little berry (some ycleep
A hillocke) voide of care, as are thy sheepe
Devoid of spots, and sure on all this greene
A fairer flocke as yet were never seene:
Doe me this favour (men should favour maides)
That whatsoever path directly leades,
And voide of danger, thou to me doe show,
That by it to the Marish I might goe."
"Marriage!" (quoth he) mistaking what she said,
"Nature's perfection, thou most fairest maid,
(If any fairer than the fairest may be)
Come sit thee downe by me; know, lovely ladie,
Love is the readiest way: if tane aright
You may attaine thereto full long ere night."
The maiden thinking he of Marish spoke,
And not of marriage, straight-way did invoke,
And praid the shepheard's god might alwayes keepe
Him from all danger, and from wolves his sheepe.
Wishing with all that in the prime of spring
Each sheep he had, two lambes might yearely bring.
"But yet" (quoth she) "arede good gentle swaine,
If in the dale below, or on yond plaine;
Or is the village scituate in a grove,
Through which my way lyes, and ycleeped Love."
"Nor on yond plaine, nor in this neighbouring wood;
Nor in the dale where glides the silver flood.
But like a beacon on a hill so hie,
That every one may see't which passeth by
Is Love yplac'd: there's nothing can it hide,
Although of you as yet 'tis unespide." [true?"
"But on which hill" (quoth she) "pray tell me
"Why here" (quoth he) "it sits and talkes to you." [adue.
"And are you Love" (quoth she) "fond swaine
You guide me wrong, my way lies not by you."

[8] An unfinished Venus. Plin. l. 35. c. 10. Cicero, l. 3. de Officiis, lib. 1. epist. 9. Epist. ad Famil.

"Though not your way, yet may you lye by me:
Nymph, with a shepheard thou as merrily
Maist love and live, as with the greatest lord,
'Greatnesse doth never most content afford.'
I love thee onely, not affect world's pelfe,
'She is not lov'd, that's lov'd not for herselfe.'
How many shepheard's daughters who in dutie,
To griping fathers, have inthral'd their beautie,
To waite upon the gout to walke when pleases
Olde January hault. O that diseases
Should linke with youth! She hath such a mate
Is like two twinnes borne both incorporate:
Th' one living, the other dead: the living twinne
Must needs be slaine through noysomnesse of him
He carrieth with him: such are their estates,
Who merely marry wealth and not their mates."
As ebbing waters freely slide away,
To pay their tribute to the raging sea;
When meeting with the floud they justle stout,
Whether the one shall in, or th' other out:
Till the strong floud new power of waves doth bring,
And drives the river back into his spring:
So Marine's words off'ring to take their course,
By love then ent'ring, were kept backe, and force
To it, his sweet face, eyes, and tongue assign'd
And threw them backe againe into her minde.
"How hard it is to leave and not to do
That which by nature we are prone unto?
We hardly can (alas! why not?) discusse,
When nature hath decreed it must be thus.
It is a maxime held of all, knowne plaine,
Thrust nature off with forkes, she'll turn againe."
Blithe Doridon (so men this shepheard hight)
Seeing his goddesse in a silent plight,
("Love often makes the speeche's organs mute,")
Begane againe thus to renue his sute:
"If by my words your silence hath been such,
Faith I am sorry I have spoke so much.
Barre I those lips? fit to be th' utt'rers, when
The Heavens would parly with the chiefe of men.
Fit to direct (a tongue all hears convinces)
When best of scribes writes to the best of princes,
Were mine like yours of choicest words compleatest,
'Ide show how grief's a thing weighes downe the greatest, [taint it.
The best of forms (who knows not?) griefe doth
The skilfull'st pencill never yet could paint it.'
And reason good, since no man yet could finde
What figure represents a grieved minde.
Me thinkes a troubled thought is thus exprest,
To be a chaos rude and indigest:
Where all doe rule, and yet none beares chiefe sway:
Checkt onely by a power that's more than they.
This do I speake, since to this every lover
That thus doth love, is thus still given over.
If that you say you will not, cannot love: [move?
Oh Heavens! for what cause then do you here
Are you not fram'd of that expertest molde,
For whom all in this round concordance holde?
Or are you framed of some other fashion,
And have a forme and heart, but not a passion?
It cannot be: for then unto what end
Did the best worke-man this great worke intend?
Not that by minde's commerce, and joynt estate,
The world's continuers still should propagate?
Yea, if that reason (regent of the senses)
Have but a part amongst your excellences,
She'll tell you what you call virginitie,
Is fitly lik'ned to a barren tree;

Which when the gardner on it paines bestowes,
To graff and impe thereon, in time it growes
To such perfection, that it yeerely brings
As goodly fruit, as any tree that springs.
Beleeve, me maiden, vow no chastitie
For maidens but imperfect creatures be."
"Alas, poor boy!" quoth Marine, "have the [Fates
Exempted no degrees? Are no estates
Free from love's rage? Be rul'd: unhappy swaine,
Call backe thy spirits, and recollect againe,
Thy vagrant wits. I tell thee for a truth,
'Love is a syren that doth shipwracke youth.'
Be well advis'd, thou entertain'st a guest
That is the harbinger of all unrest:
Which like the viper's young, that licke the earth,
Eate out the breeder's wombe to get a birth."
"Faith," quoth the boy, "I know there cannot [be
Danger in loving or in enjoying thee.
For what cause were things made and called good,
But to be loved? If you understood
The birds that prattle here, you would know then,
As birds wooe birds, maides should be woo'd of men.
But I want power to wooe, since what was mine
Is fled, and lye as vassals at your shrine:
And since what's mine is yours, let that same move,
Although in me you see nought worthy love."
Marine about to speake, forth of a sling
(Fortune to all misfortune's plyes her wing
More quicke and speedy) came a sharp'ned flint,
Which in the faire boye's necke made such a dint,
That crimson bloud came streaming from the wound,
And he fell downe into a deadly swound.
The bloud ranne all along where it did fall,
And could not finde a place of buriall:
But where it came, it there congealed stood,
As if the earth loath'd to drinke guiltlesse blood.
Gold-hair'd Apollo, Muses' sacred king,
Whose praise in Delphos' ile doth ever ring:
Physicke's first founder, whose art's excellence
Extracted nature's chiefest quintessence,
Unwilling that a thing of such a worth
Should so be lost; straight sent a dragon forth
To fetch his bloud, and he perform'd the same:
And now apothecaries give it name,
From him that fetch'd it: (doctors know it good
In physicke's use) and call it dragon's blood [9].
Some of the blood by chance did down-ward fall,
And by a veine got to a minerall,
Whence came a red, decayed dames infuse it
With Venice ceruse, and for painting use it.
Marine, astonisht, (most unhappy maide)
O'er-come with feare, and at the view afraid,
Fell downe into a trance, eyes lost their sight,
Which being open made all darknesse light.
Her bloud ranne to her heart, or life to feed,
Or loathing to behold so vilde a deed.
And as when winter doth the earth array
In silver sute, and when the night and day
Are in dissension, night lockes up the ground,
Which by the helpe of day is oft unbound;
A shepheard's boy, with bow and shafts addrest,
Ranging the fields, having once pierc'd the brest
Of some poore fowle, doth with the blow straight
To catch the bird lies panting in the bush: [rush
So rusht the striker in, up Marine tooke,
And hast'ned with her to a neare-hand brooke,

[9] The tears of a tree bearing a fruit something like a cherry; the skin of which pulled off, they say, ressembles a dragon.

Olde shepheards saine (olde shepheards sooth have saine)
Two rivers [10] took their issue from the maine,
Both neare together, and each bent his race,
Which of them both should first behold the face
Of radiant Phœbus: one of them in gliding
Chanc'd on a veine where niter had abiding:
The other, loathing that her purer wave
Should be defil'd with that the niter gave,
Fled fast away; the other follow'd fast,
Till both beene in a rocke ymet at last.
As seemed best, to rocke did first deliver
Out of his hollow sides the purer river:
(As if it taught those men in honour clad,
To helpe the vertuous and suppresse the bad)
Which gotten loose, did softly glide away.
As men from earth, to earth; from sea, to sea
So rivers runne: and that from whence both came
Takes what she gave: waves, earth: but leaves a name.
As waters have their course, and in their place
Succeeding streames well out, so is man's race:
The name doth still survive, and cannot die,
Untill the channels stop, or spring grow dry.
As I have seen upon a bridall-day
Full many maides clad in their best array,
In honour of the bride come with their flaskets
Fill'd full with flowres: others in wicker-baskets
Bring from the marish rushes, to o'er-spread
The ground, whereon to church the lovers tread;
Whilst that the quaintest youth of all the plaine
Ushers their way with many a piping straine:
So, as in joy, at this faire river's birth,
Triton came up a channell with his mirth.
And call'd the neighb'ring nymphes, each in her turne,
To poure their pretty rivilets from their urne;
To waite upon this new-delivered spring.
Some, running through the meadows, with them
Cowslip and mint: and 'tis another's lot [bring
To light upon some gardener's curious knot,
Whence she upon her brest (love's sweete repose)
Doth bring the queene of flowers, the English rose.
Some from the fen bring reeds, wilde-thyme from downes;
Some from a grove the bay that poets crownes;
Some from an aged rocke the mosse hath torne,
And leaves him naked unto winter's storme:
Another from her bankes (in meere good-will)
Brings nutriment for fish, the camomill.
Thus all bring somewhat, and doe over-spread
The way the spring unto the sea doth tread.
This while the floud, which yet the rocke up pent,
And suffered not with jocund merriment
To tread rounds in his spring; came rushing forth,
As angry that his waves (he thought) of worth
Should not have libertie, nor helpe the prime.
And as some ruder swaine composing rhyme,
Spends many a gray goose quill unto the handle,
Buries within his socket many a candle;
Blots paper by the quire, and dryes up incke,
As Xerxes' armie did whole rivers drinke,
Hoping thereby his name his worke should raise,
That it should live untill the last of dayes:
Which finished, he boldly doth addresse
Him and his workes to under-goe the presse;

[10] An expression of the natures of two rivers rising neere together, and differing in their tastes and manner of running.

When loe (O fate!) his worke not seeming fit
To walke in equipage with better wit, [worms,
Is kept from light, there gnawn by moathes and
At which he frets: right so this river stormes:
But broken forth, as Tavy creepes upon
The westerne vales [11] of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,
That his extended passage doth up locke;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himselfe in many a wry meander:
Here, amorously bent, clips some faire meade;
And then disperst in rills, doth measures treade
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry rankes:
There in another place beares downe the bankes
Of some day-labouring wretch: heere meets a rill,
And with their forces joynde cut out a mill
Into an iland, then in jocund guise
Survayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise:
Here digs a cave at some high mountaine's foote:
There undermines an oak, tears up his roote:
Thence rushing to some country farme at hand,
Breakes o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweepes from his land
His harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease:
And makes that channell which was shepheard's lease:
Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
Helpes downe an abbey, then a naturall bridge,
By creeping under ground he frameth out,
As who should say he eyther went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For having done a deed so vild and base:
So ranne this river on, and did bestirre
Himselfe, to finde his fellow-traveller.
But th' other fearing least her noyse might show
What path she tooke, which way her streames did flow:
As some way-faring man strayes through a wood,
Where beasts of prey, thirsting for humane bloud,
Lurke in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,
Not trusting to his heeles, treades on his toes:
Dreads every noyse he eares, thinkes each small bush
To be a beast, that would upon him rush:
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother;
Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another:
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine dashes,
And in recoile, makes meadowes standing plashes:
Yet findes not what he seeks in all his way,
But in despaire runnes headlong to the sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ranne so fast, th' other so soft,
Both from one head. Unto the rougher streame,
(Crown'd by that meadowe's flow'ry diadeame,
Where Doridon lay hurt) the cruell swaine
Hurries the shepheardesse, where having layne
Her in a boate like the cannowes of Inde [12],
Some seely trough of wood, or some tree's rinde;
Puts from the shoare, and leaves the weeping strand,
Intends an act by water, which the land
Abhorr'd to boulster; yea, the guiltlesse earth
Loath'd to be mid-wife to so vilde a birth:
Which to relate, I am inforc'd to wrong
The modest blushes of my maiden-song.

[11] Devonshire.

[12] See Th. De Bry's America, vol. 1. fol. part 1. Virginia Tabul. 12mo. Lintrium conficiendorum Ratio. See likewise Sir Tho. Herbert's Travels, fol. 3d edit. p. 30.

Then each faire nymph, whom Nature doth endow
With beautie's cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast brow;
Whose well-tun'd eares, chast-object-loving eyne,
Ne'er heard nor saw the workes of Aretine [13];
Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelfe,
But is as true as chastitie itselfe,
Where hated impudence ne'er set her seede;
Where lust lies not vail'd in a virgin's weede:
Let her with-draw. Let each young shepheardling
Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.
But yee, whose bloud, like kids upon a plaine,
Doth skip, and daunce lavoltoes in each veine;
Whose brests are swolne with the Venerean game,
And warme yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lie within a sensuall sinke;
Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
With an apparancie of simple truth;
Insatiate gulphs, in your defective part
By art helpe nature, and by nature, art:
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing.
But stay: me thinkes I heare something in me
That bids me keepe the bounds of modestie;
Sayes, "Each man's voice to that is quickly moved
Which of himselfe is best of all beloved;
By utt'ring what thou know'st lesse glory's got,
Than by concealing what thou knowest not."
If so, I yeeld to it, and set my rest
Rather to loose the bad, than wrong the best.
My maiden Muse flies the lascivious swaines,
And scornes to soyle her lines with lustfull straines:
Will not dilate (nor on her fore-head beare
Immodestie's abhorred character)
His shamelesse pryings, his undecent doings;
His curious searches, his respectlesse wooings:
How that he saw. But what? I dare not breake it,
You safer may conceive than I dare speake it.
Yet verily, had he not thought her dead,
Sh'ad lost, ne'er to be found, her maiden-head.
The rougher streame, loathing a thing compacted
Of so great shame, should on his floud be acted;
(According to our times not well allow'd
In others, what he in himselfe avow'd)
Bent hard his fore-head, furrow'd up his face,
And danger led the way the boate did trace.
And as within a landtskip that doth stand
Wrought by the pencill of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood:
Here standing ponds, and there a running floud:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:
There on a hill a swaine pipes out the day,
Out-braving all the quiristers of May.
A huntsman here followes his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t' allow,
Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaves the plow.
There in another place some high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breasts unto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:
There boyes the truant play and leave their booke:
Here stands an angler with a bayted hooke.
There for a stagge one lurkes within a bough:
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.

[13] An obscene Italian poet. See Bayle's Dict.

There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
Lies buried in his dust some auncient towne;
Who now invillaged, there's onely seene
In his vaste ruines what his state has beene:
And all of these in shadowes so exprest,
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest,
So for the swaine the floud did meane to him
To show in nature (not by art to limbe)
A tempest's rage, his furious waters threate,
Some on this shoare, some on the other, beate.
Here stands a mountaine, where was once a dale;
There, where a mountaine stood, is now a vale.
Here flowes a billow, there another meetes:
Each, on each side the skiffe, unkindely greetes.
The waters underneath gan upward move,
Wond'ring what stratagems were wrought above:
Billowes that mist the boate, still onward thrust,
And on the cliffes, as swoln with anger, burst.
All these, and more, in substance so exprest,
Made the beholder's thoughts to take no rest.
Horrour in triumph rid upon the waves;
And all the Furies from their gloomy caves
Come hovering o'er the boate, summon'd each sence
Before the fearefull barre of Conscience;
Were guilty all, and all condemned were
To under-goe their horrours which despaire.
What Muse? what powre? or what thrice sacred [herse,
That lives immortall in a wel tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight, that I might see
A guiltie conscience true anatomie;
That well kept register, wherein is writ
All ils men doe, all goodnesse they omit?
His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
His late wisht had-I-wists, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-renting paine:
How were his griefes composed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the seas,
Or through the centre to the antipodes?
He might change climates, or be barr'd Heaven's face:
Yet finde no salve, nor ever change his case.
Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
Like to the conscience sting, tho' thrice as many;
Yet all these torments by the swaine were borne,
Whilst Death's grimme visage lay upon the storme.
But as when some kinde nurse doth longe time keepe
Her pretty babe at sucke, whom, falne asleepe,
She layes downe in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shocke,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocke.
So lay the maide, th' amazed swaine sate weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voyce of winds, the billowes' raves,
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves,
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But lull'd her more asleepe than wakened her.
Such are their states, whose soules, from foul of-
Enthroned sit in spotlesse innocence. [fence,
Where rest my Muse; till (jolly shepheard's swaines) [plaines,
Next morne with pearles of dew bedecks our
We'll fold our flockes, then in fit time go on
To tune mine oaten pipe for Doridon.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The shepheard's swaine, here singing on,
Tels of the cure of Doridon:
And then unto the water's fals
Chanteth the rusticke pastorals.

Now had the Sunne, in golden chariot hurl'd,
Twice bid good-morrow to the nether world:
And Cynthia, in her orbe and perfect round,
Twice view'd the shadowes of the upper ground.
Twice had the day-starre usher'd forth the light;
And twice the evening-starre proclaim'd the night;
Ere once the sweet-fac'd boy (now all forlorne)
Came with his pipe to resalute the morne.
When grac'd by time, (unhappy time the while)
The cruell swaine (who ere knew swaine so vile?)
Had stroke the lad, in came the wat'ry nymph,
To raise from sound poore Doridon, (the impe,
Whom Nature seem'd to have selected forth
To be ingraffed on some stocke of worth;)
And the maides helpe, but since "to domes of fate
Succour, tho' ne'er so soone, comes still too late."
She rais'd the youth, then with her armes inrings him, [him.
And so with words of hope she home-wards brings
At doore expecting him his mother sate,
Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him unto herselfe excuses:
And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses:
As that her sonne, since day grew olde and weake,
Staid with the maides to runne at barlibreake:
Or that he cours'd a parke with females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be]
Or in the thickets lay'd some wily snare, [caught.
To take the rabbet or the pourblinde hare.
Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid:
Thus shepheards doe; and thus she thought he did.
"In things expected meeting with delay,
Tho' there be none, we frame some cause of stay."
And so did she, (as she who doth not so)
Conjecture Time unwing'd, he came so slow.
But Doridon drew neere, so did her griefe:
"Ill lucke, for speede, of all things else is chiefe."
For as the blinde-man[1] sung, "Time so provides,
That joy goes still on foote, and sorrow rides."
Now when she saw (a wofull sight!) her sonne,
Her hopes then fail'd her, and her cryes begun
To utter such a plaint, that scarce another,
Like this, ere came from any love-sicke mother.
"If man hath done this, Heaven, why mad'st [thou men?
Not to deface thee in thy children;
But by the worke the worke-man to adore;
Framing that something, which was nought before.
Aye me, unhappy wretch! if that in things
Which are as we, (save title) men feare kings,
That be their postures to the life limb'd on
Some wood as fraile as they, or cut in stone,
''Tis death to stab: why then should earthly things,'
Dare to deface his forme who formed kings?

[1] Homer.

When the world was but in his infancy,
Revenge, desires unjust, vilde jealousie,
Hate, envy, murther, all these sixe then raigned,
When but their halfe of men the world contained.
Yet but in part of these, those ruled then,
When now as many vices live as men.
Live they? Yes, live, I feare, to kill my sonne,
With whom my joyes, my love, my hopes, are done." [swaine;
"Cease," quoth the water's nymph, that led the
"Tho' tis each mother's cause thus to complaine:
Yet 'abstinence in things we must professe,
Which Nature fram'd for neede, not for excesse.'"
"Since the least bloud, drawne from the lesser part
Of any childe, comes from the mother's hart,
We cannot choose but grieve, except that we
Should be more senslesse than the senslesse tree,"
Reply'd his mother. "Doe but cut the limbe
Of any tree, the trunke will weepe for him:
Rend the cold sicamor's[2] thin barke in two,
His name and teares would say, 'So love should do.'
'That mother is all flint (than beasts lesse good)
Which drops no water when her childe streames blood.'"
At this the wounded boy fell on his knee,
"Mother, kind mother," (said) "weepe not for me,
Why, I am well! indeed I am. If you
Cease not to weepe, my wound will bleed anew.
When I was promist first the light's fruition,
You oft have told me, 'twas on this condition,
That I should hold it with like rent and paine
As others doe, and one time leave't againe.
Then, deerest mother, leave, oh! leave to wayle,
'Time will effect where teares can nought availe.'"
Herewith Marinda, taking up her sonne,
Her hope, her love, her joy, her Doridon,
She thank'd the nymph, for her kind succour lent,
Who straite tript to her wat'ry regiment.
Downe in a dell (where in that month[3] whose fame
Growes greater by the man who gave it name,
Stands many a well-pil'd cocke of short sweet hay,
That feeds the husband's neate each winter's day)
A mountaine had his foote, and 'gan to rise
In stately height to parlee with the skies.
And yet as blaming his owne lofty gate,
Waighing the fickle props in things of state,
His head began to droope, and down-wards bending,
Knockt on that brest which gave it birth and ending:
And lyes so with an hollow hanging vaut,
As when some boy, trying the somersaut,
Stands on his head, and feete, as he did lie
To kicke against earth's spangled canopie;
When seeing that his heeles are of such weight,
That he cannot obtaine their purpos'd height,
Leaves any more to strive; and thus doth say:
"What now I cannot do, another day
May well effect: it cannot be denyde
I show'd a will to act, because I tride."
The Scornfull-hill men call'd him, who did scorne
So to be call'd, by reason he had borne
No hate to greatnesse, but a minde to be
The slave of greatnesse through humilitie:
For had his mother Nature thought it meete,
He, meekely bowing, would have kist her feete.

[2] Alluding to our English pronunciation, and indifferent orthographie.

[3] July took its name from Julius Cæsar.

Under the hollow hanging of this hill
There was a cave, cut out by Nature's skill:
Or else it seem'd the mount did open's brest,
That all might see what thoughts he there possest.
Whose gloomy entrance was environ'd round
With shrubs that cloy ill husbands' meadow-ground:
The thicke-growne haw-thorne and the binding bryer,
The holly that out-dares cold winter's ire:
Who all intwinde, each limbe with limbe did deale,
That scarse a glympse of light could inward stealc,
An uncouth place, fit for an uncouth minde,
That is as heavy as that cave is blinde;
Here liv'd a man his hoary haires call'd olde,
Upon whose front time many yeares had tolde.
Who, since dame Nature in him feeble grew,
And he unapt to give the world aught new,
The secret power of hearbes, that grow on molde,
Sought aught, to cherish and relieve the olde.
Hither Marinda all in haste came running,
And with her tears desir'd the olde man's cunning.
When this good man (as goodnesse still is prest,
At all assays, to helpe a wight distrest)
As glad and willing was to ease her sonne,
As she would ever joy to see it done.
And giving her a salve in leaves up bound,
And she directed how to cure the wound,
With thankes, made home-wards, (longing still to [see
Th' effect of this good hermit's surgerie)
There carefully, her sonne laid on a bed,
(Enriched with the bloud he on it shed)
She washes, dresses, binds his wound, (yet sore)
That griev'd, it could weepe bloud for him no more.
Now had the glorious Sunne tane up his inne,
And all the lamps of Heav'n inlight'ned bin,
Within the gloomy shades of some thicke spring,
Sad Philomel 'gan on the haw-thorne sing
(Whilst every beast at rest was lowly laid)
The outrage done upon a seely maide.
All things were hushst, each bird slept on his bough;
And night gave rest to him, day tir'd at plough:
Each beast, each bird, and each day-toyling wight,
Receiv'd the comfort of the silent night:
Free from the gripes of sorrow every one,
Except poore Philomel and Doridon;
She on a thorne sings sweet tho' sighing straines;
He, on a couch more soft, more sad complaines:
Whose in-pent thoughts him long time having pained,
He sighing wept, and weeping thus complained.
"Sweet Philomela!" (then he heard her sing)
"I do not envy thy sweet carolling,
But doe admire thee, that each even and morrow,
Canst carelesly thus sing away thy sorrow.
Would I could doe so too! and ever be
In all my woes still imitating thee:
But I may not attaine to that; for then
Such most unhappy, miserable men,
Would strive with Heaven, and imitate the Sunne,
Whose golden beames in exhalation,
Tho' drawne from fens, or other grounds impure,
Turne all to fructifying nouriture.
When we draw no thing by our sun-like eyes,
That ever turnes to mirth, but miseries:
Would I had never seene, except that she
Who made me wish so, love to looke on me.
Had Colin Clout[4] yet liv'd, (but he is gone)
That best on Earth could tune a lover's mone.

[4] Edmund Spenser.

Whose sadder tones inforc'd the rockes to weepe,
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
Who, when he sung (as I would do to mine)
His truest loves to his faire Rosaline,
Entic'd each shepheard's eare to heare him play,
And, rapt with wonder, thus admiring say:
'Thrice happy plaines, (if plaines thrice happy may be)
Where such a shepheard pipes to such a ladie!'
Who made the lasses long to sit downe neere him,
And woo'd the rivers from their springs to heare him.
Heaven rest thy soule, (if so a swaine may pray)
And as thy workes live here, live there for aye.
Meane while (unhappy) I shall still complaine
Love's cruell wounding of a seely swaine."
Two nights thus past: the lilly-handed morne
Saw Phœbus stealing dewe from Ceres' corne.
The mounting larke (daie's herauld) got on wing,
Bidding each bird choose out his bow and sing.
[5] The lofty treble sung the little wren;
Robin the meane, that best of all loves men;
The nightingale the tenor: and the thrush
The counter-tenor sweetly in a bush:
And that the musicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing harts:
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swaines,
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plaines)
There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
In embassie unto the king of bees,
To aide his partners on the flowres and trees:
Who condiscending gladly flew along
To beare the base to his well tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deep voyce, but being hoarse with skolding,
He thus lends aide; upon an oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
O true delight! enharboring the brests
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature unto man such simpl'esse given,
He would, like birds, be farre more neere to Heaven.
But Doridon well knew (who knowes no lesse?)
"Man's compounds have o'erthrowne his simplenesse."
None-tide the morne had woo'd, and she gan [yeeld,
When Doridon (made ready for the field)
Goes sadly forth, (a wofull shepheard's lad)
Drowned in teares, his minde with griefe yclad,
To ope his fold, and let his lamkins out,
(Full jolly flocke they seem'd, a well fleec'd rout)
Which gently walk'd before, he sadly pacing,
Both guides and followes them towards their grazing.
When from a grove the wood-nymphs held full
Two heavenly voyces did intreat his eare, [deare
And did compell his longing eyes to see
What happy wight enjoy'd such harmonie.
Which joyned with five more, and so made seaven,
Would paralell in mirth the spheares of Heaven.
To have a sight at first he would not presse,
For feare to interrupt such happinesse:
But kept aloofe the thicke growne shrubs among,
Yet so as he might heare this wooing song.

F. Fye, shepheard's swaine, why sit'st thou all alone,
Whilst other lads are sporting on the leyes?
R. Joy may have company, but griefe hath none.
Where pleasure never came, sports cannot please.

[5] A description of a musicall consort of birds.

F. Yet may you please to grace our this daye's sport,
Though not an actor, yet a looker on.
R. A looker on indeed, so swaines of sort,
Cast low, take joy to looke whence they are [throwne.
F. Seeke joy and finde it.
R. Griefe doth not minde it.

BOTH.

"Then both agree in one,
Sorrow doth hate
To have a mate;
True griefe is still alone."

F. Sad swaine, arcade, (if that a maide may aske?)
What cause so great effects of griefe hath wrought?
R. Alas! love is not hid, it weares no maske;
To view 'tis by the face conceiv'd and brought.
F. The cause I grant: the causer is not learned:
Your speech I doe entreat about this taske.
R. If that my heart were seene, 'twould be discerned;
And Fida's name found graven on the caske.
F. Hath love young Remond moved?
R. 'Tis Fida that is loved.

BOTH.

"Although 'tis said that no men
Will with their hearts,
Or good's chiefe parts,
Trust either seas or women."

F. How may a maiden be assur'd of love,
Since falshood late in every swaine excelleth?
R. When protestations faile, time may approve
Where true affection lives, where falshood dwelleth.
F. The truest cause elects a judge as true:
Fie, how my sighing my much loving telleth!
R. Your love is fixt in one, whose heart to you
Shall be as constancy, which ne'er rebelleth.
F. None other shall have grace.
R. None else in my heart place.

BOTH.

"Go, shepheard swaine, and wive all,
For love and kings
Are two like things,
Admitting no corrivall."

As when some malefactor judg'd to die
For his offence, his execution nye,
Casteth his sight on states unlike to his,
And weighs his ill by other's happinesse:
So Doridon thought every state to be
Further from him, more neere felicitie.
"O blessed sight! where such concordance meetes, [greetes.
Where truth with truth, and love with liking
Had," quoth the swaine, "the Fates given me some
Of true delight's inestimable treasure, [measure
I had bene fortunate: but now so weake,
My bankrupt heart will be inforc'd to breake.
Sweet love, that drawes on Earth a yoake so even;
Sweet life, that imitates the blisse of Heaven;
Sweet death they needs must have, who so unite
That two distinct make one Hermaphrodite[6]:

[6] See the Hermaphrodite in F. Beaumont's poems, Our author has a short copy of verses in commendation of it.

Sweet love, sweet life, sweet death, that so do meet
On Earth! in death, in Heaven, be ever sweet!
Let all good wishes ever waite upon you,
And happinesse as hand-maid tending on you.
Your loves within one centre meeting have!
One houre your deaths, your corps possesse one grave! [plore)
Your name's still greene, (thus doth a swaine im-
Till time and memory shall be no more!"
Herewith the couple hand in hand arose,
And tooke the way which to the sheep-walke goes.
And whilst that Doridon their gate look'd on,
His dogge disclos'd him, rushing forth upon
A well fed deere, that trips it o'er the meade,
As nimbly as the wench did whilome tread
On Ceres' dangling eares, or shaft let goe
By some faire nymph that beares Diana's bowe.
When turning head, he not a foote would sturre,
Scorning the barking of a shepheard's curre:
So should all swaines as little weigh their spite,
Who at their songs do bawle, but dare not bite.
Remond, that by the dogge the master knew,
Came backe, and angry bad him to pursue:
"Dory" (quoth he) "if your ill-tuter'd dogge
Have naught of awe, then let him have a clogge.
Do you not know this seely timerous deere,
(As usuall to his kinde) hunted whileare,
The Sunne not ten degrees got in the signes,
Since to our maides, here gathering columbines,
She weeping came, and with her head low laid
In Fida's lap, did humbly begge for aide.
Whereat unto the hounds they gave a checke,
And saving her, might spie about her necke
A collar hanging, and (as yet is seene)
These words in gold wrought on a ground of greene:
'Maidens: since 'tis decreed a maid shall have me,
Keepe me till he shall kill me that must save me.'
But whence she came, or who the words concerne,
We neither know, nor can of any learne.
Upon a pallat she doth lie at night,
Neere Fida's bed, nor will she from her sight:
Upon her walkes she all the day attends,
And by her side she trips where ere she wends."
"Remond," (replide the swaine) "if I have
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd, [wrong'd
I sorrow for't, and truely doe protest,
As yet I never heard speech of this beast:
Nor was it with my will; or if it were,
Is it not lawfull we should chase the deere,
That, breaking our inclosures every morne,
Are found at feede upon our crop of corne?
Yet had I knowne this deere, I had not wrong'd
Fida in ought which unto her belong'd."
"I thinke no lesse," quoth Remond; "but, I
Whither walkes Doridon this holy-day? [pray,
Come, drive your sheepe to their appointed feeding,
And make you one at this our merry meeting.
Full many a shepheard, with his lovely lasse,
Sit telling tales upon the clover grasse:
There is the merry shepheard of the hole;
Thenot, Piers, Nilkin, Duddy, Hobbinoll,
Alexis, Silvan, Teddy of the glen,
Rowly, and Perigot here by the fen,
With many more, I cannot reckon all,
That meet to solemnize this festivall."
"I grieve not at their mirth," said Doridon:
Yet had there beene of feasts not any one
Appointed or commanded, you will say,
'Where there's content 'tis ever holy-day.'"
"Leave further talke," quoth Remond, "let's be gone; [on.
Ile helpe you with your sheepe, the times drawes
Fida will call the hinde, and come with us."
Thus went they on, and Remond did discusse
Their cause of meeting, till they wonne with pacing
The circuit chosen for the maidens' tracing.
It was a roundell seated on a plaine,
That stood as sentinell unto the maine,
Environ'd round with trees and many an arbour,
Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough, within the quick'ning spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing;
Whose pleasing noates the tyred swaine have made
To steale a nappe at noone-tide in the shade.
Nature herselfe did there in triumph ride,
And made that place the ground of all her pride,
Whose various flowres deceiv'd the rasher eye
In taking them for curious tapistrie.
A silver spring forth of a rocke did fall,
That in a drought did serve to water all.
Upon the edges of a grassie bancke,
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rancke,
As if they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,
Or stood as guard against the winde and Sunne:
So faire, so fresh, so greene, so sweet a ground,
The piercing eyes of Heaven yet never found.
Here Doridon all ready met doth see
(O who would not at such a meeting be?)
Where he might doubt, who gave to other grace,
Whether the place the maides, or maides the place.
Here gan the reede and merry bag-pipe play,
Shrill as a thrush upon a morne of May,
(A rurall musicke for an heavenly traine)
And every shepheardesse danc'd with her swaine.
As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some prettie driving; here it sweepes the plaine:
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes again:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their severall motions to be one.
A crooked measure was their first election,
Because all crooked tends to best perfection.
And as I weene this often bowing measure,
Was chiefly framed for the women's pleasure.
Tho', like the ribbe, they croocked are and bending,
Yet to the best of formes they aime their ending;
Next in an (I) their measure made a rest,
Shewing when love is plainest, it is best.
Then in a (Y), which thus doth love commend,
Making of two at first, one in the end.
And lastly closing in a round do enter,
Placing the lusty shepheards in the center:
About the swaines they dauncing seem'd to roule,
As other planets round the heavenly pole.
Who by their sweet aspect or chiding frowne,
Could raise a shepheard up, or cast him downe.
Thus were they circled till a swaine came neere,
And sent this song unto each shepheard's eare:
The note and voyce so sweet, that for such mirth,
The gods would leave the Heavens, and dwell on Earth.

"Happy are you so inclosed,
May the maides be still disposed,
In their gestures and their dances,
So to grace you with intwining,
That Envy wish in such combining,
Fortune's smile with happy chances.

"Here it seems as if the Graces
Measur'd out the plaine in traces,
In a shepheardesse disguising.
Are the spheares so nimbly turning,
Wand'ring lampes in Heaven burning,
To the eye so much intising?

"Yes, Heaven meanes to take these thither,
And adde one joy to see both dance together.

"Gentle nymphes, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one and keepe the other:
Love keepes fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone, you will repent you.

"'Twill be said when ye have proved,
Never swaines more truely loved:
O then fly all nice behaviour!
Pitty faine would (as her dutie)
Be attending still on Beautie,
Let her not be out of favour.

"Disdaine is now so much rewarded,
That Pitty weepes since she is unregarded."

The measure and the song here being ended, Each swaine his thoughts thus to his love commended.

The first presents his Dogge, with these:

When I my flocke neere you doe keepe,
And bid my dogge goe take a sheepe,
He cleane mistakes what I bid doe,
And bends his pace still towards you.
Poore wretch! he knowes more care I keepe
To get you, than a seely sheepe.

The second, his Pipe, with these:

Bid me to sing, (faire maide) my song shall prove
There ne'er was truer pipe sung truer love.

The third, a paire of Gloves, thus:

These will keepe your hands from burning,
Whilst the Sunne is swiftly turning;
But who can any veile devise
To shield my heart from your faire eyes?

The fourth, an Anagram.

MAIDEN AND MEN.

Maidens should be ayding men,
And for love give love agen:
Learne this lesson from your mother,
"One good wish requires another."
They deserve their names best, when
Maides most willingly ayd men.

The fift, a Ring, with a picture in a Jewell on it.

Nature hath fram'd a jemme beyond compare,
The world's the ring, but you the jewell are.

The sixt, a Nosegay of Roses, with a Nettle in it.

Such is the posie, Love composes;
A stinging nettle mixt with roses.

The seventh, a Girdle.

This during light I give to clip your wast:
Faire, grant mine armes that place when day is past.

The eight, a Heart.

You have the substance, and I live
But by the shadow which you give:
Substance and shadow, both are due
And given of me to none but you.
Then whence is life but from that part
Which is possessor of the heart?

The ninth, a Shepherd's Hooke.

The hook of right belongs to you; for when
I take but seely sheep, you still take men.

The tenth, a Combe.

L ovely maiden, best of any,
O f our plaines though thrice as many:
V aile to love, and leave denying,
E ndless knots let Fates be tying.
S uch a face, so fine a feature,
(K indest, fairest, sweetest creature)
N ever yet was found, but loving:
O then let my plaints be moving!
T rust a shepherd, though the meanest,
T ruth is best when she is plainest.
I love not with vowes contesting:
F aith is faith without protesting.
T ime, that all things doth inherit,
R enders each desert his merit.
I f that faile in me, as no man,
D oubtless time nere won a woman.
M aidens still should be relenting,
A nd once flinty, still repenting.
Y outh with youth is best combined,
E ach one with his like is twined.
B eauty should have beauteous meaning,
E ver that hope easeth playning.
U nto you, whom Nature dresses,
N eeds no combe to smooth your tresses.
T his way it may doe his dutie,
I n your locks to shade your beautie.
D oe so, and to love be turning,
E lse each heart it will be burning.

The eleventh, a Knot.

[In the old editions the following lines are inclosed in the figure of a knot.]

This is love and worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending;
Like a wilie net ensnaring,
In a round shuts up all squaring,
In and out whose every angle
More and more doth still entangle;
Keeps a measure still in moving,
And is never light but loving.
Twining arms, exchanging kisses,
Each partaking other's blisses:
Laughing, weeping, still together,
Bliss in one is mirth in either.
Never breaking, ever bending:
This is love, and worth commending.

The twelfth, CUPID.

LOE, Cupid leaves his bowe: his reason is,
Because your eyes wound when his shaftes do misse.

Whilst every one was off'ring at the shrine
Of such rare beauties, might be stil'd divine,
This lamentable voyce towards them flyes:
" O Heaven, send aid, or else a maiden dyes!"
Herewith some ranne the way the voyce them led;
Some with the maidens staid which shooke for dread:
What was the cause time serves not now to tell.
Hearke! for my jolly weather rings his bell,
And almost all our flockes have left to graze;
Shepheards, 'tis almost night, hie home apace;
When next we meet, (as we shall meet ere long)
Ile tell the rest in some ensuing song.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fida's distrest, the hinde is slaine,
Yet from her ruines lives againe.
Riot's description next I rime,
Then Aletheia, and old Time:
And lastly, from this song I goe,
Having describ'd the Vale of Woe.

HAPPY, ye dayes of olde, when every waste
Was like a sanctuarie to the chaste:
When incests, rapes, adulteries, were not knowne;
All pure as blossomes, which are newly blowne.
Maides were as free from spots, and soiles within,
As most unblemisht in the outward skinne.
Men every plaine and cottage did afford,
As smooth in deedes, as they were faire of word.
Maidens with men, as sisters with their brothers;
And men and maides convers'd as with their mothers;
Free from suspition, or the rage of bloud,
Strife only raign'd, for all striv'd to be good.
But then, as little wrens, but newly fledge,
First, by their nests hop up and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:
His fellow, noting his agilitie,
Thinkes he as well may venture as the other,
So flushing from one spray unto another,
Gets to the top, and then enbold'ned flyes,
Unto an height past ken of humane eyes:
So time brought worse, men first desir'd to talke;
Then came suspect; and then a private walke;
Then by consent appointed times of meeting,
Where most securely each might kisse his sweeting;
Lastly, with lusts their panting brests so swell,
They came to—but to what I blush to tell.
And ent'red thus, rapes used were of all,
Incest, adultery, held as veniall:
The certaintie in doubtfull ballance rests,
If beasts did learne of men, or men of beasts.
Had they not learn'd of man, who was their king,
So to insult upon an underling,
They civilly had spent their lives' gradation,
As meeke and milde as in their first creation;
Nor had th' infections of infected mindes
So alter'd nature, and disorder'd kindes,
Fida had beene lesse wretched, I more glad,
That so true love so true a progresse had.
When Remond left her, (Remond then unkinde)
Fida went downe the dale to seeke the hinde;
And found her taking soyle within a flond:
Whom when she call'd, straight follow'd to the wood.
Fida, then wearied, sought the cooling shade,
And found an arbour, by the shepheards made
To frolicke in, (when Sol did hotest shine)
With cates which were farre cleanlier than fine.
For in those dayes men never us'd to feede
So much for pleasure as they did for neede.
Enriching then the arbour, downe she sate her;
Where many a busie bee came flying at her:
Thinking, when she for ayre her breasts discloses,
That there had growne some tuft of damaske-roses,
And that her azure veynes, which then did swell,
Were conduit-pipes brought from a living well,
Whose liquor might the world enjoy for money,
Bees would be bankerupt, none would care for honey.
The hinde lay still without, (poor silly creature,
How like a woman art thou fram'd by Nature!
Timerous, apt to teares, wilie in running,
Caught best when force is entermixt with cunning)
Lying thus distant, different chances meete them,
And with a fearefull object Fate doth greete them.
Something[1] appear'd, which seem'd, farre off, a man,
In stature, habit, gate, proportion:
But when the eyes their object's masters were,
And it for stricter censure came more neere,
By all his properties one well might ghesse,
Than of a man he sure had nothing lesse.
For verily since olde Deucalion's[2] flood
Earth's slime did ne'er produce a viler brood.
Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne
There is a weed, upon whose head growes downe;
Sow-thistle 'tis yclep'd, whose downy wreath,
If any one can blow off at a breath,
We deeme her for a maide: such was his haire,
Ready to shed at any stirring aire.
His eares were strucken deafe when he came nie,
To hear the widowe's or the orphan's crie.
His eyes encircled with a bloody chaine,
With poaring in the blond of bodies slaine.
His mouth exceeding wide, from whence did flie
Vollies of execrable blasphemie;
Banning the Heavens, and he that rideth on them,
Dar'd vengeance to the teeth to fall upon him:
Like Scythian wolves, or men[3] of wit bereaven,
Which howle and shoote against the lights of Heaven.
His hands, (if hands they were) like some dead corse,
With digging up his buried ancestors;
Making his father's tombe and sacred shrine
The trought wherein the hog-heard fed his swine.
And as that beast hath legs (which shepheards feare,
Yclep'd a badger, which our lambs doth teare)
One long, the other short, that when he runnes
Upon the plaines, he halts; but when he wonnes
On craggy rocks, or steepy hills, we see
None runnes more swift, nor easier, than he:

[1] Description of Riot.

[2] Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 1.

[3] Men of Scirum shoote against the starres.

Such legs the monster had, one sinew shrunk,
That in the plaines he reel'd, as being drunk;
And halted in the paths to virtue tending;
And therefore never durst be that way bending:
But when he came on carved monuments,
Spiring colosses, and high raised rents,
He pass'd them o'er, quick, as the easterne winde
Sweepes through a meadow; or a nimble hinde;
Or satyre on a lawne; or skipping roe;
Or well-wing'd shaft forth of a Parthian bowe.
His body made (still in consumptions rife)
A miserable prison for a life.
Riot he hight; whom some curs'd fiend did raise,
When like a chaos were the nights and dayes;
Got and brought up in the Cimmerian clime,
Where sunne nor moone, nor daies nor nights do [faces
time:
As who should say, they scorn'd to show their
To such a fiend, should seeke to spoil the graces.
At sight whereof, Fida nigh drown'd in feare,
Was cleane dismaide when he approached neare;
Nor durst she call the deere, nor whistling winde [her;
her,
Fearing her noise might make the monster finde
Who slilie came, for he had cunning learn'd him,
And seiz'd upon the hinde, ere she discern'd him.
Oh how she striv'd and strugled; every nerve
Is prest at all assaies a life to serve:
Yet soen we lose, what we might longer keepe
Were not prevention commonly a sleepe.
Maides, of this monster's brood be fearfull all,
What to the hinde may hap to you befall.
Who with her feete held up instead of hands,
And tears which pittie from the rocke commands,
She sighes, and shrikes, and weepes, and looks [him;
upon him:
Alas! she sobs, and many a groan throwes on
With plaints which might abate a tyrant's knife,
She begges for pardon, and entreates for life;
The hollow caves resound her moanings neere it;
That heart was flint which did not grieve to heare [keepe,
it;
The high topt firres which on that mountain
Have ever since that time been seene to weepe.
The owle till then, 'tis thought, full well could sing,
And tune her voice to every bubling spring:
But when she heard those plaints, then forth she
Out of the covert of an ivy rod, [semble,
And hollowing for aide, so strain'd her throate,
That since she cleane forgot her former noate.
A little robin sitting on a tree,
In doleful noates bewail'd her tragedie. [yode
An aspe, who thought him stout, could not dis-
But show'd his feare, and yet is seene to tremble.
Yet cruelty was deafe, and had no sight
In ought which might gaine-saye the appetite:
But with his teeth rending her throat asunder,
Besprinckel'd with her blood the green grasse under,
And gurmundizing on her flesh and bloud,
He vomiting returned to the wood.
Riot but newly gone, as strange a vision
Though far more heavenly, came in apparition.
As that Arabian bird[4] (whom all admire)
Her exequies prepar'd and funerall fire,
Burnt in a flame conceived from the Sunne,
And nourished with slips of cynamon,
Out of her ashes hath a second birth,
And flies abroad, a wonderment on Earth:

[4] See Claudian's Phœnix.

So from the ruines of this mangled creature[5]
Arose so faire and so divine a feature,
That Envy for her heart would doat upon her;
Heaven could not chuse but be enamour'd on her:
Were I a starre, and she a second spheare,
Ide leave the other, and be fixed there.
Had faire Arachne wrought this maiden's haire,
When she with Pallas[6] did for skill compare,
Minerva's worke had never been esteem'd,
But this had been more rare and highly deem'd.
Yet gladly now she would reverse her doome,
Weaving this haire within a spider's loome.
Upon her fore-head, as in glory sate
Mercy and majesty, for wond'ring at,
As pure and simple as Albania's snow, [of Po:
Or milke-white swannes which stem the streames
Like to some goodly fore-land bearing out,
Her haire, the tufts which fring'd the shoare about.
And least the man which sought those coasts [might slip,
Her eyes like starres, did serve to guide the ship.
Upon her front (Heaven's fairest promontory)
Delineated was th' authentique story
Of those elect, whose sheepe at first began
To nibble by the springs of Canaan:
Out of whose sacred loynes, (brought by the stem
Of that sweet singer of Jerusalem)
Came the best shepheard ever flockes did keepe,
Who yielded up his life to save his sheepe.
O thou Eterne! by whom all beings move,
Giving the springs beneath, and springs above:
Whose finger doth this universe sustaine,
Bringing the former and the latter raine:
Who dost with plenty meades and pastures fill,
By drops distil'd like dew on Hermon hill:
Pardon a silly swaine, who (farre unable
In that which is so rare, so admirable)
Dares on an oaten-pipe, thus meanely sing
Her praise immense, worthy a silver string.
And thou which through the desart and the [deepe,
Didst lead thy chosen like a flocke of sheepe:
As sometimes by a starre thou guidedst them,
Which fed upon the plaines of Bethelem;
So by thy sacred spirit direct my quill,
When I shall sing ought of thy holy hill,
That times to come, when they my rimes rehearse,
May wonder at me, and admire my verse:
For who but one rapt in cœlestiall fire,
Can by his Muse to such a pitch aspire?
That from aloft he might behold and tell
Her worth, whereon an iron pen might dwell.
When she was borne, Nature in sport began,
To learne the cunning of an artizan,
And did vermilion with a white compose,
To mocke herselfe, and paint a damaske rose.
But scorning Nature unto art should seeke,
She spilt her colours on this maiden's cheeke.
Her mouth the gate from whence all goodnesse
Of power to give the dead a living name. [came,
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on Time and Death,
Whose fragrant sweets, since the camelion knew,
And tasted of, he to this humour grew:
Left other elements, held this so rare,
That since he never feeds on ought but ayre.

[5] Description of truth.
[6] Ovid's Metamorphoses, book 6.

O had I Virgil's verse, or Tullie's tongue!
Or raping numbers like the Thracian's[7] song,
I have a theame would make the rockes to dance,
And surly beasts, that through the desart prance,
Hie from their caves, and every gloomy den,
To wonder at the excellence of men.
Nay, they would think their states for ever raised,
But once to look on one so highly praised.
Out of whose maiden brests (that sweetly rise)
The seers suckt their hidden prophecies:
And told that, for her love in times to come,
Many should seeke the crown of martyrdome,
By fire, by sword, by tortures, dungeons, chaines,
By stripes, by famine, and a world of paines;
Yet constant still remaine (to her they loved)
Like Syon mount, that cannot be removed.
Proportion on her armes and hands recorded,
The world for her no fitter place afforded.
Praise her who list, he still shall be her debtor:
For art ne'er fain'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
As when a holy father hath began
To offer sacrifice to mightie Pan,
Doth the request of every swaine assume,
To scale the welkin in a sacred fume,
Made by a widow'd turtle's loving mate,
Or lamkins, or some kid immaculate,
Th' off'ring heaves aloft, with both his hands:
Which all adore, that neere the altar stands:
So was her heavenly body comely rais'd
On two faire columnes; those that Ovid prais'd
In Julia's[8] borrowed name, compar'd with these,
Were crabs to apples of th' Hesperides;
Or stumpe-foote Vulcan in comparison
With all the height of true perfection.
Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestow'd until she had no more.
Whose treasure being weak'ned (by this dame)
She thrusts into the world so many lame.
The highest synode of the glorious skye,
(I heard a wood-nymph sing) sent Mercurie
To take a survay of the fairest faces,
And to describe to them all women's graces:
Who long time wand'ring in a serious quest,
Noting what parts by beauty were possest:
At last he saw this maide, then thinking fit
To end his journey, here, Nil ultra, writ.
Fida in adoration kiss'd her knee,
And thus bespake: "Hayle glorious Deitie!
(If such thou art, and who can deeme you lesse?)
Whether thou raign'st queene of the wildernesse,
Or art that goddesse ('tis unknowne to me)
Which from the ocean drawes her pettigree:
Or one of those, who by the mossie banckes
Of drisling Helicon, in airie ranckes
Tread rounde-layes upon the silver sands,
While shaggy satyres tripping o'er the strands,
Stand still at gaze, and yeeld their sences thrals
To the sweet cadence of your madrigals:
Or of the faiery troope which nimbly play,
And by the springs daunce out the summer's day;
Teaching the little birds to build their nests,
And in their singing how to keepen rests:
Or one of those, who watching where a spring
Out of our grandame Earth hath issuing,
With your attractive musicke wooe the streame
(As men by faieries led, falne in a dreame)
To follow you, which sweetly trilling wanders
In many mazes, intricate meanders;
Till at the last, to mocke th' enamour'd rill,
Ye bend your traces up some shady hill;
And laugh to see the wave no further treade;
But in a chafe runne foaming on his head,
Being enforc'd a channell new to frame,
Leaving the other destitute of name.
If thou be one of these, or all, or more;
Succour a seely maid, that doth implore
Aide, on a bended heart, unfain'd and meeke,
As true as blushes of a maiden cheeke."
"Maiden arise," replide the new borne maide;
'Pure innocence the stones will aide.'
Nor of the fairie troope, nor Muses nine;
Nor am I Venus, nor of Proserpine:
But daughter to a lusty aged swaine,
That cuts the greene turffs of th' enamel'd plaine;
And with his sythe hath many a summer shorne
The plow'd-lands lab'ring with a crop of corne;
Who from the could-clipt mountaine by his stroake
Fels downe the lofty pine, the cedar, oake:
He opes the flood gates as occasion is
Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on this.
When Verolame, a stately nymph of yore,
Did use to decke herselfe on Isis' shore,
One morne (among the rest) as there she stood,
Saw the pure channel all besmear'd with bloud;
Inquiring for the cause, one did impart,
Those drops came from her holy Alban's[9] heart;
Herewith in griefe she gan entreate my syre,
That Isis' streame, which yeerely did attire
Those gallant fields in changeable array,
Might turn her course and run some other way.
Least that her waves might wash away the guilt
From off their hands which Alban's bloud had spilt:
He condescended, and the nimble wave
Her fish no more within that channell drave:
But as a witness left the crimson gore
To staine the earth, as they their hands before.
He had a being ere there was a birth,
And shall not cease until the sea and earth,
And what they both containe, shall cease to be,
Nothing confines him but eternitie.
By him the names of good men ever live,
Which short-liv'd men unto oblivion give:
And in forgetfulnesse he lets him fall,
That is no other man than naturall:
'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
Who is the true, and who the fained lover.
In summer's heate when any swaine to sleepe
Doth more addict himselfe than to his sheepe;
And whilst the leaden god sits on his eyes,
If any of his folde, or strayes, or dyes,
And to the waking swaine it be unknown,
Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne;
To meete my syre he bends his course in paine,
Either where some high hill survaies the plaine;
Or takes his step toward the flow'ry vallyes,
Where Zephyre with the cowslip hourely dallyes;
Or to the groves, where birds from heate or weather,
Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together;

[7] Orpheus.

[8] Corinna. Ovid, Amor. Lib. 1. L. 5.

[9] He was slain and suffered martyrdom in the days of Diocletian and Maximinian. The place of his execution was an hill in a wood called Holmhurst, where at one stroke his head was smitten off. See the Golden Legend; Robert of Glocester; Harding, c. 57. &c.

Or to a meade a wanton river dresses
With richest collers of her turning esses;
Or where the shepheards sit old stories telling,
Chronos, my syre, hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the shepheard meete the aged swaine,
He tells him of his sheepe, or shewes them slaine.
So great a gift the sacred powers of Heaven
(Above all others) to my syre have given,
That the abhorred stratagems of night,
Lurking in cavernes from the glorious light,
By him (perforce) are from their dungeons hurl'd,
And show'd as monsters to the wond'ring world.
"What mariner is he sailing upon
The watry desart clipping Albion,
Heares not the billowes in their daunces roare
Answer'd by eccoes from the neighbour shoare?
To whose accord the maids trip from the downes,
And rivers dancing come, ycrown'd with townes,
All singing forth the victories of Time,
Upon the monsters of the western clime,
Whose horrid, damned, bloody, plots would bring
Confusion on the laureate poet's king.
Whose hell-fed hearts devis'd how never more
A swan might singing sit on Isis' shore:
But croaking ravens, and the scrich-owle's crie,
The fit musicians for a tragedie,
Should evermore be heard about her strand,
To fright all passengers from that sad land.
"Long summer's dayes I on his worth might spend
And yet beginne againe when I would end.
All ages since the first age first begun,
Ere they could know his worth their age was done:
Whose absence all the treasury of Earth
Cannot buy out. From farre-fam'd Tagus' birth,
Not all the golden gravell he treades over,
One minute past, that minute can recover.
I am his onely childe (he hath no other)
Cleep'd Aletheia, borne without a mother.
Poore Aletheia long despis'd of all,
Scarce Charitie would lend an hospitall
To give my month's cold watching one night's rest,
But in my roome tooke in the miser's chest.
"In winter's time when hardly fed the flockes,
And isicles hung dangling on the rockes;
When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
When every barne rung with the threshing flailes,
And shepheards' boyes for cold gan blow their nailes:
(Wearied with toyle in seeking out some one
That had a sparke of true devotion;)
It was my chance, (chance onely helpeth neede)
To find an house ybuilt for holy deede,
With goodly architect, and cloisters wide,
With groves and walkes along a river's side;
The place itself afforded admiration,
And every spray a theme of contemplation.
But (woe is me) when knocking at the gate,
I gan intreat an entrance thereat:
The porter askt my name: I told; he swell'd,
And bad me thence: wherewith in griefe repell'd,
I sought for shelter to a ruin'd house,
Harb'ring the weasell, and the dust-bred mouse;
And others none, except the two-kinde bat,
Which all the day there melancholy sate:
Here sate I downe with winde and raine ybeate;
Grief fed my minde, and did my body eate.
Yet Idlenesse I saw (lam'd with the gout)
Had entrance when poor Truth was kept without.
There saw I Drunkenesse with dropsies swolne;
And pamper'd Lust that many a night had stolne
Over the abby-wall when gates were lock'd,
To be in Venus' wanton bosom rock'd:
And Gluttony that surfetting had bin,
Knocke at the gate and straight-way taken in:
Sadly I sate, and sighing griev'd to see
Their happinesse, my infelicitie.
At last came Envy by, who having spide
Where I was sadly seated, inward hide,
And to the convent egerly she cryes,
'Why sit you here, when with these eares and eies
I heard and saw a strumpet dares to say,
She is the true faire Aletheia,
Which you have boasted long to live among you?
Yet suffer not a peevish girl to wrong you.'
With this provok'd, all rose, and in a rout
Run to the gate, strove who should first get out,
Bad me begone, and then (in terms uncivil)
Did call me counterfait, witch, hag, whore, divell;
Then like a strumpet drove me from their cels,
With tinckling pans, and with the noise of bels.
And he that lov'd me, or but moan'd my case,
Had heapes of fire-brands banded at his face.
"Thus beaten thence (distrest, forsaken wight)
Inforc'd in fields to sleepe, or wake all night;
A seely sheepe seeing me straying by,
Forsooke the shrub where once she meant to lie;
As if she in her kinde (unhurting elfe)
Did bid me take such lodging as herselfe:
Gladly I took the place the sheepe had given,
Uncanopy'd of any thing but Heaven. [quented,
Where nigh benumb'd with cold, with griefe fre-
Unto the silent night I thus lamented:
"Faire Cynthia, if from thy silver throne,
Thou ever lent'st an eare to virgin's mone!
Or in thy monthly course one minute staid
Thy palfrayes' trot, to heare a wretched maid!
Pull in their reynes, and lend thine eare to me,
Forlorne, forsaken, cloath'd in miserie:
But if a woe hath never woo'd thine eare,
To stop those coursers in their full carriere;
But as stone-hearted men, uncharitable,
Passe carelesse by the poore, when men lesse able,
Hold not the needie's helpe in long suspence,
But in their hands poure their benevolence.
O! if thou be so hard to stop thine eares;
When stars in pity drop down from their spheares,
Yet for a while in gloomy vaile of night,
Enshroud the pale beames of thy borrowed light:
O! never once discourage goodnesse (lending
One glimpse of light) to see misfortune spending
Her utmost rage on Truth, dispisde, distressed,
Unhappy, unrelieved, yet undressed.
Where is the heart at virtue's suff'ring grieveth?
Where is the eye that pittying relieveth?
Where is the hand that still the hungry feedeth?
Where is the eare that the decrepit steedeth?
That heart, that hand, that ear, or else that eye,
Giveth, relieveth, feedes, steedes, misery?
O Earth, produce me one (of all thy store)
Enjoyes; and be vain-glorious no more.
"By this had Chanticlere, the village-cocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke:
And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and vallies here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound,
Each shepheard's daughter with her cleanly peale,
Was come a field to milke the morning's meale,

And ere the Sunne had clym'd the easterne hils,
To guild the mutt'ring bournes, and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes which in rivers dive,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie.
Seeking the place of Charitie's resort,
Unware I hap'ned on a prince's court;
Where meeting Greatnesse, I requir'd reliefe,
(O happy undelayed) she said in briefe,
' To small effect thine oratorie tends,
How can I keepe thee and so many friends?
If of my houshold I should make thee one,
Farewell my servant Adulation:
I know she will not stay when thou art there:
But seeke some great man's service other-where.
Darkenesse and light, summer and winter's weather
May be at once, ere you two live together.'
Thus with a nod she left me cloath'd in woe.
" Thence to the citie once I thought to goe,
But somewhat in my mind this thought had throwne,
' It was a place wherein I was not knowne.'
And therefore went unto these homely townes,
Sweetly environ'd with the dazied downes.
" Upon a streame washing a village end
A mill is plac'd, that never difference kend
'Twixt dayes for worke, and holy tides for rest,
But always wrought and ground the neighbour's [grest.
Before the dore I saw the miller walking,
And other two (his neighbours) with him talking;
One of them was a weaver, and the other
The village tayler, and his trusty brother;
To them I came, and thus my sute began:
' Content the riches of a country-man
Attend your actions, be more happy still,
Than I am haplesse! and as yonder mill,
Though in his turning it obey the streame,
Yet by the head-strong torrent from his beame
Is unremov'd, and till the wheele be tore,
It dayly toyles; then rests, and works no more:
So in life's motion may you never be [miserie.'
(Though sway'd with griefes) o'er-borne with
" With that the miller laughing, brush'd his cloathes,
Then swore by cocke and other dunghill oathes,
I greatly was to blame, that durst so wade
Into the knowledge of a wheel-wright's trade.
' I, neighbour,' quoth the tayler (then he bent
His pace to me, spruce like a Jacke of Lent)
' Your judgement is not seame-rent when you spend
Nor is it botching, for I cannot mend it. [it,
And maiden, let me tell you in displeasure,
You must not presse the cloath you cannot measure:
But let your steps be stitcht to wisedome's chalk-ing, [ing.'
And cast presumptuous shreds out of your walk-
The weaver said, ' Fie wench, yourselfe you wrong,
Thus to let slip the shuttle of your tong:
For marke me well, yea, marke me well, I say,
I see you worke your speeche's web astray.'
" Sad to the soule, o'er laid with idle words,
' O Heaven,' quoth I, ' where is the place affords
A friend to helpe, or any heart that ruth
The most dejected hopes of wronged Truth!'
' Truth!' quoth the miller, ' plainley for our parts,
I and the weaver hate thee with our hearts:
The strifes you raise I will not now discusse,
Between our honest customers and us:
But get you gone, for sure you may despaire
Of comfort here, seeke it some other-where.'
' Maide,' quoth the tayler, ' we no succour owe you,
For as I guesse here's none of us doth know you:
Nor my remembrance any thought can seize
That I have ever seene you in my dayes.
Seene you? nay, therein confident I am;
Nay till this time I never heard your name,
Excepting once, and by this token chiefe,
My neighbour at that instant cal'd me theefe.
By this you see you are unknowne among us,
We cannot help you, though your stay may wrong us.'
" Thus went I on, and further went in woe:
For as shrill sounding Fame, that's never slow,
Growes in her going, and encreaseth more,
Where she is now, than where she was before:
So Griefe, (that never healthy, ever sicke,
That froward scholler to arithmeticke,
Who doth devision and substraction flie,
And chiefly learnes to adde and multiply)
In longest journeys hath the strongest strength,
And is at hand, suppreat, unquail'd at length.
" Betweene two hills, the highest Phœbus sees
Gallantly crown'd with large skie-kissing trees,
Under whose shade the humble vallyes lay:
And wilde-bores from their dens their gamboles play:
There lay a gravel'd walke ore-growne with greene,
Where neither tract of man nor beast was seene.
And as the plow-man when the land he tils,
Throwes up the fruitfull earth in riged hils,
Betweene whose chevron forme he leaves a balke;
So 'twixt those hils had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not over darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the gliding of a snake descending:
All hushed and silent as the mid of night:
No chatt'ring pie, nor crow appear'd in sight;
But further in I heard the turtle-dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifelesse love,
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely license in that place to sing:
Whose dolefull noates the melancholly cat
Close in a hollow tree sate wond'ring at.
And trees that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.
" Just halfe the way this solitary grove,
A christiall spring from either hill-side strove,
Which of them first should wooe the meeker ground,
And make the pibbles dance unto their sound.
But as when children having leave to play,
And neare the master's eye sport out the day,
(Beyond condition) in their childish toyes
Oft vext their tutor with too great a noyce,
And make him send some servant out of dore,
To ceasse their clamour, lest they play no more;
So when the prettie rill a place espies,
Where with the pibbles she would wantonize;
And that her upper streame so much doth wrong her,
To drive her thence, and let her play no longer;
If she with too loud mutt'ring ranne away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play;
A westerne, milde, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,
And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ranne so long unpacifide:

Yea, and me thought it bad her leave that coyle,
Or he would choake her up with leaves and soyle:
Whereat the rivelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a silent deepe.
" Now he that guides the chariot of the Sunne,
Upon th' eclipticke circle had so runne,
That his brasse-hoof'd fire-breathing horses wanne
The stately height of the meridian:
And the day lab'ring man (who all the morne
Had from the quarry with his pick-axe torne
A large well squared stone, which he would cut
To serve his stile, or for some water shut)
Seeing the Sunne preparing to decline,
Tooke out his bagge, and sate him downe to dine.
When by a sliding, yet not steepe descent,
I gain'd a place, ne'er poet did invent
The like for sorrow: not in all this round
A fitter seate for passion can be found.
" As when a dainty fount, and christall spring,
Got newly from the earth's imprisoning,
And ready prest some channell cleere to win,
Is round his rise by rockes immured in,
And from the thirsty earth would be with-held,
Till to the cesterne toppe the waves have swell'd:
But that a carefull hinde the well hath found,
As he walkes sadly through his parched ground;
Whose patience suff'ring not his land to stay
Until the water o'er the cesterne play,
He gets a picke-axe and with blowes so stout,
Digs on the rocke, that all the groves about
Resound his stroke, and still the rocke doth charge,
Till he hath made a hole both long and large,
Whereby the waters from their prison run,
To close earth's gaping wounds made by the Sun;
So through these high rais'd hils, embracing round
This shady, sad, and solitary ground,
Some power (respecting one whose heavy mone
Requir'd a place to sit and weepe alone)
Had cut a path, whereby the grieved wight
Might freely take the comfort of this scyte.
About the edges of whose roundly forme,
In order grew such trees as doe adorne
The sable hearse, and sad forsaken mate;
And trees whose teares their losse commisserate;
Such are the sypresse, and the weeping myrrhe,
The dropping amber, and the refin'd fyrrhe,
The bleeding vine, the watry sicamour,
And willough for the forlorne paramour,
In comely distance: underneath whose shade
Most neate in rudenesse Nature arbours made:
Some had a light; some to obscure a seate,
Would entertaine a sufferance ne'er so great:
Where grieved wights sate (as I after found,
Whose heavy harts the height of sorrow crown'd)
Wailing in saddest tunes the doomes of fate
On men by virtue cleeped fortunate.
" The first note that I heard, I soon was wonne
To thinke the sighes of faire Endymion [10];
The subject of whose mournefull heavy lay
Was his declining with faire Cynthia.
" Next him a great man [11] sate, in woe no lesse;
Teares were but barren shadowes to expresse
The substance of his griefe, and therefore stood
Distilling from his heart red streames of bloud:
He was a swaine whom all the Graces kist,
A brave, heroicke, worthy martialist:

[10] Sir Walter Raleigh was for some time in disgrace at court. See Mr. Oldys.

[11] Earl of Essex.

Yet on the downes he oftentimes was seene
To draw the merry maidens of the greene
With his sweet voyce: once, as he sate alone,
He sung the outrage of the lazy drone [12]
Upon the lab'ring bee, in straines so rare,
That all the flitting pinnionists of ayre
Attentive sate, and in their kinds did long
To learne some noate from his well-timed song.
" Exiled Naso (from whose golden pen
The Muses did distill delights for men)
Thus sang of Cephalus [13] (whose name was worne
Within the bosome of the blushing morne:)
He had a dart was never set on wing,
But death flew with it: he could never fling,
But life fled from the place where stucke the head:
A hunter's frolicke life in woods he lead
In separation from his yoked mate,
Whose beauty, once, he valued at a rate
Beyond Aurora's cheeke, when she (in pride)
Promist their offspring should be deifide:
Procris she hight; who (seeking to restore
Herselfe that happinesse she had before)
Unto the greene wood wends, omits no paine
Might bring her to her lord's embrace againe:
But Fate thus crost her, comming where he lay
Wearied with hunting all the summer's day,
He somewhat heard within the thicket rush,
And deeming it some beast hid in a bush,
Raised himselfe, then set on wing a dart,
Which took a sad rest in the restlesse hart
Of his chast wife; who with a bleeding brest
Left love and life, and slept in endlesse rest.
With Procris' heavie fate this shepheard's wrong
Might be compar'd, and aske as sad a song.
" In th' autumne of his youth, and manhood's spring,
Desert (growne now a most dejected thing)
Wonne him the favour of a royall maide,
Who with Diana's nymphes in forrests straide,
And liv'd a huntresse life exempt from feare.
She once encount'red with a surly beare [14],
Neare to a christall fountaine's flow'ry brinke,
Heate brought them thither both and both would drinke,
When from her golden quiver she tooke forth
A dart above the rest esteemde for worth,
And sent it to his side: the gaping wound
Gave purple streames to coole the parched ground,
Whereat he gnasht his teeth, storm'd his hurt lym,
Yeelded the earth what it denied him:
Yet sunke not there, but (wrapt in horrour) hy'd
Unto his hellish cave, despair'd, and dy'd.
" After the beare's just death, the quick'ning Sunne
Had twice sixe times about the zodiacke run,
And (as respectlesse) never cast an eye,
Upon the night-invail'd Cimmerii,

[12] The Buzzing Bee's Complaint; by the Earl of Essex.

[13] Art of Love, book 3.

[14] Earl of Leicester. Osborn calls him that terrestrial Lucifer: Mem. of Q. Elizabeth, Sect. 5. p. 25. Among others whom he murdered, Leicester was the author of the death of the earl of Essex's father in Ireland. Osborn, ditto, p. 26. In an old collection of poems, by Lodge, Watson, Breton, Peel, earl of Oxford and others, called the Phœnix Nest, in 4to, 1593, there is a defence of Leicester, called the Dead Man's Right, in prose.

When this brave swaine (approved valerous,
In opposition of a tyrannous
And bloudy savage) being long time gone
Quelling his rage with faithlesse Gerion [15],
Returned from the stratagems of warres,
(Inriched with his quail'd foes bootlesse scarres)
To see the cleare eyes of his dearest love,
And that her skill in hearbs might helpe remove
The freshing of a wound which he had got
In her defence, by Envie's poyson'd shot,
And coming through a grove wherein his faire
Lay with her brests displaid to take the aire,
His rushing through the boughs made her arise,
And dreading some wild beast's rude enterprise,
Directs towards the noyse a sharp'ned dart,
That reach'd the life of his undaunted heart;
Which when she [16] knew, twice twentie moones nie spent
In teares for him, and dy'd in languishment.
"Within an arbour shadow'd with a vine,
Mixed with rosemary and eglantine,
A shepheardesse was set, as faire as yoong,
Whose praise full many a shepheard whilome sung,
Who on an altar faire had to her name,
In consecration many an anagram:
And when with sugred straines they strove to raise
Worth, to a garland of immortall bayes;
She as the learned'st maide was chose by them,
(Her flaxed hair crown'd with an anadem)
To judge who best deserv'd, for she could fit
The height of praise unto the height of wit.
But well-a-day those happy times were gone,
(Millions admit a full substraction).
"And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweet carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's day
Perfect the embrion blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly cold winter's rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leave succourlesse the shoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweet division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a maide (whose parentage
Had Fate adorn'd, as Nature deckt her eye,
Might at a becke command a monarchie)
But poore and faire could never yet bewitch
A miser's minde, preferring foule and rich;
And therefore (as a king's heart left behind,
When as his corps are borne to be enshrin'd)
(His parent's will, a law) like that dead corse,
Leaving his heart, is brought unto his horse,
Carried unto a place that can impart
No secret embassie unto his heart,
Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vale's circumference:
From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his mistresse' eye:

[15] Earle of Essex's expedition to Cales.
[16] Queen Ellizabeth.

But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he, in sorrow rais'd, in teares descends:
So this sad nymph (whom all commisserate)
Once pac'd the hill of greatnesse and of state,
And got the toppe; but when she gan adresse
Her sight, from thence to see true happinesse,
Fate interpos'd an envious cloud of feares,
And she withdrew into this vale of teares,
Where Sorrow so enthral'd best Vertue's jewell,
Stones check'd grief's hardinesse, call'd her too too cruell,
A streame of teares upon her faire cheekes flowes,
As morning dewe upon the damaske-rose,
Or christall-glasse vailing vermilion;
Or drops of milke on the carnation:
She sang and wept (O ye sea-binding cleeves,
Yeeld tributary drops, for Vertue grieves!)
And to the period of her sad sweet key
Intwin'd her case with chaste Penelope."
But see the drisling south, my mournfull straine
Answers, in weeping drops of quick'ning raine,
And since this day we can no further goe,
Restlesse I rest within this Vale of Woe,
Until the modest morne on Earth's vast zone,
The ever gladsome day shall re-inthrone.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

In noates that rockes to pittie move,
Idya sings her buried love:
And from her horne of plentie gives
Comfort to Truth, whom none relieves.
Repentance house next calls me on,
With Riot's true conversion:
Leaving Aminta's love to Truth,
To be the theame the Muse ensu'th.

HERE full of Aprill, vail'd with sorrowe's wing,
For lovely layes, I dreary dirges sing.
Whoso hath seen young lads (to sport themselves)
Run in a lowe ebbe to the sandy shelves:
Where seriously they worke in digging welles,
Or building childish forts of cockle-shels:
Or liquid water each to other bandy;
Or with the pibbles play at handy-dandy,
Till unawares the tyde hath clos'd them round,
And they must wade it through or else be drown'd,
May (if unto my pipe he listen well)
My Muse' distresse with theirs soone paralell.
For where I whilome sung the loves of swaines
And woo'd the christall currents of the plaines,
Teaching the birds to love, whilst every tree
Gave his attention to my melodie:
Fate now (as envying my too happy theame)
Hath round begirt my song witn sorrowe's streame,
Which, till my Muse wade through and get on shore,
My griefe-swolne soule can sing of love no more.
But turne we now (yet not without remorse)
To heavenly Aletheia's sad discourse,
That did from Fida's eyes salt teares exhale,
When thus she show'd the solitary vale.
"Just in the midst this joy-forsaken ground
A hillocke stood, with springs embraced round:

(And with a christall ring did seeme to marry
Themselves, to this small ile sad-solitarie:)
Upon whose brest (which trembled as it ranne)
Rode the faire downie-silver-coated swan:
And on the banckes each cypresse bow'd his head,
To heare the swan sing her owne epiced [1].
" As when the gallant youth which live upon
The westerne downes of lovely Albion,
Meeting, some festivall to solemnize,
Choose out two, skil'd in wrastling exercise,
Who strongly at the wrist or coller cling,
Whilst arme in arme the people make a ring.
So did the water round this ile inclincke,
And so the trees grew on the water's brincke:
Waters their streames about the iland scatter;
And trees perform'd as much unto the water:
Under whose shade the nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
The woods' most sad musitians hither bye,
As it had beene the silvian's castaly,
And warbled forth such elegyacke straines,
That struke the windes dumbe; and the motly plaines
Were fill'd with envy, that such shady places
Held all the world's delights in their imbraces.
" O how (me thinkes) the impes of Mneme bring
Dewes of invention from their sacred spring!
Here could I spend that spring of poesie,
Which not twice ten sunnes have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the Muse's love appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeeres.
But ere my Muse erected have the frame, [name,
Wherein t' ensbrine an unknowne shepheard's
She many a grove and other woods must treade,
More hils, more dales, more founts, must be displaid,
More meadowes, rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an architect.
" As children on a play-day leave the schooles,
And gladly runne unto the swimming pooles,
Or in the thickets, all with nettles stung,
Rush to dispoile some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
Withouten paine: but when the morne doth looke
Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
Glide to the schooles, than they unto their master:
So when before I sung the songs of birds,
(Whilst every moment sweet'ned lines affords)
I pip'd devoid of paine; but now I come
Unto my taske, my Muse is stricken dumbe,
My blubb'ring pen her sable teares lets fall,
In characters right hyrogliphicall,
And mixing with my teares, are ready turning
My late white paper to a weede of mourning;
Or incke and paper strive how to impart
My words, the weedes they wore, within my hart:
Or else the blots unwilling are my rimes
And their sad cause should live till after-times;
Fearing, if men their subject should descry,
They forthwith would dissolve in teares, and die.
" Upon the island's craggy rising hill
A quadrant ranne, wherein, by artlesse skill,
At every corner Nature did erect
A columne rude, yet voyde of all defect:
Whereon a marble lay. The thick-growne bryer,
And prickled hawthorne, (woven all entyre)
Together clung, and barr'd the gladsome light
From any enterance, fitting onely night.
No way to it but one, steepe and obscure,
The staires of rugged stone, seldome in ure,
All over-growne with mosse, as Nature sate
To entertaine Griefe with a cloth of state.
" Hardly unto the toppe I had ascended,
But that the trees (siding the steps) befriended
My weary limbes, who bowing downe their armes,
Gave hold unto my hands to scape from harmes:
Which evermore are ready, still present
Our feete, in climbing places eminent.
Before the doore (to hinder Phœbus' view)
A shady boxe-tree grasped with an yewgh,
As in the place' behalfe they menac'd warre
Against the radyance of each sparkling starre.
And on their barkes (which time had nigh deprav'd)
These lines (it seem'd) had beene of old engrav'd:
'This place was fram'd of yore, to be possest
By one which sometime hath beene happiest.'
" Lovely Ida [2], the most beautious
Of all the darlings of Oceanus,
Hesperia's envy and the westerne pride,
Whose party-coloured garment Nature dy'd
In more eye-pleasing hewes, with richer graine,
Than Iris' bow attending Aprill's raine.
Whose lilly-white, inshaded with the rose,
Had that man [3] seene, who sung th' Æneidos,
Dido had in oblivion slept, and she
Had given his Muse her best eternitie.
Had brave Atrides (who did erst imploy
His force to mixe his dead with those of Troy)
Beene proffered for a truce her fained peece,
Helen had staid, and that had gone to Greece:
The Phrygian soile had not bin drunk with bloud,
Achilles longer breath'd, and Troy yet stood:
The prince of poets [4] had not sung his story,
My friend [5] had lost his ever-living glory.
" But as a snowy swan, who many a day
On Thamar's swelling breasts hath had his play,
For further pleasure doeth assay to swimme
My native Tavy, or the sandy Plim:
And on the panting billowes bravely rides,
Whilst country-lasses, walking on the sides,
Admire her beauty, and, with clapping hands,
Would force her leave the streame, and tread the sands,
When she regardlesse swims to th' other edge,
Until an envious bryer, or tangling sedge,
Dispoyles her plumes; or else a sharpened beame
Pierceth her breast, and on the bloudy streame
She pants for life: so whilome rode this maide
On streames of worldly blisse, more rich array'd
With Earth's delight, than thought could put in [ure,
To glut the sences of an epicure.
Whilst neigh'bring kings upon their frontiers stood,
And offer'd for her dowre huge seas of bloud:
And perjur'd Gerion [6], to win her, rent
The Indian rockes for gold, and bootlesse spent
Almost his patrimony for her sake,
Yet nothing like respected as the Drake [7],
That skowr'd her channels, and destroy'd the weede,
Which spoyl'd her sister's nets, and fishes' breede.
At last her truest love she threw upon
A royall youth [8], whose like, whose paragon,

[1] A funerall song before the corps be interred.

[2] Britannia. [3] Virgil. [4] Homer.

[5] G. Chapman, who was in that age famous for his translation of Homer's works.

[6] K. Philip of Spain. [7] Sir Francis.

[8] Prince Henry.

Heaven never lent the Earth: so great a spirit
The world could not containe, nor kingdomes merit;
And therefore Jove did with the saintes inthrone him,
And left his lady nought but teares to moane him.
"Within this place (as wofull as my verse)
She with her christall founts bedew'd his herse,
Invailed with a sable weede she sate,
Singing this song, which stones dissolved at.

'What time the world, clad in a morning robe,
A stage made for a wofull tragedie,
When showers of teares from the cœlestiall globe
Bewaild the fate of sea-lov'd Britanie;
When sighs as frequent were as various sights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When Envy wept,
And Comfort slept;
When Crueltie itself sate almost crying,
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights,
When Autumne had disrob'd the Summer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder, dy'd!

'O saddest straine that e'er Muses sung!
A text of woe for griefe to comment on;
Teares, sighes, and sobs. give passage to my tongue,
Or I shall spend you till the last is gone.
Which done, my heart in flames of burning love
(Wanting his moisture) shall to cynders turne:
But first, by me
Bequeathed be
To strew the place wherein his sacred urne
Shall be inclos'd, this might in many move
The like effect: (who would not do it?) when
No grave befits him but the hearts of men.

'That man, whose masse of sorrow hath bene such,
That by their waight, laid on each severall part,
His fountaines are so dry, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left to ease his heart;
Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call,
That he ne'er better can bestow it in:
If so he feares
That others' teares
In greater number, greatest prizes winne;
Know none gives more than he which giveth all.
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
O let him spend that drop, and weepe no more.

'Why flowes not Helicon beyond her strands?
Is Henrie dead, and do the Muses sleepe?
Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
'Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:'
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where;
All are so full, nought can augment their store:
Then how should they
Their griefes display
To men, so cloyde, they faine would heare no more?
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare:
And with this wish, their passions I allow,
May that Muse never speake that's silent now!

'Is Henrie dead? Alas! and do I live
To sing a scrich-owle's noate that he is dead?
If any one a fitter theame can give,
Come, give it now, or never to be read.
But let him see it doe of horrour taste,
Anguish, destruction: could it rend in sunder
With fearefull grones
The senselesse stones,
Yet should we hardly be enforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so exceed their last:
Time cannot make our sorrowes aught compleater;
Nor adde one griefe to make our mourning greater.

'England was ne'er ingirt with waves till now;
Till now it held part with the continent:
Aye me! some one in pitty shew me, how
I might in dolefull numbers so lament,
That any one which lov'd him, hated me,
Might dearely love me, for lamenting him.
Alas! my plaint
In such constraint swimme,
Breakes forth in rage, that though my passions
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be:
Imperfect lines! O happy! were I hurl'd
And cut from life, as England from the world.

'O happier had we bene! if we had beene
Never made happy by enjoying thee!
Where hath the glorious eye of Heaven seene
A spectacle of greater misery? spring;
Time, turne thy course, and bring againe the
Breake Nature's lawes; search the records of old,
If ought befell
Might paralell
Sad Brittaine's case: weepe, rockes, and Heaven
What seas of sorrow she is plunged in. behold,
Where stormes of woe so mainely have beset her;
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

'Brittaine was whilom known (by more than fame)
To be one of the ilands fortunate;
What franticke man would give her now that name,
Lying so ruefull and disconsolate?
Hath not her watery zone, in murmuring,
Fill'd every shore with echoes of her crie?
Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nymphs within her emperie
To be assistant in her sorrowing:
See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,
And rend their hayres as they would joy no more.

'Isis, the glory of the western world,
When our heroe (honour'd Essex) dy'd,
Strucken with wonder, backe againe she hurl'd,
And fill'd her banckes with an unwoonted tyde:
As if she stood in doubt, if it were so,
And for the certaintie had turn'd her way.
Why doe not now
Her waves reflow?
Poore nymph, her sorrowes will not let her stay;
Or flyes to tell the world her countrie's woe:
Or cares not to come backe, perhaps, as showing
Our teares should make the flood, not her reflowing.

'Sometimes a tyrant helde the reynes of Rome,
Wyshing to all the citie but one head,
That all at once might undergoe his doome,
And by one blow from life be severed.
Fate wisht the like on England, and 'twas given:
(O miserable men, enthral'd to Fate!)
Whose heavy hand,
That never scand
The misery of kingdomes, ruinates,
Minding to leave her of all joyes bereaven,
With one sad blow (alas! can worser fall!)
Hath given this little ile her funerall.

'O come, ye blessed impes of memorie,
Erect a newe Parnassus on his grave!
There tune your voyces to an elegie,
The saddest noate that ere Apollo gave.
Let every accent make the stander by
Keepe time unto your song with dropping teares,
Till drops that fell
Have made a well
To swallow him which still unmoved heares!
And though myselfe prove senceless of your cry,
Yet gladly should my light of life grow dim,
To be intomb'd in teares are wept for him.

'When last he sick'ned, then we first began
To tread the labyrinth of woe about;
And by degrees we further inward ran,
Having his thread of life to guide us out.
But Destinie no sooner saw us enter
Sad Sorrow's maze, immured up in night,
Where nothing dwells
But cryes and yels,
Throwne from the hearts of men depriv'd of light;
When we were almost come into the center,
Fate (cruelly) to barre our joyes returning,
Cut off our thread, and left us all in mourning.'

"If you have scene, at foote of some brave hill,
Two springs arise, and delicately trill,
In gentle chidings, through an humble dale,
(Where tufty daizies nod at every gale)
And on the bankes a swaine (with lawrell crown'd)
Marrying his sweet noates with their silver sound:
When as the spongy clouds, swolne bigge with water,
Throw their conception on the world's theater:
Downe from the hils the rained waters roare,
Whilst every leafe drops to augment their store:
Grumbling the stones fall o'er each other's backe,
Rending the greene turfes with their cataract,
And through the meadows runne in such a noyse,
That, taking from the swaine the fountaine's voyce,
Inforce him leave their margent, and alone
Couple his base pipe with their baser tone.
Know (shepheardesse) that so I lent an eare
To those sad wights whose plaints I told whileare:
But when this goodly lady gan addresse
Her heavenly voyce to sweeten heavinesse,
It drown'd the rest, as torrents little springs;
And, strucken mute at her great sorrowings,
Lay still and wonder'd at her pitious mone,
Wept at her griefes, and did forget their owne,
Whilst I attentive sate, and did impart
Teares, when they wanted drops, and from a hart
As hie in sorrow as e'er creature wore,
Lent thrilling groanes to such as had no more.
"Had wise Ulysses [9] (who regardlesse flung
Along the ocean when the Syrens sung)
Pass'd by and seene her on the sea-torne cleeves
Waile her lost love, (while Neptune's watry theeves
Durst not approach for rockes) to see her face
He would have hazarded his Grecian race,
Thrust head-long to the shoare, and to her eyes
Offer'd his vessel as a sacrifice.
Or had the Syrens, on a neighbour shore,
Heard in what raping noates she did deplore
Her buried glory, they had left their shelves,
And, to come neere her, would have drown'd themselves.

[9] See Homer's Odyssey, b. 12.

"Now silence lock'd the organs of that voyce,
Whereat each merry Silvan wont rejoyce;
When with a bended knee to her I came,
And did impart my griefe and hated name:
But first a pardon begg'd, if that my cause
So much constrain'd me as to breake the lawes
Of her wish'd sequestration, or ask'd bread
(To save a life) from her, whose life was dead:
But lawlesse famine, selfe-consuming hunger,
Alas! compell'd me: had I stayed longer,
My weakened limmes had beene my wants' forc'd meede,
And I had fed, on that I could not feede.
When she (compassionate) to my sad mone
Did lend a sigh, and stole it from her owne;
And (wofull lady, wrackt on haplesse shelfe)
Yeelded me comfort, yet had none herselfe:
Told how she knew me well since I had beene,
As chiefest consort of the faiery queene;
O happy queene [10]! for ever, ever praise
Dwell on thy tombe! the period of all dayes
Onely seale up thy fame; and as thy birth
Inrich'd thy temples on the fading earth,
So have thy vertues crown'd thy blessed soule,
Where the first Mover with his word's controule;
As with a girdle the huge ocean bindes;
Gathers into his fist the nimble windes;
Stops the bright courser in his hot careere;
Commands the Moone twelve courses in a yeere:
Live thou with him in endlesse blisse; while we
Admire all virtues in admiring thee.
"Thou, thou, the fautresse of the learned well;
Thou nursing mother of God's Israel;
Thou, for whose loving truth, the Heaven raines
Sweet MEL and MANNA on our flow'ry plaines:
Thou, by whose hand the sacred Trine did bring
Us out of bonds, from bloudy Bonnering.
Ye suckling babes, for ever blesse that name
Releas'd your burning in your mother's flame!
Thrice blessed maiden, by whose hand was given
Free libertie to taste the foode of Heaven.
Never forget her, (Albion's lovely daughters)
Which led you to the springs of living waters!
And if my Muse her glory faile to sing,
May to my mouth my tongue for ever cling!
"Herewith (at hand) taking her horne of plentie,
Fill'd with the choyse of every orchard's daintie,
As peares, plums, apples, the sweet raspis-berry,
The quince, the apricoke, the blushing cherry;
The mulberry, (his blacke from Thisbe taking)
The cluster'd filberd, grapes oft merry-making.
(This fruitfull horne th' immortall ladies fill'd
With all the pleasures that rough forrests yeeld,
And gave Idya, with a further blessing,
That thence, (as from a garden) without dressing,
She these should ever have; and never want
Store, from an orchard without tree or plant.)
With a right willing hand she gave me hence,
The stomacke's comforter, the pleasing quince;
And for the chiefest cherisher she lent
The royall thistle's milkie nourishment.
"Here staid I long: but when to see Aurora
Kisse the perfumed cheekes of dainty Flora,
Without the vale I trode one lovely morne,
With true intention of a quicke returne,
An unexpected chance strove to deferre
My going backe, and all the love of her.

[10] Elizabeth.

But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde,
And gins to shut in with the marigold:
The neat-heard's kine do bellow in the yard;
And dairy maidens for the milke prepar'd,
Are drawing at the udder, long ere now
The plow-man hath unyoak'd his teame from plow:
My transformation to a fearefull hinde
Shall to unfold a fitter season finde;
Weane while yond pallace, whose brave turrets' tops
Over the stately wood survay the cops,
Promis'th (if sought) a wished place of rest,
Till Sol our hemisphere have repossest."

Now must my Muse afford a straine to Riot,
Who, almost kil'd with his luxurious diet,
Lay eating grasse (as dogges) within a wood,
So to disgorge the undisgested food:
By whom faire Aletheia past along
With Fida, queene of every shepheard's song,
By them unseene, (for he securely lay
Under the thicke of many a leaved spray)
And through the level'd meadowes gently threw
Their neatest feet, washt with refreshing dew,
Where he durst not approach, but on the edge
Of th' hilly wood, in covert of a hedge,
Went onward with them, trode with them in paces,
And farre off much admir'd their formes and graces.
Into the plaines at last he headlong venter'd:
But they the hill had got and pallace enter'd.

When, like a valiant well resolved man
Seeking new paths i' th' pathlesse ocean,
Unto the shores of monster-breeding Nyle;
Or through the north to the unpeopled Thyle,
Where from the equinoctiall of the spring,
To that of autumne, Titan's golden ring
Is never off; and till the spring againe
In gloomy darknesse all the shoares remaine.
Or if he furrow up the brynie sea,
To cast his anchors in the frozen bay
Of woody Norway; (who hath ever fed
Her people more with scaly fish than bread)
Tho' ratling mounts of ice thrust at his helme,
And by their fall still threaten to o'erwhelme
His little vessell: and though winter throw
(What age should) on their heads white caps of snow,
Strives to congeale his bloud; he cares not for't,
But, arm'd in minde, gets his intended port:

So Riot, though full many doubts arise,
Whose unknowne ends might graspe his enterprise,
Climbes towardes the palace, and with gate demure,
With hanging head, a voyce as faining pure,
With torne and ragged coate, his hairy legs
Bloudy, as scratch'd with bryers, he ent'rance begs.

Remembrance sate as portresse of this gate:
A lady alwayes musing as she sate,
Except when sometime suddainely she rose,
And with a backe bent eye, at length, she throwes
Her hand to Heaven: and in a wond'ring guize,
Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes:
As some way-faring man passing a wood,
(Whose waving top hath long a sea-marke stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his minde nought hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay downe their heads
At some tree's roote on mossie feather-beds,
Until his heele receives an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.
She never mark'd the sute he did preferre,
But (carelesse) let him pass along by her.

So on he went into a spatious court,
All trodden bare with multitudes' resort:
At th' end whereof a second gate appeares,
The fabricke shew'd full many thousand years:
Whose posterne-key that time a lady kept,
Her eyes all swolne, as if she seldome slept;
And would by fits her golden tresses teare,
And strive to stop her breath with her owne haire:
Her lilly hand (not to be lik'd by art)
A paire of pincers held; wherewith her heart
Was hardly grasped, while the pailed stones
Re-eccoed to her lamentable grones.

Here at this gate the custome long had bin,
When any sought to be admitted in,
Remorce thus us'd them ere they had the keye,
And all, these torments felt, pass'd on their way.

When Riot came, the ladie's paines nigh done,
She past the gate; and then Remorce begunne
To fetter Riot in strong iron chaines;
And doubting much his patience in the paines,
As when a smith and's man (lame Vulcan's fellowes)
Call'd from the anvile or the puffing bellowes,
To clappe a well-wrought shoe (for more than pay)
Upon a stubborne nagge of Galloway;
Or unback'd jennet, or a Flanders mare,
That at the forge stand snuffing of the ayre;
The swarthy smith spits in his buckehorne fist,
And bids his men bring out the five-fold twist,
His shackles, shacklockes, hampers, gives, and chaines,
His linked bolts; and with no little paines
These make him fast: and lest all these should faulter,
Unto a poste with some sixe doubled halter
He bindes his head; yet all are of the least
To curbe the fury of the head-strong beast:
When if a carrier's jade be brought unto him,
His man can hold his foote whilst he can shoe him:
Remorce was so inforc'd to binde him stronger,
Because his faults requir'd infliction longer,
Than any sinne-prest wight, which many a day
Since Judas hung himselfe had past that way.

When all the cruell torments he had borne,
Galled with chaines, and on the racke nigh torne,
Pinching with glowing pincers his owne heart,
All lame and restlesse, full of wounds and smart,
He to the posterne creepes, so inward hyes,
And from the gate a two-fold path descryes:
One leading up a hill, Repentance' way;
And (as more worthy) on the right-hand lay:
The other head-long, steepe, and lik'ned well
Unto the path which tendeth downe to Hell:
All steps that thither went shew'd no returning,
The port to paines, and to eternall mourning,
Where certaine Death liv'd; in an ebon chaire
The soule's blacke homicide, meager Despaire[11],
Had his abode: there 'gainst the craggy rockes
Some dasht their braines out with relentlesse knockes;
Others on trees (O most accursed elves!)
Are fastening knots, so to undoe themselves.
Here one in sinne not daring to appeare
At Mercie's seate with one repentant teare,
Within his breast was launcing of an eye,
That unto God it might for vengeance cry:
There from a rocke a wretch but newly fell,
All torne in pieces, to goe whole to Hell.

[11] See Spenser's Fairie Queene, b. 1. c. 9. s. 33, &c. Fletcher's Purple Island, c. 12. s. 32, &c.

Here with a sleepie potion one thinkes fit
To graspe with death, but would not known of it:
There in a poole two men their lives expire,
And die in water to revive in fire.
Here hangs the bloud upon the guiltlesse stones;
There wormes consume the flesh of humane bones.
Here lyes an arme; a legge there; here a head,
With other limmes of men unburied,
Scatt'ring the ground, and as regardlesse hurl'd,
As they at vertue spurned in the world.
Fye, haplesse wretch! O thou! whose graces sterving,
Measur'st God's mercy by thine owne deserving;
Which cry'st, (distrustfull of the power of Heaven)
"My sinnes are greater than can be forgiven:"
Which still art ready to "curse God and die,"
At every stripe of worldly miserie;
O learne, (thou in whose brests the dragon lurkes)
God's mercy (ever) is o'er all his workes:
Know he is pittifull, apt to forgive;
Would not a sinner's death, but that he live.
O ever, ever rest upon that word,
Which doth assure thee, tho' his two-edg'd sword
Be drawne in justice 'gainst thy sinfull soule,
To separate the rotten from the whole;
Yet if a sacrifice of prayer be sent him,
He will not strike; or, if he strucke, repent him.
Let none despaire; for cursed Judas' sinne
Was not so much in yeelding up the King
Of Life to death, as when he thereupon
Wholy despair'd of God's remission.
Riot long doubting stood which way were best
To leade his steps: at last, preferring rest
(As foolishly he thought) before the paine
Was to be past ere he could well attaine
The high-built palace; gan adventure on
That path, which led to all confusion,
When sodainly a voyce, as sweet as cleare,
With words divine began entice his eare:
Whereat, as in a rapture, on the ground
He prostrate lay, and all his senses found
A time of rest; onely that facultie
Which never can be seene, nor ever dye,
That in the essence of an endlesse nature
Doth sympathize with the all-good Creator,
That onely wak'd which cannot be interr'd,
And from a heavenly quire this ditty heard:

"Vain man, doe not mistrust
Of Heaven winning;
Nor (though the most unjust)
Despaire for sinning:
God will be seene his sentence changing,
If he behold thee wicked wayes estranging.

"Climbe up where pleasures dwell
In flow'ry allies:
And taste the living well
That decks the vallies.
Faire Metanoia[12] is attending
To crowne thee with those joyes which know no ending."

Herewith on leaden wings sleepe from him flew,
When on his arme he rose, and sadly threw
Shrill acclamations; while an hollow cave,
Or hanging hill, or Heaven, an answer gave.
"O sacred Essence, light'ning me this houre!
How may I lightly stile thy great power?"
ECCHO. Power.
"Power? but of whence? under the greene-wood spray,
Or liv'st in Heav'n? say."
ECCHO. In Heaven's aye.
"In Heaven's aye! tell, may I it obtaine
By almes, by fasting, prayer by paine?"
ECCHO. By paine.
"Shew me the paine, it shall be undergone:
I to mine end will still go on."
ECCHO. Go on.
"But whither? On! Shew me the place, the time:
What if the mountaine I do climbe?"
ECCHO. Do climbe.
"Is that the way to joyes which still endure?
O bid my soule of it be sure!"
ECCHO Be sure.
"Then, thus assured, doe I climbe the hill,
Heaven be my guide in this thy will."
ECCHO. I will.
As when a maide, taught from her mother's wing
To tune her voyce unto a silver string,
When she should run, she rests; rests, when should run,
And ends her lesson, having now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And, doing of her best, she still is wrong:
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals;
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,
That with her dayly paines (art's chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Than that Œagrian harpist[13], for whose lay
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray.
So Riot, when he gan to climbe the hill,
Here maketh haste, and there long standeth still,
Now getteth up a step, then falls againe,
Yet not despairing, all his nerves doth straine
To clamber up a-new, then slide his feet,
And downe he comes; but gives not over yet,
For (with the maide) he hopes, a time will be
When merit shall be linckt with industre.
Now as an angler melancholy standing,
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke;
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe,
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,
Puls up his rod, but soft; (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
Th' insnared fish, here on the toppe doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his hyde or starting hole:
By this the pike, cleane wearied, underneath
A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe);
Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
And, leaste his haste might happen to undoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the fish to land,

[12] Μετανοια, Repentance.

[13] Orpheus, the son of Œagrus and Calliope, according to Plato, in Conv. Apollon. Argonaut. l. 1. and himself, if the Argonautics be his: of Apollo and Calliope, by some; of others, by others.

Walkes to another poole: at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner:
So when the climber halfe the way had got,
Musing he stood, and busily gan plot,
How (since the mount did always steeper tend)
He might with steps secure his journey end.
At last (as wand'ring boyes to gather nuts)
A hooked pole he from a hasell cuts; [hold,
Now throwes it here, then there, to take some
But bootlesse and in vaine, the rocky molde
Admits no cranny, where his hasell hooke
Might promise him a step, till in a nooke
Somewhat above his reach he hath espide
A little oake, and having often tride
To catch a bough with standing on his toe,
Or leaping up, yet not prevailing so;
He rols a stone towards the little tree,
Then gets upon it, fastens warily
His pole unto a bough, and at his drawing
The early rising crow with clam'rous kawing,
Leaving the greene bough flyes about the rocke,
Whilst twentie twentie couples to him flocke:
And now within his reach the thinne leaves wave,
With one hand onely then he holds his stave,
And with the other grasping first the leaves,
A pretty bough he in his fist receives;
Then to his girdle making fast the hooke,
His other hand another bough hath tooke;
His first, a third, and that, another gives,
To bring him to the place where his roote lives.
Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes
(To share with him) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst thro' the quagmires and red water plashes,
The boyes runne dabling thro' thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin;
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his shooe:
This drops his band; that head-long fals for haste;
Another cryes behinde for being last: [hollow,
With stickes and stones, and many a sounding
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray:
Such shift made Riot, ere he could get up,
And so from bough to bough he wonne the toppe,
Though hind'rances, from ever comming there,
Were often thrust upon him by Despaire.
Now at his feete the stately mountaine lay,
And with a gladsome eye he gan survay
What perils he had trode on since the time
His weary feete and armes assayde to climbe.
When with a humble voyce (withouten feare,
Tho' he look'd wilde and over-growne with haire)
A gentle nymph, in russet course array,
Comes and directs him onward in his way.
First, brings she him into a goodly hall,
Faire, yet not beautified with minerall;
But in a carelesse art, and artlesse care,
Made loose Neglect, more lovely farre than rare.
Upon the floore (ypav'd with marble slate,
With sack-cloath cloth'd) many in ashes sate:
And round about the wals, for many yeares,
Hung christall vyals of repentance' teares;
And bookes of vows, and many a heavenly deede,
Lay ready open for each one to reade.
Some were immured up in little sheads,
There to contemplate Heaven, and bid their beads.
Others with garments thinne of cammel's haire,
With head, and arms, and legs, and feete all bare,
Were singing hymnes to the eternall Sage,
For safe returning from their pilgrimage:
Some with a whip their pamper'd bodyes beate,
Others in fasting live, and seldome eate:
But, as those trees which doe in India grow,
And call'd of elder swaines, full long agoe,
The Sunne and Moone's faire trees, (full goodly
deight, [height)
And tenne times tenne feete challenging their
Having no helpe (to over-looke brave towers)
From coole refreshing dew, or drisling showers;
When as the Earth (as often times is seene)
Is interpos'd 'twixt Sol and night's pale queene;
Or when the Moone ecclipseth Titan's light,
The trees, (all comfortlesse) rob'd of their sight,
Weepe liqued drops, which plentifully shoote
Along the outward barke downe to the roote,
And by their owne shed teares they ever flourish;
So their owne sorrowes their owne joyes do nourish:
And so within this place full many a wight
Did make his teares his food, both day and night.
And had it granted, (from th' Almighty great)
Swimme thorough them unto his mercy-seate.
Faire Metanoia in a chayre of earth,
With count'nance sad, yet sadnesse promis'd mirth,
Sate vail'd in coursest weedes of cammel's hayre,
Inriching poverty; yet never fayre
Was like to her, nor since the world begun
A lovelyer lady kist the glorious Sun.
For her the god of thunder, mighty, great,
Whose foote-stoole is the Earth, and Heaven his
Unto a man, who from his crying birth [seate,
Went on still shunning what he carryed, earth:
When he could walke no further for his grave,
Nor could step over, but he there must have
A seate to rest, when he would faine go on;
But age in every nerve, in every bone,
Forbad his passage: for her sake hath Heaven
Fill'd up the grave, and made his path so eaven,
That fifteene courses had the bright steedes run,
(And he was weary) ere his course was done,
For scorning her, the courts of kings, which throw
A proud rais'd pinnacle to rest the crow;
And on a plaine out-brave a neighbour rocke
In stout resistance of a tempter's shocke.
For her contempt Heaven (reyning his disasters)
Hath made those towers but piles to burne their
masters.
To her the lowly nymph (Humblessa hight)
Brought (as her office) this deformed wight;
To whom the lady courteous semblance shewes;
And pittying his estate, in sacred thewes,
And letters (worthily ycleep'd divine)
Resolv'd t' instruct him: but her discipline
She knew of true effect would surely misse,
Except she first his metamorphosis
Should cleane exile: and knowing that his birth
Was to enherit reason, though on Earth,
Some witch had thus transform'd him by her skill,
Expert in changing, even the very will,
In few dayes' labours with continuall prayer,
(A sacrifice transcends the buxome ayre)
His griesly shape, his foule deformed feature,
His horrid lookes, worse than a savage creature,

By Metanoia's hand from Heaven, began
Receive their sentence of divorce from man.
And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'rie necke, and gowne unlac'd,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lilly-silken gowne,
That shrikes for sorrow as she layes it downe;
And with her armes graceth a wast-coate fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flexen haire, insnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders;
And though she cast it backe, the silken slips
Still forward steale, and hang upon her lips:
Whereat she, sweetly angry, with her laces
Binds up the wanton lockes in curious traces,
Whilst (twisting with her joynts) each haire long lingers,
As loath to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dressing like a crowne;
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping downe,
And all things off, (which rightly ever be
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)
Except her last, which enviously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while silvans greete her,
And (longingly) the downe-bed swels to meet her:
So by degrees his shape, all brutish wilde,
Fell from him, (as loose skin from some young childe)
In lieu whereof a man-like shape appeares,
And gallant youth scarce skill'd in twenty yeares,
So faire, so fresh, so young, so admirable
In every part, that since I am not able
In words to shew his picture, gentle swaines,
Recall the prayses in my former straines;
And know if they have graced any limme,
I onely lent it those, but stole 't from him.
Had that chaste Romane dame [14] beheld his face,
Ere the proud king possest her husband's place,
Her thoughts had beene adulterate, and this staine
Had wonne her greater fame, had she beene slaine.
The larke that many mornes herselfe makes merry
With the shrill chanting of her teery-larry,
(Before he was transform'd) would leave the skyes,
And hover o'er him to behold his eyes.
Upon an oaten pipe well could he play,
For when he fed his flocke upon the leye,
Maidens to heare him from the plaines came tripping,
And birds from bough to bough full nimbly skipping;
His flocke (then happy flocke) would leave to feede,
And stand amaz'd to listen to his reede:
Lyons and tygers, with each beast of game,
With hearing him were many times made tame:
Brave trees and flow'res would towards him be bending,
And none that heard him wisht his song an ending:
Maids, lyons, birds, flockes, trees, each flowre, each spring,
Were rapt with wonder, when he us'd to sing.
So faire a person to describe to men
Requires a curious pencill, not a pen.
Him Metanoia clad in seemly wise,
(Not after our corrupted age's guise,
Where gaudy weedes lend splendour to the lim,
While that his cloaths receiv'd their grace from him.)

[14] Lucretia. See Shakespeare's Rape of Lucrece.

Then to a garden set with rarest flowres,
With pleasant fountaines stor'd, and shady bowres,
She leads him by the hand; and in the groves,
Where thousand pretty birds sung to their loves,
And thousand thousand blossomes (from their stalkes)
Milde Zephyrus threw downe to paint the walkes,
Where yet the wilde boare never durst appeare:
Here Fida (ever to kinde Raymond deare)
Met them, and shew'd where Aletheia lay,
(The fairest maide that ever blest the day.)
Sweetly she lay, and cool'd her lilly hands
Within a spring that threw up golden sands:
As if it would intice her to persever
In living there, and grace the banckes forever.
To her Amintas (Riot now no more)
Came, and saluted: never man before
More blest, nor like this kisse hath beene another,
But when two dangling cherries kist each other:
Nor ever beauties, like, met at such closes,
But in the kisses of two damaske-roses.
O, how the flowres (prest with their treadings on them)
Strove to cast up their heads to looke upon them!
How jealously the buds, that so had seene them,
Sent forth the sweetest smels to step betweene them,
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their powers,
Once knowne of them, they might neglect the flowres.
How often wisht Amintas, with his heart,
His ruddy lips from hers might never part:
And that the Heavens this gift were them bequeathing,
To feed on nothing but each other's breathing!
A truer love the Muses never sung,
Nor happyer names ere grac'd a golden tongue:
O! they are better fitting his sweet stripe,
Who [15] on the bankes of Ancor tun'd his pype:
Or rather for that learned swaine [16], whose layes
Divinest Homer crown'd with deathlesse bayes:
Or any one sent from the sacred well
Inheriting the soule of Astrophel [17]:
These, these in golden lines might write this story,
And make these loves their owne eternall glory:
Whilst I, a swaine, as weake in yeares as skill,
Should in the valley heare them on the hill.
Yet (when my sheepe have at the cesternes beene,
And I have brought them backe to sneare the greene)
To misse an idle houre, and not for meede,
Whose choisest relish shall mine oaten reede
Record their worths: and though in accents rare
I misse the glory of a charming ayre,
My Muse may one day make the courtly swaines
Enamour'd on the musicke of the plaines,
And as upon a hill she bravely sings,
Teach humble dales to weepe in christall springs.

[15] Mich. Drayton. [16] Geo. Chapman.
[17] Sir Philip Sydney.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

BOOK II.

THE FIRST SONG.

DEDICATION

TO THE TRUELY NOBLE AND LEARNED

WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROOKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAYNE TO HIS MAIESTIE, &c.

Not that the gift (great lord) deserves your hand,
(Held ever worth the rarest workes of men)
Offer I this; but since in all our land
None can more rightly clayme a poet's pen:
That noble blood and vertue truely knowne,
Which circular in you united run,
Makes you each good, and every good your owne,
If it can hold in what my Muse hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire memorie,
You may improve them, and your gracing raise;
For things are priz'd as their possessers be.
If for such favour they have worthlesse striven,
Since love the cause was, be that love forgiven!

Your honour's,

W. BROWNE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her endangering:
Of Famine's cave, and then th' abuse
Tow'rds buryed Colyn and his Muse.

As when a mariner (accounted lost)
Upon the wat'ry desert long time tost,
In summer's parching heate, in winter's cold,
In tempests great, in dangers manifold,
Is by a fav'ring winde drawne up the mast,
Whence he descryes his native soyle at last;
For whose glad sight he gets the hatches under,
And to the ocean tels his joys in thunder,
(Shaking those barnacles into the sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)
When so dainly the still inconstant winde
Masters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes so violent, that he is faine
Command the pilot stand to sea againe;
Least want of sea-roome in a channel streight,
Or casting anchor might cast o'er his freight:
Thus, gentle Muse, it happens in my song,
A journey, tedious, for a strength so yong,
I undertook: by silver-seeming floods,
Past gloomy bottomes, and high-waving woods,
Climb'd mountaines, where the wanton kidling dallyes,
Then with soft steps enseal'd the meekned valleys,
In quest of memory: and had possest
A pleasant garden, for a welcome rest;
No sooner than a hundred theames come on,
And hale my bark a-new for Helicon.
Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers there be
Whose milde aspect engyrland poesie)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!
Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming layes
Each mosse-thrumb'd mountaine bends, each current playes!
Pierian singers! O ye blessed Muses!
Who as a jem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!
Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with envy of such kisses.
Make all the rarest beauties of our clyme,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each line's inticing graces
As on their lovers' lips and chaste imbraces!
Thro' rouling trenches of self-drowning waves,
Where stormy gusts throw up untimely graves,
By billows, whose white fome show'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-rais'd wyndes,
Into the ever-drinking thirsty sea
By rocks that under water hidden lay,
To shipwracke passengers, (so in some den
Theeves bent to robb'ry watch way-faring men.)
Fairest Marina, whom I whilome sung,
In all this tempest (violent though long)
Without all sence of danger lay asleepe:
Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe,
With wide spred armes, stood ready for the tender
Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
Into her chequer: (whence as worthy kings
She helps the wants of thousand lesser springs:)
Here waxt the windes dumbe, (shut up in their caves)
As still as midnight were the sullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever shaking brest
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinckles on his face were seene
Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,
Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe,
To give an aged seed a living tombe,
Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stir'd,
Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his roote him bravely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill ayre,
So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre.
Now with his hands, instead of broad-palm'd oares,
The swaine attempts to get the shell-strewed stores,
And with continuall lading making away,
Thrusts the small boate into as fayre a bay
As ever merchant wisht might be the rode
Wherein to ease his sea-torne vessel's lode.
It was an iland, (hugg'd in Neptune's armes,
As tending it against all forraigne harmes)
And Mona hight: so amiably fayre,
So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,
So quicke in her encrease, (each dewy night
Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight

As't was the day before, whereon then fed
Of gallant steeres full many a thousand head.)
So deckt with floods, so pleasant in her groves,
So full of well-fleec'd flockes and fatned droves;
That the brave issue of the Trojan line, [shine)
(Whose worths, like diamonds, yet in darknesse
Whose deeds were sung by learned bards as hye,
In raptures of immortall poesie,
As any nation's, since the Grecian lads
Were famous made by Homer's Iliads.
Those brave heroicke spirits, 'twixt one another
Proverbially call Mona Cambria's mother[1].
Yet Cambria is a land from whence have come
Worthies well worth the race of Ilium;
Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.
And thotigh of mighty Brute I cannot boast,
Yet doth our warlike strong Deuonian coast
Resound his worth, since on her wave-worne strand
He and his Trojans first set foot on land,
Strooke saile, and anchor cast on Totnes' shore[2],
Though now no ship can ride there any more.
In th' iland's rode the swaine now moares his
Unto a willow, (least it outwards floate) [boate
And with a rude embracement taking up
The maid (more faire than she[3] that fill'd the cup
Of the great thunderer, wounding with her eyes
More harts than all the troopes of deities.)
He wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,
That gently yeelded when her foot should land.
Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,
As if they strove to kisse her slender feet.
Whilst like a wretch, whose cursed hand hath
The sacred reliques from a holy phane; [tane
Feeling the hand of Heaven (inforcing wonder)
In his returne, in dreadful cracks of thunder,
Within a bush his sacriledge hath left,
And thinkes his punishment freed with the theft:
So fled the swaine, from one, had Neptune spide
At halfe an ebbe, he would have fore'd the tyde
To swell anew; whereon his carre should sweepe,
Deckt with the riches of th' unsounded deepe,
And he from thence would with all state on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.
Divine Electra, (of the sisters seven
That beautifie the glorious orbe of Heaven)
When Ilium's stately towres serv'd as one light
To guide the ravisher in ugly night
Unto her virgin bed, with-drew her face,
And never would looke down on humane race
Til this maid's birth; since when some power hath won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
Grim Saturne's sonne, the dread Olimpicke Jove,
That dark't three days to frolicke with his love,
Had he in Alcmen's stead clipt this faire wight,
The world had slept in everlasting night.
For whose sake onely (had she lived then)
Deucalion's flood had never rag'd on men:
Nor Phaëton perform'd his father's duty,
For fear to rob the world of such a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, dayes, months, yeeres, and never make an end.

[1] Mom Mam Kumbry.

[2] Petunt classem omnibus bonis onustam, prosperis ventis mare sulcantes, in Totenesio littore feliciter applicarunt. Galf. Monum.

[3] Hebe.

What wretch inhumane, or what wilder blood,
(Suckt in a desert from a tiger's brood)
Could leave her so disconsolate? but one
Bred in the wastes of frost-bit Calydon;
For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a maide so faire.
Sing on, sweet Muse, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Upon a jewell of unvalued prize,
As bright as starre, a dame as faire, as chaste
As eye behold, or shall, till Nature's last.
Charme her quicke senses! and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine,
It is the best reward my pipe would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in laurell-worthy rymes
Her love shall live until the end of times,
And spite of age, the last of days shall see
Her name embalm'd in sacred poesie.
Sadly alone upon the aged rocks,
Whom Thetis grac'd in washing oft their locks
Of branching sampire, sate the maid o'ertaken
With sighes and teares, unfortunate, forsaken;
And with a voyce that floods from rocks would borrow,
She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow.
"If Heaven be deafe, and will not heare my cryes,
But adds new dayes to add new miseries;
Heare, then, ye troubled waves and flitting gales,
That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull vales!
Lend, one, a flood of teares, the other winde,
To weepe and sigh that Heaven is so unkinde!
But if ye will not spare, of all your store,
One teare, or sigh, unto a wretch so poore;
Yet, as ye travell on this spatious round,
Thro' forrests, mountaines, or the lawny ground,
If 't happ' you see a maide weepe forth her woe,
As I have done; oh! bid her, as ye goe,
Not lavish teares! for when her own are gone,
The world is flinty, and will lend her none.
If this be eke denyde, O hearken then,
Each hollow vaulted rocke, and crooked den!
And if within your sides one eccho be,
Let her begin to rue my destinie!
And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
But let that eccho teach it to another!
Til round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
The last of them tell it the first againe:
Of my sad fate so shall they never lin,
But where one ends another still begin.
Wretch that I am! my words I vainely waste,
Eccho, of all woes, onely speakes the last;
And that's enough: for should she utter all,
As at Medusa's head[4], each heart would fall
Into a flinty substance, and repine
At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
No carefull nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
When any pang should gripe her infantry;
Nor though to Nature it obedience gave,
And kneel'd, to do her homage, in the grave
Would she lament her suckling from her torne:
Scaping by death those torments I have borne."
This sigh'd, she wept, (low leaning on her hand)
Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
Which seene by (them, that sport it in the seas
On dolphins' backes) the fair Nereides,
They came on shore, and slily as they fell
Convai'd each teare into an oyster-shell;

[4] Which turned the beholders into stone.

And by some power that did affect the girles,
Transform'd those liquid drops to oryent pearles,
And strew'd them on the shore: for whose rich prize
In winged pines the Roman colonies
Flung thro' the deep abysse to our white rockes,
For jems to decke their ladyes' golden lockes:
Who valew'd them as highly in their kindes
As those the sun-burnt Æthiopian findes.
Long on the shore distrest Marina lay:
For he that opes the pleasant sweets of May,
Beyond the noonstead so farre drove his teame,
That harvest-folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates ynow,
That are the yeoman's from the yoake or cowe)
On sheafes of corne were at their noonshun's close,
Whilst by them merrily the bag-pipe goes:
Ere from her hand she lifted up her head,
Where all the Graces then inhabited.
When casting round her over-drowned eyes,
(So have I seene a jemme of mickle price
Roule in a scallop shell with water fil'd)
She, on a marble rocke at hand, behild,
In characters deepe cut with iron stroke,
A shepheard's moane, which read by her, thus spoke:

"Glide soft, ye silver floods,
And every spring:
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing!
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seene to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountaine dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

"But (of great Thetis' trayne)
Ye mermaides faire,
That on the shores do plaine
Your sea-greene haire,
As ye in tramels knit your locks,
Weepe ye; and so inforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell,
How Willy bad his friend and joy farewell.

"Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds,
To move a wave;
But if with troubled minds
You seeke his grave,
Know, 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deepe, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weepes, and bids all joy farewell.

"Had he, Arion like,
Beene judg'd to drowne,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon',
A thousand dolphins would have come,
And joyntly strive to bring him home.
But he on ship-board dyde, by sicknesse fell,
Since when his Willy bad all joy farewell.

"Great Neptune, heare a swaine!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chaine
(For pittie) make
It fast unto a rock neere land!
Where ev'ry calmy morne I'le stand,
And ere one sheepe out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell."

"Ah, heavy shepheard! who so ere thou be,"
Quoth faire Marina, "I do pitty thee:
For who by death is in a true friend crost,
Till he be earth he halfe himselfe hath lost.
More happy deeme I thee, lamented swaine,
Whose body lyes among the scaly traine,
Since I shall never thinke that thou canst dye,
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry.
For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
And though he (ayded from the sacred hill)
To thee with him no equall life can give,
Yet by his pen thou maist for ever live."
With this, a beame of sudden brightnes flyes
Upon her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes,
That neyther flower nor grasse, which by her grew,
She could discerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.
For as a wag (to sport with such as passe)
Taking the sun-beames in a looking-glasse,
Convays the ray into the eyes of one
Who (blinded) eyther stumbles at a stone,
Or, as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets,
Is ready justling every man he meets:
So then Apollo did in glory cast
His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchast,
And thence the swift reflection of their light
Blinded those eyes, the chiefest starres of night.
When streight a thicke-swolne cloud (as if it sought
In beautie's minde to have a thankfull thought)
Invayl'd the lustre of great Titan's carre,
And she beheld, from whence she sate not farre,
Cut on a high-brow'd rocke, (inlaid with gold)
This epitaph, and read it, thus enrol'd:

"In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seene, but it appeares
To countervaile his losse, men wanted teares.
So here he lyes, whose dirge each mermaid sings,
For whom the clouds weepe raine, the Earth her springs."

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
Had scarcely made; when, o'er the hill behinde,
She heard a woman cry: "Ah, well a-day!
What shall I do? Goe home, or flye, or stay?"
Admir'd Marina rose, and with a pace
As gracefull as the goddesses did trace
O'er stately Ida, (when fond Paris' doome[5]
Kindled the fire should mighty Troy entoombe)
She went to aide the woman in distresse,
(True beauty never was found mercilesse)
Yet durst she not goe nye, least (being spide)
Some villaine's outrage, that might then betyde
(For aught she knew) unto the crying maide,
Might graspe with her: by thickets, which array'd
The high sea-bounding hill, so neare she went,
She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.
Lowd? yes: sung right: for since the azure skye
Imprison'd first the world, a mortal's cry
With greater clangor never pierc'd the ayre.
A wight she was so farre from being faire,
None could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her.
Describing foulnes, pardon if I erre,
Ye shepheards' daughters, and ye gentle swaines!
My Muse would gladly chaunt more lovely straines:
Yet since on miry grounds she trode, for doubt
Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades she out.
As when great Neptune, in his height of pride,
The inland creeks fils with a high spring-tyde,
Great sholes of fish, among the oysters hye,
Which, by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,

[5] The judgment of Paris.

The fishes yawne, the oysters gapen wide:
So broad her mouth was: as she stood and cride,
She tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke
And full of dust as any collyer's sacke.
Her eyes unlike, were like her body right,
Squint and mishapen, one dun, t'other white.
As in a picture limb'd unto the life,
Or carved by a curious workman's knife,
If twenty men at once should come to see
The great effects of untirde industry,
Each severally would thinke the picture's eye
Was fixt on him, and on no stander by:
So as she (bawling) was upon the bancke,
If twice five hundred men stood on a rancke,
Her ill-face tow'rds them, every one would say
She lookes on me; when she another way
Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
And on no one of all that company.
Her nose (ô crooked nose) her mouth o'er hung,
As it would be directed by her tongue:
Her fore-head such, as one might neere avow
Some plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
Her face so schorcht was and so vylde it showes,
As on a pear-tree she had scar'd the crowes.
Within a tanner's fat I oft have eyde [hyde
(That three moones there had laine) a large oxe
In liquour mixt with strongest barke, (for gaine)
Yet had not tane one halfe so deep a staine
As had her skin: and that as hard well-nye
As any brawne's, long hardened in the stye.
Her shoulders such as I have often seene
A silly cottage on a village greene
Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
For four such under-proppers to his roofe.
Huswives, go, hire her; if you yearely gave
A lamkin more than use, you that might save
In washing beetles; for her hands would passe
To serve that purpose, though you daily wash.
For other hidden parts, thus much I say:
As ballad-mongers on a market-day
Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyce
As ever cart-wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
Of Tom the miller with a golden thumbe,
Who crost in love, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
But thus bespeakes to his attentive rout:
"Thus much for love I warbled from my brest,
And gentle friends for money take the rest:"
So speake I to the over-longing eare,
That would the rest of her description heare,
Much have I sung for love, the rest (not common)
Martial will shew for coyne, in's crabbed woman.
If e're you saw a pedant gin prepare
To speake some gracefull speech to master maior,
And being bashfull, with a quaking doubt
That in his eloquence he may be out;
He oft steps forth, as oft turns backe againe;
And long 'tis e're he ope his learned veyne:
Thinke so Marina stood: for now she thought
To venture forth, then some conjecture wrought
He to be jealous, least this ugly wight,
(Since like a witch she lookt) through spels of night,
Might make her body thrall (that yet was free)
To all the foule intents of witchery:
This drew her backe againe. At last she broke
Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
In gentle manner thus: "Good day, good maide;"
With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
But as a miller having ground his grist,
Lets down his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
And quarring up the passage therewithall,
The waters swell in spleene, and never stay
Till by some cleft they find another way:
So when her teares were stopt from eyther eye
Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them fiye
Out at her oyster-mouth and nose-thrils wide.
"Can there," quoth faire Marina, "ere betide
(In these sweet groves) a wench, so great a wrong,
That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
On these delightfull plaines how can there be
So much as heard the name of villany?
Except when shepheards in their gladsome fit
Sing hymnes to Pan that they are free from it.
"But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous yell?"
"As late" (quoth she) "I went to yonder well,
(You cannot see it here; that grove, doth cover
With his thicke boughes his little channell over)
To fetch some water (as I use) to dresse
My master's supper, (you may think of flesh;
But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
Of retchets, whitings, or such common fish,
That with his net he drags into his boate.
Among the flags below, there stands his coate
(A simple one) thatch'd o're with reede and broome;
It hath a kitchin, and a severall roome
For each of us." "But this is nought: you flee"
Replyde Marine, "I prithee answere me
To what I question'd." "Doe but heare me first,"
Answer'd the hag. "He is a man so curst,
Although I toyle at home, and serve his swine,
Yet scarce allows he me whereon to dine:
In summer time on black-berries I live,
On crabs and hawes, and what wild forrests give:
In winter's cold, bare-foot I run to seeke
For oysters and small wrinckles in each creeke
Whereon I feed, and on the meager slone,
But if he home returne and find me gone,
I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight: for if I seeke his dore
Hee'l beate me ten times worse than e're before."
"What hast thou done?" (yet askt Marina)
"I with my pitcher lately took my way [" say?"
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards rais'd my voice to sing;
But in my backe return, I (haples) spyde
A tree of cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that unwares my foot
Got underneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as maides use on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone;
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly master, with me wretched maid,
I shall be beaten dead." "Be not afraid,"
Said sweet Marina, "hasten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace; for since I sore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off, seldom neere.)
To yonder grove ile goe to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing."
Thus parted they. And sad Marina blest
The hour she met the maid, who did invest
Her in assured hope, she once should see
Her flocke againe (and drive them merrily

To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
Of pleasant Albion) through the well poys'd oares
Of the poore fisher-man that dwelt thereby.
But as a man who in a lottery
Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he have aught,
Thinkes this or that shall with his prize be bought,
And so enricht, march with the better rancke,
When sodainly he's call'd, and all is blancke:
To chaste Marina so doth Fortune prove,
"Statesmen and she are never firme in love."
No sooner had Marina got the wood,
But as the trees she nearly search'd for food,
A villaine[6], leane, as any rake appeares,
That look't, as pinch'd with famine, Ægypt's yeares,
Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
As one that had a long consumption.
His rusty teeth (forsaken of his lips
As they had serv'd with want two prentiships)
Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin
Bewray what number were enranckt within.
His greedy eyes deep sunk into his head,
Which with a rough hayre was o'er co-ered.
How many bones made up this starved wight
Was soon perceiv'd; a man of dimmest sight
Apparently might see them knit, and tell
How all his veynes and every sinew fell.
His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
His unfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
His feeble knees with paine enough uphold
That pined carkasse, casten in a mold
Cut out by death's grim forme. If small legs wan
Ever the title of a gentleman;
His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
As he had liv'd in a beleaguered towne,
Where plenty had so long estranged beene
That men most worthy note, in griefe were seene
(Though they rejoyc'd to have attain'd such meat)
Of rats, and halfe-tann'd hydes, with stomackes great,
Gladly to feed; and where a nurse most vilde
Druncke her own milke, and starv'd her crying child.
Yet he through want of food not thus became:
But Nature first decreed, that as the flame
Is never seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes: and still the more is lent
The more it covets. And as all the floods
(Downe trenching from small groves, and greater woods)
The vast insatiate sea doth still devoure,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power;
So ever should befall this starved wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite;
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He ravine should, and want in greatest fare;
And what a citie twice seaven yeares would serve,
He should devoure, and yet be like to starve.
A wretch so empty; that if e're there be
In Nature found the least vacuitie,
'Twill be in him. The grave to Ceres' store;
A caniball to lab'rers old and poore;
A spunge-like dropsie, drinking till it burst;
The sicknes tearm'd the wolfe, vilde and accurst;
In some respects like the art of alchumy
That thrives least, when it long'st doth multiply:
Limos he cleeped was: whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing Marina, and his sharpe-fang'd jaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high reeds,
Towards his cave. Her fate the swift windes rue,
And round the grove in heavy murmures flew.
The limbes of trees, that (as in love with eyther)
In close imbracements long had liv'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did show
The windes had mov'd more part'ners of their woe.
Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent
Upon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourishment;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their father's hart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,
Their hollow truncks, fill'd with their neighbour's moanes,
Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes.
All birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong bolt rattling 'mong the treen.
Limos with his sweet theft full slily rushes
Through sharp-hook'd brambles, thornes and tangling bushes,
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought
(Poore shrubs) to help her, but availing nought,
As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face and legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearefull school-boy makes
Out of an orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish farmer's plums, sweet pares or grapes,
Than Limos did, as from the thicke he scapes
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse Marina gan entreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desp'rate stood,
As where each day to get supply of food.
O! had she (thirsty) such entreaty made
At some high rocke, proud of his evening shade,
He would have burst in two, and from his veynes
(For her avail) upon the under plaines
A hundred springs a hundred wayes should swimme,
To show her tears inforced floods from him.
Had such an oratresse beene heard to plead
For fair Polixena, the murth'rer's head
Had been her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
Which made her lover's toombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged lion, surly, wood,
No tyger reft her yong, nor savage brood,
No, not the foaming boare, that durst approve
Lovelesse to leave the mighty queene of love,
But her sad plaints, their uncouth walkes among,
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnesse steep,
They at her foot would groveling lye, and weepe.
Yet now, alas! nor words, nor floods of teares
Did aught availe. "The belly hath no eares."
As I have knowne a man loath meet with paine
That carrieth in his front least show of paine,
Who for his vittailes all his raiment pledges,
Whose stackes for firing are his neighbour's hedges,
From whence returning with a burden great,
Wearied, on some greene bancke he takes his seat,
But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
Gets quickly up, and hasteth fast away:
So Limos sooner eased than yrested
Was up, and through the reeds (as much molested
As in the brakes) who lovingly combine,
And for her ayde together twist and twine,

[6] See Mr. Sackville's Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates.

Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
Like fetters hang the under growing segs:
And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
He there had left his prey. Fates uncontrol'd,
Denide so great a blisse to plants or men,
And lent him strength to bring her to his den.
West, in Apollo's course to Tagus' streame,
Crown'd with a silver circling dyademe
Of wet exaled mists, there stood a pile
Of aged rockes, (torne from the neighbour ile
And girt with waves) against whose naked brest
The surges tilted, on his snowy crest
The tow'ring falcon whilome built, and kings
Strove for that eirie, on whose scaling wings
Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
As might a month their army royall pay. [kin
Brave birds they were, whose quick-selfe-less'ning
Still wonne the girlonds from the peregrin.
Not Cerna ile[7] in Affric's silver mayne,
Nor lustfull-bloody Tereus' Thracian strayne,
Nor any other lording of the ayre
Durst with his eirie for their wing compare.
About his sides a thousand seaguls bred,
The mevy, and the halcyon famosed
For colours rare, and for the peacefull seas
Round the Sicilian coast, her brooding dayes.
Puffins (as thicke as starlings in a fen) [hen,
Were fetcht from thence: there sate the pewet
And in the clefts the martin built his nest.
But those by this curst caitife dispossest
Of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most:
All left that place, and sought a safer coast,
Instead of them the caterpiller hants,
And cancre-wormes among the tender plants,
That here and there in nooks and corners grew;
Of cormorants and locusts not a few;
The cramming raven, and a hundred more
Devouring creatures; yet when from the shore
Limos came wading (as he easily might
Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,
Or hide themselves in some deep hole or other
Lest one devourer should devour another.
Neere to the shore that bord'red on the rocke
No merry swaine was seene to feed his flocke,
No lusty neat-heard thither drove his kine,
Nor boorish hog-heard fed his rooting swine:
A stony ground it was, sweet herbage fail'd:
Nought there but weeds, which Limos, strongly nayl'd,
Tore from their mother's brest, to stuffe his maw.
No crab-tree bore his loade, nor thorn his haw.
As in a forest well compleat with deere
We see the hollyes, ashes, every where
Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing game:
So neere the rocke, all trees were e're you came
To cold December's wrath stood void of barke.
Here danc'd no nymph, no early-rising larke
Sung up the plow-man and his drowsie mate:
All round the rocke barren and desolate.
In midst of that huge pyle was Limos' cave
Full large and round, wherein a miller's knave
Might for his horse and querne have roome at will;
Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,

[7] Not the Cerne of Pliny, but the island of Mauritius, discovered by the Hollanders, 1598; fowls are here innumerable and of great variety; some so tame that they will suffer a man almost to touch them. See Ogleby's Africa, p. 715.

What mighty conquests were achiev'd by him.
First stood the siege of great Jerusalem[8],
Within whose triple wall and sacred citie
(Weepe ye stone-hearted men! oh read and pittie!
'Tis Sion's cause invokes your briny tears:
Can any dry eye be when she appears
As I must sing her? Oh! if such there be;
Flye, flye th' abode of men! and hasten thee
Into the desart, some high mountaine under,
Or at thee boyes will hisse, and old men wonder.)
Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
With fixed eyes, whose hopeles thought seem'd ran
How (since for many dayes no food she tasted,
Her meale, her oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
For one poore day she might attaine supply,
And desp'rate of aught else, sit, pine, and dye.
At last her mind meets with her tender childe
That in the cradle lay (of ozyers wilde)
Which taken in her arms, she gives the teate,
From whence the little wretch with labour great
Not one poor drop can sucke: whereat she wood,
Cryes out, "O Heaven! are all the founts of food
Exhausted quite? and must my infant yong
Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long,
Feed on itselfe? No; first the roome that gave
Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse grave:
My dugs, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
Flow now no more my babe; then since no longer
By me thou canst be fed nor any other,
Be thou the nurse, and feed thy dying mother."
Then in another place she straight appeares
Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
From whence not farre the painter made her stand
Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
That to thyselfe art both the grave and tombe.
A little sweet lad, there, seemes to entreat
(With held up hands) his famisht sire for meate,
Who wanting aught to give his hoped joy
But throbs and sighes; the over hungry boy,
For some poore bit, in darke nookes making quest,
His sachell findes, which growes a gladsome feast
To him and both his parents. Then, next day
He chewes the points, wherewith he us'd to play:
Devouring last his bookes of ev'ry kinde,
They fed his body which should feede his minde:
But when his sachell, points, bookes all were gone,
Before his sire he droopes, and dyes anone.
In height of art then had the work-man done
A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
Who on the enemy excursion made,
And spite of danger strongly did invade
Their vittailes' convoy, bringing from them home
Dry'd figs, dates, almonds, and such fruits as come
To the beleag'ring foe, and sates the want
Therewith of those, who, from a tender plant
Bred him a man for armes: thus oft he went,
And storke-like sought his parent's nourishment,
Till fates decreed, he on the Roman speares
Should give his bloud for them, who gave him theirs.
A million of such throes did famine bring
Upon the citie of the mighty king,
Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
Consum'd themselves and dim'd the lightsome ayre.
Neere this the curious pencell did expresse
A large and solitary wildernesse,
Whose high well-limbed oakes in growing show'd
As they would ease strong Atlas of his load:

[8] See Josephus's Wars of the Jews, b. 7. c. 8.

Here underneath a tree in heavy plight
(Her bread and pot of water wasted quite)
Ægyptian Hagar[9], (nipt with hunger fell)
Sate rob'd of hope: her infant Ishmael
(Farre from her being laid) full sadly seem'd
To cry for meate, his cry she nought esteem'd,
But kept her still, and turn'd her face away,
Knowing all meanes were bootlesse to assay
In such a desert: and since now they must
Sleepe their eternal sleepe, and cleave to dust,
She chose (apart) to graspe one death, alone,
Rather than by her babe a million.

Then Erisichthon's case in Ovid's song[10]
Was portrayed out; and many moe along
The insides of the cave; which were descride
By many loope-holes round on every side.

These faire Marina view'd, left all alone,
The cave fast shut. Limos for pillage gone:
Neere the wash'd shore 'mong roots, and breers, and thorns,
A bullocke findes, who delving with his hornes
The hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough hoofe
The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore [toore
His head among the boughs that held it round,
While with his bellowes all the shores resound:
Him Limos kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
Unto the rocke; fed well; then goes againe:
Which serv'd Marina fit, for had his food
Fail'd him, her veynes had fail'd their deerest bloud.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The orientall hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet [skye,
Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the
The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veynes
Were conduit pipes to many a christall spring:
From standing pooles and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will. [Heaven,
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and
And as Night's chariot through the arye was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepheard's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

Darknesse no lesse than blinde Cimmerian
Of famine's cave the full possession wan,
Where lay the shepheardesse inwarpt with night,
(The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
Were seldom found; with quiet mindes those keepe,
Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of kings
Are never prest by them, sweet rest inrings
The tyred body of the swarty clowne,
And oft'ner lies on flocks than softest downe.

Twice had the cocke crowne, and in cities strong
The bel-man's dolefull noyse and carefull song,
Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent
What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not Morpheus with his maiden been,
As fearing Limos; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cave
Yeelded inclosure (deadly as the grave.)
But to all sad laments left her, forlorne,
In which three watches she had nye outworne.

Fair silver-footed Thetis that time threw
Along the ocean with a beautious crew
Of her attending sea-nymphes (Jove's bright lamps
Guiding from rockes her chariot's hyppocamps[11].)
A journey, onely made, unwares to spye
If any mighties of her empery
Oppprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designes, by being great in court.

O! should all potentates whose higher birth
Enroles their titles, other gods on Earth,
Should they make private search, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each favourite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A mean man's land, which many yeeres had bin
His charge's life, and by the other's heast,
The poore must starve to feede a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His farmer's teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his tenant's sowing time is past.
Another (spending,) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by trickes the poore's inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes
Useth his spectacles, and as he pryes
Through them all characters seeme wond'rous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite removed are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceive one tittle in the booke,
So if a king behold such favourites
(Whose being great, was being parasites,)
With th' eyes of favour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his sight of grace aside,
And see what men he hath so dignifide,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who atom-like, when their sun shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceive not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Taketh a glasse prospective good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If monarchs, so, would take an instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their subjects drent
In foule oppression by those high in seate,
(Who care not to be good, but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see.
The divelish polititian all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleepe
Whilst that the wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie lawyer, and the false atturnies
Tire poore men's purses with their life-long journyes;
The country gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th' inheritance, joynes land to land,

[9] Genesis, ch. 21. [10] Metamorphoses, b. 8.

[11] Sea-horses.

And (most insatiate) seekes under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought deerest)
Deceives his brother when the Sûn shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave to leave his sonne a knight;
The griping farmer hoords the seed of bread,
While in the streets the poore lye famished;
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepheard's heaven-blest happy life.
But stay, sweet Muse! forbeare this harsher straine, [veyne,
Keepe with the shepheards; leave the satyres
Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone
To scorch himselfe within the torrid zone,
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble stiled pastorall [streames,
Tread through the vallies, dance about the
The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine oaten reede;
Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with bayes.
Show now faire Muse what afterward became
Of great Achilles' mother; she whose name
The mermaids sing, and tell the weeping strand
A braver lady never tript on land,
Except the ever living Fayerie Queene,
Whose vertues by her swaine so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, "The Muse's chiefest glory."
So mainely Thetis drove her silver throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched negro drive the briny lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the maine as well-built English keels)
She of the new-found world all coasts had seene,
The shores of Thessaly, where she was queene,
Her brother Pontus' waves, imbras'd, with those
Mœotian fields and vales of Tenedos, [sound
Streit Hellespont, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet
The mournefull name of young Leander drown'd,
Then with full speede her horses doth she guide
Through the Ægæan sea, that takes a pride
In making difference 'twixt the fruitfull lands,
Europe and Asia almost joining hands,
But that she thrusts her billowes all affront
To stop their meeting through the Hellespont.
The midland sea so swiftly was she scouring,
The Adriaticke gulfe brave ships devouring,
To Padus' silver streame then glides she on
(Enfamoused by rekeles' Phaëton[12])
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
When the hot dog-starre raines his maladies,
And robs the high and ayre-invading Alpes
Of all their winter suites and snowy scalpes,
To drowne the level'd lands along his shore,
And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
The sacred Hellconian damsels sate,
(To whom was mighty Pindus consecrate)
And did decree (neglecting other men)
Their height of art should flow from Maro's pen;
And prattling eccho's evermore should long
For repetition of sweet Nasos song.
It was inacted here, in after dayes [with bayes;
What wights should have their temples crown'd

[12] Plin. lib. 3. cap. 16.

Learn'd Ariosto, holy Petrarch's quill,
And Tasso[13] should ascend the Muse's hill;
Divinest Bartas, whose enriched soule
Proclaim'd his Maker's worth, should so enroule
His happy name in brasse, that time nor fate
That swallow all, should ever ruihate;
Delightful Salust, whose all blessed layes
The shepheards make their hymnes on holy-dayes,
And truly say thou in one weeke hast pend
What time may ever study, ne're amend;
Marot and Ronsard, Garnier's[14] buskin'd Muse
Should spirit of life in very stones infuse;
And many another swan whose powerfull straine
Should raise the golden world to life againe.
But let us leave (faire Muse) the bankes of Po,
Thetis forsooke his brave streame long agoe,
And we must after. See in haste she sweepes
Along the Celtic shores, th' Armoric deepes
She now is ent'ring: beare up then a-head
And by that time she hath discovered
Our alabaster rockes, we may discry
And stem with her the coasts of Britany.
There will she anchor cast, to heare the songs
Of English shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
So pleas'd the Nayades, they did report
Their songs perfection in great Nereus' court:
Which Thetis hearing, did appoint a day
When she would meet them in the British sea,
And thither for each swaine a dolphin bring
To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.
The time prefixt was come; and now the starre
Of blissefull light appear'd, when she her carre
Stai'd in the narrow seas. At Thames' faire port
The nymphes and shepheards of the isle resort;
And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
Whereat the billowes dance above their bounds,
And bearded goates, that on the clouded head
Of any sea-survaying mountaine fed,
Leaving to crop the ivy, list'ning stood
At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
In jocund sort the goddesse thus they met.
And after rev'rence done, all being set
Upon their fenny coursers, round her throne,
And she prepar'd to cut the watry zone
Ingirting Albion; all their pipes were still,
And Colin Clout[15] began to tune his quill,
With such deepe art that every one was given
To think Apollo (newly slid from Heav'n)
Had tane a human shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke knights of Faiery-land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian[16] plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But e're he ended his melodious song
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates [praise
In Heaven's faire quire: where now he sings the
Of Him that is the first and last of dayes.
Divinest Spencer, heav'n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.
A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis' attendants, many a heavy looke

[13] Three Italian poets. [14] French poets.
[15] Spenser. [16] Orpheus.

Follow'd sweet Spencer, till the thick'ning ayre
Sight's further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
Fell from each nymph, no shepheard's cheeke was [dry,
A dolefull dirge, and mournefull elegie
Flew to the shore. When mighty Nereus' queene
(In memory of what was heard and seene)
Imploy'd a factor, (fitted well with store
Of richest jemmes, refined Indian ore)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name
A piramis, whose head (like winged Fame) [kisse,
Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to
And Mausolus' great toome might shrowd in his.
Her will had been performance, had not Fate
(That never knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd Avarice to lye in waite
For that rich prey: (gold is a taking baite)
Who closely lurking like a subtile snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the factor by fayre Thetis sent,
And rob'd our Colin of his monument.
The English shepheards, sonnes of memory,
For satyres change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more than fiend of Hell, that Stygian brand,
All-guilty Avarice: that wors' of evill,
That gulfe devouring offspring of a divell:
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their waight may presse his damned soul to Hell.
Is their a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such? O let a satyre's veyne
Mixe with that man! to lash his hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.
For mine owne part although I now commerce
With lowly shepheards in as low a verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end [spend
Till more yeeres presse me; some few houres ile
In rough-hewn satyres, and my busied pen
Shall jerke to death this infamy of men.
And like a fury, glowing coulters bare,
With which—But see how yonder foundlings teare
Their fleeces in the brakes; I must go free
Them of their bonds; rest you here merrily
Till my returne; when I will touch a string
Shall make the rivers dance, and vallyes ring.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

What shepheards on the sea were seene
To entertaine the Ocean's queene,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his love young Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd mistresse' wrong;
Is all the subject of this song.

THE Muse's friend (gray-eyde Aurora) yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharp and usefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt oxe; no gentle bud
The Sun had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leveld on the grasse; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience: owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthfull hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast.
But since her stay was long: for feare the Sunne
Should find them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some tales of love their love sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe: [ripe.
That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet, most
Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings:
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the losse of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's grave as of the river; showing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now,
Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
"And in the sea have all their burying:"
Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
(Nothing is permanent within this round:)
One age is now, another that succeedes,
Extirping all things which the former breedes:
Another followes that, doth new times raise,
New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days,
Mankinde thus goes like rivers from their spring
"And in the earth have all their burying."
Thus sate the olde man counselling the yong;
Whilst, underneath a tree which over-hung
The silver streame, (as, some delight it tooke
To trim his thick boughes in the chrystall brooke)
Were set a jocund crew of youthfull swaines
Wooing their sweetings with dilicious straynes.
Sportive Oreades the hills descended,
The Hamadryades their hunting ended,
And in the high woods left the long-liv'd harts
To feed in peace, free from their winged darts;
Floods, mountains, vallies, woods, each vacant lyes
Of nymphs that by them danc'd their haydigyes:
For all those powers were ready to embrace
The present meanes, to give our shepheards grace.
And underneath this tree (till Thetis came)
Many resorted; where a swaine, of name
Lesse, than of worth: (and we doe never owne
Nor apprehend him best, that most is knowne.)

Fame is uncertaine, who so swiftly flyes
By th' unregarded shed where Vertue lyes,
She (ill inform'd of Vertue's worth) pursu'th
(In haste) opinion for the simple truth.
True Fame is ever likened to our shade,
He soonest misseth her, that most hath made
To over-take her; who so takes his wing,
Regardlesse of her, she'll be following:
Her true proprietie she thus discovers, [lovers."
"Loves her contemners, and contemnes her
Th' applause of common people never yet
Pursu'd this swaine, he knew't the counterfeit
Of settled praise, and therefore at his songs
Though all the shepheards and the graceful throngs
Of semi-gods compar'd him with the best
That ever touch'd a reede, or was addrest
In shepheard's coate, he never would approve
Their attributes, given in sincerest love;
Except he truly knew them, as his merit.
Fame gives a second life to such a spirit.
This swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
That with intwined armes lay round about
The tree 'gainst which he leand. (So have I seene
Tom Piper stand upon our village greene,
Backt with the May-pole, whilst a jocund crew
In gentle motion circularly threw
Themselves about him.) To his fairest ring
Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

"Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kist and kissing cryde,
Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
For Adonis dying there.

"'Stay,' (quoth she) 'O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowres
To be seene but some few houres.'

"On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kist or wipt away,
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

"'Fair Proserpina' (quoth she)
'Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor thy soul to flye begin
While my lips can keepe it in.'

"Here she clos'd again. And some
Say, Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded lym,
But that she had smother'd him."

Looke as a traveller in summer's day
Nye-chookt with dust, and molt with Titan's ray,
Longs for a spring to coole his inward heate,
And to that end, with vowes, doth Heaven intreat,
When going further, finds an apple-tree
(Standing as did old Hospitalitie,
With ready armes to succour any needes:)
Hence pluckes an apple, tastes it, and it breedes
So great a liking in him for his thirst,
That up he climbes, and gathers to the first
A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull
Till he have got his cap and pockets full.
"Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
That when they come we hold them better farre.
There is no meane 'twixt what we love and want,
Desire, in men, is so predominant."
No lesse did all his quaint assembly long
Than doth the traveller: this shepheard's song
Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,
That but a second, nought could bring them cleare
From an affected snare; had Orpheus beene
Playing, some distance from them, he had seene
Not one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,
But left the Thracian for the English swaine.
Or had suspicious Juno (when her Jove
Into a cowe transform'd his fairest love[1])
Great Inachus' sweet stem in durance given
To this young lad; the messenger[2] of Heaven
(Fair Maia's off-spring) with the depth of art
That ever Jove or Hermes might impart,
In fing'ring of a reede had never wonne
Poor Iö's freedome. And though Arctor's sonne
(Hundred-ey'd Argus) might be lull'd by him,
And loose his pris'ner: yet in every lym
That god of wit had felt this shepheard's skill.
And by his charms brought from the Muse's hill
Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of pipe and rod,
And vanquish'd so, turne swaine, this swaine a god.
Yet to this lad not wanted Envie's sting,
("He's not worth ought, that's not worth envying.")
Since many at his praise were seene to grutch.
For as a miller in his boulting hutch
Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)
And in his sifter leaves the courser bran:
So doth the canker of a poet's name
Let slip such lines as might inherit fame,
And from a volume culs some small amisse,
To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his.
Yet, as a man that (by his art) would bring
The ceaslesse current of a christall spring
To over-looke the lowly flowing head,
Sinckes, by degrees, his soder'd pipes of lead
Beneath the fount, whereby the water goes
High, as well as on a mountaine flowes:
So when detraction and a Cynnic's tongue
Have sunk desert unto the depth of wrong,
By that, the eye of skill, true worth shall see
To brave the starres, though low his passage be.
But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, swaines:
For as a maiden gath'ring on the plaines
A sentfull nosegay (to set neere her pap,
Or as a favour, for her shepheard's cap)
Is seene farre off to stray, if she have spide
A flower that might increase her posie's pride:
So if to wander I am sometime prest,
'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.
Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
Flew to our shepheard, and the voyces sweet
Of fairest nymphes intreating him to say
What wight he lov'd; he thus began his lay:

"Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me;
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone.

"Nature did her so much right,
As she scornes the help of art.
In as many vertues dight
As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
So much good so truely tride
Some for lesse were deifide.

[1] Iö.
[2] Mercury. See Nonnus, Dyonys. l. 3. Ovid. Metam. l. 1.

"Wit she hath without desire
To make knowne how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Ful of pitty as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

"Reason masters every sense,
And her vertues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Onely worth could kindle love.

"Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she browne, or faire, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
That I love, and love alone."

Eöus [3] and his fellowes in the teame,
(Who, since their wat'ring in the westerne streame,
Had run a furious journey to appease
The night sicke eyes of our antipodes,)
Now (sweating) were in our horizon seene
To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:
When Triton's trumpet (with a shrill command)
Told silver-footed Thetis was at hand.
As I have seene when on the brest of Thames
A heavenly heavy of sweet English dames,
In some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,
With musicke give a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne,
Rapt with her melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the shepheards, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet.
The true presagers [4] of a coming storme
Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme
Of Thetis' will; like boates at anchor stood,
As ready to convey the Muse's brood
Into the brackish lake, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell [5].
Ere their arivall Astrophel [6] had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our isle, [stile,
Thou farre-farre-more than mortall man, whose
Stroke more men dumbe to harken to thy song
Than Orpheus' harpe, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quintessence,
For honour, valite, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.
Happy Arcadia! while such lovely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, rivers, hills and plaines;
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,
That never heard'st his musicke nor his song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose vertues praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountaine,
Who wayle his losse from the Pegasian fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
I set my pencil to Apelles' table [7];
Or dare to draw his curtaine, with a will
To show his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtaine fully doth expresse,
His owne art's-mastry my unablenesse.
He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of Hippocrene)
I sung the past'rall next; his Muse, my mover;
And on the plaines full many a pensive lover
Shall sing us to their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus we shall live with them, by rockes, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill
The learned shepheard [8] of faire Hitching hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines so worthy life, that I imploy
My reede in vaine to overtake his fame.
All praisefull tongues doe waite upon that name.
Our second Ovid, the most pleasing Muse
That Heav'n did e're in mortal's braine infuse,
All-loved Draiton, in soule-raping straines,
A genuine noate; of all the nimphish traines
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometimes Dido's on Æneas' tongue.
Johnson whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, so judicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre,
To able censure; for the theater
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes.
Well-languag'd Danyel: Brooke [9], whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes;
Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides [see
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall
Thee honour'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well deserving bayes,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy Brooke though all men sound
With plummets of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take,
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.
Davies [10] and Wither, by whose Muse's power
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I ever heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.

[3] Eöus, Pyrocis, Æthon, and Phlegon, were fained to be the horses of the Sun.

[4] Dolphins.

[5] Gesner de Aquatilibus. Hist. Natural. l. 4. p. 426.

[6] Sir Philip Sidney.

[7] See b. 1. s. 2.

[8] Mr. Chapman, who translated the works of Homer.

[9] Christopher Brooke.

[10] Not sir John, but John Davies, of Hereford.

These sweetly chanted to the queene of waves,
She prais'd, and what she prais'd, no tongue depraves.
Then, base Contempt, (unworthy our report)
Fly from the Muses and their faire resort,
And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
Such are more fit to be contemn'd than we.
'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell, that can command the wings of Fame,
And, maugre all Oblivion's hated birth,
Begin their immortalitie on Earth,
When he that 'gainst a Muse with hate combines,
May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lynes.
Thus Thetis rides along the narrow seas,
Encompast round with lovely Naides,
With gaudy nymphes, and many a skilfull swaine,
Whose equals Earth cannot produce againe,
But leave the times and men that shall succeede them,
Enough to praise that age which so did breed [them.
Two of the quaintest swaines that yet have beene
Fail'd their attendance on the Ocean's queene,
Remond and Doridon, whose haplesse fates
Late sever'd them from their more happy mates;
For (gentle swaines) if you remember well
When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
And, as I ghesse, it was that sunny morne,
When in the grove thereby my sheepe were shorne,
I weene I told you, while the shepheards yong
Were at their past'rall, and their rurall song,
The shrikes of some poore maide, fallen in mischance,
Invokt their aide, and drew them from their dance:
Each ran a sev'rall way to helpe the maide;
Some tow'rds the vally, some the green wood straid:
Here one the thicket beates, and there a swaine
Enters the hidden caves, but all in vaine.
Nor could they finde the wight, whose shrikes and cry
Flew through the gentle ayre so heavily,
Nor see or man or beast, whose cruell teene
Would wrong a maiden or in grave or greene.
Backe then return'd they all to end their sport,
But Doridon and Remond; who resort
Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
In such a webb, so intricate, and knit
So strong with bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond his Fida cals; Fida, the woods
Resound againe, and Fida, speake the floods,
As if the rivers and the hils did frame
Themselves no small delight, to heare her name.
Yet she appears not. Doridon would now
Have call'd his love too, but he knew not how:
Much like a man, who dreaming in his sleepe
That he is falling from some mountaine steepe
Into a soundlesse lake, about whose brim
A thousand crocodiles doe waite for him,
And hangs but by one bough, and should that breake,
His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,
Though faine he would, can move nor voyce nor tongue:
So when he Remond heard the woods among
Call for his Fida, he would gladly too
Have call'd his fairest love, but knew not who,
Or what to call; poore lad, that canst not tell
Nor speake the name of her thou lov'st so well.
Remond, by hap, neere to the arbour found,
Where late the hynd was slayne, the hurtlesse ground
Besmear'd with bloud; to Doridon he cride,
And tearing then his hayre, "O haplesse tide!"
(Quoth he) "behold! some cursed hand hath tane
From Fida this! O what infernall bane,
Or more than hellish fiend, inforced this!
Pure as the streame of aged Simois,
And as the spotlesse lilly, was her soule!
Ye sacred powers, that round about the pole
Turne in your sphears! O could you see this deed,
And keepe your motion? If the eldest seed[11]
Of chained Saturne hath so often beene
In hunters' and in shepheards' habit seene
To trace our woods, and on our fertile plaines
Woo shepheards' daughters with melodious straines,
Where was he now, or any other powre?
So many sev'rall lambs have I each howre,
And crooked horned rams, brought to your shrines,
And with perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
Yet now forsaken! To an uncouth state
Must all things run, if such will be ingrate."
"Cease, Remond," quoth the boy, "no more complaine,
Thy fairest Fida lives; nor do thou staine
With vilde reproaches any power above,
They all, as much as thee, have beene in love:
Saturne his Rhea; Jupiter had store,
As Iö, Leda, Europa, and more;
Mars entred Vulcan's bed, pertooke his joy;
Phœbus had Daphne and the sweet-fac'd boy[12];
Venus Adonis; and the god of wit
In chastest bonds was to the Muses knit;
And yet remaines so, nor can any sever
His love, but brother-like affects them ever:
Pale changefull Cinthia her Endimion had,
And oft on Latmus sported with that lad:
If these were subject (as all mortall men)
Unto the golden shafts, they could not then,
But by their owne affections, rightly ghesse
Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
Charge them respectlesse; since no swaine than thee
Hath off'red more unto each deitie.
But feare not, Remond, for those sacred powres
Tread on oblivion; no desert of ours
Can be intoomb'd in their celestiall breasts;
They weigh our off'rings, and our solemne feasts,
And they forget thee not! Fida (thy deere)
Treads on the earth; the bloud that's sprinkled here
Nere fill'd her veynes; the hynd possest this gore:
See, where the coller lyes she whilome wore!
Some dog hath slaine her, or the griping carle
That spoiles our plaines in digging them for marle."
Looke, as two little brothers, who addrest
To search the hedges for a thrushe's nest,
And have no sooner got the leavy spring,
When, mad in lust with fearefull bellowing,
A strong-neckt bull pursues throughout the field,
One climbes a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-lov'd brother,
Further than can his over-drowned eyes
Aright perceive, the furious beast he spyes,

[11] Jupiter. [12] Hyacinth.

Tosse something on his hornes, he knowes not
what;
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that:
When, comming nigher, he doth well discerne
It of the woondrous one-night-seeding ferne
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes,
Pensive and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth move
Unto the worst: "Mistrust goes still with love."
So far'd it with our shepheard, though he saw
Not aught of Fida's rayment, which might draw
A more suspition; though the coller lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leave that plaine
Till he embrace his chastest love againe.
Love-wounded Doridon entreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men
Had cases liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
"I," quoth the boy, "will sing thee songs of
love,
And as we sit in some all-shady grove,
Where Philomela, and such sweet'ned throates,
Are for the mastry tuning various noates,
I'le strive with them, and tune so sad a verse,
That, whilst to thee my fortunes I reherse,
No bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine;
I'le tell thee tales of love, and show thee how
The gods have wand'red as we shepheards now.
And when thou plain'st thy Fida's lost, will I
Eccho the same, and with mine owne supply.
Know, Remond, I do love, but, well-a-day!
I know not whom; but as the gladsome May
She's faire and lovely: as a goddesse she
(If such as her's a goddesse beauty be)
First stood before me, and inquiring was
How to the marish she might soonest passe,
When rushd a villaine in, Hell be his lot!
And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
Nor know I where to search; but, if thou please,
'Tis not a forrest, mountaine, rockes, or seas,
Can in thy journey stop my going on.
Fate so may smile on haplesse Doridon,
That he reblest may be with her faire sight,
Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night."
Remond agreed: and many weary dayes
They now had spent in unfrequented wayes:
About the rivers, vallies, holts, and crags,
Among the ozyers and the waving flags,
They neerely pry, if any dens there be,
Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie:
Or if they could the bones of any spy,
Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny.
They close inquirie make in caverns blinde,
Yet what they looke for would be death to finde,
Right as a curious man that would discrie
(Lead by the trembling hand of Jealousie)
If his faire wife have wrong'd his bed or no,
Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.
One ev'n e're Phœbus (neere the golden shore
Of Tagus' streame) his journey gan give o're,
They had ascended up a woody hill,
(Where oft the Fauni with their bugles shrill
Wakened the Eccho, and with many a shout
Follow'd the fearefull deere the woods about,
Or thro' the breakes that hide the craggy rockes,
Dig'd to the hole where lyes the wily foxe.)
Thence they beheld an underlying vale
Where Flora set her rarest flowres at sale,
Whither the thriving bee came oft to sucke them,
And fairest nymphes to decke their haire did plucke
them.
Where oft the goddesses did run at base,
And on white hearts begun the wilde-goose-chase:
Here various Nature seem'd adorning this,
In imitation of the fields of blisse;
Or as she would intice the soules of men
To leave Elizium, and live here agen.
Not Hybla mountaine, in the jocund prime,
Upon her many bushes of sweet thyme,
Showes greater number of industrious bees,
Than were the birds that sung there on the trees.
Like the trim windings of a wanton lake,
That doth his passage through a meadow make,
Ran the delightfull vally 'tween two hils,
From whose rare trees the precious balme distils:
And hence Apollo had his simples good,
That eur'd the gods, hurt by the Earth's ill brood.
A christall river on her bosome slid,
And (passing) seem'd in sullen mutt'rings chid
The artlesse songsters, that their musicke still
Should charme the sweet dale, and the wistfull hill,
Not suffering her shrill waters, as they run,
Tun'd with a whistling gale in unison,
To tell as high they priz'd the bord'red vale,
As the quick lennet or sweet nightingale.
Downe from a steepe rocke came the water first,
(Where lusty satyres often quench'd their thirst)
And with no little speed seem'd all in haste,
Till it the lovely bottome had imbrac'd:
Then, as intranc'd to heare the sweet birds sing,
In curled whirlpools she her course doth bring,
As loath to leave the songs that lull'd the dale,
Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
Should speake what true delight they did possesse
Among the rare flowres which the vally dresse.
But since those quaint musitians would not stay,
Nor suffer any to be heard but they:
Much like a little lad, who gotten new
To play his part amongst a skilfull crew
Of choise musitians, on some softer string
That is not heard; the others' fingering
Drowning his art; the boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his set,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best,
And often descants when his fellowes rest;
That, to be heard, (as usual singers do)
Spoiles his owne musicke and his part'ners' too:
So at the further end the waters fell
From off an high bancke downe a lowly dell,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The birds should be inforc'd to heare their sound.
No small delight the shepheards tooke to see
A coombe[13] so dight in Flora's livery,
Where faire Feronia[14] honour'd in the woods,
And all the deities that haunt the floods,
With powerfull Nature strove to frame a plot,
Whose like the sweet Arcadia yeelded not.
Downe through the arched wood the shepheards
wend,
And seeke all places that might helpe their end,
When comming neere the bottome of the hill,
A deepe fetch'd sigh, which seem'd of power to kill

[13] Vally.

[14] According to that of Silius, lib. XIII. Punicor.
—Itur in agros Dives ubi ante omnes colitur
Feronia luco.

The breast that held it, pierc'd the list'ning wood,
Whereat the carefull swaines no longer stood
Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynde
A love-knot held, which two joyn'd hearts in-
But searching round, upon an aged root, [twynde;
Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to little boot)
Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene
Against cold winter's stormes and wreakfull teene;
Or clad the stocke in summer with that hue,
His withered branches not a long time knew:
For in his hollow trunke and perish'd graine
The cuckowe now had many a winter laine,
And thriving pismires laid their egges in store;
The dormouse slept there, and a many more.
Here sate the lad, of whom I thinke of olde
Virgil's prophetique spirit had foretold,
Who whilst dame Nature, for her cunning's sake,
A male or female doubted which to make,
And to adorne him, more than all, assaid,
This pritty youth was almost made a maid.
Sadly he sate, (and as would griefe) alone,
As if the boy and tree had beene one,
Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of amber creepe,
As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
If ever this were true in Ovid's verse,
That teares have powre an adamant to pierce,
Or move things void of sence, 'twas here approv'd.
Things vegetative, once, his teares have mov'd.
Surely the stones might well be drawne, in pitty
To burst that he should mone, as for a ditty
To come and range themselves in order all,
And of their owne accord raise Thebes a wall.
Or else his teares (as did the other's song)
Might have th' attractive power to move the throng
Of all the forrests, citizens, and woods,
With ev'ry denizon of ayre and floods,
To sit by him and grieve; to leave their jarres,
Their strifes, dissentations, and all civill warres;
And though else disagreeing, in this one
Mourning for him should make an union.
For whom the Heavens would weare a sable sute,
If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones, were
His eyes were fixed, (rather fixed starres) [mute.
With whom it seem'd his tears had beene in warres,
The diff'rence this, (a hard thing to discry)
Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
Teares, fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
An inundation brought and drowned all.
Yet like true Vertue from the top of state
(Whose hopes vilde Envy hath seene ruinate)
Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare
(Uncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere:
So, though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
Made sorrow sweet, plac'd in so sweet a creature.
" The test of misery the truest is,
In that none hath, but what is surely his."
His armes a-crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside him:
Had Venus pass'd this way, and chanc'd t' have spide him,
With open brest, lockes on his shoulders spred,
She would have sworne (had she not seene him dead)
It was Adonis; or, if e're there was
Held transmigration by Pithagoras,
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-love's spirit
A fairer body never could inherit.
His pipe, which often wont upon the plaine
To sound the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian straine,
Lay from his hooke and bagge cleane cast apart,
And almost broken, like his master's heart.
Yet, till the two kinde shepheards neere him stept,
I finde he nothing spake, but that he wept.
" Cease, gentle lad," quoth Remond, " let no teare
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why dost thou call on that which comes alone,
And will not leave thee till thyselfe art gone?
Thou maist have griefe when other things are reft thee,
All else may slide away, this still is left thee;
And when thou wantest other company,
Sorrow will ever be imbracing thee.
But, fairest swaine, what cause hast thou of woe?
Thou hast a well-fleec'd flocke feede to and fro,"
(His sheepe along the vally that time fed
Not farre from him, although unfollowed)
" What doe thy yewes abortive bring? or lambs,
For want of milke, seeke to their fellowes' dams?
No gryping land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,
Nor toyling plowman furrow'd them in balkes.
Ver hath adorn'd thy pastures all in greene
With clover-grasse as fresh as may be seene:
Cleare gliding springs refresh thy meadowe's heate,
Meades promise to thy charge their winter-meate,
And yet thou griev'st. O! had some swaines thy store, [more.
Their pipes should tell the woods they ask'd no
Or have the Parcæ, with unpartiall knife,
Left some friend's body tenantlesse of life,
And thou bemon'st that Fate, in his youth's morne,
Ore-cast with clods his light but newly borne?
' Count not how many yeeres he is bereav'd,
But those which he possest and had receiv'd;
If I may tread no longer on this stage,
Though others thinke me yong; it is mine age:
For who so hath his fate's full period told,
He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.'
May be that avarice thy mind hath crost,
And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost.
Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world throwes on thee? [thee.'
' Thinke nothing good which may be taken from
Looke as some pond'rous weight or massie packe,
Laid to be carryed on a porter's back, [him
Doth make his strong joynts cracke, and forceth
Maugre the helpe of every nerve and lym,
To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
Bending to earth, such is his burden's trouble:
So any one by avarice ingirt,
And prest with wealth, lyes groveling in the dirt.
His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this,
That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique
And passages thro' the congealed north, [forth
Who, when their haires with isicles are hung,
And that their chatt'ring teeth confound their tongue, [say,
Show them a glitt'ring stone, will streight wayes
' If paines thus prosper, oh! what fooles would play?'
Yet I could tell them, (as I now doe thee)
' In getting wealth we lose our libertie.
Besides, it robs us of our better powres,
And we should be ourselves were these not ours.
He is not poorest that hath least in store,
But he which hath enough, yet asketh more:
Nor is he rich by whom are all possest,
But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.

If thou a life by Nature's leading pitch,
Thou never shalt be poore, nor never rich
Led by Opinion; for their states are such,
Nature but little seekes, Opinion much.'
Amongst the many buds proclaiming May,
(Decking the fields in holy-daye's aray,
Striving who shall surpasse in bravery)
Marke the faire blooming of the hawthorne-tree;
Who, finely cloathed in a robe of white,
Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight;
Yet, for the bravery that she is in,
Doth neyther handle carde nor wheele to spin[15],
Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seene
In other colours than in white or greene.
Learne then content, young shepheard, from this tree,
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery;
And richest ingots never toyle to finde,
Nor care for povertie, but of the minde[16]."
This spoke yong Remond: yet the mourneful lad
Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,
He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
And from his eyes did showres of salt teares rain;
Which wrought so on the swains, they could not smother
Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.
"Tell us," quoth Doridon, "thou fairer farre
Than he[17] whose chastitie made him a starre,
More fit to throw the wounding shafts of love,
Than follow sheepe, and pine here in a grove.
O do not hide thy sorrowes, show them briefe:
'He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.'
If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
'No man can sorrow very much and long:'
For thus much loving Nature hath dispos'd,
That 'mongst the woes that have us round enclos'd,
That comfort's left, (and we should blesse her for't)
That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
Beleeve me, shepheard, we are men no lesse
Free from the killing throes of heavinesse
Than thou art here, and but this diff'rence sure,
That use hath made us apter to endure."
More he had spoke, but that a bugle shrill
Run through the vally from the higher hill;
And as they turn'd them tow'rds the hart'ning sound,
A gallant stag, as if he scorn'd the ground,
Came running with the winde, and bore his head
As he had been the king of forrests bred.
Not swifter comes the messenger of Heaven,
Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,
Nor the swift swallow flying neere the ground,
By which the ayre's distemp'rature is found:
Nor Mirrha's course, nor Daphna's speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the god of light,
Than seem'd the stag, that had no sooner crost them,
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.
The weeping swaine ne'er mov'd; but as his eyes
Were onely given to show his miseries,
Attended those; and could not once be won
To leave that object whence his teares begun.
O had that man[18], who (by a tyrant's hand)
Seeing his children's bodies strew the sand,
And he next morne for torment's prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes not let one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse,
He stoutly answer'd: "Happier sure are they
Than I shall be by space of one short day."
No more his griefe was. But, had he beene here,
He had beene flint had he not spent a teare.
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who other's sorrowes feeles more than his owne.
Remond and Doridon were turning then
Unto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant dame, faire as the morne,
Or lovely bloomes the peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yealow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture Nature doth display
Upon the quaint wings of the popiniay.
Her horne about her necke with silver tip,
Too hard a mettall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oft'ner kist, than Jove did frowne,
And in a mortal's shape would faine come downe
To feede upon those dainties, had not he
Beene still kept backe by Juno's jealousie:
And ivory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.
Upon her head a greene light silken cap,
A piece of white lawne shadow'd eyther pap,
Betweene which hillockes many Cupids lay,
Where with her necke or with her teates they play,
Whilst her quicke hart will not with them dispence,
But heaves her brests as it would beate them thence,
Who, fearing much to lose so sweet repaire,
Take faster hold by her dishevell'd haire.
Swiftly she ran; the sweet bryers to receive her
Slipt their imbracements, and (as loath to leave her) goes.
Stretch'd themselves to their length: yet on she drew,
So great Diana frayes a heard of roes,
And speedy followes: Arethusa fled
So from the river[19] that her ravished.
When this brave huntresse neere the shepheards
Her lilly arme in full extent she threw,
To plucke a little bough (to fanne her face)
From off a thicke leav'd ash: (no tree did grace
The low grove as did this, the branches spred
Like Neptune's trident upwards from the head.)
No sooner did the grieved shepheard see
The nymph's white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
But rose and to her ran; yet she had done
Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
Yet, now approach'd the bough the huntresse tore,
He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
With dock-leaves, and a slip of willow rinde.
Then round the trunke he wreathes his weak'ned armes,
And with his scalding teares the smooth barke warmes,
Sighing and groaning, that the shepheards by
Forgot to helpe him, and lay down to cry:
"For 'tis impossible a man should be
Griev'd to himselfe, or faile of company."
Much the two swaines admir'd, but pitty'd more
That he no powre of words had, to deplore
Or show what sad misfortune 'twas befell
To him, whom Nature (seem'd) regarded well.

[15] Luke c. xii. v. 27. Spenser's Fairie Queen, b. 2. c. 6. s. 16. ver. 8. and Prior's Solomon, b. 1.

[16] Mat. c. v. v. 3.

[17] Hippolitus.

[18] Phiton.

[19] Alpheus.

As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse swaine
His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,
One like a wilde man over-growne with hayre,
His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,
Save that a wreath of ivy twist did hide [cride,
Those parts which Nature would not have dis-
And the long hayre that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely covered. [late,
But, shepheards, I have wrong'd you; 'tis now
For see, our maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unlesse we meane to speed
With those that kisse the hare's foot: rhumes are
Some say, by going supperlesse to bed, [bred,
And those I love not; therefore cease my rime,
And put my pipes up till another time.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

A redbrest doth from pining save
Marina, shut in Famine's cave.
The golden age described plaine,
And Limos by the shepheard slaine,
Doe give me leave a while to move
My pipe of Tavy and his love.

Alas! that I have done so great a wrong
Unto the fairest maiden of my song,
Divine Marina, who in Limos' cave
Lyes ever fearefull of a living grave,
And night and day upon the hard'ned stones
Rests, if a rest can be amongst the mones
Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand still afraid to heare their death's-man call.
Thrice had the golden Sun his hote steedes washt
In the west maine, and thrice them smartly lasht
Out of the baulmy east, since the sweet maide
Had in that dismall cave beene sadly laid:
Where hunger pinch'd her so, she need not stand
In feare of murd'ring by a second hand:
For thro' her tender sides such darts might passe,
'Gainst which strong wals of stone, thicke gates of brasse,
Deny no ent'rance, nor the campes of kings,
Since soonest there they bend their flaggy wings.
But Heav'n, that stands still for the best's availe,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impossible that such as she
Should be forgotten of the deitie;
Since in the spacious orbe could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.
A little robbin-redbrest, one cleare morne,
Sate sweetly singing on a well leav'd thorne:
Whereat Marina rose, and did admire
He durst approach from whence all else retire:
And pittying the sweet bird, what in her lay
She fully strove to fright him thence away.
"Poore harmles wretch!" quoth she, "goe seeke some spring,
And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing;
Fly to the well-replenish'd groves, and there
Doe entertaine each swaine's harmonious eare;
Traverse the winding branches; chant so free,
That every lover fall in love with thee;
And if thou chance to see that lovely boy,
(To looke on whom the Silvans count a joy)
He whom I lov'd no sooner than I lost,
Whose body all the Graces hath ingrost,
To him unfold, (if that thou dar'st to be
So neare a neighbour to my tragedie)
As farre as can thy voyce, (in plants so sad,
And in so many mournefull accents clad,
That, as thou singst upon a tree thereby,
He may some small time weepe, yet know not why)
How I in death was his, though powres divine
Will not permit that he in life be mine.
Doe this, thou loving bird; and haste away
Into the woods: but if so be thou stay
To doe a deede of charitie on me,
When my pure soule shall leave mortalitie,
By cov'ring this poore body with a sheet
Of greene leaves, gath'red from a vally sweet;
It is in vaine: these harmlesse lims must have
Than in the caityfe's wombe no other grave.
Hence then, sweet robin; least, in staying long,
At once thou chance forgoe both life and song."
With this she husht him thence, he sung no more,
But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.
Within a short time, as the swiftest swaine
Can to our May-pole run and come againe,
The little red-brest to the prickled thorne
Return'd, and sung there as he had beforne.
And faire Marina to the loope-hole went,
Pittying the pretty bird, whose punishment
Limos would not deferre if he were spide.
No sooner had the bird the maiden eyde,
But, leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough
He takes a cherry up, (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid
Till to the cleft his song had drawne the maid)
And flying with the small stem in his bill,
(A choiser fruit, than hangs on Bacchus' hill [1])
In faire Marina's bosome tooke his rest,
A heavenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where Citherea's doves might billing sit,
And gods and men with envy look on it;
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to crop
Was harder than to reach Olympus' top:
For those the gods can; but to climbe these hils
Their powres no other were than mortall wils.
Here left the bird the cherry, and anone
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the thicke,
That she admir'd he went and came so quick.
Then, least his many cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings than he brought last.
Somtime of strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'red them:
Some greene, some white, some red, on them infus'd,
These lov'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so us'd.
The peascod greene, oft with no little toyle
He'd seeke for in the fattest, fertil'st soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosom for acceptance woo her.
No berry in the grove or forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde bird knew,
Nor any powrefull hearb in open field,
To serve her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his utmost industry he sought it,
And to the cave for chaste Marina brought it.

[1] Cithæron in Bœotia.

So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather simples, runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lyes on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a fever, (sometime honoured
In Rome as if a god [2]) nor is she bent
To other herbes than those for which she went.
The feathred houres five times were over-told,
And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
The small sands out and in, since faire Marine
(For whose long losse a hundred shepheards pine)
Was by the charitable robin fed:
For whom (had she not so beene nourished)
A hundred doves would search the sun-burnt hils,
Or fruitfull vallies lac'd with silver rils,
To bring her olives. Th' eagle, strong of sight,
To countries farre remote would bend her flight,
And with unwearied wing strip through the skie
To the choise plots of Gaule and Italy,
And never lin till home-ward she escape
With the pomegranat, lemmon, oringe, grape,
Or the lov'd citron, and attain'd the cave.
The well-plum'd goshawke, (by th' Egyptians grave
Used in misticke characters for speede)
Would not be wanting at so great a neede,
But from the well-stor'd orchards of the land
Brought the sweet pare, (once by a cursed hand
At Swinsted [3] us'd with poyson, for the fall
Of one who on these plaines rul'd lord of all.)
The sentfull osprey by the rocke had fish'd,
And many a prittie shrimp in scallops dish'd,
Some way convay'd her; no one of the shole
That haunt the waves, but from his lurking hole
Had pull'd the cray-fish, and with much adoe
Brought that the maid, and perywinkles too.
But these for others might their labours spare,
And not with robin for their merit share.
Yet as a heardesse in a summer's day,
Heat with the glorious Sun's all-purging ray,
In the calme evening (leaving her faire flocke)
Betakes herselfe unto a froth-girt rocke,
On which the head-long Tavy throwes his waves,
(And foames to see the stones neglect his braves:)
Where sitting to undoe her buskins white,
And wash her neate legs, (as her use each night)
Th' inamour'd flood before she can unlace them,
Rowles up his waves as hast'ning to imbrace them,
And tho' to helpe them some small gale doe blow,
And one of twenty can but reach her so;
Yet will a many little surges be
Flashing upon the rocke full busily,
And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
But that their power and will not equall meet:
So as she for her nurse look'd tow'rds the land,
(And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
Then lookes upon a hill, whose sliding sides
A goodly flocke, like winter's cov'ring, hides,
And higher on some stone that jutteth out,
Their carefull master guiding his trim rout
By sending forth his dog, (as shepheards doe)
Or piping sate, or clouting of his shoe.)
Whence, nearer hand drawing her wand'ring sight,
(So from the earth steales the all-quick'ning light)
Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late,
(I know not by what sluce or emptying gate)
Were at a low ebb; on the sand she spyes
A busie bird, that to and fro still flyes,
Till pitching where a hatefull oyster lay,
Opening his close jawes, (closer none than they,
Unlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips
Of happy lovers in their melting sips.)
Since the decreasing waves had left him there,
He gapes for thirst, yet meetes with nought but
And that so hote, ere the returning tyde, [ayre,
He in his shell is likely to be fride;
The wary bird a prittie pibble takes.
And claps it 'twixt the two pearle hiding flakes
Of the broad yawning oyster, and she then
Securely pickes the fish out, (as some men
A tricke of policie thrust 'tweene two friends,
Sever their powres, and his intention ends.)
The bird, thus getting that for which she strove,
Brought it to her, to whom the queene of love
Serv'd as a foyle, and Cupid could no other,
But fly to her, mistaken for his mother.
Marina from the kind bird tooke the meate,
And (looking downe) she saw a number great
Of birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:
Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,
But, harmelesse wretch, putting in one too small,
The oyster shuts, and takes his head withall.
Another, bringing one too smooth and round,
(Unhappy bird, that thine owne death hast found)
Layes it so little way in his hard lips,
That, with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
So strongly forth, (as when your little ones
Doe 'twixt their fingers flip their cherry-stones)
That it in passage meets the breast or head
Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
A many striv'd, and gladly would have done
As much, or more, than he which first begun;
But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could
Performe the deede, which they full gladly would.
For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:
Yet none a will, for (from the cave) she sees,
Not in all-lovely May, th' industrious bees
More busie with the flowres could be, than these
Among the shell-fish of the working seas.
Limos had all this while beene wanting thence,
And, but just Heav'n preserv'd pure innocence
By the two birds, her life to ayre had flit,
Ere the curst caytife should have forced it.
The first night that he left her in his den,
He got to shore, and neare th' abodes of men,
That live as we by tending of their flockes,
To enterchange for Ceres' golden lockes,
Or with the neatheard for his milke and creame:
Things we respect more than the diademe
His choise made-dishes; O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no surplusage
Of dainty viands, but (as we doe still)
Dranke the pure water of the christall rill,
Fed on no other meates than those they fed,
Labour, the sallad that their stomackes bred,
Nor sought they for the downe of silver swans,
Nor those sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,

[2] Febrem ad minus nocendum templis colebant, ait Val. Maximus. Vide Tullium in tertio de Nat. Deorum, & secundo de Legibus.

[3] One writes, that king John was poisoned, at Swinsted, with a dish of peares: others, there, in a cup of wine: some, that he died at Newark of the fluxe. A fourth, by the distemperature of peaches eaten in his fit of an ague. Among so many doubts, I leave you to beleeve the author most in credit with our best of antiquaries.

But hydes of beasts, which when they liv'd they kept,
Serv'd them for bed and cov'ring when they slept.
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse
Of some rock's warmth) on thicke and spungy mosse,
Or on the ground: some simple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such pallats one man clipped then
More golden slumbers than this age agen.
That time physitians triv'd not: or if any,
I dare say, all: yet then were thrice as many
As now profess't, and more; for every man
Was his own patient and physician.
None had a body then so weake and thin,
Bankrupt of Nature's store, to feede the sinne
Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe,
Could Nature all hers past, and all to come
Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,
She might he tyr'd, but never satisfied.
To please which orke her husband's weak'ned peece
Must have his cullis mixt with amber-greece,
Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
Grated with gold, seven times refin'd and burn'd,
With dust of orient pearle, richer the east
Yet ne're beheld; (O Epicurean feast!)
This is his breakfast; and his meale at night
Possets, no lesse provoking appetite,
Whose deare ingredients valew'd are at more
Than all his ancestors were worth before.
When such as we by poore and simple fare
More able liv'd and dyde not without heyre,
Sprung from our own loynes, and a spotlesse bed
Of any other powre unseconded:
When th' other's issue (like a man falne sicke,
Or through the fever, gout, or lunatike,
Changing his doctors oft, each as his notion
Prescribes a sev'rall dyet, sev'rall potion,
Meeting his friend (who meet we now-a-dayes
That hath not some receipt for each disease?)
He tels him of a plaister, which he takes;
And finding after that, his torments slakes,
(Whether because the humour is out-wrought,
Or by the skill which his physitian brought,
It makes no matter:) for he surely thinkes
None of their purges, nor their dyet drinkes
Have made him sound; but his beliefe is fast
That med'cine was his health which he tooke last:
So (by a mother) being taught to call
One for his father, though a sonne to all,
His mother's often 'scapes, (though truely knowne)
Cannot divert him; but will ever owne
For his begetter, him, whose name and rents
He must inherit. Such are the descents
Of these men: to make up whose limber heyre
As many as in him, must have a share;
When he that keepes the last yet least adoe,
Fathers the people's childe, and gladly too.

Happyer those times were, when the flaxen clew
By faire Arachne's hand the Lydians knew,
And sought not to the worme for silken threds,
To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.
When wise Minerva did th' Athenians learne
To draw their milk-white fleeces into yarne;
And knowing not the mixtures which began
(Of colours) from the Babilonian,
Nor wool in Sardis dyde, more various knowne
By hues, than Iris to the world hath showne:
The bowels of our mother were not ript
For mader-pits, nor the sweet meadowes stript
Of their choice beauties, nor for Ceres' loade
The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse woade.
Through the wide seas no winged pine did goe
To lands unknowne for staining indico;
Nor men in scorching clymates moor'd their keele
To trafficke for the costly coucheneele.
Unknown was then the Phrygian brodery,
The Tyrian purple, and the scarlet dye,
Such as their sheepe clad, such they wove and wore,
Russet or white, or those mixt, and no more:
Except sometimes (to bravery inclinde)
They dyde them yealow caps with alder rynde.
The Græcian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate,
They never saw; onely in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light silke robes, stitcht oft with gold.
The arras hangings round their comely hals,
Wanted the cerite's web and minerals:
Greene boughes of trees with fat'ning acornes lade,
Hung full with flowres and garlands quaintly made,
Their homely cotes deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapistry.
Instead of cushions wrought in windowes laine,
They pick'd the cockle from their fields of graine,
Sleepe-bringing poppy (by the plow-men late
Not without cause to Ceres consecrate)
For being round and full at his halfe birth
It signifi'd the perfect orbe of Earth;
And by his inequalities when blowne,
The Earth's low vales and higher hills were showne;
By multitude of graines it held within,
Of men and beasts the number noted bin;
And she since taking care all earth to please,
Had in her Thesmophoria[4] off'red these.
Or cause that seede our elders us'd to eate,
With honey mixt (and was their after meate)
Or since her daughter that she lov'd so well,
By him[5] that in th' infernall shades doth dwell,
And on the Stygian bankes for ever raignes
(Troubled with horrid cryes and noyse of chaines)
(Fairest Proserpina) was rapt away;
And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day
Had long time spent; when no high power could give her
Any redresse; the poppy[6] did relieve her:
For eating of the seedes they sleepe procur'd,
And so beguild those griefes she long endur'd.
Or rather since her love (then happy man)
Micon (ycleep'd) the brave Athenian,
Had beene transform'd into this gentle flowre
And his protection kept from Flora's powre.
The daizy scattred on each meade and downe,
A golden tuft within a silver crowne
(Fayre fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
No shepheard grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The primrose, when with sixe leaves gotten grace
Maids as a true-love in their bosomes place;
The spotlesse lilly, by whose pure leaves be
Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginitie;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
The fit impresa's for inflam'd desire;

[4] Θεσμοφόρια and δημήτρια were sacrifices peculiar to Ceres, the one for being a law-giver, the other as goddesse of the grounds.
[5] See Claudian's Rape of Proserpine.
[6] Vide Servium in Virg. Georg. 1.

The hare-belle for her stainlesse azur'd hue,
Claimes to be worne of none but those are true;
The rose, like ready youth, inticing stands,
And would be cropt if it might choose the hands;
The yealow king-cup, Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous minde;
The oringe-tawny marigold, the night
Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
To thee then dearest friend (my song's chief mate)
This colour chiefely I appropriate,
That, spite of all the mists oblivion can
Or envious frettings of a guilty man,
Retain'st thy worth; nay, mak'st it more in prise,
Like tennis-bals throwne downe hard, highest rise.
The columbine in tawny often taken,
Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken;
Flora's choice buttons of a russet dye
Is hope even in the depth of misery.
The pansie, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honeysuckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that grac'd the meades,
Gardens and groves (where beauteous Flora treads)
Were by the shepheards' daughters (as yet are
Us'd in our cotes) brought home with speciall care:
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad, who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
As in the rainbowe's many coloured hewe
Here see we watchet deep'ned with a blewe,
There a darke tawny with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,
A bloudy streame into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,
Bringing the lightest to the deep'st againe,
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blew with watchet, greene and red with yea-
Like to the changes which we daily see [low;
About the dove's necke with varietie,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the maidens with their various flowres
Decke up their windowes, and make neat their
Using such cunning as they did dispose [bowres:
The ruddy piny with the lighter rose,
The monck's-hood with the buglosse, and intwine
The white, the blewe, the flesh-like columbine
With pinckes, sweet-williams; that farre offe the
Could not the manner of their mixtures spye. [eye
Then with those flowres they most of all did prise
(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of hearbs or rushes) would they frame
A daintie border round the shepheard's name.
Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the Muses onely lived there:
And that the after world should strive in vaine
What they then did to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the needle nor the loome e're be
So perfect in their best embroderie,
Nor such composures make of silke and gold,
As theirs, when Nature all her cunning told.
The word of mine did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong
But what himself desir'd: to live here long.
As of their songs so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the long'st, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
They thought that Heaven to him no life did give,
Who onely thought upon the meanes to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordain'd to live here ever
But as life was ordain'd they might persever.
O happy men! you ever did possesse
No wisedome, but was mixt with simplenesse;
So, wanting malice: and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicitie.
You search'd yourselves if all within were faire,
And did not learne of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those vertues gave
Which adulation tels men now they have.
With poyertie, in love we onely close,
Because our lovers it most truely showes:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neyther poverty nor want of love.
The hatred which they bare was onely this,
That every one did hate to doe amisse.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O happy!) was the want of ill.
Ye truest, fairest, lovelyest nymphs that can
Out of your eyes lend fire Promethian.
All-beauteous ladies, love-alluring dames,
That on the banks of Isca, Humber, Thames,
By your incouragement can make a swaine
Climbe by his song where none but soules attaine:
And by the gracefull reading of our lines
Renew our heate to further brave designes:
(You, by whose meanes my Muse thus boldly sayes:
Though she doe sing of shepheards' loves and layes,
And flagging weakly lowe gets not on wing
To second that of Hellen's ravishing:
Nor hath the love nor beauty of a queene
My subject grac'd, as other workes have beene;
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong, [song)
Though queenes, nay goddesses, fam'd Homer's
Mine hath been tun'd and heard by beauties more
Than all the poets that have liv'd before.
Not 'cause it is more worth: but it doth fall
That Nature now is turn'd a prodigall,
And on this age so much perfection spends,
That to her last of treasure it extends;
For all the ages that are slid away
Had not so many beauties as this day.
O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely browe
Have drawne me from my song! I onward run
Cleane from the end to which I first begun.
But ye the heavenly creatures of the west,
In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
The walkes there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravell and the greene so equall lye,
It, with the rest, drawes on your lingring eye:
Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repayre
Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price
(As if it were another paradice)
So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floates:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe:

Here further downe an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Silvans all
In singing well their owne set madrigall.
This with no small delight retaynes your eare,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the birds, and to the cleare spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sence:
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden laborinth;
So loath to part, and so content to stay,
That when the gardner knockes for you away,
It grieves you so to leave the pleasures in it,
That you could wish that you had never seene it:
Blame me not then, if while to you I told
The happiness our fathers clipt of old,
The mere imagination of their blisse
So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.
And still the more they ran on those dayes' worth,
The more unwilling was I to come forth.
O! if the apprehension joy us so,
What would the action in a humane show!
Such were the shepheards (to all goodness bent)
About whose thorps [7] that night curs'd Limos went.
Where he had learn'd, that next day all the swaines
That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
The feast of Pales, goddesse of their grounds
Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this sounds
He thought, to what he formerly intended,
His stealth should by their absence be befriended:
For whilst they in their off'rings busied were,
He 'mo-gst the flockes might range with lesser feare.
How to contrive his stealth he spent the night.
The morning now in colours richly dight
Stept o're the easterne thresholds, and no lad
That joy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
But for the holy rites himselfe addrest
With necessaries proper to that feast.
The altars every where now smoaking be
With beane-stalkes, savine, laurell, rosemary,
Their cakes of grummell-seed they did preferre,
And pailes of milke in sacrifice to her.
Then hymne of praise they all devoutly sung
In those Palilia for increase of young.
But ere the ceremonies were half past
One of their boyes came down the hill in haste,
And told them Limos was among their sheepe;
That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe
The rav'ner from their flockes; great store were kild,
Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his paunch not fild.
O hasten then away! for in an houre
He will the chiefest of your fold devour.
With this most ran (leaving behind some few
To finish what was to fair Pales due)
And as they had ascended up the hill
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill,
Following a well-fed lambe: with many a shout
They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.
And eyther with fore-laying of his way,
Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
Before he could recover downe the strand
No swaine but on him had a fast'ned hand.
Rejoicing then (the worst wolfe to their flocke
Lay in their powres) they bound him to a rocke,
With chaines tane from the plow, and leaving him
Return'd back to their feast. His eyes late dim
Now sparkle forth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
And strives to catch at every thing he seeth:
But to no purpose: all the hope of food
Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse bloud,
He suck'd and tore at lsst, and that denyde,
With fearefull shriekes most miserably dyde.
Unfortunate Marina thou art free
From his jawes now, though not from misery.
Within the cave thou likely art to pine,
If (O may never) faile a helpe divine,
And though such ayd thy wants doe still supply,
Yet in a prison thou must ever lye:
But Heav'n, that fed thee, will not long defer
To send thee thither some deliverer:
For, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine
Thou fitter wert to honour Thetis' trayne.
Who so far now with her harmonious crew
Scour'd through the seas (O who yet ever knew
So rare a consort?) she had left behinde
The Kentish, Sussex shores, the isle [8] assignde
To brave Vespasian's conquest, and was come
Where the shrill trumpet and the ratling drum
Made the waves tremble (ere befell this chance)
And to no softer musicke us'd to dance.
Hail thou my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equall all the world affordeth not!
Shew me who can? so many christall rils,
Such sweet-cloath'd vallies, or aspiring hils,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mynes,
Such rockes in whom the diamond fairely shines:
And if the earth can show the like agen;
Yet will she faile in her sea-ruling men:
Time never can produce men to ore-take
The fames of Greenvil, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins or of thousands more
That by their powre made the Devonian shore
Mocke the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoyle
The boasting Spaniard left the India soyle
Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this though all the rest were lost.
As oft the sea-nimphes on her strand have set,
Learning of fishermen to knit a net,
Wherein to wind up their dishevel'd hayres,
They have beheld the frolicke marriners
For exercise (got early from their beds)
Pitch bars of silver, and cast golden sleds.
At Ex, a lovely nymph with Thetis met,
She singing came, and was all round beset
With other watry powres, which by her song
She had allur'd to flowe with her along.
The lay she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
Taught by a skilfull swaine [9], who on her shore

[7] Villages.

[8] Vecta quam Vespasianus a Claudio missus subjugavit. Vide Bed. in Hist. Ecc. lib. 1. cap. 3.

[9] Joseph of Exeter writ a poem of the Trojan warre according to Dares the Phrigian's story, but falsly attributed to Cornelius Nepos, as it is

Fed his faire flocke: a worke renown'd as farre
As his brave subject of the Trojan warre.
When she had done, a prittie shepheard's boy
That from the neare downes came (though he small joy
Tooke in his tunefull reede, since dire neglect
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,
And that an ever-busie watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie)
Being with great intreaties of the swaines
And by the faire queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his pipe, and bad to lay aside
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde;
And that he now some merry note should raise,
To equall others which had sung their layes:
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his hart, thus sadly sung:

"As new-borne babes salute their age's morne
With cryes unto their wofull mother hurld:
My infant Muse that was but lately borne
Began with watry eyes to woo the world.
She knowes not how to speake, and therefore weepes
Her woes excesse,
And strives to move the heart that senslesse sleepes,
To heavinesse;
Her eyes invayl'd with sorrowe's clouds
Scarce see the light,
Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds
Of loathed night.
How should she move then her griefe-laden wing,
Or leave my sad complaints, and Pæans sing?
Sixe Pleyads live in light, in darknesse one.
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone.
"It is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learne your layes aright;
Nor strive with you in ready straines of wit,
Nor move my hearers with so true delight.
But if for heavy plaints and notes of woe
Your eares are prest;
No shepheard lives that can my pipe out-goe
In such unrest.
I have not knowne so many yeares
As chances wrong,
Nor have they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.
Fain would I tune to please as others doe,
Wert not for faining song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
Sing mirthfull swaines but let me sigh alone.
"The nymphs that floate upon these watry plaines
Have oft been drawne to listen to my song,
And sirens left to tune dissembling straines
In true bewayling of my sorrowes long.
Upon the waves of late a silver swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing and dyde.
Yet where they should they cannot move.
O haplesse verse!
That fitter, than to win a love,
Art for a herse.
Hence-forward silent be; and ye my cares
Be knowne but to myselfe; or who despayres.
Since pittie now lies turned to a stone;
Sing mirthfull swaines; but let me sigh alone."

The fitting accent of his mournefull lay
So pleas'd the powrefull lady of the sea
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd his second straine:

"Borne to no other comfort than my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,
I cannot rightly wayle my haplesse yeares,
Nor move a passion that for me might weepe.
Nature alas too short hath knit
My tongue to reach my woe:
Nor have I skill sad notes to fit
That might my sorrow show.
And to increase my torment's ceaselesse sting
There's no way left to show my paines
But by my pen in mournfull straines,
Which others may perhaps take joy to sing."

As (woo'd by Maye's delights) I have been borne
To take the kind ayre of a wistfull morne
Neere Tavie's voycefull streame (to whom I owe
More straines than from my pipe can ever flowe)
Here have I heard a sweet bird never lin
To chide the river for his clam'rous din;
There seem'd another in his song to tell,
That what the fayre streame did he liked well;
And going further heard another too
All varying still in what the others doe;
A little thence, a fourth with little paine
Con'd all their lessons and then sung againe;
So numberlesse the songsters are that sing
In the sweet groves of the too carelesse spring,
That I no sooner could the hearing lose
Of one of them, but straight another rose,
And perching deftly on a quaking spray
Nye tyr'd herself to make her hearer stay,
Whilst in a bush two nightingales together
Show'd the best skill they had to draw me thither:
So (as bright Thetis past our cleeves along)
This shepheard's lay pursu'd the other's song,
And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
But streight another took him to his pipe.
By that the younger swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her brave company had wonne
The mouth of Dert, and whilst the Tritons charme
The dancing waves, passing the christall Arme,
Sweet Yalme and Plin, arriv'd where Thamar
Her daily tribute to the westerne seas. [payes
Here sent she up her dolphins, and they plyde
So busily their fares on every side,
They made a quicke returne and brought her downe
A many homagers to Thamar's crowne,
Who in themselves were of as great command
As any meaner rivers of the land.
With every nymph the swaine of most account
That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:
And every one to Thetis sweetly sung.
Among the rest a shepheard (though but young,
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
By Tavie's speedy streame he fed his flocke,
Where when he sate to sport him on a rocke,
The water-nymphs would often come unto him,
And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
Now with fine shels, then with a rushy hat,

printed. He lived in the time of Hen. II. and Rich. I. See the illustrations of my most worthy friend Mr. Selden upon Mr. Drayton's Poly-Olbion, p. 58. [or Vol. iv. p. 219. of the present collection.]

With corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe.
Willie he hight. Who by the Ocean's queene
More cheer'd to sing than such young lads had
beene,
Tooke his best framed pipe and thus gan move
His voice of Walla, Tavy's fairest love.

" Faire was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that day's morne into the green-woods straid.
Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breath-
ing,
Such rare perfumes the roses are bequeathing.
Bright shone the Sunne, but brighter were her eyes,
Such are the lampes that guide the deities;
Nay such the fire is, whence the Pythian knight
Borrowes his beams, and lends his sister light.
Not Pelop's [10] shoulder whiter than her hands,
Nor snowy swans that jet on Isca's sands.
Sweet Flora as if ravish'd with her sight
In emulation made all lillies white:
For as I oft have heard the wood-nimphs say,
The dancing fairies when they left to play
Then backe did pull them, and in holes of trees
Stole the sweet honey from the painfull bees,
Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene
And for a banquet brought it to their queene.
But she that is the goddesse of the flowres
(Invited to their groves and shady bowres)
Mislik'd their choice. They said that all the field
No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;
But quoth a nimble fay that by did stand:
If you could give't the colour of yond hand;
(Walla by chance was in a meadow by
Learning to sample earth's embrodery)
It were a gift would Flora well befit,
And our great queen the more would honour it.
She gave consent; and by some other powre
Made Venus' doves be equall'd by the flowre,
But not her hand; for Nature this preferres,
All other whites but shadowings to hers.
Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and artfull coronet,
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay
And were or tyde, or loath to flye away.
Upon her bright eyes Phœbus his inclinde,
And by their radiance was the god stroke blinde,
That cleane awry th' eccliptic then he stript,
And from the milky way his horses whipt;
So that the eastern world to feare begun
Some stranger drove the chariot of the Sun
And never but that once did Heaven's bright eye
Bestow one looke on the Cymmerii.
A greene silke frock her comely shoulders clad,
And tooke delight that such a seate it had,
Which at her middle gath'red up in pleats,
A love-knot girdle willing bondage threats.
Nor Venus' ceston held a braver peece,
Nor that which girt the fayrest flowre of Greece.
Down to her waste, her mantle loose did fall,
Which Zephyre (as afraid) still plaid withall,
And then tuck'd up somewhat below the knee
Shew'd searching eyes where Cupid's columns be.
The inside lynde with rich carnation silke,
And in the midst of both, lawne white as milke.

[10] Pelops was feigned by the poets to have a shoulder of ivory. Ovid Metam. lib. vi. Pindar. Od. 1. Olymp. Tibullus, lib. i. Eleg. 4. Virg. Georg. III.

Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
As Cynthia's beautie through a blushing cloud,
About the edges curious to behold
A deep fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
So on the greene marge of a christall brooke
A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;
And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
That through a tuft of grasse dispersed run.
Upon her legs a payre of buskins white,
Studded with oryent pearle and chrysolite,
And like her mantle stitcht with gold and greene,
(Fairer yet never wore the forrest's queene)
Knit close with ribands of a party hue,
A knot of crimson and a tuft of blew,
Nor can the peacocke in his spotted trayne
So many pleasing colours show againe;
Nor could there be a mixture with more grace,
Except the heav'nly roses in her face.
A silver quiver at her back she wore,
With darts and arrowes for the stag and boare,
But in her eyes she had such darts agen,
Could conquer gods, and wound the hearts of men,
Her left hand held a knotty Brasil bow, [know.
Whose strength, with teares, she made the red deer
So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will
Diana never trode on Latmus hill.
Walla, the fairest nimph that haunts the woods,
Walla, belov'd of shepheards, faunes, and floods,
Walla, for whom the frolike satyres pyne,
Walla, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom sweet birds their ditties move,
Walla, the Earth's delight, and Tavy's love.

" This fayrest nimph, when Tavy first prevail'd
And won affection where the Silvans fail'd,
Had promis'd (as a favour to his streame)
Each weeke to crowne it with an anadem:
And now Hyperion from his glitt'ring throne
Se. v'n times his quickning rays had bravely showne
Unto the other world, since Walla last,
Had on her Tavy's head the garland plac'd;
And this day (as of right) she wends abroad
To ease the meadowes of their willing loade.
Flora, as if to welcome her those houres
Had been most lavish of her choisest flowres,
Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
Than she had done in many dayes beforne.

" Looke as a maiden sitting in the shade
Of some close arbour by the wood-bynde made,
With drawne alone where undiscride she may
By her most curious needle give assay
Unto some purse (if so her fancy move)
Or other token for her truest love,
Variety of silke about her pap,
Or in a box she takes upon her lap,
Whose pleasing colours wooing her quick eye,
Now this she thinkes the ground would beautifie,
And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best:
When spying others, she is straight possest
Those fittest are; yet from that choice doth fall,
And she resolves at last to use them all:
So Walla, which to gather long time stood,
Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
But then the blossomes which inrich'd each
spray
Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
Did in her garland challenge no meane places:
And therefore she (not to be poore in plenty)
From meadowes, springs, woods, sprays, culs some
one daintie;

Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards set
To find a place to dress her coronet.
" A little grove is seated on the marge
Of Tavy's streame, not over thicke nor large,
Where every morn a quire of Silvans sung,
And leaves to chatt'ring windes serv'd as a tongue,
By whom the water runs in many a ring,
As if it fain would stay to heare them sing,
And on the top a thousand young birds flye,
To be instructed in their harmony.
Neere to the end of this all-joysome grove
A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove
To keepe all bryers and bushes from invading
Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
Since it was not so large but that the store
Of trees around could shade her brest and more.
In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill
Which from the greenside of the flowry bancke
Eat downe a channell; here the wood-nymphs dranke,
And great Diana, having slaine the deere,
Did often use to come and bathe her here.
Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt: here did the shepheards play,
And many a gaudy nymph was often seene
Imbracing shepheard's boyes upon this greene.
From hence the spring hasts downe to Tavy's brim,
And pays a tribute of his drops to him.
" Here Walla rests the rising mount upon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,
And from her scarfe upon the grasse shooke downe
The smelling flowres that should her river crowne.
The scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed oft,
Whereon were flowres so fresh and lively wrought,
That her own cunning was her own deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeite.
" Under an alder on his sandy marge,
Was Tavy set to view his nimble charge,
And there his love he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheekt nymph no wyle neglected
To woo him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His fairest Walla, than all Nature's pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.
Now would they tempt him with their open brests,
And swear their lips were love's assured tests:
That Walla sure would give him the denial!
Till she had knowne him true by such a tryall.
Then comes another and her hand bereaves
The soone-slipt alder of two clammy leaves,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learne of love the hidden mistery, [pence,
'Brave flood' (quoth she) 'that hold'st us in sus-
And show'st a god-like powre in abstinence,
At this thy coldnesse we do nothing wonder,
These leaves did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the other's blisse,
And felt his partner's kinde partake with his,
Behold how close they join; and had they power
To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on Nature lay a haynous crime
For keeping close such sweets untill this time.
Is there to such men aught of merit due,
That doe abstaine from what they never knew?
No: then aswell we may account him wise
For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip
Divinest nectar from my melting lip;
Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames
Have power to melt the icy northern streames,
And so inflame the gods of those bound seas
They would unchaine their virgin passages,
And teach our mariners from day to day,
To bring us jewels by a nearer way.
Twine thy long fingers in my shining haire,
And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;
For I could tell thee how the Paphian queene
Met me one day upon yond pleasant greene,
And did intreat a slip (though I was coy)
Wherewith to fetter her lascivious boy.
Play with my teates that swell to have impression;
And if thou please from thence to make digression,
Passe thou that milky way where great Apollo,
And higher powers than he would gladly follow.
When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
It were some mastry for thee to refraine;
But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be,
The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
But thou wilt say, thy Walla yeelds such store
Of joyes, that no one love can raise thee more;
Admit it so, as who but thinks it strange?
Yet shalt thou find a pleasure more in change.
If that thou lik'st not, gentle flood, but heare,
To prove that state the best I never feare.
Tell me wherein the state and glory is
Of thee, of Avon, or brave Thamesis?
In your own springs? or by the flowing head
Of some such river onely seconded?
Or is it through the multitude that doe
Send downe their waters to attend on you?
Your mixture with lesse brookes adds to your fames,
So long as they in you doe loose their names;
And coming to the ocean, thou dost see,
It takes in other floods as well as thee;
It were no sport to us that hunting love,
If we were still confinde to one large grove.
The water which in one poole hath abiding
Is not so sweet as rillets ever gliding.
Nor would the brackish waves in whom you meet
Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,
And with contagious steames all mortals smoother,
But that it moves from this shore to the other.
There's no one season such delight can bring,
As summer, autumne, winter, and the spring.
Nor the best flowre that doth on earth appeare
Could by itselfe content us all the yeare.
The salmons, and some more as well as they,
Now love the freshet, and then love the sea.
The flitting fowles not in one coast doe tarry,
But with the yeare their habitation vary.
What music is there in a shepheard's quill
(Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)
If but a stop or two thereon we spy?
Musicke is best in her varietie.
So is discourse, so joyes; and why not then
As well the lives and loves of gods as men?'
" More she had spoke, but that the gallant flood
Replyde: 'Ye wanton rangers of the wood
Leave your allurements; hye ye to your chase;
See where Diana with a nimble pace
Followes a strucke deere! if you longer stay
Her frowne will bend to me another day. [call
Harke how she wynds her horne; she some doth
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.'
" With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his Walla's stay was such,

And could have wish'd the nymphs backe, but for feare [there.
His love might come and chance to finde them
To passe the time at last he thus began
(Unto a pipe join'd by the art of Pan)
To prayse his love: his hasty waves among
The frothed rockes, bearing the under-song.

" ' As carefull merchants doe expecting stand
(After long tyme and merry gales of wynde)
Upon the place where their brave ship must
So waite I for the vessel of my minde. [land

" ' Upon a great adventure is it bound,
Whose safe return will vallu'd be at more
Than all the wealthy prizes which have crown'd
The golden wishes of an age before.

" ' Out of the east jewels of worth she brings,
Th' unvalu'd diamond of her sparkling eye
Wants in the treasures of all Europe's kings,
And were it mine they nor their crownes should buy.

" ' The saphires ringed on her panting brest,
Run as rich veynes of ore about the mold,
And are in sicknesse with a pale possest,
So true;' for them I should disvalue gold.

" ' The melting rubyes on her cherry lip
Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
Cupid flew thirstie by, he stoop'd to sip
And fast'ned there could never get away.

" ' The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me
When hers I taste; nor the perfumes of price
Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
As her sweet breath, so powerfull to intice.

" ' O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
Unto that wicked trafficke through the mayne,
My powerfull sighes shall quickly drive thee on,
And then begin to draw thee back againe.

If in the meane rude waves have it opprest,
It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.'

" Scarce had he given a period to his lay
When from a wood (wherein the eye of day
Had long a stranger beene, and Phœbe's light
Vainely contented with the shades of night,)
One of those wanton nymphes that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rds him; 'O thou most ingrate,
Respectlesss flood! canst thou here idly sit?
And loose desires to looser numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy carelesse brooke,
Whilst thy poor Walla's cryes the hils have shooke
With an amazed terrour: heare! O heare!
A hundred eechos shriking every where!
See how the frightfull heards run from the wood;
Walla, alas, as she to crown her flood
Attended the composure of sweet flowres,
Was by a lust-fir'd satyre 'mong our bowres
Well-neere surpriz'd, but that she him discryde
Before his rude embracement could betyde.
Now but her feete no helpe, unlesse her cryes
A needfull ayd draw from the deities.'

" It needlesse was to bid the flood pursue,
Anger gave wings; wayes that he never knew
Till now, he treads; through dels and hidden brakes [takes
Flyes through the meadowes, each where over-
Streames swiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further just revenge for so great wrong,
His current till that day was never knowne;
But as a meade in July, which unmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and stem,
Unlesse some gentle gale doe play with them.
Now runs it with such futy and such rage
That mighty rockes' opposing vassalage
Are from the firm earth rent and overborne
In fords were pibbles lay secure beforne.
Loud cataracts, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the passenger; upon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops
In little pooles, drowning his voice too hie,
'Tis where he thinks he heares his Walla cry.
Yet vain was all his haste, bending a way
Too much declining to the southern sea,
Since she had turned thence, and now begun
To crosse the brave path of the glorious Sun.

" There lyes a vale extended to the north
Of Tavy's streame, which (prodigall) sends forth
In autumne more rare fruits than have beene spent
In any greater plot of fruitfull Kent.
Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin,
As with an arch to close the vally in,
Upon their rugged fronts short writhen oakes
Untouch'd of any feller's banefull stroakes,
The ivy, twisting round their barkes, hath fed
Past time wylde goates which no man followed,
Low in the valley some small herds of deere,
For head and footmanship withouten peere
Fed undisturb'd. The swaines that thereby thriv'd,
By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,
Call'd it sweet Ina's coombe: but whether she
Were of the earth or greater progeny
Judge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne,
She many a time hath on a bugle blowne,
And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,
As she had bid the winged windes a base.

" Pale and distracted hither Walla runs,
As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
Her mantle off, her hayre now too unkinde
Almost betray'd her with the wanton winde.
Breathlesse and faint she now some drops discloses,
As in a limbec the kinde sweate of roses,
Such hang upon her brest and on her cheekes;
Or like the pearles which the tand Æthiop' seekes.
The satyre (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

" As when a greyhound (of the rig test straine)
Let slip to some poore hare upon the plaine;
He for his prey strives; t'other for her life,
And one of these or none must end the strife:
Now seemes the dog by speed and good at bearing
To have her sure; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth defarre
The hound a while from so near reaching her:
Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane [bane:
Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her
So of these two the minded races were,
For hope the one made swift, the other feare.

" ' O if there be a powre' (quoth Walla then
Keeping her earnest course) ' o'reswaying men
And their desires! O let it now be showne
Upon this satyre halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I have hitherto with so much care
Kept undefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of love I still reserv'd,
And from its hazard ever gladly swerv'd;

O be it now untouch'd! and may no force
That happy jewell from my selfe devorce!
I that have ever held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;
And who so any lets that best flowre pull,
She might be faire, but never beautifull:
O let me not forgoe it! strike me dead!
Let on these rockes my limbes be scattered!
Burne me to ashes with some powerfull flame,
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me live and be defil'de,
" 'Chastest Diana! in the desarts wilde
Have I so long thy truest handmaid beene?
Upon the rough rocke ground thine arrowes keene,
Have I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring still
Faire-checkt Etesia's yealow cammomill?
And sitting by thee on our flow'ry beds
Knit thy torne buck-stals with well-twisted threds,
To be forsaken? O now present be
If not to save, yet helpe to ruin me!
" 'If pure virginity have heretofore
By the Olympicke powres beene honour'd more
Than other states; and gods have beene dispos'd
To make them knowne to us, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such nymphes as we
Many a secret and deepe misterie;
If none can lead, without celestiall ayde,
Th' immaculate and pure life of a maide,
O let not then the powres all-good divine
Permit vile lust to soile this brest of mine!'
" Thus cryde she as she ran: and looking backe,
Whether her hot pursuer did aught slacke
His former speede; she spies him not at all,
And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
Her nye fled hopes: yet fearing he might lye
Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
And being weary, knowing it was vaine,
To hope for safety by her feet againe,
She sought about where she herself might hide.
" A hollow vaulted rocke at last she spide,
About whose sides so many bushes were,
She thought securely she might rest her there.
Farre under it a cave, whose entrance streight
Clos'd with a stone-wrought doore of no meane
Yet from itselfe the gemels beaten so [weight;
That little strength could thrust it to and fro.
" Thither she came, and being gotten in
Barr'd fast the darke cave with an iron pin.
" The satyre follow'd, for his cause of stay
Was not a minde to leave her. but the way
Sharpe ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late,
Had cut his cloven foot, and now his gate
Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees,
Through some small glade that ran between the trees,
Where Walla went. And with a slower pace,
Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.
" When like a fearefull hare within her forme,
Hearing the hounds come like a threatning storme,
In full cry on the walke where last she trode,
Doubts to tread there, yet dreads to goe abroad:
So Walla far'd. But since he was come nye
And by an able strength and industry
Sought to breake in; with teares anew she fell
To urge the powres that on Olympus dwell.
And then to Ina call'd: 'O if the roomes,
The walkes and arbours in these fruitfull coombes[11]
Have famous beene through all the westerne plaines,
In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines
Pour'd on by lust and murther: keepe them free!
Turn me to stone, or to a barked tree,
Unto a bird, or flowre, or aught forlorne;
So I may die as pure as I was borne.'
'Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
That take their wings from hearts so pure and chaste.
And what we aske of Heaven it still appeares
More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.'
Approv'd in Walla. When the satyre rude
Had broke the dore in two, and gan intrude
With steps prophane into that sacred cell,
Where oft (as I have heard our shepheards tell)
Fayre Ina usde to rest from Phœbus' ray:
She, or some other, having heard her pray,
Into a fountain turn'd her; and now rise
Such streames out of the cave, that they surprise
The satyre with such force and so great din,
That quenching his life's flame as well as sinne,
They roul'd him through the dale with mighty
And made him flye that did pursue before. [rore,
" Not farre beneath i'th' valley as she trends
Her silver streame, some wood-nymphes and her
That follow'd to her ayde, beholding how [friends
A brooke came gliding where they saw but now
Some heards were feeding, wondred whence it
Untill a nymph, that did attend the game [came,
In that sweet valley, all the processe told,
Which from a thick-leav'd tree she did behold:
'See,' quoth the nymph, 'where the rude satyre
Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise [lyes
To have her pure waves soyl'd (with such as he)
Retayning still the love of puritie.'
" To Tavy's christall streame her waters goe
As if some secret power ordayned so;
And as a maide she lov'd him, so a brooke
To his imbracements onely her betooke.
Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
Which none but Hymen's bonds can imitate.
" On Walla's brooke her sisters now bewayle,
For whom the rockes spend teares when others fayle,
And all the woods ring with their piteous mones:
Which Tavy hearing, as he chid the stones,
That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered;
'Walla is now no more. Nor from the hill
Will she more plucke for thee the daffadill,
Nor make sweet anadems to gird thy brow:
Yet in the grove she runs; a river now. [swaines
" Looke as the feeling plant[12] which (learned
Relate to grow on the East Indian plaines)
Shrinkes up his dainty leaves, if any sand
You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand:
So with the chance the heavy wood-nymphs told,
The river (inly touch'd) began to fold
His armes acrosse, and (while the torrent raves)
Shrunke his grave head beneath his silver waves.
" Since when he never on his bankes appeares
But as one franticke: when the clouds spend teares,
He thinkes they of his woes compassion take,
(And not a spring but weepes for Walla's sake)
And then he often (to bemone her lacke)
Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
And every brooke attending in his way,
For that time meets him in the like array."

[11] Vallies.

[12] Sentida.

Here Willie that time ceas'd; and I a while:
For yonder's Roget comming o're the stile,
'Tis two dayes since I saw him (and you wonder,
You'le say, that we have beene so long asunder)
I thinke the lovely heardesse of the dell
That to an oaten quill can sing so well, [them,
Is she that's with him: I must needes goe meet
And if some other of you rise to greet them,
'Twere not amisse; the day is now so long
That I ere night may end another song.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Cornish swaines and British bard,
Thetis hath with attention heard.
And after meetes an aged man
That tels the haplesse love of Pan:
And why the flockes doe live so free
From wolves within rich Britanny.

Looke as a lover with a lingring kisse
About to part with the best halfe that's his,
Faine would he stay but that he feares to doe it,
And curseth time for so fast hastning to it;
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew
To make lesse vows than are esteemed true,
Then sayes he must be gone, and then doth finde
Something he should have spoke that's out of minde,
And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
Their sad-sweet glance so tye his faculties,
To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
As farre from leaving her, or knowing how,
As when he came; begins his former straine,
To kisse, to vow, and take his leave againe,
Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and yet doth goe,
Apt to retyre and loath to leave her so;
Brave streame, so part I from thy flowry bancke,
Where first I breath'd, and (though unworthy) dranke
Those sacred waters which the Muses bring
To woo Britannia to their ceaslesse spring.
Now would I on, but that the christall [1] wels,
The fertill meadowes, and their pleasing smels,
The woods delightfull and the scatt'red groves,
(Where many nymphes walke with their chaster loves) [sonne [2]
Soone make me stay: and think that Ordgar's
(Admonish'd by a heavenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but ecchoes heare,
That wont with heavenly anthemes daily ring,
And duest praises to the greatest king)
In this choise plot. Since he could light upon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I awhile must leave this happy soyle,
And follow Thetis in a pleasing toyle;
Yet when I shall returne, I'le strive to draw
The nymphs by Thamar, Tavy, Ex and Tau,
By Turridge, Otter, Ock, by Dert and Plym,
With all the Nayades that fish and swim
In their cleare streames, to these our rising downes, [crownes,
Where while they make us chaplets, wreaths, and
He tune my reede unto a higher key,
(And have already cond some of the lay.)
Wherein (as Mantua by her Virgil's birth,
And Thames by him [3] that sung her nuptiall [4] mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as Tiber throwes his swelling tide.
And by a shepheard (feeling on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,
Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To have a period equall with their song.
Where Plym and Thamar with imbraces meet,
Thetis weighes ancor now, and all her fleet;
Leaving that spacious sound [5], within whose armes
I have those vessels seene, whose hote alarmes
Have made Iberia tremble, and her towres
Prostrate themselves before our iron showres.
While their proud builders' hearts have beene inclynde
To shake (as our brave ensignes) with the wynde.
For as an eyerie from their seeges wood,
Led o're the playnes and taught to get their food,
By seeing how their breeder takes his prey,
Now from an orchard doe they scare the jey,
Then ore the corne-fields as they swiftly flye,
Where many thousand hurtfull sparrowes lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded care,
At their approach, all (overgone with feare)
Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thicke-growne corne; as for their hiding best,
And under turfes or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which cover'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid or slaine:
So by heröes were we led of yore,
And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,
Stroke with amazement, countries farre and neere;
Whilst their inhabitants, like heards of deere
By kingly lyons chas'd, fled from our armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immayl'd: Fate drew them on to be
A greater fame to our got victory.
But now our leaders want, those vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their masts, where oft the ship-boy stood,
Or silver trumpets charm'd the brackish flood,
Some wearyed crow it set; and daily seene
Their sides, instead of pitch, calk'd ore with greene:
Ill hap (alas) have you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by Iberia sowne,
By bringing yealow sheaves from out their plaine,
Making our barnes the store-house for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our uselesse souldiers fill:
Upon the hatches where halfe-pikes were borne
In every chincke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idle times that so have wrought us,
Or putting us in minde what once they brought us.

[1] Vide de amænitate loci Malmesb. 2 lib. de gest. Pontif. fol. 146.

[2] Ordulphus. He founded, at Tavystocke in Devon, St. Mary, and St. Burion, A. D. 961.

[3] Spenser.

[4] Fairie queene, b. iv. ch. 11.

[5] Plymouth.

Beare with me, shepheards, if I doe digresse,
And speake of what ourselves doe not professe:
Can I behold a man that in the field,
Or at a breach hath taken on his shield
More darts than ever Romane[6]; that hath spent
Many a cold December, in no tent [beene
But such as earth and heaven make; that hath
Except in iron plates not long time seene;
Upon whose body may be plainely told
More wounds than his lanke purse doth almesdeeds hold;
O! can I see this man (adventring all)
Be onely grac'd with some poore hospitall,
Or may be worse, intreating at his doore
For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,
And yet not show my griefe? First may I learne
To see and yet forget how to discerne;
My hands negiectfull be at any need
Or to defend my body or to feed,
Ere I respect those times that rather give him
Hundreds to punish, than one to relieve him.
As in an evening when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repayre,
I oft have set on Thames' sweet bancke to heare
My friend with his sweet touch to charme mine eare,
When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine
That likes me, streight I aske the same againe,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o're
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have beene content if he would play,
In that one straine to passe the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diffring key though I could well
A many houres but as few minutes tell,
Yet least mine owne delight might injure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my song anew.
Yet as when I with other swaines have beene
Invited by the maidens of our greene
To wend to yonder wood, in time of yeare
When cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,
He that with wreathed legs doth upwards goe,
Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;
But now and then is seene to picke a few
To please himselfe as well as all his crew:
Or if from where he is he doe espie
Some apricock upon a bough thereby,
Which overhangs the tree on which he stands,
Climbes up and strives to take it with his hands:
So if to please myself I somewhat sing,
Let it not be to you less pleasuring;
No thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines
Beft poore shepheards on the lowly plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to servile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my Muse with an adulterate birth
Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
Where nought substantiall can be ever found.
No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit
Cloud their free Muse; as when the Sun doth shine
On straw and dirt mixt by the sweating hyne,
It nothing gets from heaps so much impure,
But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.
My free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be
Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choiser balme to worthlesse men,
Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it.
What now I sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I, as oft as I will choose,
Hug sweet content by my retyred Muse,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest pallaces.
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
Instead of hounds that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the ills,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch and baser earth's controule.
For running horses, contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
For courtly dancing I can take more pleasure
To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
For winning riches, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
For raysing stately pyles for heyres to come,
Here in this poem I erect my tombe.
And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
In guilded marble, or in brazen leaves: [ceives.
Since verse preserves when stone and brasse de-
Or if (as worthlesse) time not lets it live
To those full dayes which others' Muses give,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most severest eld, and kinder young
Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envye's strife
Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.
Such of the Muses are the able powres,
And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,
I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
Turnyes nor revels, pleasures for a king,
Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possest
As much in this as all in all the rest,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleasures bought.
On now, my loved Muse, and let us bring
Thetis to heare the Cornish[7] Michael sing;
And after him to see a swaine[8] unfold
The tragedie of Drake in leaves of gold.
Then heare another Greenvil's name relate,
Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
And make those two the pillers great of fame,
Beyond whose worths shall never sound a name.
Nor honour in her everlasting story
More deeper grave for all ensuing glory.
Now Thetis stayes to heare the shepheards tell
Where Arthur met his death, and Mordred fell.
Of holy Ursula (that fam'd her age)
With other virgins in her pilgrimage.
And as she forwards steeres is showne the rocke
Maine-Amber, to be shooke with weakest shocke,
So equall is it poyz'd; but to remove
All strength would faile, and but an infant's prove.
Thus while to please her some new songs devise,
And others diamonds (shaped angle-wise,

[6] M. Sceva.

[7] See Camden's Remains, p. 7, and 335.
[8] Charles Fitz-Geoffry.

And smooth'd by Nature, as she did impart
Some willing time to trim herselfe by Art)
Sought to present her and her happy crew:
She of the Gulfe and Syllies tooke a view:
And doubling then the point, made on away
Tow'rds goodly Severne and the Irish Sea,
There meets a shepheard that began sing o're
The lay which aged Robert [9] sung of yore,
In praise of England, and the deeds of swaines
That whilome fed and rul'd upon our plaines.
The British bards were not then long time mute,
But to their sweet harps sung their famous Brute:
Striving in spight of all the mists of eld
To have his story more antenticque held.
Why should we envy them those wreaths of fame?
Being as proper to the Troyan name
As are the dainty flowres which Flora spreads
Unto the Spring in the discoloured meads.
Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what we give to them adds to our ray.
And, Brittons, thinke not that your glories fall,
Derived from a meane originall; darke
Since lights that may have powre to checke the
Can have their lustre from the smallest sparke.
"Not from nobilitie doth vertue spring,
But vertue makes fit nobles for a king.
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,
When sweetest nightingales sit in the thorne."
From what low fount soe're your beings are,
(In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)
Your owne worths challenge as triumphant bayes
As ever Trojan hand had powre to raise.
And when I leave my musicke's plainer ground
The world shall know it from Bellona's sound.
Nor shall I erre from truth; for what I write
She doth peruse, and helpes me to indite.
The small converse which I have had with some
Branches, which from those gallant trees have come,
Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approve,
And with more days increase a further love.
As I have seene the lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's straines,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance soone disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that a carved hooke, or well-wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchiefe cast o're and o're agen;
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His paynes to fill their rurall merriment;
So Nereus' daughter, when the swaines had done,
With an unsparing liberall hand begun
To give to every one that sung before,
Rich orient pearles brought from her hidden store,
Red branching corrall, and as precious jems
As ever beautifide the diadems; betide,
That they might live, what chance their sheepe
On her reward, yet leave their heyres beside,
Since when I thinke the world doth nothing give them,
As weening Thetis ever should relieve them.
And poets freely spend a golden showre,
As they expected her againe each houre,

[9] Robert of Gloucester.

Then with her thankes and praises for their skill
In tuning numbers of the sacred hill,
She them dismist in their contented coates:
And every swaine a severall passage floates
Upon his dolphin. Since whose safe repayre,
Those fishes like a well composed ayre.
And (as in love to men) are ever seene,
Before a tempest's rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waves: as none should dare,
Excepting fishes, to adventure there.
When these had left her, she drave on, in pride,
Her prouder courses through the swelling tyde,
To view the Cambrian cliffes, and had not gone
An houre's full speede, but neere a rocke (whereon
Congealed frost and snow in summer lay,
Seldome dissolved by Hyperion's ray)
She saw a troope of people take their seate,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beate
Their troubled brests, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions griefe inforceth to.
Willing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spyes an aged man sit by the strand,
Upon a green hill side, (not meanely crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By him a little lad, his cunning's heyre,
Tracing greene rushes for a winter chayre.
The old man, while his sonne full neatly knits them,
Unto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both so intending what they first propounded,
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were bounded.
To them she came, and kindly thus bespake:
"Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needes inforce, and never ayme
A limitlesse desire to what may maime
The setled quiet of a peacefull state,
Patience attend your labours. And when fate
Brings on the restfull night to your long dayes,
Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus Thetis prayes."
"Fayre queene, to whom all dutious prayse we owe,
Since from thy spacious cesterne daily flow,"
(Reply'd the swaine) "refreshing streames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillockes) so preserving still
The infant grasse, when else our lambes might bleate
In vaine for sucke, whose dams have nought to eate.
For these thy prayers we are doubly bound,
And that these cleves should know; but, O, to
My often mended pipe presumption were, sound
Since Pan would play if thou would please to heare.
The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
To touch halfe parte those merry tunes I had.
Yet if thou please to grace my little lad
With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
Which thou from one so young maist chance to like."
With that the little shepheard left his taske,
And with a blush (the roses only maske)
Denyde to sing. "Ah father," (quoth the boy)
"How can I tune a seeming note of joy?
The worke which you command me, I intend
Scarce with a halfe-bent minde, and therefore
In doing little, now, an houre or two, spend
Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
As oft as I with my more nimble joynts
Trace the sharpe rushes' ends, I minde the points

Which Philocel did give; and when I brush
The pritty tuft that growes beside the rush,
I never can forget (in yonder layre)
How Philocel was wont to stroake my hayre,
No more shall I be tane unto the wake,
Nor wend a fishing to the winding lake;
No more shall I be taught, on silver strings,
To learne the measures of our banquettings.
The twisted collers, and the ringing bels,
The morrice scarfes and cleanest drinking shels
Will never be renew'd by any one;
Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
See, yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
A cloud doth keepe the golden Sun from it,
And for his seate (as teaching us) hath made
A mourning covering with a scowling shade.
The dew on every flowre, this morne, hath laine
Longer than it was wont, this side the plaine,
Belike they meane, since my best friend must dye,
To shed their silver drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in coming hither,
Heard I the sweet birds tune their songs together,
Except one nightingale in yonder dell,
Sigh'd a sad elegie for Philocel.
Neere whom a wood-dove kept no small adoe,
To bid me in her language, 'Doe so too;'
The weather's bell, that leads our flocke around,
Yeelds, as me thinkes, this day a deader sound.
The little sparrowes, which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was up, did seeme to bid me weepe.
If these doe so, can I have feeling lesse,
That am more apt to take and to expresse?
No: let my own tunes be the mandrake's grone,
If now they tend to mirth when all have none."
"My pretty lad," (quoth Thetis) "thou dost
To feare the losse of thy deere Philocel. [well
But tell me, sire, what may that shepheard be,
Or if it lye in us to set him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe,
Under the selfe-same loade of sorrow goe."
"Faire queene," (replyde the swaine) "one is the cause [drawes
That moves our griefe, and those kind shepheards
To yonder rocke. Thy more than mortall spirit
May give a good beyond our powre to merit.
And therefore please to heare, while I shall tell,
The haplesse fate of hopelesse Philocel.
"Whilome great Pan, the father of our flockes,
Lov'd a faire lasse so famous for her lockes,
That in her time all women first begun
To lay their looser tresses to the Sun.
And theirs whose hew to hers was not agreeing,
Were still roll'd up as hardly worth the seeing.
Fondly have some beene led to thinke, that man
Musicke's invention first of all began [know,
From the dull hammer's stroke; since well we
From sure tradition that hath taught us so,
Pan sitting once to sport him with his fayre,
Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre, [along,
In the sweet sound her chaste words brought
Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:
And from that harmony begun the art,
Which others (though unjustly) doe impart
To bright Apollo, from a meaner ground,
A sledge or parched nerves; meane things to found
So rare an art on; when there might be given
All Earth for matter with the gyre of Heaven.
To keepe her slender fingers from the Sunne,
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
To plucke the speckled fox-gloves from their stem,
And on those fingers neatly placed them.
The honey-suckles would he often strip,
And lay their sweetnesse on her sweeter lip:
And then, as in reward of such his paine,
Sip from those cherryes some of it againe.
Some say that Nature, while this lovely maide
Liv'd on our plaines, the teeming earth araide
With damaske roses in each pleasant place,
That men might liken somewhat to her face.
Others report: Venus, afraid her sonne
Might love a mortall, as he once had done,
Prefer'd an earnest suite to highest Jove,
That he which bore the winged shafts of love
Might be debar'd his sight, which sure was sign'd,
And ever since the god of love is blynde.
Hence is't he shootes his shafts so cleane awry,
Men learne to love when they should learne to
And women, which before to love began [dye.
Man without wealth, love wealth without a man.
"Great Pan of his kinde nymph had the imbracing
Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
These pithfull rushes, such as are aloft,
By those that rais'd them presently are brought
Beneath unseene: so in the love of Pan
(For gods in love doe undergoe as man)
She, whose affection made him rayse his song,
And (for her sport) the satyres rude among
Tread wilder measures, then the frolike guests,
That lift their light heeles at Lyëus' feasts;
She, by the light of whose quicke-turning eye
He never read but of felicitie.
She whose assurance made him more than Pan,
Now makes him farre more wretched than a man.
For mortals in their losse have death a friend,
When gods have losses, but their losse no end.
"It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray,
And blushing oft as rising to betray)
Intic'd this lovely maiden from her bed
(So when the roses have discovered
Their taintlesse beauties, flyes the early bee
About the winding allyes merrily)
Into the wood: and 'twas her usuall sport,
Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,
To imitate their warbling in a quill
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
The nightingale (beneath a sullen shade)
To chant her utmost lay, nay, to invent
New notes to passe the other's instrument,
And (harmlesse soule) ere she would leave that
Sung her last song and ended with her life. [strife,
So gladly choosing (as doe other some)
Rather to dye than live and be o'ercome.
"But as in autumne (when birds cease their noates,
And stately forrests d'on their yealow coates,
When Ceres golden lockes are nearely shorne,
And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
A little lad set on a bancke to shale
The ripened nuts pluck'd in a woody vale,
Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
By some wilde bull lowde bellowing for the heard:
So while the nymph did earnestly contest
Whether the birds or she recorded best,
A ravenous wolfe, bent eager to his prey,
Rush'd from a theevish brake, and making way,
The twyned thornes did crackle one by one,
As if they gave her warning to be gone.

A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,
To beate the beast from what his hunger vowes.
When she (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seate
(Small is resistance where the feare is great)
And striving to be gone, with gaping jawes,
The wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
Were like to seise, a holly bent betweene,
For which good deede his leaves are ever greene.
"Saw you a lusty mastive, at the stake,
Throwne from a cunning bull, more fiercely make
A quicke returne; yet to prevent the goare,
Or deadly bruize, which he escap'd before,
Wynde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,
And proffring otherwhere, fight still at head.
So though the stubborn boughes did thrust him backe
(For Nature, loath, so rare a jewel's wracke,
Seem'd as she here and there had plash'd a tree,
If possible to hinder destiny.)
The savage beast, foaming with anger, flyes
More fiercely than before, and now he tries
By sleights to take the maide; as I have seene
A nimble tumbler on a burrow'd greene,
Bend cleane awry his course, yet give a checke,
And throw himselfe upon a rabbet's necke.
For as he hotly chas'd the love of Pan,
A heard of deere out of a thicket ran,
To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
To leave the maide, but when she swiftly bent
Her race downe to the plaine, the swifter deere
He soone forsooke. And now was got so neere
That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro,
(As well she could) but not prevailing so,
Breathlesse and weary calling on her love,
With fearefull shrikes that all the Ecchoes move,
(To call him to) she fell down deadly wan,
And ends her sweet life with the name of Pan.
"A youthfull shepheard, of the neighbour wold,
Missing that morn a sheepe out of his fold,
Carefully seeking round to finde his stray,
Came on the instant where this damsell lay.
Anger and pitty, in his manly brest, [possest'
Urge, yet restraine his teares. 'Sweet maide
(Quoth he) 'with lasting sleepe, accept from me
His end, who ended thy hard destinie!'
With that his strong dog, of no dastard kinde
(Swift as the foales conceived by the winde)
He sets upon the wolfe, that now with speede
Flyes to the neighbour-wood, and least a deed
So full of ruthe should unrevenged be,
The shepheard followes too, so earnestly
Chearing his dog that he neere turn'd againe
Till the curst wolfe lay strangled on the plaine.
"The ruin'd temple of her purer soule
The shepheard buryes. All the nymphs condole
So great a losse, while on a cypresse graffe,
Neere to her grave, they hung this epitaph:

"'Least loathed age might spoyle the worke in whom
All Earth delighted, Nature tooke it home.
Or angry all hers else were carelesse deem'd,
Here hid her best to have the rest esteem'd.
For feare men might not thinke the fates so crosse
But by their rigour in as great a losse.
If to the grave there ever was assign'd
One like this nymph in body and in minde,
We wish her here in balme not vainely spent,
To fit this maiden with a monument.
For brasse and marble, were they seated here,
Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.'

"Now Pan may sit and tune his pipe alone
Among the wished shades, since she is gone
Whose willing eare allur'd him more to play,
Than if to heare him should Apollo stay.
Yet happy Pan! and in thy love more blest,
Whom none but onely death hath dispossest;
While others love as well, yet live to be
Lesse wrong'd by fate than by inconstancy.
"The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on woody hils,
And sleightful otters left the purling rils;
Rookes to their nests in high woods now were flung, [young.
And with their spread wings shield their naked
When theeves from thickets to the crosse-wayes
And terrour frights the loanely passenger. [stir,
When nought was heard but now and then the howle
Of some vile curre, or whooping of the owle;
Pan, that the day before was farre away
At shepheards sports, return'd; and as he lay
Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
Was by a gastly vision thus affrighted:
Heart-thrilling grones first heard he round his bowre, [powre
And then the schrich-owle with her utmost
Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending
With windes, as Hecate had beene ascending.
Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,
And chilly drops trill o're his staring eyes:
Faine would he call but knew not who nor why,
Yet getting heart at last would up and try,
If any develish hag were come abroad
With some kinde mother's late deliver'd load,
A ruthelesse bloody sacrifice to make
To those infernall powres, that by the lake
Of mighty Styx and blacke Cocytus dwell,
Ayding each witche's charme and misticke spell.
But as he rais'd himself within his bed,
A sodaine light about his lodging spread,
And therewithall his love, all ashy pale
As evening mist from up a watry vale,
Appear'd, and weakly neere his bed she prest,
A ravell'd wound distain'd her purer brest,
(Brests softer farre than tufts of unwrought silke)
Whence had she liv'd to give an infant milke,
The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
Had made her babe immortall as the gods.
Pan would have spoke, but him she thus prevents:
'Wonder not that the troubled elements
Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
But am inforced to the shades of death.
My exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported o're
The neather floods among the shades of Dis,
To end my journey in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee, that no humane hand
Made me seeke waftage on the Stygian strand;
It was an hungry wolfe that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I sue,
In hate to all that kinde, and shepheards good,
To be revenged on that cursed brood.'
Pan vow'd, and would have clipt her, but she fled,
And, as she came, so quickly vanished.

"Looke as a well-growne stately headed bucke,
But lately by the woodman's arrow strucke,
Runs gadding o're the lawnes, or nimbly strayes
Among the combrous brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high-wood scowrs, then by the brooks,
On every hill side, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the covert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with ferne more highly sprung,
Strives to appease the raging with his tongue,
And from the speckled heard absents him till
He be recover'd somewhat of his ill:
So wounded Pan turnes in his restlesse bed;
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose, and through the wood distracted runs:
Yet carryes with him what in vaine he shuns.
Now he exclaim'd on fate: and wish'd he ne're
Had mortall lov'd, or that he mortall were.
And sitting lastly on an oake's bare trunke,
(Where raine in winter stood long time unsuncke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light,
That through the boughes flew from the queen of [night,
(As giving him occasion to repine)
Bewrayde an elme imbraced by a vine.
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to be
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.
Her boughes his armes, his leaves so mixt with hers,
That with no winde he mov'd but streight she stirs,
As showing all should be, whom love combynde,
In motion one, and onely two in kynde.
This more afflicts him, while he thinketh most,
Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.
O haplesse Pan! had there but been one by,
To tell thee, (though as poore a swaine as I)
Tho' (whether casuall meanes or death doe move)
We part not without griefe thing sheld with love:
Yet in their losse some comfort may be got,
If we doe minde the time we had them not.
This might have lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,
Or made thee love as thou mightst loose againe.
If thou the best of women didst forego,
Weigh if thou foundst her, or didst make her so;
If she were found so, know there's more than one;
If made, the workeman lives, though she be gone.
Should from mine eyes the light be tane away,
Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day.
And my desires to Heaven yeeld lesse offence,
Since blindnesse is a part of innocence.
So though thy love sleepe in eternall night,
Yet there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.
Instead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
It wants the care to keepe, and feare to loose.
For jealousie's and fortune's baser pelfe,
He rest injoyes that well injoyes himselfe.
"Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought thee
Of inward help, thy sorrow had not brought thee
To weigh misfortune by another's good:
Nor leave thy seate to range about the wood.
Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,
Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.
"A woody hill there stood, at whose low feet
Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,
Whose fretfull waves, beating against the hill,
Did all the bottome with soft mutt'rings fill.
Here in a nooke made by another mount,
(Whose stately oakes are in no lesse account
For height or spreading, than the proudest be
That from Oëta looke on Thessaly)
Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted cave,
That in the day as sullen shadowes give,
As evening to the woods. An uncouth place,
(Where hags and goblins might retire a space)
And hated now of shepheards, since there lyes
The corps of one, (lesse loving deities
Than we affected him) that never lent
His hand to aught but to our detriment.
A man that onely liv'd to live no more,
And dy'de still to be dying. Whose chiefe store
Of vertue was, his hate did not pursue her,
Because he onely heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but onely that his sight
Saw every thing had still his opposite.
And ever this his apprehension caught,
That what he did was best, the other naught.
That alwayes lov'd the man that never lov'd,
And hated him whose hate no death had mov'd.
That (politique) at fitting time and season,
Could hate the traitor, and yet love the treason.
That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)
In pieces tore to purchase his owne peace.
Who never gave his almes but in this fashion,
To salve his credit, more than for salvation
Who on the names of good men ever fed,
And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
Right like the pitch-tree, from whose any limbe
Comes never twig, shall be the seede of him.
The Muses, scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And never will vouchsafe to speake his name.
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
But perish with him his memoriall!
"Into this cave the god of shepheards went,
The trees in grones, the rockes in teares, lament
His fatall chance; the brookes, that whilome lept
To heare him play while his faire mistresse slept,
Now left their eddyes and such wanton moods,
And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.
There spent he most of night; but when the day
Drew from the Earth her pitchy vaile away,
When all the flowry plaines with carols rung,
That by the mounting larke were shrilly sung,
When dusky mists rose from the christall floods,
And darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods;
Pan left the cave, and now intends to finde
The sacred place where lay his love enshrinde;
A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laide
As much perfection as had ever maide:
If curious Nature had but taken care
To make more lasting, what she made so faire.
"Now wanders Pan the arched groves and hils,
Where fayries often dane'd, and shepheards' quills
In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day:
Yet (being earely) in his unknowne way
Met not a shepheard, nor on all the plaine
A flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
One jolly satyre stirring yet abroad,
Of whom he might inquire; this to the loade
Of his affliction addes; now he invokes [oakes
Those nymphes[10] in mighty forrests, that with
Have equall fates, each with her severall tree
Receiving birth, and ending, destinie.
Cals on all powres, intreats that he might have
But for his love, the knowledge of her grave;

[10] Hamadriades.

That since the Fates had tane the jem away,
He might but see the carknet where it lay;
To doe fit right to such a part of molde,
Covering so rare a piece, that all the gold
Or dyamond earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
Shall match the treasure which was hidden there!
" A hunting nymph, awakened with his mone,
(That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
Twyning her small armes round her slender waste,
That by no others us'd to be imbrac'd)
Got up, and knowing what the day before
Was guiltie of, she addes not to his store,
As many simply doe, whose friends, so crost,
They more afflict by showing what is lost:
But bid him follow her. He, as she leades,
Urgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads,
Earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'de,
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
' For speede comes ever lamely to desire.'
" Delayes, the stones that waiting suiters grinde,
By whom at court the poor man's cause is sign'd,
Who, to dispatch a suite, will not deferre
To take Death for a joynt commissioner.
Delay, the wooer's bane, revenge's hate,
The plague to creditor's decaid estate;
The test of patience, of our hopes the racke,
That drawes them forth so long until they cracke;
Vertue's best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great men's crimes,
Sh that hath hindred mighty Pan awhile,
Now steps aside: and as o're-flowing Nyle,
Hid from Clymene's sonne[11] his reeking head,
So from his rage all opposition fled;
Giving him way, to reach the timelesse toombe
Of Nature's glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the Graces did for mercy pleade,
And Youth and Goodnesse both did intercede)
The sonnes of Earth (if living) had beene driven
To heape-on hils, and warre anew with Heaven.
The shepheards, which he mist upon the downes,
Here meetes he with: for from the neighb'ring
Maidens and men resorted to the grave [townes
To see a wonder more than time e're gave.
"The holy priests had told them, long agone,
Amongst the learned shepheards there was one
So given to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of Pan, that, when no more
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of Pan.
Which unbeleeving man, that is not mov'd
To credit aught, if not by reason prov'd,
And tyes the over-working powre to doe
Nought otherwise than Nature reacheth to,
Held as most fabulous: not inly seeing
The hand by whom we live, and all have being,
No worke for admirable doth intend,
Which reason hath the powre to comprehend;
And faith no merit hath from Heaven lent,
Where humane reason yeelds experiment.
Till now they durst not trust the legend old,
Esteeming all not true their elders tolde;
And had not this last accident made good
The former, most in unbeliefe had stood. [wonder,
" But Fame, that spread the bruite of such a
Bringing the swaines of places far asunder
To this selected plot, (now famous more
Than any grove, mount, plaine, had beene before,
By relicke, vision, buriall, or birth,
Of anchoresse, or hermit, yet on Earth)
Out of the maiden's bed of endlesse rest,
Showes them a tree new growne, so fairely drest
With spreading armes and curled top, that Jove
Ne're braver saw in his Dodonian grove.
The hart-like leaves oft each with other pyle,
As doe the hard scales of the crocodyle;
And none on all the tree was seene but bore,
Written thereon in rich and purest ore,
The name of Pan; whose lustre farre beyond
Sparkl'd, as by a torch the dyamond.
Or those bright spangles which, fayre goddesse, doe
Shine in the hayre of these which follow you.
The shepheards, by direction of great Pan,
Search'd for the roote, and finding it began
In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
What now his eyes for ever, ever lose. [move
Now in the self-same spheare his thoughts must
With him[12] that did the shady plane tree love.
Yet though no issue from her loynes shall be
To draw from Pan a noble peddigree,
And Pan shall not, as other gods have done,
Glory in deedes of an heroicke sonne,
Nor have his name in countryes neere and farre
Proclaim'd, as by his childe the Thunderer;
If Phœbus on this tree spread warming rayes,
And northerne blasts kill not her tender sprayes,
His love shall make him famous in repute,
And still increase his name, yet beare no fruite.
" To make this sure, (the god of shepheards last,
When other ceremonies were o're-past)
And to performe what he before had vow'd
To dire revenge, thus spake unto the crowd:
" ' What I have lost, kinde shepheards, all you know,
And to recount it were to dwell in woe; [know,
To show my passion in a funerall song,
And with my sorrow draw your sighes along,
Words, then, well plac'd, might challenge somewhat due,
And not the cause alone, winne teares from you.
This to prevent, I set orations by,
' For passion seldome loves formalitie.'
What profits it a prisoner at the barre,
To have his judgement spoken regular?
Or in the prison heare it often read,
When he at first knew what was forfeited?
Our griefes in others' teares, like plate in water,
Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator
Of my mishaps, speakes witnesse, and that I
Have in myselfe no powre of remedy.
" ' Once (yet that once too often) heretofore
The silver Ladon on his sandy shore
Heard my complaints, and those coole groves that be
Shading the brest of lovely Arcady,
Witnesse, the teares which I for Syrinx spent.
Syrinx the faire! from whom the instrument
That fils your feasts with joy, (which, when I blow,
Drawes to the sagging dug milke white as snow)
Had his beginning. This enough had beene
To show the Fates' (my deemed sisters[13]) teene.
Here had they staid, this adage had beene none,
' That our disasters never come alone.'
What boot is it, though I am said to be
The worthy sonne of Mercury?
That I, with gentle nymphes in forrests high,
Kist out the sweet time of my infancie?

[11] Phaeton.

[12] Xerxes.

[13] Pronapis, in suo Protocosmo.

And when more yeares had made me able growne,
Was thro' the mountaines for their leader knowne?
That high-brow'd Mænalus, where I was bred,
And stony hils, not few, have honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of swaines,
Whose sheepe retyre there from the open plaines?
That I in shepheards' cups (rejecting gold [14])
Of milke and hony, measures eight times told,
Have offred to me; and the ruddy wine,
Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding vine?
That gleesome hunters, pleased with their sport,
With sacrifices due have thank'd me for't?
That patient anglers, standing all the day
Neere to some shallow stickle or deepe bay;
And fishermen, whose nets have drawne to land
A shoale so great, it well-nye hides the sand,
For such successe, some promontorie's head,
Thrust at by waves, hath knowne me worshipped?
But to increase my griefe, what profits this?
'Since still the losse is as the looser is.'
"'The many-kernell-bearing pyne of late,
From all trees else, to me was consecrate;
But now behold a roote more worth my love,
Equall to that which, in an obscure grove,
Infernall Juno proper takes to her:
Whose [15] golden slip the Trojan wanderer
(By sage Cumæan Sybil taught) did bring
(By Fates decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repayre
Through darke Avernus to the upper ayre.
This must I succour, this must I defend,
And from the wild boare's rooting ever shend;
Here shall the wood-pecker no entrance finde,
Nor Tivy's bevers gnaw the clothing rinde;
Lambeder's heards, nor Radnor's goodly deere,
Shall never once be seene a browsing here.
And now, ye British swaines, (whose harmlesse sheepe
Than all the world's beside I joy to keepe)
Which spread on every plaine, and hilly wold,
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd than that of gold,
For whose exchange one Indy gems of price,
The other gives you of her choicest spice.
"'And well she may; but we, unwise, the while,
Lessen the glory of our fruitfull isle:
Making those nations thinke we foolish are,
For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
Except the sexton and physitian.
And whether change of clymes, or what it be,
That proves our mariners' mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
As might have made us lords of what is theirs.
Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prise
Your lives more high than such base trumperies!
Forbeare to fetch; and they'le goe neere to sue,
And at your owne dores offer them to you;
Or have their woods and plaines so overgrowne
With poysnous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds unknowne;
That they would hire such weeders as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie.
Their spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impayre and much distemper yours.
What our owne soyle affords befits us best;
And long, and long, for ever may we rest
Needlesse of help! and may this isle alone
Furnish all other lands, and this land none!'
"Excuse me, Thetis," quoth the aged man,
"If passion drew me from the words of Pan!
Which thus I follow: 'You whose flockes,' quoth he,
'By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I have and yet may give
To such as on the plaines hereafter live,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy plant
The smallest branch; and who so cutteth this,
Dye for th' offence; to me so haynous 'tis.
And by the floods infernall here I sweare,
(An oath whose breach the greatest gods forbeare)
Ere Phœbe thrice twelve times shall fill her hornes,
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes,
Shall harbour wolfe, nor in this isle shall breed,
Nor live one of that kinde: if what's decreed
You keepe inviolate.' To this they swore;
And since those beasts have frighted us no more."
"But, swaine," (quoth Thetis) "what is this you tell,
To what you feare shall fall on Philocel?"
"Faire queene, attend; but oh! I feare," quoth he,
"Ere I have ended my sad history,
Unstaying Time may bring on his last houre,
And so defraud us of thy wished powre.
Yond goes a shepheard, give me leave to run,
And know the time of execution;
Mine aged limbes I can a little straine,
And quickly come (to end the rest) againe."

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Within this song my Muse doth tell
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his love and he, in thrall,
To death depriv'd of funerall,
The queene of waves doth gladly save;
And frees Marina from the cave.

So soone as can a martin from our towne
Fly to the river underneath the downe,
And backe returne with morter in her bill,
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepheard came; and thus began anew:
"Two houres, alas! onely two houres are due
From time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those
That here on Earth as destinies dispose
The lives and deaths of men; and, that time past,
He yeelds his judgement leave, and breathes his last.
"But to the cause. Great goddesse, understand,
In Mona isle, thrust from the British land,
As (since it needed nought of others' store)
It would intyre be, and a part no more,
There liv'd a maid so faire, that for her sake,
Since she was borne, the isle had never snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be
To hazard such admired symmetrie,
So many beauties so commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone.

[14] Apollonius Smyrnæus.

[15] Virgil's Æneis, b. vi.

Shepheards that in her cleare eyes did delight,
Whilst they were open never held it night:
And where they shut, although the morning gray
Call'd up the Sun, they hardly thought it day.
Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe
Withall to say it eclipsed was.
The roses on her cheekes, such, as each turne
Phœbus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.
From her sweet lips distil sweets sweeter doe,
Than from a cherry halfe way cut in two:
Whose yeelding touch would, as Promethean fire,
Lumps truely senselesse with a Muse inspire.
Who, praysing her, would youth's desire so stirre,
Each man in minde should be a ravisher.
Some say the nimble-witted Mercury
Went late disguis'd professing palmistrie,
And milke-maides' fortunes told about the land,
Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.
And that a shepheard, walking on the brim
Of a cleare streame where she did use to swim,
Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene
Of chastitie the pure and fairest queene,
Stole thence dismaid, least he by her decree
Might undergoe Acteon's [1] destinie.
Did youth's kinde heate inflame me, (but the snow
Upon my head, showes it cool'd long agoe)
I then could give (fitting so faire a feature)
Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
When now much like a man the palsie shakes,
And spectacles befriend, yet undertakes
To lymbe a lady, to whose red and white
Apelles' curious hand would owe some right;
His too unsteady pencell, shadowes here
Somewhat too much, and gives not over cleere;
His eye, deceiv'd, mingles his colours wrong,
There strikes too little, and here stayes too long,
Does and undoes, takes off, puts on, (in vaine)
Now too much white, then too much red againe;
And thinking then to give some speciall grace,
He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
That she which sits were better pay for nought,
Than have it ended, and so lamely wrought:
So doe I in this weake description erre;
And, striving more to grace, more injure her.
For ever where true worth for praise doth call,
He rightly nothing gives that gives not all.
But as a lad who learning to divide,
By one small misse the whole hath falcifide.
"Cœlia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so:
Whom Philocel (of all the swaines I know
Most worthy) lov'd: alas! that love should be
Subject to fortune's mutabilitie!
Whatever learned bards to fore have sung,
Or to the plaines shepheards and maydens young,
Of sad mishaps in love are set to tell,
Comes short to match the fate of Philocel.
"For as a labourer toyling at a bay
To force some cleere streame from his wonted way,
Working on this side sees the water run
Where he wrought last, and thought it finely done;
And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out
Another where, in a farre greater spout,
Which mended too, and with a turfe made trim,
The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
Or in the bancke the water having got
Some mole-hole, runs, where he expected not:
And when all's done, still feares, least some great raine
Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe:
So, in our shepheard's love, one hazard gone,
Another still as bad was coming on.
This danger past, another doth begin,
And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
For he that loves, and in it hath no stay,
Limits his blisse seld' past the marriage day.
"But Philocel's, alas! and Cœlia's too,
Must ne'er attaine so farre as others doe.
Else Fortune in them from her course should swerve,
Who most afflicts those that most goods deserve.
"Twice had the glorious Sun run thro' the signes,
And with his kindly heate improv'd the mines,
(As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
The vaine and fruitlesse art of alchymie)
Since our swaine lov'd: and twice had Phœbus bin
In horned Aries taking up his inne,
Ere he of Cœlia's heart possession wonne,
And since that time all his intentions done
Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes upon her,
Watchfull, as vertue's are on truest honour.
Kept on the isle as carefully of some,
As by the Trojans their Palladium [2].
"But where's the fortresse that can Love debarre?
The forces to oppose when he makes warre?
The watch which he shall never finde asleepe?
The spye that shall disclose his counsels deepe?
That fort, that force, that watch, that spye, would be
A lasting stop to a fifth empery.
But we as well may keepe the heate from fire
As sever hearts whom love hath made intyre.
"In lovely May, when Titan's golden rayes
Make ods in houres between the nights and dayes;
And weigheth almost downe th' once-eaven scale
Where night and day, by th' equinoctiall,
Were laid in ballance, as his powre he bent
To banish Cynthia from her regiment,
To Latmus' stately hill; and with this light
To rule the upper world both day and night,
Making the poore Antipodes to feare
A like conjunction 'twixt great Jupiter
And some Alcmena new, or that the Sun
From their horizon did obliquely run:
This time the swaines and maidens of the isle
The day with sportive dances doe beguile,
And every valley rings with shepheards' songs,
And every eccho each sweet noate prolongs;
And every river, with unusuall pride,
And dimpled cheeke, rowles sleeping to the tyde,
And lesser springs, which ayrie-breeding woods
Preferre as hand-maides to the mighty floods,
Scarce fill up halfe their channels, making haste
(In feare, as boyes) least all the sport be past.
"Now was the lord and lady of the May
Meeting the May-pole at the breake of day,
And Cœlia, as the fairest on the greene,
Not without some maids' envy, chosen queene.
Now was the time com'n when our gentle swaine
Must inne his harvest, or lose all againe;
Now must he plucke the rose, least other hands,
Or tempests, blemish what so fairely stands:
And, therefore, as they had before decreed,
Our shepheard gets a boate, and with all speede
In night (that doth on lovers' actions smile)
Arrived safe on Mona's fruitfull isle.

[1] See Ovid's Metam. b. iii. Palæphatus de incredibilibus historiis. p. 9. Edit. du Gard.

[2] Virgil's Æneis, b. ii.

" Betweene two rockes, (immortall, without mo-
That stand as if out-facing one another, [ther,
There ran a creeke up, intricate and blinde,
As if the waters hid them from the winde,
Which never wash'd, but at a higher tyde,
The frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide,
Where never gale was longer knowne to stay
Than from the smooth wave it had swept away
The new divorced leaves, that from each side
Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.
At further end the creeke, a stately wood
Gave a kinde shadow (to the brackish flood)
Made up of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
Than that sky-scaling pike of Tenerife,
Upon whose tops the herneshew bred her young,
And hoary mosse upon their branches hung;
Whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to show,
Without their height, what time they 'gan to grow.
And if dry eld by wrinckled skinne appeares,
None could allot them lesse than Nestor's yeares.
As under their command the thronged creeke
Ran lessened up. Here did the shepheard seeke
Where he his little boate might safely hide,
Till it was fraught with what the world beside
Could not outvalew; nor give equall weight,
Tho' in the time when Greece was at her height.
" The ruddy horses of the rosie Morne
Out of the easterne gates had newly borne
Their blushing mistresse in her golden chaire,
Spreading new light throughout our hemispheare,
When fairest Cœlia, with a lovelyer crew
Of damsels than brave Latmus ever knew,
Came forth to meet the youngsters; who had here
Cut downe an oake, that long withouten peere
Bore his round head imperiously above
His other mates there, consecrate to Jove.
The wished time drew on: and Cœlia now,
(That had the fame for her white arched brow)
While all her lovely fellowes busied were
In picking off the jems from Tellus' haire,
Made tow'rds the creeke, where Philocel, unspide,
(Of maid or shepheard that their May-games plide)
Receiv'd his wish'd-for Cœlia, and begun
To steere his boate contrary to the Sun,
Who could have wish'd another in his place
To guide the carre of light, or that his race
Were to have end (so he might blesse his hap)
In Cœlia's bosome, not in Thetis' lap.
The boate oft danc'd for joy of what it held,
The hoyst-up saile, not quicke but gently swel'd,
And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
Ere she deliver'd what she went withall.
Winged Argestes [3], faire Aurora's sonne,
Licenc'd that day to leave his dungeon,
Meekely attended; and did never erre,
Till Cœlia grac'd our land, and our land her.
As thro' the waves their love-fraught wherry ran,
A many Cupids, each set on his swan,
Guided with reynes of gold and silver twist
The spotlesse birds, about them, as they list,
Which would have sung a song, (ere they were gone)
Had unkinde Nature given them more than one;
Or, in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
And made their sweet lives forfaite, one sad song.

[3] The western wind. And supposed (with the stars) the birth of Aurora by Astræus, as Apollodorus: Ἠοῦς δὲ καὶ Ἀστραίου ἄνεμοι καὶ ἄστρα.

" Yet that their happy voyage might not be
Without tyme's shortner, heav'n-taught melodie,
(Musicke, that lent feet to the stable woods,
And in their currents turn'd the mightie floods,
Sorrowe's sweet nurse, yet keeping joy alive,
Sad discontent's most welcome corrasive,
The soule of art, best lov'd when love is by,
The kinde inspirer of sweet poesie,
Least thou should'st wanting be, when swans would faine
Have sung one song, and never sung againe)
The gentle shepheard, hasting to the shore,
Began this lay, and tym'd it with his oare.

" ' Nevermore let holy Dee
O're other rivers brave,
Or boast how (in his jollity)
Kings row'd upon his wave.
But silent be, and ever know
That Neptune for my fare would row.

" ' Those were captives. If he say
That now I am no other,
Yet she that beares my prison's key
Is fairer than love's mother;
A god tooke me, those one lesse high,
They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

" ' Swell, then, gently swell, ye floods,
As proud of what you beare,
And nymphes that in low corrall woods
String pearles upon your hayre,
Ascend: and tell if ere this day
A fayrer prize was seene at sea.

" ' See the salmons leape and bound,
To please us as we passe,
Each mermaid on the rockes around,
Lets fall her brittle glasse,
As they their beauties did despize,
And lov'd no myrrour but your eyes.

" ' Blow, but gently blow, fayre winde,
From the forsaken shore,
And be as to the halcyon kinde,
Till we have ferry'd o're:
So maist thou still have leave to blow,
And fanne the way where she shall goe.

" ' Floods, and nymphes, and windes, and all
That see us both together,
Into a disputation fall;
And then resolve me, whether
The greatest kindnesse each can show
Will quit our trust of you or no?'

" Thus as a merry milke-maid, neate and fine,
Returning late from milking of her kine,
Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten song;
The shepheard did their passage well beguile.
" And now the horned flood bore to our isle
His head more high than he had us'd to doe,
Except by Cynthia's newnesse forced to.
Not Januarie's snow, dissolv'd in floods,
Makes Thamar more intrude on Blanchden woods,
Nor the concourse of waters when they fleete
After a long raine, and in Severne meete,
Rais'th her inraged head to roote faire plants,
Or more affright her nigh inhabitants,
(When they behold the waters rufully,
And, save the waters, nothing else can see)

Than Neptune's subject now, more than of yore:
As loath to set his burden soone on shore.
"O Neptune! hadst thou kept them still with thee,
Though both were lost to us, and such as we,
And with those beauteous birds, which on thy brest
Get and bring up, afforded them a rest;
Delos, that long time wand'ring piece of earth,
Had not beene fam'd more for Diana's birth,
Than those few planckes that bore them on the seas,
By the blest issue of two such as these.
"But they were landed: so are not our woes,
Nor ever shall, whilst from an eye there flowes
One drop of moysture: to these present times
We will relate, and some sad shepheard's rhymes
To after ages may their fates make knowne,
And in their depth of sorrow drowne his owne.
So our relation, and his mournfull verse,
Of teares shall force such tribute to their herse,
That not a private griefe shall ever thrive,
But in that deluge fall, yet this survive.
"Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast valley (having on
Each hand a woody hill, whose boughes, unlopt,
Have not alone at all times sadly dropt,
And turn'd their stormes on her dejected brest,
But when the fire of Heaven is ready prest
To warme and further what it should bring forth,
For lowly dales mate mountaines in their worth)
The trees (as screenlike greatnesse) shade his raye,
As it should shine on none but such as they,
Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse wretch,
Whose walkes and pastures once were knowne to stretch
From east to west, so farre that no dyke ran
For noted bounds, but where the Ocean
His wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as great
In sholes of fish as were the other's neate,
Who, now rejected and depriv'd of all,
Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.
For as with hanging head I have beheld
A widow vine, stand, in a naked field,
Unhusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
Brouz'd on by deere, by cattle cropt and torne,
Unpropt, unsuccoured, by stake or tree,
From wreakefull stormes' impetuous tyranny,
When, had a willing hand lent kind redresse,
Her pregnant bunches might from out the presse
Have sent a liquor, both for taste and show,
No lesse divine than those of Malligo:
Such was this wight, and such she might have beene,
She both th' extreames hath felt of Fortune's teene,
For never have we heard, from times of yore,
One sometime envy'd, and now pitty'd more.
Her object, as her state, is low as earth;
Privation her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.
Of others' good her best beliefe is still
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.
The onely enemy and friend she knowes
Is Death, who, though deferres, must end her woes.
Her contemplation frightfull as the night.
She never lookes on any living wight
Without comparison; and as the day
Gives us, but takes the gloworme's light away,
So the least ray of blisse on others throwne,
Deprives and blindes all knowledge of her owne.
Her comfort is, (if for her any be)
That none can slow more cause of griefe than she.
Yet somewhat she of adverse fate hath wonne,
Who had undone her, were she not undone.
For those that on the sea of greatnesse ryde
Farre from the quiet shore, and where the tyde
In ebbs and floods is ghess'd, not truely knowne,
Expert of all estates except their owne,
Keeping their station at the helme of state,
Not by their vertues, but auspicious fate,
Subject to calmes of favour, stormes of rage,
Their actions noted as the common stage,
Who, like a man borne blinde, that cannot be
By demonstration showne what 'tis to see,
Live still in ignorance of what they want,
Till misery become the adamant,
And touch them for that poynt, to which, with speede,
None comes so sure as by the hand of neede.
A mirrour strange she in her right hand bore,
By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
She could distinguish well; and by her side,
(As in her full of happinesse) untyde,
Unforc'd, and uncompel'd, did sadly goe
(As if partaker of his mistresse' woe)
A loving spanyell, from whose rugged backe
(The only thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)
She plucks the hayre, and working them in pleats,
Furthers the suite which modestie intreates.
Men call her Athliot: who cannot be
More wretched made by infelicitie,
Unlesse she here had an immortall breath,
Or living thus, liv'd timerous of death.
"Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
She running came, and cryde to Philocel,
'Helpe! helpe! kinde shepheard, helpe! See yonder, where
A lovely lady, hung up by the hayre,
Struggles, but mildely struggles, with the Fates,
Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
Dame Nature's in her haire, stayes them to wonder,
While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.
So shrinkes the rose that with the flames doth meet,
So gently bowes the virgin parchment sheet,
So rowle the waves up, and fall out againe,
As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.
Farre, farre above my helpe or hope in trying,
Unknowne, and so more miserably dying,
Smoth'ring her torments in her panting brest,
She meekely waites the time of her long rest.
Hasten! O hasten then! kinde shepheard, haste!'
"He went with her: and Cœlia (that had grac'd
Him past the world besides) seeing the way
He had to goe not farre, rests on the lay. [love
"'Twas near the place where Pan's transformed
Her guilded leaves displaid, and boldly strove
For lustre with the Sun: a sacred tree,
Pal'd round and kept from violation free;
Whose smallest spray rent off, we never prize
At lesse than life. Here, tho' her heavenly eyes
From him she lov'd could scarce afford a sight,
(As if for him they onely had their light)
Those kinde and brighter starres were knowne to
And to all misery betrayed her. [erre,
For turning them aside, she (haplesse) spies
The holy tree, and (as all novelties
In tempting women have small labour lost,
Whether for value nought, or of more cost)
Led by the hand of uncontroul'd desire,
She rose, and thither went. A wrested bryre
Onely kept close the gate which led into it,
(Easie for any all times to undoe it,

That with a pious hand hung on the tree
Garlands or raptures of sweet poesie)
Which by her opened, with unweeting hand,
A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaves fan'd
And chatter'd with the ayre, as who should say,
' Doe not for once, O doe not this bewray!
Nor give sound to a tongue for that intent!
Who ignorantly sinnes, dyes innocent.'
" By this was Philocel returning backe,
And in his hand the lady; for whose wrack
Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
So wholy pure, so truely exquisite:
But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewn mold,
Since what is best lives seldome to be old.
Within their sight was fayrest Cœlia now;
Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough
Her love beheld. And, as a mother kinde,
What time the new-cloath'd trees, by gusts of winde
Unmov'd, stand wistly list'ning to those layes
The feather'd quiristers upon their sprayes
Chaunt to the merry Spring, and in the even
She with her little sonne for pleasure given,
To tread the fring'd banckes of an amorous flood,
That with her musicke courts a sullen wood,
Where ever talking with her onely blisse,
That now before and then behinde her is,
She stoopes for flowres, the choicest may be had,
And bringing them to please her prittie lad,
Spyes in his hand some hanefull flowre or weed,
Whereon he 'gins to smell, perhaps to feede,
With a more earnest haste she runs unto him,
And puls that from him which might else undoe
So to his Cœlia hasted Philocel, [him:
And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
To question if she broke it, or if then
An eye beheld her? ' Of the race of men,'
(Replide she) ' when I took it from the tree,
Assure yourselfe, was none to testifie.
But what hath past since in your hand, behold
A fellow running yonder over the wold
Is well inform'd of. Can there (love) ensue,
Tell me! oh, tell me! any wrong to you
By what my hand hath ignorantly done?'
(Quoth fearefull Cœlia) ' Philocel! be wonne
By these unfained teares, as I by thine,
To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!'
' Cleere up these showres (my sun') quoth Philocel,
' The ground it needes not. Nought is so from well,
But that reward and kind intreaties may
Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.'
Thus wisely he suppresst his height of woe,
And did resolve, since none but they did know
Truely who rent it: and the hatefull swaine,
That lately past by them upon the plaine,
(Whom well he knew did beare to him a hate,
Though undeserved, so inveterate,
That to his utmost powre he would assay
To make his life have ending with that day)
Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
That he against all throes of Fate would stand,
Acknowledge it his deede, and so afford
A passage to his heart for justice' sword,
Rather than by her losse the world should be
Despiz'd and scorn'd for losing such as she.
" Now (with a vow of secrecy from both)
Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;
And by the time the shades of mighty woods
Began to turne them to the easterne floods,
They thither got: where, with undaunted hart,
He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
Such dainties as a shepheard's cottage yeelds,
Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields;
No way distracted nor disturb'd at all:
And, to prevent what likely might befall
His truest Cœlia, in his apprehending,
Thus to all future care gave final ending:
Into their cup (wherein, for such sweet girles,
Nature would myriades of richest pearles
Dissolve, and by her powerfull simples strive
To keepe them still on Earth, and still alive)
Our swaine infus'd a powder, which they dranke:
And to a pleasant roome (set on a banke
Neere to his cote, where he did often use
At vacant houres to entertaine his Muse)
Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
Till what he gave in operation sped,
And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,
Whose new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.
" The glasse of Time had well-nye spent the sand
It had to run, ere with impartiall hand
Justice must to her upright ballance take him:
Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)
Began to use as quickly as perceive,
And of his love thus tooke his latest leave.
" ' Cœlia! thou fairest creature ever eye
Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie!
Cœlia, that hast but just so much of earth,
As makes thee capable of death! Thou birth
Of every virtue, life of every good!
Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food,
Is imitation of the highest powres,
Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,
That it may beare, we to their altars bring
Things worthy their accept, our offering.
I the most wretched creature ever eye
Behold, or yet put on mortalitie,
Unhappy Philocel! that have of earth
Too much to give my sorrowes endlesse birth,
The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes
No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
Clouded with woe that hence will never flit,
Till Death's eternall night grow one with it,
I, as a dying swan that sadly sings
Her moanefull dirge unto the silver springs,
Which, carelesse of her song, glide sleeping by
Without one murmure of kind elegie,
Now stand by thee; and as a turtle's mate
With lamentations inarticulate,
The neere departure from her love bemones,
Spend these my bootless sighs and killing grones.
Here as a man (by Justice' doome) exilde
To coasts unknowne, to desarts rough and wilde,
Stand I to take my latest leave of thee:
Whose happy and heaven-making company
Might I enjoy to Libia's continent,
Were blest fruition, and not banishment.
First of those eyes that have already tane
Their leave of me: lamps fitting for the phane
Of Heaven's most powre, and which might ne're expire,
But be as sacred as the vestal fire.
Then of those plots, where halfe-ros'd lillies be
Not one by art, but Nature's industry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintlesse flowres of blest Elysium.
Next from those lips I part, and may there be
No one that shall hereafter second me!
Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
Their sweets but to themselves to all unknowne:

For should our swaines divulge what sweets there be
Within the sea-clipt bounds of Britanie,
We should not from invasions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her heart: O no! let that be never!
For if I part from thence I dye for ever.
Be that the record of my love and name!
Be that to me as is the phœnix' flame!
Creating still anew what Justice' doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chast love to me (as shadowes run
In full extent unto the setting Sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone,
Backe to thyselfe retyre, and there grow one;
If to a second light thy shadow be,
Let him still have his ray of love from me;
And if as I, that likewise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.
But know no other, nor againe be sped,
'She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed.'
"'And now from all at once my leave I take,
With this petition, That when thou shalt wake,
My teares already spent may serve for thine!
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine!
Yea, rather than my losse should draw on hers,
(Heare, Heaven, the suite which my sad soule preferres!)
Let this her slumber, like Oblivion's streame,
Make her beleeve our love was but a dreame!
Let me be dead in her as to the Earth,
Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
Sleepe, thou sweet soule, from all disquiet free,
And since I now beguile thy destiny,
Let after patience in thy brest arise,
To give his name a life who for thee dyes.
He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
Since now in leaving that sweet harmonie, [him
Which Nature wrought in thee, he drawes not to
Enough of sorrow that might streight undoe him.
And have for meanes of death his parting hence,
So keeping justice still in innocence.'
"Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
'Parting knowes more of griefe than absence can.'
And with a backward pace, and ling'ring eye,
Left, and for ever left, their company.
"By this the curs'd informer of the deede
With wings of mischiefe (and those have most speede)
Unto the priests of Pan had made it knowne.
And (though with griefe enough) were thither flowne,
With strickt command the officers that be
As hands of Justice in her each decree.
Those unto judgement brought him: where accus'd
That with unhappy hand he had abus'd
The holy tree; and by the oath of him,
Whose eye beheld the separated limb, [ed.
All doubts dissolv'd; quicke judgement was award-
(And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
This morne he should be brought; and from yond rocke
(Where every houre new store of mourners flocke)
He should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
To be depriv'd of life; and dead, of toombe.
"This is the cause, faire goddesse, that appeares
Before you now clad in an old man's teares,
Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more
Than many winters have seene heretofore."
"But, father," (quoth she) "let me understand
How you are sure that it was Cœlia's hand
Which rent the branch; and then (if you can) tell
What nymph it was which neere the lonely dell
Your shepheard succour'd." Quoth the good old man,
"The last time in her orbe pale Cynthia ran,
I to the prison went, and from him knew
(Upon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
And that the lady, which he found distrest,
Is Fida call'd; a maide not meanely blest
By Heaven's endowments, and—Alas! but see,
Kind Philocel ingirt with miserie,
More strong than by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedie:
You may walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor shall it neede I to my sorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it."
The goddesse went: but, ere she came, did
Herselfe from every eye within a cloud, [shrowde
Where she beheld the shepheard on his way,
Much like a bridegroome on his marriage-day;
Increasing not his miserie with feare.
Others for him, but he shed not a teare.
His knitting sinews did not tremble aught,
Nor to unusuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyver, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour, show'd a dread to dye.
His resolution keeping with his spirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in subjection every thought of feare,
Scorning so base an executioner.
Some time he spent in speech; and then began
Submissely prayer to the name of Pan,
When sodainly this cry came from the plaines:
"From guiltlesse blood be free, ye British swaines!
Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appointed!
Let me be head-long throwne, these limbes disjoynted!
Or if you needes must hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.
Doe then right justice, and performe your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both."
Wonder drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And sorrow Philocel's. Where he espies
What he did onely feare, the beauteous maide,
His wofull Cœlia, whom (ere night arraid
Last time the world in sute of mournfull blacke,
More darke than use, as to bemone their wracke)
He at his cottage left in sleepe's soft armes,
By powre of simples, and the force of charmes,
Which time had now dissolv'd, and made her know
For what intent her love had left her so.
She staide not to awake her mate in sleepe,
Nor to bemone her fate. She scorn'd to weepe,
Or have the passion that within her lyes
So distant from her heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her hayre, her throbbing brest
Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards prest
As an inraged furious lionesse,
Through uncouth treadings of the wildernesse,
In hote pursute of her late missed broode.
The name of Philocel speakes every wood,
And she begins it still, and still her paee;
Her face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
So ran distracted Hecuba along
The streets of Troy. So did the people throng
With helplesse hands and heavy hearts to see
Their wofull ruine in her progenie.
As harmlesse flockes of sheepe that neerely fed,
Upon the open plaines wide scattered,

Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye
(Not without teares) while thus she passed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now swelled forth, and over-went the top,
Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all forlorne sate drooping on the boughes.
Sheepe, springs, and birds, nay, trees' unwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.
Thus came she to the place (where aged men,
Maidens, and wives, and youth and children
That had but newly learnt their mother's name,
Had almost spent their teares before she came)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her brest; and unto them affords
These as the meanes to further her pretence:
" Receive not on your soules, by innocence
Wrong'd, lasting staines; which from a sluce the sea
May still wash o're, but never wash away.
Turne all your wraths on me; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred tree of gold;
These are the feete that led to that intent,
Mine was th' offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liv'd among you, and he knew
The danger imminent that would ensue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then!
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"
What certaine death could never make him doe,
(With Cœlia's losse) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And show'd him all in teares: and for a while
Out of his heart unable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiv'd;
But weighing what the world should be bereav'd,
He of his sighes and throbs some license wanne,
And to the sad spectators thus beganne:
" Hasten! O haste! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer aught of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of frenzy hath possest the maid,
She could not doe it, though she had assaid.
No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
A spray so weake to yeeld to such as she.
To winne her love I broke it, but unknowne
And undesir'd of her; then let her owne
No touch of prejudice without consent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!"
O! who did ever such contention see,
Where death stood for the prize of victory?
Where love and strife were firme and truely knowne,
And where the victor must be overthrowne?
Where both pursude, and both held equall strife,
That life should further death, death further life.
Amazement strucke the multitude. And now
They knew not which way to performe their vow.
If onely one should be depriv'd of breath,
They were not certaine of th' offender's death;
If both of them should die for that offence,
They certainely should murder innocence;
If none did suffer for it, then there ran
Upon their heads the wrath and curse of Pan.
This much perplex'd and made them to deferre
The deadly hand of th' executioner,
Till they had sent an officer to know
The judges' wils: (and those with fates doe goe)
Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began:
" The substitutes on Earth of mighty Pan,
Have thus decreed; (although the one be free)
To cleare themselves from all impuritie,
If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
Th' offence is certaine, be their death as sure.
This is their doome, (which may all plagues prevent)
To have the guilty kill the innocent."
Looke as two little lads, (their parents' treasure)
Under a tutor strictly kept from pleasure,
While they their new-given lesson closely scan,
Heare of a message by their father's man,
That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
Must come along and walke to some faire plot;
Both have a hope: their carefull tutor, loth
To hinder eyther, or to license both;
Sends backe the messenger, that he may know
His master's pleasure which of them must goe:
While both his schollers stand alike in feare
Both of their freedome and abiding there,
The servant comes and says, that for that day
Their father wils to have them both away:
Such was the feare these loving soules were in,
That time the messenger had absent bin.
But farre more was their joy 'twixt one another
In hearing neyther should out-live the other.
Now both intwinde, because no conquest wonne,
Yet eyther ruinde: Philocel begun
To arme his love for death: a roabe unfit,
Till Hymen's saffron'd weede had usher'd it:
" My fayrest Cœlia! come; let thou and I,
That long have learn'd to love, now learne to dye;
It is a lesson hard, if we discerne it,
Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
Unpartiall Fate layes ope the booke to us,
And let us con it, still imbracing thus;
We may it perfect have, and goe before
Those that have longer time to read it o're;
And we had need begin, and not delay,
For 'tis our turne to read it first to-day.
Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
But see how much I erre: vaine metaphor
And elocution destinies abhorre.
Could death be staid with words, or wonne with teares,
Or mov'd with beauty, or with unripe yeeres;
Sure thou couldst doe't: this rose, this sun-like eye,
Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
But we must dye, my love; not thou alone,
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let us grieve; for we are marryed thus,
And have by death what life denyed us.
It is a comfort from him more than due;
' Death severs many, but he couples few.'
Life is a flood that keepes us from our blisse,
The ferriman to waft us thither, is
Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're,
Should we not thanke the ferriman the more?
Others intreat him for a passage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
And sooner takes the happy man away.
Some little happinesse have thou and I,
Since we shall dye before we wish to dye.
Should we here longer live, and have our dayes
As full in number as the most of these,
And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
We gladly might have liv'd, and patient dyde:
When now our fewer yeeres, made long by cares,
(That without age can snow downe silver haires)

Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)
We patiently did live, and gladly dye.
The difference (my love) that doth appeare
Betwixt our fates and theirs that see us here,
Is onely this: the high all-knowing Powre
Conceals from them, but tels us our last howre.
For which to Heaven we farre farre more are bound,
Since in the howre of death we may be found
(By its prescience) ready for the hand
That shall conduct us to the Holy-land. [may
When those, from whom that houre conceal'd is,
Even in their height of sinne be tane away.
Besides, to us Justice a friend is knowne,
Which neyther lets us dye nor live alone.
That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
'Who feares not Death, denyes to be compell'd.'
"O that thou wert no actor in this play,
My sweetest Cœlia! or divorc'd away
From me in this! O Nature! I confesse
I cannot looke upon her heavinesse
Without betraying that infirmitie
Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on me.
Would I had dyde when I receiv'd my birth!
Or knowne the grave before I knew the Earth!
Heavens! I but one life did receive from you,
And must so short a loane be paid with two?
Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem
Which have their best-belov'd to dye with them?
O let her live! some blest powre heare my cry!
Let Cœlia live, and I contented dye." [throes!
"My Philocel," (quoth she) "neglect these
Ask not for me, nor adde not to my woes!
Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but desolation?
Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
To waite a passage at an unknowne day?
Or have me dwell within this vale of woe,
Excluded from those joyes which thou shalt know?
Envy not me that blisse! I will assay it,
My love deserves it, and thou canst not stay it.
Justice! then take thy doome; for we entend,
Except both live, no life; one life, one end."
Thus with imbraces, and exhorting other,
With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother,
Their soft and ruddy lips close joyn'd with eyther,
That in their deaths their soules might meet together,
With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,
Expecting death, they on the cliffe's edge stood;
And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the rocke into the armes of Death.
Faire Thetis, whose command the waves obey,
Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The billows (mercilesse, us'd to devoure,
And not to save) she made to swell up high,
Even at the instant when the tragedy
Of those kinde soules should end: so to receive them,
And keepe what crueltie would faine bereave them.
Her hest was soone perform'd: and now they lay
Imbracing on the surface of the sea,
Voyd of all sence; a spectacle so sad,
That Thetis, nor no nymph which there she had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while refraine,
But from their heavenly eyes did sadly raine
Such showres of teares, (so powrefull, since divine)
That ever since the sea doth taste of bryne.
With teares, thus, to make good her first intent,
She both the lovers to her chariot hent:
Recalling life that had not cleerely tane
Full leave of his or her more curious phane,
And with her praise, sung by these thankfull payre,
Steer'd on her coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)
Towards her pallace, built beneath the seas:
Proud of her journey, but more proud of these.
By that time Night had newly spred her robe
Over our halfe-part of this massie globe,
She wonne that famous isle which Jove did please
To honour with the holy Druydes.
And as the westerne side she stript along,
Heard (and so staid to heare) this heavy song:

"O Heaven! what may I hope for in this cave?
A grave.
But who to me this last of helpes shall retch?
A wretch.
Shall none be by pittying so sad a wight?
Yes: Night.
Small comfort can befall in heavy plight
To me, poore maide, in whose distresses be
Nor hope, nor helpe, nor one to pittie me,
But a cold grave, a wretch, and darksome night.

"To digge that grave what fatall thing appeares?
Thy teares.
What bell shall ring me to that bed of ease?
Rough seas.
And who for mourners hath my fate assign'd?
Each winde.
Can any be debarr'd from such I finde?
When to my last rites gods no other send
To make my grave, for knell, or mourning friend,
Than mine owne teares, rough seas, and gusts of winde.

"Teares must my grave dig: but who bringeth those?
Thy woes.
What monument will Heaven my body spare?
The ayre.
And what the epitaph when I am gone?
Oblivion.
Most miserable I, and like me none
Both dying, and in death, to whom is lent
Nor spade, nor epitaph, nor monument,
Excepting woes, ayre, and oblivion."

The end of this gave life unto a grone,
As if her life and it had beene but one;
Yet she, as carelesse of reserving eyther,
If possible would leave them both together.
It was the faire Marina, almost spent
With griefe and feare of future famishment.
For (haplesse chance) but the last rosie morne
The willing redbrest, flying through a thorne,
Against a prickle gor'd his tender side,
And in an instant, so, poore creature dyde.
Thetis, much mov'd with those sad notes she heard,
Her freeing thence to Triton soone referr'd;
Who found the cave as soone as set on shore,
And by his strength removing from the dore
A weighty stone, brought forth the fearefull mayde,
Which kindly led where his faire mistresse staid;
Was entertain'd as well became her sort,
And with the rest steer'd on to Thetis' court.
For whose release from imminent decay,
My Muse a while will here keepe holy-day.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

DEDICATION

TO THE TRUELIE VERTUOUS, AND WORTHY OF ALL HONOR, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDWARD, LORD ZOUCH,

SAINT MAURE AND CANTELUPE,

AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTIE'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVIE COUNCELL.

Be pleased, (great lord) when underneath the shades
Of your delightful Bramshill, (where the Spring
Her flowers for gentle blasts with Zephire trades)
Once more to heare a silly shephearde sing.
Yours be the pleasure, mine the sonneting;
Ev'n that hath his delight: nor shall I need
To seeke applause amongst the common store,
It is enough if this mine oaten reed
Please but the eare it should; I aske no more.
Nor shall those rurall notes which heretofore
Your true attention grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfectlye: oblivion shall not gaine
Aught on your worth, but sung shall be your name
So long as England yeelds or song, or swaine.
Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,
And scorne to flatter, but the men I hate.

Your honour's,
WILLIAM BROWNE.

OF HIS FRIEND,

MASTER WILLIAM BROWNE.

A poet's borne, not made: no wonder, then,
Though Spencer, Sidney, (miracles of men,
Sole English makers: whose ev'n names so hie
Expresse by implication poesy)
Were long unparalell'd: for Nature, bold
In their creation, spent that precious mold,
That nobly better earth, that purer spirit,
Which poets, as their birth-rights, claime t'inherit;
And in their great production, prodigall,
Carelesse of futures well-nie spent her all,
Viewing her worke, conscious sh' had suffered wracke,
Hath caus'd our countrymen ere since to lacke
That better earth and forme: long thrifty growne
Who truly might beare poets, brought forth none:
Till now of late, seeing her flockes new full
(By time and thrift) of matter beautifull,
And quintessence of formes; what severall
Our elder poets graces had, those all
She now determin'd to unite in one,
So to surpasse herselfe, and call'd him Browne:
That beggar'd by his birth, she's now so poore,
That of true makers she can make no more.
Hereof accus'd, answer'd, she meant that he
A species should, no individuum be:
That (phœnix like) he in himselfe should find
Of poesy contain'd each several kind.
And from this phœnix's urne thought she could take,
Whereof all following poets well to make.
For of some former she had now made knowne
They were her errours whil'st sh' intended Browne.

IN LIBELLUM INSCRIPTIONEMQUE.

Not æglogues your, but eclogues. To compare:
Virgil's selected, yours elected are.
He imitates, you make: and this your creature
Expresseth well your name, and theirs, their nature.
Int. Temp. E. JOHNSON.

TO HIS BETTER BELOVED, THAN KNOWN FRIEND,

MASTER BROWNE.

Such is the fate of some (write) now a daies:
Thinking to win and weare, they break the baies:
As a slow footeman striving neere to come,
A swifter that before him farre doth runne,
Puft with the hope of honour's gole to winne,
Runnes out of breath, yet furthest off from him.
So doe our most of poets, whose Muse flies
About for honour, catch poor butterflies.
But thou, faire friend, not ranckt shall be 'mongst those
That make a mountaine where a mole hill grows:
Thou, whose sweet singing pen such layes hath writ,
That in an old way teacheth us new wit.
Thou that were born and bred to be the man,
To turne Apollo's glory into Pan:
And when thou lists of shepheards leave to write,
To great Apollo adde againe his light:
For never yet like shepheards forth have come,
Whose pipes so sweetly play as thine hath done.
Faire Muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure
As women browne, that faire and long'st endure;
Still mayst thou, as thou dost, a lover move,
And as thou dost each mover may thee love,
Whilst I myselfe in love with thee must fall,
Browne's Muse the faire browne woman still will call.
Int. Temp. JOHN ONLEY.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FIRST EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roget and Willie both ymet,
Upon a greeny ley;
With rondelayes and tales are set,
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

WILLIE.

Roget, droope not, see the spring
Is the earth enamelling,
And the birds on every tree
Greete this morne with melodie:
Heark, how yonder thrustle chants it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;
See how every streame is drest
By her margine, with the best
Of Flora's gifts, she seemes glad
For such brookes such flowers she had;

All the trees are quaintly tyred
With greene buds, of all desired;
And the hauthorne, every day,
Spreads some little show of May:
See the primrose sweetly set
By the much-lov'd violet,
All the bankes doe sweetly cover,
As they would invite a lover,
With his lasse, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide,
When all cares are laid aside,
Roget sits as if his bloud
Had not felt the quickning good
Of the Sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to passe the day,
As he wont. Fye, Roget, fye!
Raise thy head, and merrily
Tune us somewhat to thy reede;
See, our flockes do freely feede:
Here we may together sit,
And for musicke very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an eccho shrill and good;
Twice full perfectly it will
Answere to thine oaten quill.
Roget, droope not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the spring.

ROGET.

Ah, Willie, Willie! why should I
Sound my notes of jollitie?
Since no sooner can I play
Any pleasing roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my quill;
And will say, "By this, he me
Meaneth in his minstralsie."
If I chance to name an asse
In my song, it comes to passe,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus whate're I chance to do
Happens to my losse, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report: how should I
Sound then notes of jollitie?

WILLIE.

'Tis true, indeed, we say all,
Rub a gall'd horse on the gall,
Kicke he will, storme, and bite:
But the horse of sounder plight
Gently feeles his master's hand.
In the water thrust a brand
Kindled in the fier, 'twille hisse;
When a sticke that taken is
From the hedge, in water thrust,
Never rokes as would the first,
But endures the water's touch.
Roget, so it fares with such
Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage whene're there vice is blam'd.
But who in himselfe is free
From all spots, as lillies be,
Never stirres, do what thou can.
If thou slander such a man,
Yet he's quiet, for he knowes
With him no such vices close.
Onely he that is indeede
Spotted with the leprous seede
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An ulcerous soule in the path
Of reproofe, he straight will brall,
If you rub him on the gall.

ROGET.

But in vaine then shall I keepe
These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe:
And though all the day I tend them,
And from wolves and foxes shend them,
Wicked swaines, that beare me spight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or else breake my lambkins' legges:
Or unhang my weather's bell,
Or bring bryers from the dell,
And them in my fold by pieces
Cast, to tangle all their fleeces.
Well-a-day! such churlish swaines
Now and then lurke on our plaines;
That I feare, a time, ere long,
Shall not heare a shepheard's song.
Nor a swayne shall take in taske
Any wrong, nor once unmaske
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the shepheard's happy life:
Except he meanes his sheepe shall be
A prey to all their injurie.
This causeth me I do no more
Chant so as I wont of yore:
Since in vaine then should I keep
These my harmlesse flocke of sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
Make the woods and vallies ring
With some other kind of lore,
Roget hath enough in store:
Sing of love, or tell some tale,
Praise the flowers, the hils, the vale:
Let us not here idle be,
Next day I will sing to thee.
Hearke, on knap of yonder hill
Some sweet shepheard tunes his quill,
And the maidens in a round
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, shall we
Grac'd be with like company.
And to gird thy temples bring
Garlands for such fingering.
Then raise thee, Roget.

ROGET.

Gentle swaine,
Whom I honour for thy straine,
Though it would beseeme me more
To attend thee and thy lore:
Yet, lest thou might'st find in me
A neglect of courtesie,
I will sing what I did leere
Long ago in Janiveere
Of a skilfull aged sire,
As we tosted by the fire.

WILLIE.

Sing it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

ROGET.

Whilome, an emperour, prudent and wise,
Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes three,
Which he had in great chiertee and great prise,
And when it shop so, that th' infirmitee
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee,
Him threw downe in his bed, he let to call
His sonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this maneere:
" All th' eritage which at the dying
Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere
Leave I thee: and all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchasing,
My second sonne, bequeath I to thee."
And to the third sonne thus said hee:

" Unmoveable good, right none withouten oath
Thee give I may; but I to thee devise
Jewels three, a ring, brooch, and a cloth:
With which, and thou be guided as the wise,
Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice;
Who so that the ring useth still to weare,
Of all folkes the love he shall conquere.

" And who so the brooch beareth on his breast,
It is eke of such vertue and such kind,
That thinke upon what thing him liketh best,
And he as blive shall it have and finde.
My words, sonne, imprint well in mind:
The cloth eke hath a marvellous nature,
Which that shall be committed to thy cure.

" Who so sit on it, if he wish where
In all the world to beene, he suddenly
Without more labour shall be there.
Sonne, those three jewels bequeath I
To thee, unto this effect certainely,
That to study of the universitee
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee."

When he had thus said, the vexation
Of death so hasted him, that his spirit
Anon forsooke his habitation
In his body, Death would no respite
Him yeve at all, he was of his life quitte.
And buried was with such solemnity,
As fell to his imperial dignity.

Of the yongest sonne I tell shall,
And speake no more of his brethren two,
For with them have I not to do at all.
Thus spake the mother Jonathas unto:
" Sin God hath his will of thy father doe;
To thy father's will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his testament performe.

" He three jewels, as thou knowest well,
A ring, a brooch, and a cloth, thee bequeath,
Whose vertues he thee told every deal,
Or that he past hence and yalde up the breath:
O good God! his departing, his death,
Full grievously sticketh unto mine heart,
But suffered mot been all how sore it smart."

In that case women have such heavinesse,
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright;
You tell of so great sorrow the excesse:
But wise women can take it light,
And in short while put unto the flight
All sorrow and woe, and catch againe comfort,
Now to my tale make I my resort.

" Thy father's will, my sonne, as I said ere,
Will I performe; have here the ring, and goe
To studie anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, doe even so,
And as thou wilt, my blessing have also."
She unto him, as swythe, took the ring,
And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

He went unto the studie generall,
Where he gat love enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly; the ring causing all.
And on a day to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morsell of pleasance,
By the streets of the universitie,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And right as blive he had with her a tale,
And there withall sore in her love he brent;
Gay, fresh, and piked, was she to the sale,
For to that end, and to that intent,
She thither came, and both forth they went:
And he a pistle rowned in her eare,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came not there.

She was his paramour shortly to sey,
This man to folkes all was so leefe,
That they him gave abundance of money,
He feasted folke, and stood at high boucheefe:
Of the lack of good, he felt no griefe,
All whil'st the ring he with him had,
But fayling it, his friendship gan sad.

His paramour which that ycalled was
Fellicula, marvailed right greatly
Of the dispences of this Jonathas,
Sin she no peny at all with him sy,
And on a night, as there she lay him by
In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
And this petition assoile him praid:

" O reverent sir, unto whom," quoth she,
" Obey I would ay with heart's humblenesse,
Since that ye han had my virginitie,
You, I beseech of your high gentlenesse,
Tellith me whence comth the good and richesse
That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,
By ought I see can, ne gold, ne tresore."

" If I tell it," quoth he, " par aventure
Thou wilt discover it, and out it publish,
Such is woman's inconstant nature,
They cannot keepe councell worth a rish:
Better is my tongue keepe, than to wish
That I had kept close that is gone at large,
And repentance is a thing that I mote charge."

" Nay, good sir," quoth she, " holdeth me not
Doubteth nothing, I can be right secree, [suspect,
Well worthy were it me to been abject
From all good company, if I," quoth she,
" Unto you should so mistake me.
Be not adread your councell me to shew."
" Well," said he, " thus it is at words few.

" My father the ring which that thou maist see
On my finger, me at his dying day
Bequeath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the love of men he shall have aye
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh, aske, and crave,
But with good will, he shall as blive it have.

" Through the ring's vertuous excellence
Thus am I rich, and have ever ynow."
" Now, sir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to say, and to speake now:
Is it wisedome, as that it seemeth you,
Weare it on your finger continually?" [by?
" What wold'st thou meane," quoth he, " there-

" What perill thereof might there befall?"
" Right great," quoth she, " as ye in company
Walke often, fro' your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery,
And so be lost, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine."

This Jonathas, this innocent young man,
Giving unto her words full credence,
As youth not avised best be can:
The ring her tooke of his insipience.
When this was done, the heat and the fervence
Of love, which he beforne had purchased,
Was quench'd, and love's knot was unlaced.

Men of their gifts to stint began.
" Ah!" thought he, " for the ring I not ne beare,
Faileth my love. Fetch me, woman,"
(Said he) " my ring, anon I will it weare."
She rose, and into chamber dresseth her;
And when she therein had been a-while,
" Alasse!" (quoth she) " out on falshood and gile!

" The chest is broken, and the ring took out!"
And when he heard her complaint and cry,
He was astonied sore, and made a shout,
And said, " Cursed be the day that I
Thee met first, or with mine eyne sy!"
She wept, and showed outward cheere of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing so.

The ring was safe enough, and in her chest
It was, all that she said was leasing,
As some woman other while at best
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.
This man saw her woe, and said, " Dearling,
Weepe no more, God's helpe is nye."
To him unwiste how false she was and sly.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Unto his mother the streight way he went,
And when she saw thither comen was he:
" My sonne," quoth she, " what was thine intent,
Thee fro' the schoole now to absent?
What caused thee fro' schoole hither to hye?"
" Mother, right this," said he, " nat would I lye.

" Forsooth, mother, my ring is a goe,
My paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,
Sorrow fully unto mine heart it sit."
" Sonne, often have I warned thee, and yet
For thy profit I warne thee, my sonne,
Unhonest women thou hereafter shunne.

" Thy brooch anon right woll I to thee fet."
She brought it him, and charged him full deepe,
When he it tooke, and on his breast it set,
Bet than his ring he should it keepe,
Lest he the losse bewaile should and weepe.
To the universitie shortly to seyne
In what he could, he hasted him ageine.

And when he comen was, his paramour
Him met anon, and unto her him tooke
As that he did erst, this young revelour,
Her companye he nat a deale forsooke,
Though he cause had, but as with the hooke
Of her sleight, he beforne was caught and hent,
Right so he was deceived oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the ring before
Of good he had abundance and plentee
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right so through vertue of the brooch had he [be,
What good him list: she thought, " How may this
Some privy thing now causeth this richesse,
As did the ring herebefore I gesse?"

Wondering hereon, she praid him, and besought
Besily night and day, that tell he would
The cause of this; but he another thought,
He meant it close for him it kept be should,
And a long time it was or he it told.
She wept aye too and too, and said, " Alas!
The time and houre that ever I borne was!

" Trust ye not on me, sir?" she said;
" Lever me were be slaine in this place,
By that good Lord that for us all deid,
Than purpose againe you any fallace;
Unto you would I be my live's space
As true, as any woman on Earth is
Unto a man, doubteth nothing of this."

Small may she doe, that cannot well by heet,
Though not performed be such a promesse.
This Jonathas thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse
Of them, and of his foolish tendernesse.
Thus unto her he spake, and said tho',
" Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?"

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing:
" Sir," quoth she, " my heavinesse and dreed
Is this: I am a dread of the leesing
Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed
It happen so." " Now what, so God thee speed,"
Said he, " wouldest thou in this case counsaile?"
Quoth she, " That I keepe it might sans faile."

He said, " I have a feare and dread algate,
If I so did thou wouldst it leese,
As thou lostest my ring, now gone but late."
" First God I pray," quoth she, " that I not cheese,
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
Or else be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire."

To her wordes credence he gave pleneere,
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
Whereas he was beforne full leefe and cheere
To folke, and had good, all was gone;
Good and friendship him lacked, there was none.
" Woman, me fetch the brooch," quoth he,
" swythee
Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee."

She into her chamber went, as then he bad,
But she not brought that he sent her fore.
She meant it nat, but, as she had been mad,
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
And cry'd, " Alas! the brooch away is bore,
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My selfe slay! I am weary of my life."

This noise he heard, and blive he to her ran,
Weening she would han done as she spake,
And the knife in all haste that he can
From her tooke, and threw it behind his backe,
And said, " Ne for the losse, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgive all;
I trust in God, that yet us helpe he shall."

To th' emperesse his mother this yong man
Againe him dresseth, he went her unto;
And when she saw him, she to wonder gan,
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,
And said, " I dread thy jewels two
Been lost now, percase the brooch with the ring."
" Mother," he said, " yea, by Heaven King."

" Sonne, thou wotst well no jewell is left
Unto thee now, but the cloth pretious
Which I thee take shall, thee charging eft
The company of women riotous
Thou flee, lest it be to thee so grievous
That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne beare,
Such company on my blessing forbeare."

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,
And of his lady, his mother, his leave
He took, but first this forward gan he make:
" Mother," said he, " trusteth this weel and leeve
That I shall seyn, forsooth ye shall it preeve,
If I leese this cloth, never I your face
Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

" With God's helpe I shall do well ynow."
Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,
And as beforne told have I unto you,
His paramour, his privy mortall foe,
Was wont to meet him, right even so
She did then, and made him pleasant cheere:
They clip and kisse, and walk homeward in feere.

When they were entred in the house, he sprad
His cloth upon the ground, and thereon sit,
And bad his paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adowne on it.
She doth as he commandeth and bit,
Had she this thought and vertue of the cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while was full sore affesed.
This Jonathas wish in his heart gan:
" Would God that I might thus been eased,
That as on this cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that never man
Or this came;" and unneth had he so thought,
But they with the cloth thither weren brought.

Right to the world's end, as that it were,
When apparceived had she this, she cry'd
A thogh she through girt had be with a spere.
" Harro! alas! that ever shope this tide!
How came we hither?" "Nay," he said, " abide,
Worse is comming; here sole wole I thee leave,
Wild beasts shallen thee devoure or eave.

" For thou my ring and brooch hast fro' me
" O reverent sir! have upon me pittee," [holden."
Quoth she, " if ye this grace do me wolden,
As bring me home againe to the cittee
Where as I this day was, but if that ye
Them have againe, of foul death do me dye;
Your bountie on me kythe, I mercy cry."

This Jonathas could nothing beware,
Ne take ensample of the deceites tweine
That she did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on death's peine
Fro' such offences thenceforth her restreine:
She swore, and made thereto foreward,
But herkneth how she bore her afterward.

Whan she saw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and past,
And all was well; she thought him eft to fire,
In her malice aye stood she stedfast,
And to enquire of him was not agast,
In so short time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her contrie.

" Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,"
Said he, " that where in this world us be list,
Suddenly with the thought shallen thither flit,
And how thither come unto us unwist:
As thing fro' farre, unknowne in the mist."
And therewith, to this woman fraudulent,
" To sleepe," he said, " have I good talent.

" Let see," quoth he, " stretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head lay down and rest."
So was it done, and he anon gan nap;
Nap? nay, he slept right well, at best:
What doth this woman, one the ficklest
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Under him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan she it had all: " Would God," quoth she,
" I were as I was this day morning!"
And therewith this root of iniquitie
Had her wish, and sole left him there sleeping.
O Jonathas! like to thy perishing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakest, cause hast thou to be ferd.

But thou shalt doe full well, thou shalt obteene
Victory on her, thou has done some deed
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,
And thee deliver out of thy wofull dreed.
The childe whom that the mother useth blesse,
Full often sythe is eased in distresse.

Whan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
Woman, ne cloth, he wept bitterly,
And said, " Alas! now is there in no lond
Man worse I know begon than am I!"
On every side his looke he cast, and sy
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose sight he full sore was agrysed,
He thought, " All this well deserved I have,
What ayled me to be so evil avised,
That my counsell could I nat keep and save?
Who can foole play? who can mad and rave?
But he that to a woman his secree
Discovereth, the smart cleaveth now on me."

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,
And forth of a venture his way he is went,
But witherward he draw, he conceitlesse
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.
He past a water which was so fervent,
That flesh upon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It shope so that he had a little glasse,
Which with that water anon filled he:
And when he further in his way gone was,
Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That fair fruit bore, and in great plentie:
He eate thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through became a foule mesel.

For which unto the ground for sorrow and wo
He fell, and said, "Cursed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre also
That my mother conceived me, for ay
Now am I lost! Alas, and well away!"
And when some deel slaked his heavinesse,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dresse.

Another water before him he sye,
Which (sore) to comen in he was adrad:
But nathelesse, since thereby, other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought, "So streitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gast,
Assoile it wole I," and through it he past.

And right as the first water his flesh
Departed from his feet, so the secownd
Restored it, and made all whole and fresh:
And glad was he, and joyfull that stownd,
When he felt his feet whole were and sound:
A violl of the water of that brooke
He fill'd, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his journey this Jonathas held,
And as he his looke about him cast,
Another tree from afarre he beheld,
To which he hasted, and him hied fast;
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrast
Into his mouth, and eate of it sadly,
And of the lepry he purged was thereby.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone,
And a faire castle from a farre saw he,
In compasse of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
He thither him dresseth the streight way
In that ever that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him ageine,
And saiden thus: "Deere friend, we you pray,
What man be ye?" "Sirs," quoth he, "certeine
A leech I am; and though myselfe it say,
Can for the health of sicke folkes well purvay."
They said to him, "Of yonder castle the king
A leeper is, and can whole be for nothing.

"With him there hath been many a sundry leech,
That undertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to seech
Their art was, ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseale:
Lest that thou leese thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wise thou find it shall no pley."

"Sirs," said he, "you thanke I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit:
But I nat dread to loose mine heed,
By God's helpe full safe keepe I will it.
God of his grace such cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure.
Full well dare I me put in aventure."

They to the king's presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gave to eate, and bad him to be glad,
And said, "Anon your health han shall yee:"
Eke of the second water him gave he
To drinke, and whan he those two had received,
His lepry from him voided was and weived.

The king (as unto his high dignity
Convenient was) gave him largely,
And to him said, "If that it like thee
Abiden here, I more abundantly
Thee give wole." "My lord, sickerly,"
Quoth he, "faine would I your pleasure fulfill,
And in your high presence abide still.

"But I no while may with you abide,
So mochill have I to done elsewhere."
Jonathas every day to the sea side,
Which was nye, went to looke and enquere
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his countrey lead might,
And on a day, of ships had he sight.

Well a thirty toward the castle draw,
And at a time of evensong, they all
Arriveden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call;
And said, "If it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my countrie
Me bring would, well quit should he be."

And told them whither that they shoulden goe.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, "My ship, and no moe
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,"
Quoth the shipman, "that thou for my travaile
Me give wilt, if that I thither saile."

They were accorded, Jonathas forth goeth
Unto the king to aske him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth,
And nathlesse with his benevolence,
This Jonathas from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as blive
As wind and wether good hope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrive
They sailed forth, and came to the cittie
In which this serpentine woman was, she
That had him terned with false deceitis.
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose: she deemed he had
Been devoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he delivered was for ay.
Folke of the cittie knew not Jonathas,
So many a yeare was past, that he there was:

Misliking and thought changed eke in his face,
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the cittie, he hired him a place,
And therein exercised his cunning
Of physicke, to whom weren repairing
Many a sicke wight, and all were healed;
Well was the sicke man that with him dealed.

Now shop it thus that this Fellicula,
(The well of deceivable doublenesse,
Follower of the steps of Dallida)
Was then exalted unto high richesse,
But she was fallen into great sicknesse
And heard seyne, for not might it been hid
How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemne to him she sent,
Praying him to do so mochill labour
As come and see her; and he thither went:
Whan he her saw, that she his paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that dettour
To her he was, her he thought to quite
Or he went, and no longer it respite.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat:
He saw her urine, and exe felt her pons,
And said, "The sooth is this plaine and flat,
A sicknesse han ye strange and mervailous,
Which to avoid is wonder dangerous:
To heale you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can find none.

"Aviseth you whether you list it take
Or not, for I told have you my wit."
"Ah, sir!" said she, "for God's sake,
That way me show, and I shall follow it
Whatever it be; for this sicknesse sit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how
Me to demene: tell on, I pray yow."

"Lady, yee must openly you confesse,
And if against good conscience and right,
Any good han ye take more or lesse,
Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,
Yeeld it anon; else not in the might
Of man is it, to give a medicine
That you may heale of your sicknes and pine.

"If any such thing be, tell it out reed,
And ye shall been all whole I you beheet;
Else mine art is nought withouten dreed."
"O Lord!" she thought, "health is a thing full sweet,
Therewith desire I soverainly to meet:
Since I it by confession may recover,
A foole am I but I my guilt discover."

How falsely to the sonne of th' emperour,
Jonathas, had she done, before them all
As ye han heard above, all that errour
By knew she, O Fellicula thee call!
Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
Thou takest the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then said Jonathas, "Where are those three
Jewels, that thee fro' the clerke withdrew?"
"Sir, in a coffer, at my bed's feet, ye
Shall find them; open it, and so pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow
And say nay, and streine courtesie,
But with right good will thither he gan hye.

The coffer he opened, and them there found,
Who was a glad man but Jonathas? who
The ring upon a finger of his hond
He put, and the brooch on his breast also,
The cloth eke under his arme held he tho;
And to her him dresseth to done his cure.
Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke
That she her had unto him misbore:
And of that water her he gave to drinke,
Which that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he relieved been, as ye above
Han heard, and this he did eke for her love.

Of the fruit of the tree he gave her ete,
Which that him made into the leper stert,
And as blive in her wombe gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,
Now harkneth how it her made smert:
Her wombe opened, and out fell each entraile
That in her was, thus it is said sans faile.

Thus wretchedly (lo!) this guile-man dyde,
And Jonathas with jewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the empresse his mother hasteth he,
Whereas in joy, and in prosperitee,
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God us grant that we doe may.

WILLIE.

By my hooke this is a tale
Would befit our Whitson-ale:
Better cannot be I wist,
Descant on it he that list.
And full gladly give I wold
The best cosset in my fold,
And a mazor for a fee,
If this song thou'lt teachen me.
'Tis so quaint and fine a lay,
That upon our revell day,
If I sung it, I might chance
(For my paines) be tooke to dance
With our lady of the May.

ROGET.

Roget will not say thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy paines.
'Tis a song not many swaines
Singen can, and though it be
Not so deckt with nycetie
Of sweet words full neatly choosed,
As are now by shepheards used:
Yet if well you sound the sence,
And the moral's excellence,
You shall find it quit the while,
And excuse the homely stile.
Well I wot, the man that first
Sung this lay, did quench his thirst
Deeply as did ever one
In the Muses' Helicon.
Many times he hath been seene
With the fairies on the greene,
And to them his pipe did sound,
Whilst they danced in a round.
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome;
Or into the meadowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle aire,
And where Flora spends her treasure,
There they would begin their measure.
If it chanc'd night's sable shrowds
Muffled Cynthia up in clowds;
Safely home they then would see him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him.

There are few such swaines as he
Now adayes for harmonie.

WILLIE.

What was he thou praisest thus ?

ROGET.

Scholler unto Tityrus,
Tityrus, the bravest swaine
Ever lived on the plaine,
Taught him how to feed his lambes,
How to cure them, and their dams:
How to pitch the fold, and then,
How he should remove agen :
Taught him, when the corne was ripe,
How to make an oaten pipe,
How to joyne them, how to cut them,
When to open, when to shut them,
And with all the skill he had
Did instruct this willing lad.

WILLIE.

Happy surely was that swaine,
And he was not taught in vaine :
Many a one that prouder is,
Han not such a song as this :
And have garlands for their meed,
That but jarre as Skelton's reed.

ROGET.

'Tis too true : but see the Sunne
Hath his journey fully runne ;
And his horses all in sweate,
In the ocean cool their heate :
Sever we our sheepe and fold them,
'Twill be night ere we have told them.

Thomas Occleeve, one of the privie seale, composed this first tale, and was never till now imprinted. As this shall please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes, being all perfect in my hands. He wrote in Chaucer's time.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SECOND EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two shepheards here complaine the wrong
Done by a swinish lout,
That brings his hogges their sheepe among,
And spoyle the plaine throughout.

WILLIE. JOCKIE.

WILLIE.

Jockie, say : What might he be
That sits on yonder hill :
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So uncouth and so shrill ?

JOCKIE.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I have not heard beforne
One so mistooke as Willy now,
'Tis some sow-gelder's horne.

And well thou asken might'st if I
Doe know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his minstralsie
Requires such patience.
He is a swinward, but I thinke
No swinward of the best :
For much he reketh of his swinke,
And carketh for his rest.

WILLIE.

Harme take the swaine ! What makes he here ?
What lucklesse planet frownes
Have drawne him and his hogges in feere
To root our daisied downes ?
Ill mote he thrive ! and may his hogges,
And all that ere they breed,
Be ever worried by our dogges,
For so presumptuous deed.
Why kept he not amongst the fennes ?
Or in the copses by,
Or in the woods, and braky glennes,
Where hawes and acorns lie ?
About the ditches of the towne,
Or hedge-rowes, he might bring them.

JOCKIE.

But then some pence 'twould cost the clowne
To yoke and eke to ring them ;
And well I weene he loves no cost
But what is for his backe :
To goe full gay him pleaseth most,
And lets his belly lacke.
Two sutes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-spun gray :
And yet he meanes to make a new
Against next revell day ;
And though our May lord at the feast
Seem'd very trimly clad,
In cloth by his own mother drest,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
His bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
His shoes with strings of leather red,
And stocking to his slop.
And yet for all it comes to passe,
He not our gybing scapes :
Some like him to a trimmed asse,
And some to Jack-an-apes.

WILLIE.

It seemeth then, by what is said,
That Jockie knowes the boore ;
I would my scrip and hooke have laid
Thou knew'st him not before.

JOCKIE.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune aught can doe)
Not kend him ? Yes : I ken him well,
And sometime paid for't too.

WILLIE.

Would Jockie ever stoope so low,
As conissance to take
Of sike a churle ? Full well I know
No nymph of spring or lake,
No heardesse, nor no shepheard's gerle,
But faine would sit by thee,
And sea-nymphs offer shells of perle
For thy sweet melodie.
The satyrs bring thee from the woods
The strawberrie for hire,

And all the first fruits of the buds,
  To wooe thee to their quire.
Silvanus' songsters learne thy straine,
  For by a neighbour spring
The nightingale records againe
  What thou dost primely sing.
Nor canst thou tune a madrigall,
  Or any drery mone,
But nymphs, or swaines, or birds, or all,
  Permit thee not alone.
And yet (as though devoid of these)
  Canst thou so low decline,
As leave the lovely Naides
  For one that keepeth swine?
But how befell it?

JOCKIE.

T'other day
  As to the field I set me,
Neere to the May-pole on the way
  This sluggish swinward met me:
And seeing Weptol with him there,
  Our fellow-swaine and friend
I bad good day, so on did fare
  To my proposed end.
But as backe from my wintring ground
  I came the way before,
This rude groome all alone I found
  Stand by the alehouse dore.
There was no nay, but I must in
  And taste a cup of ale;
Where on his pot he did begin
  To stammer out a tale.
He told me how he much desir'd
  Th' acquaintance of us swaines,
And from the forest was retir'd
  To graze upon our plaines:
But for what cause I cannot tell,
  He cannot pipe nor sing,
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
  Nor neatly dresse a spring:
Nor knowes a trap nor snare to till,
  He sits as in a dreame;
Nor scarce hath so much whistling skill
  Will hearten on a teame.
Well, we so long together were,
  I gan to haste away,
He licenc'd me to leave him there,
  And gave me leave to pay.

WILLIE.

Done like a swinward; may you all
  That close with such as he,
Be used so! that gladly fall
  Into like company.
But, if I faile not in mine art,
  He send him to his yerd,
And make him from our plaines depart
  With all his durty herd.
I wonder he hath suff'red been
  Upon our common heere,
His hogges doe root our yonger treen,
  And spoyle the smelling breere.
Our purest wel'es they wallow in,
  All over-spred with durt,
Nor will they from our arbours lin,
  But all our pleasures hurt.
Our curious benches, that we build
  Beneath a shady tree,
Shall be orethrowne, or so defilde
  As we would loath to see.
Then joyne we, Jockie; for the rest
  Of all our fellow swaines,
I am assur'd, will doe their best
  To rid him fro' our plaines.

JOCKIE.

What is in me shall never faile
  To forward such a deed;
And sure I thinke we might prevaile
  By some satyricke reed.

WILLIE.

If that will doe, I know a lad
  Can hit the master-vaine;
But let us home, the skies are sad,
  And clouds distil in raine.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE THIRD EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Neddy's povertie they mone,
  Who whilome was a swaine
That had more sheepe himselfe alone,
  Than ten upon the plaine.

PIERS. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN.

Where is every piping lad,
That the fields are not yclad
  With their milk-white sheepe?
Tell me: Is it holy day,
Or if in the month of May
  Use they long to sleepe?

PIERS.

Thomalin, 'tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
  Sitten yet in nest:
And the thrustle hath not been
Gath'ring wormes yet on the green,
  But attends her rest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
  In the shady grove:
But the nightingale, in darke
Singing, woke the mounting larke,
  She records her love.
Not the Sun hath with his beames
Guilded yet our christall streames,
  Rising from the sea.
Mists do crowne the mountaines' tops,
And each pretty mirtle drops,
  'Tis but newly day.
Yet see yonder (though unwist)
Some man commeth in the mist;
  Hast thou him beheld?
See, he crosseth or'e the land
With a dogge and staffe in hand,
  Limping for his eld.

THOMALIN.

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,
And we all do rev'rence owe him,

'Tis the aged sire
Neddy, that was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake.
And the blessing-fire [1].
Good old man! see how he walkes
Painfull and among the balkes,
Picking locks of wull;
I have knowne the day when he
Had as much as any three,
When their lofts were full.
Underneath yond hanging rocks
All the valley with his flockes
Was whilome over-spread:
He had milch-goates without peeres,
Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres
Many hundred head.
Wilkin's cote his dairy was,
For a dwelling it may passe
With the best in towne.
Curds and creame, with other cheare,
Have I had there in the yeare
For a greeny gowne.
Lasses kept it, as againe
Were not fitted on the plaine
For a lusty dance:
And at parting, home would take us,
Flawnes or sillibubs to make us
For our jouisance.
And though some in spight would tell,
Yet old Neddy tooke it well;
Bidding us againe
Never at his cote be strange:
Unto him that wrought this change,
Mickle be the paine!

PIERS.

What disaster, Thomalin,
This mischance hath cloth'd him in,
Quickly tellen me:
Rue I doe his state the more,
That he clipped heretofore
Some felicitie.
Han by night accursed theeves
Slaine his lambs, or stolne his beeves?
Or consuming fire
Brent his shearing-house, or stall,
Or a deluge drowned all?
Tell me it intire.
Have the winters been so set
To raine and snow, they have wet
All his driest laire?
By which meanes his sheepe have got
Such a deadly curelesse rot,
That none living are?

THOMALIN.

Neither waves, nor theeves, nor fire,
Nor have rots impoor'd this sire,
Suretiship, nor yet
Was the usurer helping on
With his damn'd extortion,
Nor the chaines of debt.
But deceit, that ever lies
Strongest arm'd for treacheries
In a bosom'd friend:
That (and onely that) hath brought it,
Cursed be the head that wrought it!
And the basest end.

[1] The Midsummer fires are termed so in the west parts of England.

Groomes he had, and he did send them
With his heards a field to tend them,
Had they further been:
Sluggish, lazy, thriftlesse elves,
Sheepe had better kept themselves
From the foxes' teen.
Some would kill their sheepe, and then
Bring their master home agen
Nothing but the skin;
Telling him, how in the morne
In the fold they found them torne,
And nere lying lin.
If they went unto the faire
With a score of fatned ware,
And did chance to sell,
If old Neddy had againe
Halfe his owne; I dare well saine,
That but seldome fell.
They at their return would say,
Such a man, or such, would pay,
Well knowne of your hyne.
Alas, poore man! that subtill knave
Undid him, and vaunts it brave,
Though his master pine.
Of his master he would beg
Such a lambe that broke his leg?
And if there were none,
To the fold by night he'd hye,
And them hurt full rufully,
Or with the staffe or stone.
He would have petitions new,
And for desprate debts would sue
Neddy had forgot:
He would grant: the other then
Tares from poore and aged men:
Or in jayles they rot.
Neddy, lately rich in store,
Giving much, deceived more,
On a sudden fell.
Then the steward lent him gold,
Yet no more than might be told
Worth his master's cell.
That is gone, and all beside,
(Well-a-day, alacke the tide!)
In a hollow den,
Underneath yond gloomy wood
Wons he now, and wails the brood
Of ingratefull men.

PIERS.

But, alas! now he is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
Wat is left him?
Or to succour, or relieve him,
Or from wants oft to repreeve him.

THOMALIN.

All's bereft him,
Save he hath a little crowd,
(He in youth was of it prowd)
And a dogge to dance:
With them, he on holy-dayes
In the farmers' houses playes
For his sustenance.

PIERS.

See! he's neere, let's rise and meet him,
And with dues to old age greet him,
It is fitting so.

THOMALIN.

'Tis a notion good and sage,
Honour still is due to age:
Up, and let us goe.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FOURTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this the author bewailes the death of one whom he shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of the Greek words φίλος and ἀρετὴ, a lover of vertue, a name well befiting him to whose memory these lines are consecrated, being sometime his truly loved (and now as much lamented) friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, sonne to the worthy sir Peter Manwood, knight.

UNDER an aged oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who wilome made the rockes
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,
And from their masters wood the neighbring flocks:
But now o're-come with dolours deepe
That nie his heart-strings rent:
Ne car'd he for his silly sheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For uncouth paths unknowne,
Where none but trees might here his plaints,
And eccho rue his mone.

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
And rivers (swolne with pride) ore-look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-rankes,
The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats
By rising fountains, or as they
Fear'd Winter's wastfull threats.
Against the broad-spread oake,
Each wind in furie beares:
Yet fell their leaves not halfe so fast
As did the shepheard's teares.

As was his seate so was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie
As those aye-wandring lights, who doth impart
Their beames on us, and heaven still beautifie.
Sad was his looke (O heavy fate!
That swaine should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorne mate
With greatest pleasure clad.)
Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the christall floods,
And thus his griefe took airie wings
And flew about the woods.

" Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And Night too sparing of a wished stay,
Yee wand'ring lampes: O be ye fix a space!
Some other hemisphere grace with your ray.
Great Phœbus! Daphne is not heere,
Nor Hyacinthus faire;
Phœbe! Endimion and thy deere
Hath long since cleft the aire,
But ye have surely seene
(Whom we in sorrow misse)
A swaine whom Phœbe thought her love,
And Titan deemed his.

" But he is gone; then inwards turne your light,
Behold him there; here never shall you more,
O're-hang this sad plaine with eternall night!
Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore
To fenny blacke. Hyperion great
To ashy palenesse turne her!
Greene well befits a lover's heate,
But blacke beseemes a mourner.
Yet neither this thou canst,
Nor see his second birth,
His brightnesse blinds thine eye more now,
Then thine did his on Earth.

" Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthfull straines
With Philarete cease for evermore!
And if a fellow swaine doe live
A niggard of his teares;
The shepheardesses all will give
To store him, part of theirs.
Or I would lend him some,
But that the store I have
Will all be spent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

" O what is left can make me leave to mone!
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Looke on his sheepe: alas! their master's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked armes have vow'd our love,
(Our love which time shall see
In shepheard's songs for ever move,
And grace their harmony)
It solitarie seemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For sorow hang their heads.

" 'Tis not a cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegie,
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
A toombe built to his name's eternitie,
Although the shepheards all should strive
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame alive
In spight of destinies
That can suppresse my griefe:
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greatest losse of thee.

" Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tombe pluckt down, or else through age be rotten:
All things th' unpartial hand of fate
Can rase out with a thought:
These have a sev'ral fixed date,
Which, ended, turne to nought.
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmely stay,
When these effects the wings of time
Shall fanne and sweepe away.

"Looke as a sweet rose fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,
Untill some keene blast from the envious North,
Killes the sweet bud that was but newly borne,
Or else her rarest smels delighting
Make her, herselfe betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To plucke her thence away.
So stands my mournfull case,
For had he been lesse good,
He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the stocke
Whereon he fairely stood.

"Yet though so long he liv'd not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him given.
Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.
Whoever doth the period see
Of dayes by Heav'n forth plotted,
Dyes full of age, as well as he
That had more yeares alotted.
In sad tones then my verse
Shall with incessant teares
Bemoane my haplesse losse of him
And not his want of yeares.

"In deepest passions of my griefe-swolne breast
(Sweete soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me,
That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
And gave such wings to reach eternitie.
Is this to die? No: as a ship
Well built, with easie wind
A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,
And soonest harbour find:
So Philarete fled,
Quicke was his passage given,
When others must have longer time
To make them fit for Heaven.

"Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
But as the nightingale against the breere,
'Tis for myselfe I moane, and doe lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here:
Here, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleasing powre;
All glorious daies seeme ugly nights,
Methinkes no Aprill showre
Embroder should the earth,
But briny teares distil,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

"And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)
Whilome the fairest flocke on all the plaine:
Yeane never lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke.
Ye shady siccamours! when any swaine,
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so unkind
To raze it with his hand,
And thou my loved Muse
No more should'st numbers move,
But that his name should ever live,
And after death my love."

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the Heavens for what he mist on Earth;
Then from the earth, full sadly gan arise
As farre from future hope, as present mirth,
Unto his cote with heavy pace
As ever sorrow trode,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful swaines abode,
And as he spent the day,
The night he past alone;
Was never shepheard lov'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

TO THE VERTUOUS AND MUCH LAMENTING SISTERS OF MY EVER-ADMIRED FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS MANWOOD.

To me more knowne than you, is your sad chance,
Oh! had I still enjoy'de such ignorance;
Then, I by these spent teares had not been knowne,
Nor left another's griefe to sing mine owne.
Yet since his fate hath wrought these throes
Permit a partner in your woes:
The cause doth yeeld, and still may doe
Ynough for you, and others too:
But if such plaints for you are kept,
Yet may I grieve since you have wept.
For he more perfect growes to be
That feeles another's miserie:
And though these drops which mourning run
From several fountaines first begun,
And some farre off, some neerer fleete;
They will (at last) in one streame meete.
Mine shal with yours, yours mix with mine,
And make one offring at his shrine:
For whose eternitie on Earth, my Muse
To build this altar, did her best skill use;
And that you, I, and all that held him deere,
Our teares and sighes might freely offer heere.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND,

MASTER CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Than silly shepheards use endite
Vail'd in a shepheard's name.

WILLY. CUTTY.

MORNE had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shovels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)
Or at hedging wrought, or ditching
For their food more then enriching.
When the shepheards from their fold
All their bleating charges told,

And (full carefull) search'd if one
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
And had their fleeces pul'd:
'Mongst the rest (not least in care)
Cutty to his fold gan fare;
And young Willy (that had given
To his flock the latest even
Neighbourhood with Cutty's sheepe)
Shaking off refreshing sleepe,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet,
Where he (busied) Cutty met:
Both their sheepe told, and none mist
Of their number; then they blist
Pan, and all the gods of plaines
For respecting of their traines
Of silly sheepe; and in a song
Praise gave to that holy throng.
Thus they drave their flocks to graze,
Whose white fleeces did amaze
All the lillies as they passe
Where their usual feeding was.
Lillies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleasing feature
Than a sheepe, by nature's duty
Should be crown'd with far more beauty
Than a lilly; and the powre
Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:
From the middle of their sprout
(Like a furie's sting) thrust out
Dart-like forks in death to steepe them:
But great Pan did safely keepe them;
And affoorded kind repaire
To their dry and wonted laire,
Where their masters (that did eye them)
Underneath a hawthorne by them,
On their pipes thus gan to play,
And with rimes weare out the day.

WILLIE.

Cease, Cutty, cease to feed these simple flockes,
And for a trumpet change thine oaten-reeds;
O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,
And rather march in steele, then shepheard's weeds.
Beleeve me Cutty! for heroicke deeds
Thy verse is fit; not for the lives of swaines,
(Though both thou canst do well) and none proceeds
To leave high pitches for the lowly plaines:
Take thou a harpe in hand, strive with Apollo;
Thy Muse was made to lead, then scorne to follow.

CUTTY.

Willie, to follow sheepe I neere shall scorne;
Much lesse to follow any deity:
Who 'gainst the Sun (though weakned by the morne)
Would vie with lookes, needeth an eagle's eye,
I dare not search the hidden mysterie
Of tragicke scenes; nor in a buskin'd stile
Through death and horrour march, nor their height flie,
Whose pens were fed with blood of this faire ile.
It shall content me, on these happy downes
To sing the strife for garlands, not for crownes.

WILLIE.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly jar
Another lesson teach the spheres to sing?
Who would a shepheard, that might be a star?
See learned Cutty, on yond mountaines are
Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat
That can get up, hath water cleerer farre
Than when the streames doe in the vallies float.
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run,
That might his steps have usher'd by the Sunne?

We shepheards tune our layes of shepheards' loves,
Or in the praise of shady groves, or springs;
We seldome heare of Cytherea's doves,
Except when some more learned shepheard sings;
An equall meed have to our sonetings:
A belt, a sheep-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,
Is all we seeke, and all our versing brings;
And more deserts than these are seldome ours.
But thou, whose Muse a falcon's pitch can sore,
Maist share the bayes even with a conqueror.

CUTTY.

Why doth not Willy then produce such lines
Of men and armes as might accord with these?

WILLIE.

'Cause Cuttie's spirit not in Willie shines,
Pan cannot weild the club of Hercules,
Nor dare a merlin on a heron seise.
Scarce know I how to fit a shepheard's eare;
Farre more unable shall I be to please
In aught, which none but semi-gods must heare;
When by thy verse (more able) time shall see
Thou canst give more to kings, than kings to thee.

CUTTY.

But (wel-a-day) who loves the Muses now?
Or helpes the climber of the sacred hill?
None leane to them; but strive to disalow
All heavenly dewes the goddesses distil.

WILLIE.

Let earthly minds base mucke for ever fill,
Whose musicke onely is the chime of gold,
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quill!
As they of learning thinke, so of them hold.
And if there's none deserves what thou canst doo,
Be then the poet and the patron too.

I tell thee Cutty, had I all the sheepe
With thrice as many moe, as on these plaines,
Or shepheard, or faire maiden sits to keepe,
I would them all forgoe, so I thy straines
Could equalize. O how our neatest swaines
Doe trim themselves, when on a holy-day
They haste to heare thee sing, knowing the traines
Of fairest nymphs will come to learne thy lay.
Well may they run and wish a parting never,
So thy sweet tong might charme their eares for ever.

CUTTY.

These attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Bestow them where true merit hath assign'd;

WILLIE.

And do I not? bestowing them on thee:
Beleeve me Cutty, I doe beare this mind,
That wheresoe're we true deserving find,
To give a silent praise is to detract;
Obscure thy verses (more than most refin'd)
From any one, of dulnesse so compact.
And rather sing to trees, than so such men,
Who know not how to crowne a poet's pen.

CUTTY.

Willie, by thy incitement I'le assay
To raise my subject higher than tofore,
And sing it to our swaines next holy-day,
Which (as approv'd) shall fill them with the store
Of such rare accents: if dislik'd, no more
Will I a higher straine than shepheards use,
But sing of woods and rivers as before.

WILLIE.

Thou wilt be ever happy in thy Muse.
But see, the radiant Sunne is gotten hye,
Let's seeke for shadow in the grove hereby.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SIXTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philos of his dogge doth bragge
For having many feates:
The while the curre undoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates.

WILLIE. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

WILLIE.

STAY Jockie, let us rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met;
This spreding oke wil yeeld us shadowing
Till Phœbus' steeds be in the ocean wet.

JOCKIE.

Gladly (kind swaine) I yeeld, so thou wilt play
And make us merry with a roundelay.

PHILOS.

No Jockie, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and filberds waxen ripe;
Let's go and fray the squirrell from his food;
We will another time heare Willie pipe.

WILLIE.

But who shall keepe our flocks when we are gone?
I dare not goe and let them feede alone.

JOCKIE.

Nor I; since but the other day it fell,
Leaving my sheepe to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could returne, two lambs were slaine.

PHILOS.

Then was thy dog ill taught, or else asleepe;
Such curres as those shall never watch my sheepe.

WILLIE.

Yet Philos hath a dog not of the best;
He seemes too lazy, and will take no plaines;
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,
Than catch a wandring sheepe upon the plaines.

JOCKIE.

'Tis true indeed; and, Philos, wot ye what?
I thinke he plaies the fox, he growes so fat.

PHILOS.

Yet hath not Jockie nor yet Willie seene
A dogge more nimble than is this of mine,
Nor any of the fox more heedfull beene
When in the shade I slept, or list to dine.
And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Than both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often have the maidens strove to take him,
When he hath crost the plaine to barke at crowes?
How many lasses have I knowne to make him
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wondrous trim,
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.
And when I list (as often-times I use)
To tune a horne-pipe, or a morris-dance,
The dogge (as he by nature could not choose)
Seeming asleepe before, will leap and dance.

WILLIE.

Belike your dog came of a pedler's brood,
Or Philos' musicke is exceeding good.

PHILOS.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my reed,
(Though of my reed, and him I well may boast)
Yet if you will adventure that some meed
Shall be to him that is in action most,
As for a coller of shrill sounding bels
My dog shall strive with yours, or any's els.

JOCKIE.

Philos in truth I must confesse your wagge
(For so you call him) hath of trickes good store,
To steale the vitteiles from his master's bagge
More cunningly, I nere saw dog before,
See Willy, see! I prithee Philos note [throte.
How fast thy bread and cheese goes downe his

WILLIE.

Now Philos see how mannerly your curre,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,
Devoures your dinner.

PHILOS.

I wish 'twere a burre
To choke the mungrell!

JOCKIE.

See how he lickes
Your butter-boxe; by Pan, I doe not meanely
Love Philos' dog, that loves to be so cleanely.

PHILOS.

Well flouted Jockie.

WILLIE.

Philos, run amaine,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;
See how he blindfold strags along the mead;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke:
He loves your meat, but cares not for your drinke.

JOCKIE.

I, so it seemes: and Philos now may goe
Unto the wood, or home for other cheere.

PHILOS.

'Twere better he had never serv'd me so,
Sweet meat, sowre sauce, he shall abye it deere.
What must he be aforehand with his master?

WILLIE.

Onely in kindnesse he would be your taster:

PHILOS.

Well, Willie, you may laugh, and urge my spleene;
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.

So farewel, lads. Looke to my fleeced traine
Till my returne.

JOCKIE.

We will.

WILLIE.

Make haste againe.

THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

THE SEVENTH EGLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Palinode intreates his friend
To leave a wanton lasse;
Yet he pursues her to his end
And lets all councell passe.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

PALINODE.

WHITHER wends Hobbinol so early day?
What be thy lambkins broken fro' the fold
And on the plaines all night have run astray?
Or are thy sheepe and sheepe-walkes both ysold?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the field
Without thy sheepe? thou wert not wont to yeeld
To idle sport,
But did resort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed,
As any shepheard that his flock hath fed
Upon these downes.

HOBBINOL.

Such heavy frownes
Fortune for others keeps; but bends on me
Smiles would befit the seat of majestie.
Hath Palinode
Made his abode
Upon our plaines, or in some uncouth cell?
That heares not what to Hobbinol befell;
Phillis the faire, and fairer is there none,
To-morrow must be linkt in marriage bands,
'Tis I that must undoe her virgin zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

PALINODE.

Behold the man? Nay, then the woman too,
Though both of them are very small beholding
To any powre that set them on to wooe;
Ah Hobbinol! it is not worth unfolding
What shepheards say of her; thou canst not choose
But heare what language all of Phillis use;
Yet, than such tongues,
To her belongs
More than to sate her lust; unhappy elfe!
That wilt be bound to her to loose thy selfe.
Forsake her first.

HOBBINOL.

Thou most accurst!
Durst thou to slander thus the innocent,
The grace's patterne, vertue's president?
She, in whose eye
Shines modestie:
Upon whose brow lust never lookes with hope,
Venus rul'd not in Phillis' horoscope:
'Tis not the vapour of a hemblocke stem
Can spoyle the perfume of sweet cynnamon;
Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them
Cast on her name, can stay my going on.

PALINODE.

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,
Whom (I dare sweare) thou know'st is not a maid:
Remember when I met her last alone
As we to yonder grove for filberds straid,
Like to a new-strook doe from out the bushes,
Lacing herselfe, and red with gamesome blushes,
Made towards the greene,
Loth to be seene:
And after in the grove the goatherd met:
What saidst thou then? If this prevaile not, yet
I'le tell thee moe.
Not long agoe
Too long I lov'd her, and as thou dost now
Would sweare Diana was lesse chaste than she,
That Jupiter would court her, knew he how
To find a shape might tempt such chastitie:
And that her thoughts were pure as new falne snow,
Or silver swans that trace the bankes of Po,
And free within
From spot of sin:
Yet like the flint her lust-swolne breast conceal'd
A hidden fire; and thus it was reveal'd:
Cladon, the lad
Who whilome had
The garland given for throwing best the barre,
I know not by what chance or luckie starre,
Was chosen late
To be the mate
Unto our lady of our gleesome May,
And was the first that danc'd each holy-day;
None would he take but Phillis forth to dance;
Nor any could with Phillis dance but hee,
On Palinode she thenceforth not a glance
Bestowes, but hates him and his poverty,
Cladon had sheape and lims for stronger lode
Then ere she saw in simple Palinode:
He was the man
Must clip her than;
For him she wreathes of flowers and chaplets made;
To strawberries invites him in the shade,
In shearing time,
And in the prime,
Would helpe to clip his sheepe, and gard his lambs:
And at a need lend him her choicest rams,
And on each stocke
Work such a clocke
With twisted colored thred; as not a swaine
On all these downes could show the like againe.
But, as it seemes, the well grew dry at last,
Her fire unquench'd, and she hath Cladon lost:
Nor was I sorry; nor doe wish to taste
The flesh whereto so many flies have cleft.
Oh, Hobbinol! canst thou imagine she
That hath so oft been tride, so oft misdone,
Can from all other men be true to thee?
Thou know'st with me, with Cladon, she hath gone
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife those rovings stay?
She hath not aught
That's hid, unsought;
These eies, these hands, so much know of that woman, [common?
As more thou canst not: can that please that's
No: should I wed,
My marriage bed,

And all that it containes, should as my heart
Be knowne but to myselfe; if we impart
What golden rings
The Fairy brings,
We loose the jem, nor will they give us more:
Wives loose their value, if once knowne before:
Behold this violet that cropped lyes,
I know not by what hand first from the stem,
With what I plucke myselfe shall I it prise?
I scorne the offals of a diadem.
A virgin's bed hath millions of delights,
If than goods parents please she know no more:
Nor hath her servants, nor her favourites,
That waite her husband's issuing at dore:
She that is free both from the act and eie,
Onely deserves the due of chastitie.
But Phillis is
As farre from this,
As are the poles in distance from each other,
She well beseemes the daughter of her mother.
Is there a brake
By hill or lake,
In all our plaines, that hath not guilty been,
In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian queene
Ne're us'd her skill
To win her will
Of yong Adonis, with more heart than she
Hath her allurements spent to work on me.
Leave, leave her, Hobbinol; she is so ill,
That any one is good that's naught of her,
Tho' she be faire, the ground which oft we till
Growes with his burden old and barrener.

HOBBINOL.

With much ado, and with no little paine,
Have I out-heard thy railing 'gainst my love:
But it is common, what we cannot gaine
We oft disvalew: sooner shalt thou move
Yond lofty mountaine from the place it stands,
Or count the meadowe's flowers, or Isis' sands,
Than stirre one thought
In me, that aught
Can be in Phillis which Diana faire,
And all the goddesses, would not wish their.
Fond man, then cease
To crosse that peace
Which Phillis' vertue and this heart of mine
Have well begun; and for those words of thine
I doe forgive,
If thou wilt live
Hereafter free from such reproches moe,
Since goodnesse never was without her foe.

PALINODE.

Beleeve me, Hobbinol, what I have said
Was more in love to thee than hate to her:
Thinke on thy liberty; let that be weigh'd;
Great good may oft betide, if we deferre
And use some short delayes ere marriage rites;
Wedlocke hath daies of toile as joysome nights.
Canst thou be free
From jealousie?
Oh, no! that plague will so infect thy braine,
That only death must worke thy peace againe.
Thou canst not dwell
One minute well
From whence thou leav'st her; locke on her thy [gate,
Yet will her mind be still adulterate.
Not Argos' eyes,
Nor ten such spies,
Can make her onely thine; for she will doe
With those, that shall make thee mistrust them too.

HOBBINOL.

Wilt thou not leave to taint a virgine's name?

PALINODE.

A virgine! Yes: as sure as is her mother!
Dost thou not heare her good report by fame?

HOBBINOL.

Fame is a lyer, and was never other.

PALINODE.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, now she did;
And thou wilt once confesse what I foretold:
The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

HOBBINOL.

So pierce the rocks
A red-breast's knocks,
As the beleefe of aught thou tell'st me now.
Yet be my guest to-morrow.

PALINODE.

Speed your plow.
I fear ere long
You'le sing a song
Like that was sung hereby not long ago;
Where there is carrion, never wants a crow.

HOBBINOL.

Ill-tutour'd swaine,
If on the plaine [feed,
Thy sheep hence-forward come where mine do
They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

PALINODE.

Such are the thankes a friend's fore-warning brings.
Now, by the love I ever bore thee, stay!
Meete not mishaps! themselves have speedy wings.

HOBBINOL.

It is in vaine. Farewel. I must away.

EGLOGUES.

BY

MASTER BROOKE AND MASTER DAVIES,

ADDRESSED

TO W. BROWNE, ON THE PUBLICATION OF THE SHEPHEARD'S PIPE.

TO HIS MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,

MASTER W. BROWNE,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, D.D.

CUTTY.

WILLIE, well met, now whiles thy flocks do feed
So dangerlesse, and free from any feare;
Lay by thy hooke, and take thy pleasant reed,
And with thy melodie reblesse mine eare,
Which (upon Lammas last) and on this plaine,
Thou plaidst so sweetly to thy skipping traine.

WILLIE.

I, Cutty, then I plaid unto my sheepe
Notes apt for them, but farre unfit for thee;
How should my layes (alas!) true measure keepe
With thy choice eares, or make thee melodie?
For in thy straine thou do'st so farre exceed,
Thou canst not rellish such my homely reede.

CUTTY.

Thy nicenesse shows thy cunning, nothing more,
Yet since thou seem'st so lowly in thy thought,
(Who in thy pastorall veine, and learned lore,
Art so much prais'd, so farre and neere art sought)
Lend me thine eares, and thou shalt heare me sing
In praise of shepheards, and of thee, their king.

My loved Willie, if there be a man
That never heard of a browne-colour'd swan,
Whose tender pinions, scarcely fledg'd in show,
Could make his way with whitest swans in Po:
Or if there be among the spawne of earth,
That thinkes so vilely of a shepheard's birth,
That though he tune his reed in meanest key,
Yet in his braine holds not Heaven, earth, and sea:
Then let him know, thou art that young brown swan,
That through the winding streames of Albion
Taking thy course, dost seeme to make thy pace
With flockes full plum'd, equall in love and grace;
And thou art he (that tho' thy humble straines
Do move delight to those that love the plaines:)
Yet to thyselfe (as to thy sort) is given
A Jacob's staffe, to take the height of Heaven;
And with a naturall cosmography
To comprehend the Earth's rotunditie:
Besides, the working plummet of thy braine
Can sound the deepes and secrets of the maine:
For if the shepheard a true figure be
Of contemplation, (as the learn'd agree)
Which, in his seeming rest, doth (restlesse) move
About the center, and to Heav'n above?
And in his thought is onely bounded there,
Sees Nature's chaine fast'ned to Jove's high chaire,
Then thou (that art of Pan the sweetest swaine,
And far transcending all his lowly traine)
In thy discoursive thought, dost range as farre,
Nor canst thou erre, led by thine owne faire starre.
Thought hath no prison, and the mind is free
Under the greatest king and tyranny.
Tho' low thou seem'st, thy genius mounts the hill,
Where heavenly nectar doth from Jove distil;
Where bayes still grow, (by thunder not struck down)
The victor's garland, and the poet's crown;
And underneath the horse-foote-fount doth flow,
Which gives wit verdure, and makes learning grow.
To this faire hill (from stormes and tempests free)
Thou oft repair'st for truthe's discovery;
A prospect, upon all time's wand'ring mazes,
Displaying vanity, disclosing graces:
Nay, in some cliffe it leads the eye beyond
The time's horizon, stripping sea and land.
And farther (not obscurely) doth divine
All future times: here doe the Muses shine,
Here dignitie with safetie doe combine,
Pleasure with merit makes a lovely twine.
Vitam vitalem they shall ever leade,
That mount this hill and learning's path do treade:
Here admiration without envie's wonne,
All in the light, but in the heate sit none.
And to this mount thou dost translate thine essence,
Altho' the plaines contain thy corporal presence;
Where tho' poore people's miserie thou show,
That under griping lords they undergoe,
And what content they (that do lowest lie)
Receive from good men, that do sit on hie.
And in each witty ditty (that surpasses) [lasses;
Dost, for thy love, make strife 'mongst country
Yet in thy humble straine, fame makes thee rise,
And strikes thy mounting forehead 'gainst the skies.
Renowned friend, what trophie may I raise
To memorize thy name? Would I could praise
(In any meane) thy worth; strike Envy dumbe,
But I die here; thou liv'st in time to come:
States have their period, statues lost with rust;
Soules to Elizium, Nature yeelds to dust;
All monuments of armes and power decay,
But that which lives to an eternall day,
Letters preserve; nay, gods with mortall men
Do sympathize by vertue of the penne,
And so shalt thou. Sweet Willie, then proceede,
And in eternall merit fame thy reede.
Pan to thy fleeced numbers give increase,
And Pales to thy love-thoughts give true peace;
Let faire Feronia (goddesse of the woods)
Preserve thy yong plants, multiply thy buds;
And whiles thy rams doe tup, thy ewes do twyn,
Doe thou in peacefull shade (from men's rude dyn)
Adde pinyons to thy fame: whose active wit
With Hermes' winged cap doth suite most fit.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKE.

THIRSIS AND ALEXIS.

THIRSIS.

Alexis, if thy worth doe not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meaner swaine;
Or some more needfull businesse of the day
Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way;
Come (gentle shepheard) rest thee here by me,
Under the shadow of this broad-leav'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Observes in thee the markes of curtisie:
And if my judgement erre not, noted too
More than in those that more would seeme to doe:
Such vertues thy rude modesty doth hide,
Which by thy proper luster I espi'd;
And tho' long mask't in silence they have beene,
I have a wisedom thro' that silence seene:
Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealment sung:
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to invite thee to this homely shade.
And tho' (it may be) thou couldst never spye
Such worth in me to make me known thereby,
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring sheepe
Upon the border of these downes I keepe:
Where often thou at pastorals and playes
Hast grac'd our wakes on sommer holy-dayes:
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepherds sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady groves,
And in chast sonnets wooe their chaster loves:
When I, endued with the meanest skill,
'Mongst others have been urg'd to tune my quill;

Where (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou saw'st me, tho' thou knew'st me not.

ALEXIS.

Yes, Thirsis, I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame;
Art not thou he, that but this other yeare,
Scard'st all the wolves and foxes in the sheere?
And in a match at foot-ball lately try'd,
(Having scarce twenty satyres on thy side)
Held'st play: and, tho' assailed, kept'st thy stand
'Gainst all the best try'd ruffians in the land:
Didst thou not then in doleful sonnets mone,
When the beloved of great Pan was gone;
And, at the wedding of faire Thame and Rhyne,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I must confesse that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For till I markt the aime thy satyrs had,
I thought them overbold, and Thirsis mad;
But, since I did more neerely on thee looke,
I soon perceiv'd that I had all mistooke:
I saw that of a cynicke thou mad'st show,
Where since I find that thou wert nothing so,
And that of many thou much blame hadst got,
When as thy innocence deserv'd it not.
But this too good opinion thou hast seem'd
To have of me (not so to be esteem'd)
Prevailes not aught to stay him who doth feare,
He rather should reproofes than praises heare;
'Tis true I found thee plaine and honest too,
Which made me like, then love, as now I do;
And, Thirsis, though a stranger, this I say,
Where I do love, I am not coy to stay.

THIRSIS.

Thankes, gentle swayne, that dost so soone unfold
What I to thee as gladly would have told,
And thus thy wonted curtesie exprest
In kindly entertaining this request:
Sure I should injury my owne content,
Or wrong thy love, to stand on complement,
Who hast acquaintance in one word begunne
As well as I could in an age have done:
Or by an over-weaning slownesse marre
What thy more wisedome hath brought on so farre,
Then sit thou downe, and I'le my minde declare
As frely as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare,
Something thou maist for thy more profit heare.

ALEXIS.

Willingly, Thirsis, I thy wish obey,

THIRSIS.

Then know, Alexis, from that very day,
When as I saw thee at that shepheard's coate,
Where each, I thinke, of other tooke first noate,
I meane that pastor who by Tavie's springs,
Chaste shepheards' loves in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his musicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the fairest nimphes of Thame.
E'ne then, me thought, I did espy in thee
Some unperceiv'd and hidden worth to be,
Which in thy more apparent virtues shin'd,
And among many I in thought devin'd,
By something my conceit had understood,
That thou wert markt one of the Muses' brood,
That made me love thee: and that love I beare
Begat a pitty, and that pitty care;
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to have that good reveal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse
To possesse much, and yet put nought in use:
Hereon I vow'd, (if we two ever met)
The first request that I would strive to get
Should be but this, that thou wouldst show thy skill,
How thou couldst tune thy verses to thy quill:
And teach thy Muse, in some well-framed song,
To show the art thou hast supprest so long:
Which, if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
Thirsis will ever honour this daie's gaine.

ALEXIS.

Alas! my small experience scarce can tell
So much as where those nymphes the Muses dwell,
Nor (tho' my slow conceit still travels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Helicon;
Or if I might so favour'd be to taste
What those sweet streames but over-flow in waste,
And touch Parnassus where it low'st doth lye,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge so hye.

THIRSIS.

Despaire not, man, the gods have prized nought
So deere that may not be with labour bought,
Nor neede thy paine be great, since fate and Heaven
They (as a blessing) at thy birth have given.

ALEXIS.

Why, say they had.

THIRSIS.

Then use their gifts thou must,
Or be ungratefull, and so be unjust:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude men's benefits do hide,
Then more ungratefull must he be by oddes,
Who doth conceale the bounty of the gods.

ALEXIS.

That's true indeed; but Envy hateth those
Who, seeking fame, their hidden skill disclose:
Where else they might (obscur'd) from her espying
Escape the blasts and danger of envying:
Critickes will censure our best straines of wit,
And purblinde ignorance misconster it.
All which is bad, yet worse than this doth follow,
Most hate the Muses, and contemne Apollo.

THIRSIS.

So let them; why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of ourselves can deeme?
'Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,
Than unto us that they our art contemne;
Can we have better pastime than to see
Our grosse heads may so much deceived be,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?
Or to behold blacke Envy in her prime
Die selfe-consum'd, whilst we vie lives with time?
And, in despight of her, more fame attaine
Than all her malice can wipe out againe.

ALEXIS.

Yea, but if I apply me to those straines,
Who should drive forth my flockes unto the plaines,
Which whilst the Muses rest, and leasure crave,
Must watering, folding, and attendance have?
For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards, both I and they should perish.

THIRSIS.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake;
Nor would I wish thee so thyselfe abuse,
As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse:
But let these two so of each other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy Muse to passe the long and tedious day.
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy reed,
Thy sheepe to listen will more neere thee feed;
The wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,
And lambkins dance about thee in a ring;
Nay, which is more, in this thy low estate
Thou in contentment shalt with monarkes mate:
For mighty Pan, and Ceres to us grants,
Our fields and flockes, shall help our outward wants.
The Muses teach us songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our lasses on the greenes
As faire, or fairer than the fairest queenes;
Or, what is more than most of them shall do,
Wee'le make their juster fames last longer too,
Having our lines by greatest princes grac'd,
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore, Alexis, though that some disdaine
The heavenly musicke of the rural plaine,
What is't to us, if they (or'eseene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other some envy
The praises due to sacred poesie,
Let them disdaine and fret till they are wearie,
We in ourselves have that shall make us merrie:
Which he that wants, and had the power to know it,
Would give his life that he might dye a poet.

ALEXIS.

Thou hast so well (yong Thirsis) plaid thy part,
I am almost in love with that sweet art:
And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

THIRSIS.

Enough, kinde pastor: but, oh! yonder see
Two shepheards, walking on the lay-banke be,
Cuttie and Willie, that so dearly love,
Who are repairing unto yonder grove:
Let's follow them: for never braver swaines
Made musicke to their flockes upon these plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents do with a poet dwell. [shere,
Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do
And till the long shade of the hilles appeare,
Wee'le heare them sing; for though the one he
Never was any that more sweetly sung. [young,

GEO. WITHER.

AN EGLOGUE

BETWEEN YONGE WILLIE, THE SINGER OF HIS NATIVE PASTORALS, AND OLD WERNOCK, HIS FRIEND.

WERNOCK.

Willie, why lig'st thou (man) so wo-be-gon?
What! been thy rather lamkins ill-apaid?
Or, hath some drerie chance thy pipe misdone?
Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-assaid?
Or, is some conteck 'twixt thy love and thee?
Or, else some love-warke arsie-varsie ta'ne?
Or, Fates lesse frolicke than they wont to be?
What gars my Willie that he so doth wane?
If it be for thou hast mis-said, or done,
Take keepe of thine owne councell; and thou art
As sheene and cleare fro' both-twaine as the Sunne:
For, all swaines laud thine haviour, and thine art.
May hap thine heart (that unneath brooke neglect,
And jealous of thy fresh fame) liggs upon
Thy rurall songs, which rarest clarkes affect,
Dreading the descant that mote fall thereon.
Droope not for that (man) but unpleate thy browes,
And blithly, so, fold envies up in pleats:
For, fro' thy makings, milke and melly flowes,
To feed the songster-swaines with art's soot-meats.

WILLIE.

Now, sileer (Wernock) thou hast spilt the marke,
Albe that I ne wot I han mis-song:
But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke
Woll be misvalued both of old and yong.

WERNOCK.

Is thilke the cause that thou been ligge so laid,
Who whilom no encheson could fore-baile;
And caitive-courage nere made misapaid, [saile?
But with chiefe yongsters, songsters, bar'st thy
As swoot as swans thy strains make Thams to ring
Fro' Cotswould, where her sourse her course doth take,
To her wide mouth, which vents thy carolling
Beyond the hether and the further lake.
Than up (said swaine) pull fro' thy vailed cheeke
Hur prop, thy palme: and let thy virilaies
Kill envious cunning swaines (whom all do seeke)
With envy, at thy earned gaudy praise.
Up lither, lad, thou reck'st much of thy swinke,
When swinke ne swat thou shouldst ne reck for fame.
At Aganip, than, lay thee downe to drinke
Untill thy stomacke swell, to raise thy name.
What tho' time yet hannot bedowld thy chin?
Thy dam's deere wombe was Helicon to thee;
Where (like a loach) thou drew'st thilke liquor in,
Which on thy heart-strings ran with musicke's glee.
Than up betimes, and make the sullen swaines
With thy shrill reed such jolly-jovisance,
That they (entranc'd) may wonder at thy straines;
So, leave of thee ne're ending sovenance.

WILLIE.

Ah, Wernock, Wernock! so my sp'rits beene steept
In dulnesse, thro' these duller times missawes
Of sik-like musicke, (riming rudely cleept)
That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.
Ah! who (with lavish draughts of Aganip)
Can swill their soule to frolicke so, their Muse,
When courts and camps, that erst the Muse did clip,
Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse?
Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry,
They been transpos'd fro' what of yore they were,
That swaines, who but to looser luxurie
Can show the way, are now most cherisht there.
These times been crimefull, (ah!) and being so,
Bold swaines, (deft songsters) sing them criminall;
So, make themselves oft gleefull in their wo:
For thy tho' songsters are misween'd of all.
Mecænas woont in blonket liveries
Yclad sike chanters; but these miser times
Uncase hem quite, that all may hem despise,
As they don all their best embellisht rimes.

And harvest-queenes of yore would chaplets make
To crowne their scalps that couth most swootly sing,
And give hem many a gaude at ale or wake,
But now ne recke they of soot carolling.
Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,
Or songen lowdly for so deere desart;
Or else be peregall to nymphes of old,
From which their beastlihed now freely start.
Than must they latch the blowes of fates too fell
With their too feeble clowches as they con:
For, none regards or guards hem for their spell,
Tho' they, on point-device, empt Helicon!
There nis thilke chivisance they whilome had
For piping swoote; sith, with an heydeguies,
Pipt by Tom-piper, or a Lorrel-lad,
(So be he clawes hem) they idolatrize.
And those that should presse proper songs for sale,
Bene, in their doomes, so dull; in skill, so crude;
That they had leaver printen Jacke a vale,
Or Clim ô Clough, (alacke!) they been so rude!
And sith so few feate songsters in an age
Bene founden; few do weigh hem as they been,
For, swaines, that con no skill of holy rage,
Bene foe-men to faire skil's enlawreld queene.
Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent
My wit's spels to myselfe, or unto thee,
(Deer Wernock) which dost feel like miscontent
Sith thou, and all unheeded, singt with me.

WERNOCK.

Vartue it's sed (and is an old said-saw)
Is for hurselfe, to be forsought alone:
Then eftsoones fro' their case thy shrill pipes draw,
And make the welkin ringen with their tone.
Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,
What the one doth, or what the other say;
For should I so, I so should eyne out-weepe:
Then, with me; Willie, ay sing care away.
It's wood to be fore-pind with wastefull carke
In many a noyfull stoure of willing bale
For vading toyes: but trim wit's poorest wark
The upper Heav'n han hent fro' nether dale.
Thilks all our share of all the quelling heape
Of this world's good: enough is us to tell
How rude the best bene, caduke, and how cheape,
But, laude for well-done warks, done all excel!
For thy we shoulden take keepe of our race
That here we rennen, and what here we doon
That whan we wenden till another place,
Our sovenance may here, ay-gayly woon.
For, time will undersong us; and our voice
Woll woxen weake; and our devising lame:
For, life is briefe; and skils been long, and choice: [fame.
Then spend we time, that time may spare our
Looke how breeme winter chamfers earth's bleeke face!
So, corbed elde accoyes youth's surquedry;
And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchase,
Inveloped with falling snow a hy.
Then nought can be achiev'd with witty shewes,
Sith griefe of elde accloyen wimble wit;
Then, us behoven, yer elde sick accrewes,
Time to forelay, with spels retarding it.
I not what blisse is whelm'd with Heav'n's coape,
So be the pleasance of the Muse be none:
For, when thilke gleesome joyes han hallowed scope,
They been as those that Heav'n's-folke warble on.
I con my good; for, now my scalpe is frost
Yeelding to snow; the crow-feete neer mine eyne
Been markes of mickle preefe I have, that most
Of all glees else alow, han suddaine fine.
O how it garres old Wernock swynck with glee
In that emprise that chiven featest fame,
It heats my heart above abilitie
To leave parduring sovenance of my name.
And when mine engine han heav'd by my thought,
An that on poynt device eftsoones yfell,
O! how my hart's joy rapt, as I had cought,
A princedome to my share, of thilke newell.
They beene of pleasances the alderbest:
Than, God to forne; I wol no mo but tho:
Tho' been the summe of all I loven best:
And for hem love I life; else nold I so.
Drive on thy flocke, then, to the motley plaines,
Where by some prill, that 'mong the pibbles plods,
Thou, with thine oaten reede and queintest straines,
Maist rapt the senior swaines, and minor gods:
That as on Ida, that mych-famed mount,
A shepheard swaine; that sung lesse soote than thou,
By light love's goddesse, had the grace to mount
To owe the sheenest queene that Earth did owe:
So, thou maist, with thy past'rall minstralsy
Beating the aire, atweene resounding hils,
Draw to thee bonibels as smirke, as hy,
And wrap hem in thy love begrey their wils:
For (ah!) had Phœbus' clarkes the meanes of some
Worse clarkes (parav'nter) so to sing at ease;
They soone would make high long-wing'd hag-gards come;
And vaile unto their lures; so, on hem seise.
For, bright nymphes buxume breasts do eas'ly ope
To let in thirling notes of noted laies:
For, deftly song they han a charming scope;
So, nymphs themselves adore brows girt with bayes.
Then, Willie, (ah! for pitty of thine heart,
That drouping yearnes, at misses of these times)
Take thou thy pipe, and of glee take thy part;
Or cheere thyselfe with cordials of thy rimes.
Before the world's sterne face, the world back-bite
So slyly, that her parts ne'it perceive:
Morall thy matter so, that, tho' thou smite,
Thou maist with tickling her dull sence, deceive.
Then hy thee, Willie, to the neighbour wasts,
Where thou (as in another world alone)
Maist (while thy flocke doe feede) blow bitter blasts
On thy loud'st pipe, to make il's pertly knowne.
For, sith the rude world doon us misplease
That well deserven, tell we hur hus owne;
And let her ken our cunning can, with ease,
Aye shend, or lend her sempiterne renowne.

WILLIE.

Ah, Wernock! so thy sawes mine heart downe thril
With love of Muses' skill in speciall,
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill
Can be yhugg'd in lordings pectorall.
Ne would I it let bee for all the store
In th' uncoth scope of both-twain hemispheres;
Ynough is me, perdy, nor strive for more
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.
Ne would I sharen that soule-gladding glee
In th' ever gaudy gardens of the blest
Not there to han, the Muses' companee,
Which, God to-fore, is, of the best, the best.

Now, Wernock, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)
That I nill usen any skill so mytch,
(Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,
In case I may my name to Heaven stitch.
For why? I am by kind so inly pul'd
To these delices, that when I betake
Myself to other lore I more am dul'd;
And therefro, keenely set, I fall to make.
But, well-away, thyn is the way to thriven;
And, my neer kith, for that wol sore me shend:
Who little reck how I by kind am given;
But her wold force to swinck for thriftier end.
Hence forward then I must assay, and con
My leere in leefull lore, to pleasen them
That, sib to me, would my promotion,
And carke for that to prancke our common stem:
For, now (as wends the world) no skill to that
(Or rather but that) thrives; sith swaines are now
So full of contecke, that they wot ne what
They would; so, if they could, they all would owe.
So fares it in calme seasons with curst men;
If frennes forbeare at home, hem to invade,
They wry their peace to noy each other then
By plees, till they decease, or fall, or fade.
So times been keener now with common swaynes,
Than when as forraigne foe-men with hem fought:
For, now they swyncke, but for sly law-men's gaines
Or seld they should possessen what they ought.
But, what for this? To me it little longs
To gab of sikliche notes of misery;
Ynough is me to chaunten swoote my songs,
And blend hem with my rural mynstrelsy.
But, O (my Wernock) how am I to thee
Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements
To skill so mickle lov'd and sought of me
As this of making with arts elements?
I not how I shall thrive therein; ne how
I shall be dempt of in these nicer times:
But howsoere so thou my workes alow,
I nill be ill-apaiden with my rimes.

WERNOCK.

Thou needst not, Willie; wretch were I to laude
Thee in thy misses; for, I so should be
To th' adultries of thy wits-scapes, but a baude,
Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should be free.
Than, wend thou fairly on, with thyne emprise;
Sing cleerely, Will, on mine encouragement,
And other swaines, more able to devise;
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.
Ynough is me so I may beare a part
Aye in the Muses quire with those and thee;
I'e sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,
No base, ne meane, but tenour of best glee.

WILLIE.

And I, with thee, woll chaunt each counter-verse
So shrilly, that we'll make thilke quire to ring
As ever do the angels; who rehearse [sing.
The loudest lauds of Heav'n's Lord whan they
So, farewel, Wernock, mickle thanks to thee
For thy freedome, that canst so well devise:
Phœbus now goes to glade; then now goe we,
Unto our sheddes to rest us till he rise.

WERNOCK.

Agree'd, deere Willie, gent and debonaire,
Wee'l hence: for, rhumaticke now fares the aire.

JO. DAVIES.

THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE.

WRITTEN BY W. BROWNE.

——— Non semper Gnosius arcus
Destinat, exemplo sed laxat cornua nervo.
Ovid. ad Pisonem.

TO THE HONOURABLE

SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

GENTLEMEN,

I GIVE you but your owne: if you refuse to foster it, I knowe not who will: by your meanes it may live. If it degenerate in kinde from those other the society hath produced, blame yourselves for not seeking a happier Muse. I knowe it is not without faultes, yet such as your loves, or at least poetica licentia (the common salve) will make tolerable: what is good in it, that is yours; what bad, myne; what indifferent, both; and that will suffice, since it was done to please ourselves in private, by him that is

all yours,

W. BROWNE.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST SCENE.

On one side the hall, towardes the lower end, was discovered a cliffe of the sea, done over in part white, according to that of Virgil, lib. 5.

Jamque adeo scopulos Syrenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos.

Upon it were seated two Syrens, as they are described by Hyginus and Servius, with their upper parts like women to the navell, and the rest like a hen. One of these, at the first discovery of the scene, (a sea being done in perspective on one side the cliffe) began to sing this songe, beinge as lascivious and proper to them, and beginninge as that of theirs in Hom. lib. μ. Οδ. Δευρ' ἄγ' ἴων πάλυαιν Οδυσευ μέγα κῦδος Αχαιων.

STEERE hither, steere, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lye Love's undiscovered mynes,
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes farre sweeter than the best
Which make the phenix' urne and nest.
Feare not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips,
But come on shore,
Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

The last two lines were repeated as from a grove nere, by a full chorus, and the Syren about to sing againe, Triton (in all parts as Apollonius, lib. 4. Argonaut. showes him) was seen interrupting her thus:

TRITON.

Leave, leave, alluring Syren, with thy song,
To hasten what the Fates would fain prolong:

Your sweetest tunes but grones of mandrakes be;
He his owne traytor is that heareth thee.
Tethys commands, nor is it fit that you
Should ever glory you did him subdue
By wyles, whose pollicyes were never spread
'Till flaming Troy gave light to have them read.
Ulysses now furrowes the liquid plaine,
Doubtfull of seeing Ithaca againe,
For in his way more stops are thrust by time,
Than in the path where vertue comes to climbe:
She that with silver springs for ever fills
The shady groves, sweet meddowes, and the hills,
From whose continuall store such pooles are fed,
As in the land for seas are famosed.
'Tis she whose favour to this Grecian tends,
And to remove his ruine Triton sends.

SYREN.

But 'tis not Tethys, nor a greater powre, [hour)
Cynthia, that rules the waves; scarce he (each
That wields the thunderboltes, can thinges begun
By mighty Circe (daughter to the Sun)
Checke or controule; she that by charmes can
The scaled fish to leave the brinye lake; [make
And on the seas walke as on land she were;
She that can pull the pale Moone from her spheare,
And at mid-day the world's all glorious eye
Muffle with cloudes in longe obscuritie;
She that can cold December set on fire,
And from the grave bodyes with life inspire;
She that can cleave the center, and with ease
A prospect make to our Antipodes; [made,
Whose mystique spelles have fearfull thunders
And forc'd brave rivers to run retrograde;
She, without stormes, that sturdy oakes can tare,
And turne their rootes where late their curl'd toppes were,
She that can with the winter solstice bringe
All Flora's daintyes, Circe bids me singe;
And till some greater hand her pow're can staye,
Who'ere command, I none but her obeye.

TRITON.

Then, Nereus' daughter[1], thus you'le have me telle.

SYREN.

You may.

TRITON.

Thinke on her wrath.

SYREN.

I shall. Triton! farewelle.

SYREN.

Vaine was thy message, vaine her haste, for I
Must tune againe my wanton melodye.

Here she went on with her song thus:

For swellinge waves, our panting brestes,
Where never stormes arise,
Exchange, and be awhile our guestes;
For starres gaze on our eyes.
The compasse, love shall hourely singe,
And as he goes about the ringe,
We will not misse
To telle each pointe he nameth with a kisse.

CHORUS.

Then come on shore,
Where no joy dyes till love hath gotten more.

[1] Hom. Αλλά ἐ Νηρηος θ_γατης, &c.

At the end of this songe Circe was seene upon the rocke, quaintly attyred, her haire loose about her shoulders, an anadem of flowers on her head, with a wand in her hand, and then making towardes the Syrens, called them thence with this speech:

Syrens, ynough! cease; Circe hath prevail'd,
The Greeks, which on the dauncinge billowes sayl'd,
About whose shippes a hundred dolphins clunge,
Wrapt with the musicke of Ulysses' tongue,
Have with their guide, by powerfull Circe's hand,
Cast their hook'd anchors on Æœa's strand.
Yonde stands a hille crown'd with high wavinge trees. [sees,
Whose gallant toppes each neighb'ringe countrye
Under whose shade an hundred Sylvans playe,
With gaudy nymphes farre fairer than the daye;
Where everlastinge springe with silver showres
Sweet roses doth increase to grace our bowres;
Where lavish Flora, prodigall in pride,
Spends what might well enrich all earth beside,
And to adorne this place she loves so deare,
Stays in some climates scarcely halfe the yeare.
When, would she to the world indifferent bee,
They should continuall Aprill have as we.

Midway the wood, and from the level'd lands,
A spatious, yet a curious arbour standes,
Wherein should Phœbus once to pry beginne,
I would benight him 'ere he gette his inne,
Or turne his steedes awry, so drawe him on
To burne all landes but this, like Phaëton.

Ulysses neare his mates, by my strange charmes,
Lyes there till my returne in sleepe's soft armes:
Then, Syrens, quickly wend me to the bowre,
To fitte their welcome, and show Circe's powre.

SYREN.

What all the elements doe owe to thee,
In their obedience is perform'd in me.

CIRCE.

Circe drinkes not of Lethe, then awaye
To helpe the nymphes who now begin their laye.

THE SECONDE SCENE.

While Circe was speakinge her first speech, and at these words, "Yond stands a hill," &c. a travers was drawne at the lower end of the hall, and gave way for the discovery of an artificiall wood, so neere imitating nature, that, I thinke, had there been a grove like that in the open plaine, birds would have been faster drawne to that than to Zeuxis' grapes. The trees stood at the climing of an hill, and lefte at their fecte a little plaine, which they circled like a crescente. In this space, upon hillockes, were seen eight musitians in crimsen taffity robes, with chaplets of lawrell on their heades, their lutes by them, which being by them toucht as a warninge to the nymphes of the wood, from among the trees was heard this songe.

THE SONGE IN THE WOOD.

What singe the sweete birds in each grove?
Nought but love.
What sound our eccho, day and night?
All delighte.

What doth each wynd breathe us that fleetes?
Endlesse sweets.

CHORUS.

Is there a place on earth this isle excels,
Or any nymphes more happy live than we,
When all our songes, our soundes, and breathinges be,
That here all love, delighte, and sweetness dwells.

By this time Circe and the Syrens being come into the wood, Ulysses was seene lying as asleep, under the couverte of a faire tree, towardes whom Circe coming, bespake thus.

CIRCE.

Yet holdes soft sleepe his course. Now Ithacus,
Ajax would offer hecatombes to us,
And Ilium's ravish'd wifes, and childlesse sires,
With incense dym the bright æthereal fires,
To have thee bounde in chaynes of sleepe as here;
But that thou may'st behold, and knowe how deare
Thou art to Circe, with my magicke deepe,
And powerfull verses, thus I banish sleepe.

THE CHARME.

Sonne of Erebus and Nighte,
Hye away; and aime thy flighte
Where consorte none other fowle,
Than the batte, and sullen owle.
Where upon the lymber grasse,
Poppy and mandragoras,
With like simples not a few,
Hange for ever droppes of dewe.
Where flowes Lethe, without coyle,
Softly like a streame of oyle.
Hye thee thither, gentle Sleepe,
With this Greeke no longer keepe:
Thrice I charge thee by my wand,
Thrice with mocy from my hand,
Doe I to touch Ulysses' eyes,
And with the jaspis: Then arise
Sagest Greeke.

Ulysses (as by the powre of Circe) awakinge, thus began:

ULYSSES.

Thou more than mortalle mayde,
Who, when thou listes, canst make (as if afraide)
The mountaines tremble, and with terrour shake
The seate of Dis; and from Avernus' lake
Grim Hecate with all the Furyes bringe,
To worke revenge; or to thy questioninge
Disclose the secretes of th' infernall shades,
Or raise the ghostes that walke the under-glades.
To thee, whom all obey, Ulysses bendes,
But may I aske (greate Circe) whereto tendes
Thy never-failinge handes? Shall we be free?
Or must thyne anger crush my mates and me?

CIRCE.

Neyther, Laertes' sonne, with winges of love,
To thee, and none but thee, my actions move.
My arte went with thee, and thou me may'st thanke,
In winninge Rhesus' horses, e're they dranke
Of Xanthus' streame; and when with human gore,
Cleare Hebrus' channell was all stained 'ore;
When some brave Greeks, companions then with thee,
Forgot their country through the lotos tree;
I tyn'd the firebrande that (beside thy flight)
Left Polyphemus in eternall nighte;
And lastly to Æœa brought thee on,
Safe from the man-devouring Læstrygon.
This for Ulysses' love hath Circe done,
And if to live with me thou shalt be wonne,
Aurora's hand shall never drawe awaye
The sable vale that hides the gladsome daye.
But we new pleasures will beginne to taste,
And better stille, those we enjoyed laste.
To instance what I canne: Musicke, thy voyce,
And of all those have felt our wrath, the choyce
Appeare; and in a dance 'gin that delight
Which with the minutes shall growe infinite.

Here one attir'd like a woodman, in all poyntes, came forth of the wood, and, going towards the stage, sunge this songe to call away the Antimasque.

SONGE[2].

Come yee whose hornes the cuckold weares,
The whittoll too, with asse's eares;
Let the wolfe leave howlinge,
The baboone his scowlinge,
And grillus hye
Out of his stye.
Though gruntinge, though barkinge, though brayinge yee come. [home.
We'ele make yee daunce quiet, and so send yee
Nor ginne shall snare you,
Nor mastive scare you
Nor learne the baboone's trickes,
Nor grillus' scoffe,
From the hogge troughe,
But turne againe unto the thickes.
Here's none ('tis hop'd) so foolish, scornes
That any els should weare the hornes.
Here's no curre with howlinge,
Nor an ape with scowlinge,
Shall mocke or moe
At what you showe.
In jumpinge, in skippinge, in turninge, or oughte
You shall doe to please us how well or how noughte.
If there be any
Amonge this many,
Whom such an humour steares,
May he still lye,
In Grillus' stye,
Or weare for ever the asse's eares.

While the first staffe of this songe was singinge, out of the thickets on eyther side of the passaue came rushing the Antimasque, being such as by Circe, were supposed to have beene transformed (havinge the mindes of men still) into these shapes followinge:

Two with heartes, heades, and bodyes, as Actæon is pictur'd.
Two like Midas, with asses' eares.
Two like wolves, as Lycaon is drawne.
Two like baboons.
Grillus (of whom Plutarche writes in his morralles) in the shape of a hogge.

These together dancinge an antique measure, towardes the latter end of it missed Grillus, who

[2] The musicke was composed of treble violins, with all the inward parts, a base violle, base lute, sagbut, cornamute, and a tabour and pipe.

was newly slipte away, and whilst they were at a stand, wond'ringe what was become of him, the woodman stepte forth and sunge this

SONGE.

GRILLUS is gone, belyke he hath hearde
The dayrie-maid knocke at the trough in the yearde:
Through thicke and thinne he wallowes,
And weighes nor depths nor shallowes.
Harke! how he whynes,
Run all e're he dines,
Then serve him a tricke
For beinge so quicke,
And lette him for all his paines
Behold you turne cleane of
His troughe,
And spill all his wash [3] and his graines.

With this the triplex of their tune was plaid twice or thrice over, and by turnes brought them from the stage; when the woodman sung this other staffe of the last songe, and then ran after them.

And now 'tis wish'd that all such as hee,
Were rooting with him at the troughe or the tree.
Fly, fly, from our pure fountaines,
To the darke vales or the mountaines,
Liste, some one whines
With voyce like a swine's,
As angry that none
With Grillus is gone,
Or that he is lefte behinde.
O let there be no staye
In his waye,
To hinder the boare from his kinde.

CIRCE.

How likes Ulysses this!

ULYSSES.

Much like to one
Who in a shipwracke being cast upon
The froathy shores, and safe beholdes his mates
Equally cross'd by Neptune and the Fates.
You might as well have ask'd how I would like
A straine whose equall Orpheus could not strike,
Upon a harpe whose stringes none other be,
Than of the heart of chaste Penelope.
O let it be enough that thou in these,
Hast made most wretched Laertiades:
Let yet the sad chance of distressed Greekes,
With other teares than sorrowe's dewe your cheekes!
Most abject basenesse hath enthral'd that breste
Which laughs at men by misery oppreste.

CIRCE.

In this, as lyllies, or the new-falne snowe,
Is Circe spotlesse yet: what though the bowe
Which Iris bendes, appeareth to each sight
In various hewes and colours infinite:
The learned knowe that in itselfe is free,
And light and shade make that varietye.
Things farre off seen seem not the same they are,
Fame is not ever truth's discoverer;
For still where envy meeteth a reporte,
Ill she makes worse, and what is good come shorte.
In whatso'ere this land hath passine beene,
Or she that here 'ore other raigneth queene,
Let wise Ulysses judge. Some I confesse,
That tow'rds this isle not long since did addresse
Their stretched oares, no sooner landed were,
But (carelesse of themselves) they here and there
Fed on strange fruits, invenominge their bloods,
And now like monsters range about the woods.
If those thy mates were, yet is Circe free,
For their misfortunes have not birth from me.
Who in the apothecarie's shop hath ta'ne
(Whilst he is wantinge) that which breeds his bane,
Should never blame the man who there had plac'd it,
But his owne folly urging him to taste it.

ULYSSES.

Æœa's queene, and great Hyperion's pride,
Pardon misdoubtes, and we are satisfide.

CIRCE.

Swifter the lightninge comes not from above,
Than do our grants born on the wings of love;
And since what's past doth not Ulysses please,
Call to a dance the fair Nereides,
With other nymphes, which doe in every creeke,
In woods, on plaines, on mountaines symples seeke
For powerfull Circe, and let in a songe
Ecchos be aydinge, that they may prolonge
My now command to each place where they be,
To bringe them hither all more speedilye.

Presently in the wood was heard a full musicke of lutes, which descending to the stage, had to them sung this followinge songe, the Ecchos being plac'd in several parts of the passage.

SONGE.

CIRCE bids you come awaye.
ECCHO. Come awaye, come awaye.
From the rivers, from the sea.
ECCHO. From the sea, from the sea.
From the greene woods every one.
ECCHO. Every one, every one.
Of her maides be missinge none.
ECCHO. Missinge none, missinge none.
No longer stay, except it be to bringe
A med'cine for love's stinge.
That would excuse you, and be held more deare,
Than wit or magicke, for both they are here.
ECCHO. They are here, they are here.

The Eccho had no sooner answered to the last line of the songe, They are here, but the second Antimasque came in, being seven nymphs, and were thus attir'd:

Foure in white taffita robes, long tresses, and chaplets of flowers, herbs, and weeds on their heads, with little wicker baskets in their handes, neatly painted. These were supposed to be maides attending upon Circe, and used in gatheringe simples for their mistress's inchantments.—(Pausanias in prioribus Eliacis.)

Three in sea greene robes, greenish haire hanging loose[4], with leaves of corall and shells intermixt upon it. These are by Ovid affirmed to helpe the nymphs of Circe in their collections[5].

[3] Ovid. Metam. lib. 14.

[4] Horac. lib. 3. carmin.

[5] Nereides nymphæque simul quis vellera motis
Nulla trahunt digitos, nec fila sequentia ducunt,
Gramina disponunt; sparsosque sine ordine flores
Secernunt Calathis, variisque coloribus herbas.
Ipsa quod hæ faciunt opus exigit; &c.
Ovid. lib. 14. Metam.

These havinge danced a most curious measure to a softer tune than the first Antimasque, as most fitting, returned as they came; the Nereides towardes the cliffes, and the other maides of Circe to the woods and plaines. After which Ulysses, thus:

ULYSSES.

Fame addes not to thy joyes, I see in this,
But like a high and stately pyramis
Growes least at farthest: now faire Circe graute,
Although the faire-hair'd Greeks do never vaunte,
That they in measur'd paces aught have done,
But where the god of batteles led them on;
Give leave that (freed from sleepe) the small remaine
Of my companions, on the under plaine,
May in a dance strive how to pleasure thee,
Eyther with skill or with varietye.

CIRCE.

Circe is pleas'd: Ulysses take my wand,
And from their eyes each child of sleepe command,
Whil'st my choice maides with their harmonious voyces
(Whereat each byrd and dancinge springe rejoyces)
Harminge the windes when they contrary meete,
Shall make their spirits as nimble as their feete.

THE THIRD SCENE'S DESCRIPTION.

Circe, with this speech, deliveringe her wande to Ulysses, rests on the lower parte of the hill, while he going up the hill, and striking the trees with his wande, suddenly two greate gates flew open, makinge, as it were, a large glade through the wood, and along the glade a faire walke; two seeming bricke walles on either side, over which the trees wantonly hunge; a great light (as the Sun's sudden unmaskinge) being seene upon this discovery. At the furthe rend was described an arbour, very curiously done, havinge one entrance under an architreave, borne up by two pillers, with their chapters and bases guilte; the top of the entrance beautifide with postures of Satyres, Woodnymphs, and other anticke worke; as also the sides and corners: the coveringe archwise interwove with boughes, the backe of it girt round with a vine, and artificially done up in knottes towardes the toppe: beyond it was a woodscene in perspective, the fore part of it opening at Ulysses's approach, the maskers were discovered in severall seates, leaninge as asleepe.

THEIR ATTIRE.

Doublets of greene taffita, cut like oaken leaves, as upon cloth of silver; their skirtes and winges cut into leaves, deepe round hose of the same, both lin'd with sprigge lace spangled; long white sylke stockings; greene pumps, and roses done over with sylver leaves; hattes of the same stuffe, and cut narrowe-brimmed, and risinge smaller compasse at the crowne; white reathe hatbandes; white plumes; egrettes with a greene fall; ruffe bands and cuffes.

Ulysses severally came and toucht every one of them with the wand, while this was sunge.

SONGE.

SHAKE off sleepe, ye worthy knights,
Though ye dreame of all delights;
Show that Venus doth resorte
To the campe as well as courte.
By some well timed measure,
And on your gestures and your paces,
Let the well-composed graces,
Lookinge like, and parte with pleasure.

By this the knights being all risen from their seates, were, by Ulysses (the loud musicke soundinge) brought to the stage; and then to the violins danced their first measure; after which this songe brought them to the second.

SONGE.

ON and imitate the Sun,
Stay not to breathe till you have done:
Earth doth thinke as other where
Do some woemen she doth beare.
Those wifes whose husbands only threaten,
Are not lov'd like those are beaten:
Then with your feete to suffringe move her,
For whilst you beate earth thus, you love her.

Here they danc'd their second measure, and then this songe was sunge, during which time they take out the ladyes.

SONGE.

CHOOSE now amonge this fairest number,
Upon whose brestes love would for ever slumber:
Choose not amisse, since you may where you wille,
Or blame yourselves for choosinge ille.
Then do not leave, though oft the musicke closes,
Till lillyes in their cheekes be turned to roses.

CHORUS.

And if it lay in Circe's power,
Your blisse might so persever,
That those you choose but for an hower,
You should enjoy for ever.

The knights, with their ladyes, dance here the old measures, galliards, corantoes, the branles, &c. and then (havinge led them againe to their places) danced their last measure; after which this songe called them awaye.

SONGE.

WHO but Time so hasty were,
To fly away and leave you here.
Here where delight
Might well allure
A very stoicke, from this night
To turne an epicure.
But since he calles away; and Time will soone repent,
He staid not longer here, but ran to be more idly spente.

AN ELEGIE,

ON THE BEWAILED DEATH OF
THE TRULY-BELOVED AND MOST VERTUOUS
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES[1].

WHAT time the world, clad in a mourning robe,
A stage made, for a woefull tragedie,
When showres of teares from the celestial globe,
Bewail'd the fate of sea-lov'd Brittanie;

[1] This copy is transcribed from a manuscript in

When sighes as frequent were as various sights,
When Hope lay bed-rid, and all pleasures dying,
When Envie wept,
And Comfort slept,
When Cruelty itselfe sat almost crying;
Nought being heard but what the minde affrights:
When Autumn had disrob'd the Summer's pride,
Then England's honour, Europe's wonder dide.

O saddest straine that ere the Muses sung!
A text of woe for griefe to comment on;
Teares, sighs and sobs, give passage to my tongue,
Or I shal spend you till the last is gone.
And then my hart, in flames of burning love,
Wanting his moisture, shall to cinders turne,
But first by me,
Bequeathed be,
To strew the place, wherein his sacred urne
Shall be enclos'd. This might in many move
The like effect: (who would not doe it?) when
No grave befits him, but the harts of men.

The man whose masse of sorrowes have been such,
That, by their weight laid on each severall part,
His fountaines are so drie, he but as much
As one poore drop hath left, to ease his hart:
Why should he keepe it? since the time doth call
That he n'ere better can bestow it in?
If so he feares,
That other teares
In greater number greatest prizes winne,
Know, none gives more than he who giveth all:
Then he which hath but one poore teare in store,
Oh let him spend that drop and weepe no more!

Why flowres not Helicon beyond her strands?
Is Henrie dead, and doe the Muses sleepe?
Alas! I see each one amazed stands,
Shallow foords mutter, silent are the deepe:
Faine would they tell their griefes, but know not where,
All are so full, nought can augment their store.
Then how should they
Their griefes displey
To men so cloide they faine would heare no more,
Though blaming those whose plaints they cannot heare?
And with this wish their passions I allow,
May that Muse never speake that's silent now!

Is Henrie dead? alas! and doe I live
To sing a scrich-owle's note that he is dead?
If any one a fitter theame can give,
Come, give it now, or never to be read:
But let him see it doe of horrour taste,
Anguish, destruction; could it rend in sunder,
With fearefull grones,
The sencelesse stones,
Yet should we hardly be inforc'd to wonder,
Our former griefes would so exceed their last:
Time cannot make our sorrowes aught compleater,
Nor add one griefe to make our mourning greater.

England stood ne're engirt with waves till now,
Till now it held part with the continent,
Aye me! some one, in pittie show me how
I might in dolefull numbers so lament,
That any one, which lov'd him, hated me,
Might dearly love me, for lamenting him;
Alas, my plaint,
In such constraint,
Breakes forth in rage, that thoughe my passions swimme,
Yet are they drowned ere they landed be.
Imperfect lines: oh happy were I hurl'd
And cut from life, as England from the world.

O! happier had we beene, if we had beene
Never made happie by enjoying thee,
Where hath the glorious eye of Heaven seene
A spectacle of greater miserie?
Time, turn thy course! and bring againe the spring!
Breake Nature's lawes! search the records of old!
If aught e're fell
Might paralel
Sad Albion's case: then note when I unfold
What seas of sorrow she is plunged in:
Where stormes of woe so mainly have beset her,
She hath no place for worse, nor hope for better.

Brittaine was whilome knowne (by more than fame)
To be one of the Islands Fortunate:
What franticke man would give her now that name,
Lying so ruefull and disconsolate?
Hath not her watrie zone in murmuring,
Fil'd every shoare with ecchoes of her crie?
Yes, Thetis raves,
And bids her waves
Bring all the nimphes within her emperie,
To be assistant in her sorrowing.
See where they sadly sit on Isis' shore,
And rend their haires as they would joy no more.

THIRSIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY W. BROWNE.

FROM A COLLECTION OF POEMS, CALLED ENGLAND'S HELICON; OR, THE MUSES HARMONY.

On a hill that grac'd the plaine
Thirsis sate, a comely swaine,
Comelier swaine nere grac'd a hill:
Whilst his flock, that wandred nie,
Cropt the greene grasse busilie;
Thus he tun'd his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the plesant field
Many several odours yeeld,
Odours aromatical:
From faire Astra's cherrie lip,
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leavie groves now mainely ring,
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
Notes that make the ecchoes long:
But when Astra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are list'ning to her song.

Fairely spreads the damaske rose,
Whese rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, penrills cannot faine.
Yet, if Astra passe the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush.
She doth all their beauties staine.

the Bodleian library, and is inserted here on account of the variations from that printed in the first book of Britannia's Pastorals.

Phœbus shining bright in skie,
Gilds the floods, heates mountaines hie
With his beames' all quick'ning fire:
Astra's eyes (most sparkling ones)
Strikes a heat in hearts of stones,
And enflames them with desire.

Fields are blest with flowrie wreath,
Ayre is blest when she doth breath;
Birds make happy ev'ry grove,
She each bird when she doth sing;
Phœbus' heate to Earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

Those blessinges of the Earth we swaines do call,
Astra can blesse those blessings, Earth and all.

A POEM,

ATTRIBUTED BY PRINCE, IN HIS WORTHIES OF DEVON, TO WILLIAM BROWNE.

I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How, in the morn, they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since I find the reason's such,
As it deserves no laughter.

They have a castle on a hill,
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vanes blown down by weather:
To lye therein one night, 'tis guess'd,
'Twere better to be ston'd and press'd,
Or hang'd, now choose you whether.

Ten men less room within this cave,
Than five mice in a lanthorn have,
The keepers they are sly ones;
If any could devise by art,
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lyons.

When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lydford! When I saw all,
I know none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way,
Than tarry for a tryal.

The prince an hundred pounds hath sent
To mend the leads, and planchens rent,
Within this living tomb,
Some forty-five pounds more had paid
The debts of all that shall be laid
There till the day of doom.

One lyes there for a scam of malt,
Another for a peck of salt,
Two sureties for a noble.
If this be true, or else false news,
You may go ask of master Crews[1],
John Vaughan, or John Doble[2].

More, to these men that lye in lurch,
Here is a bridge, there is a church;
Seven ashes, and one oak;
Three houses standing, and ten down.
They say the parson hath a gowne,
But I saw ne'er a cloak.

Whereby you may consider well,
That plain simplicity doth dwell
At Lydford, without bravery.
And in the town both young and grave,
Do love the naked truth to have,
No cloak to hide their knavery.

The people all within this clime,
Are frozen in the winter time,
For sure I do not fain;
And when the summer is begun,
They lye like silk-worms in the sun,
And come to life again.

One told me in king Cæsar's time,
The town was built with stone and lime,
But sure the walls were clay,
And they are fal'n, for aught I see,
And since the houses are got free,
The town is run away.

Oh! Cæsar, if thou there didst reign,
While one house stands come there again;
Come quickly while there is one.
If thou stay but a little fit,
But five years more, they will commit
The whole town to a prison.

To see it thus much griev'd was I,
The proverb saith, "Sorrows be dry,"
So was I at the matter.
Now by good luck, I know not how,
There thither came a strange stray cow,
And we had milk and water.

To nine good stomachs, with our wigg,
At last we got a roasting pigg,
This dyet was our bounds,
And this was just as if 'twere known,
A pound of butter had been thrown,
Among a pack of hounds.

One glass of drink I got by chance,
'Twas claret when it was in France,
But now from it much wider;
I think a man might make as good
With green crabs boyl'd, and Brazil wood,
And half a pint of cyder.

I kiss'd the mayor's hand of the town,
Who, though he weare no scarlet gown,
Honours the rose and thistle.
A piece of coral to the mace,
Which there I saw to serve in place,
Would make a good child's whistle.

At sick o'clock I came away,
And pray'd for those that were to stay
Within a place so arrant.
Wide and ope the winds so roare,
By God's grace I'll come there no more,
Unless by some Tynn warrant.

PREFIXED TO

RICHARD THE THIRD,

HIS CHARACTER, LEGEND, AND TRAGEDY, A POEM, 4to. 1614. [AMONGST OTHER VERSES BY CHASMAN, BEN JOHNSON, &c.]

TO HIS WORTHY AND INGENIOUS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

So farre as can a swayne (who than a rounde
On oaten-pipe no further boasts his skill)
I dare to censure the shrill trumpets' sound,
Or other music of the sacred hil:

[1] The steward. [2] Attornies of the court.

The popular applause hath not so fell
(Like Nile's lowd cataract) possest mine ears
But others' songs I can distinguish well
And chant their praise, despised vertue rears:
Nor shall thy buskin'd Muse be heard alone
In stately pallaces; the shady woods
By me shall learn't, and ecchoes one by one
Teach it the hils, and they the silver floods.
Our learned shepheards that have us'd to fore
Their hasty gifts in notes that wooe the plaines,
By rural ditties will be known no more;
But reach at fame by such as are thy straines.
And I would gladly (if the sisters spring
Had me inabled) beare a part with thee,
And for sweet groves, of brave[1] heroes sing,
But since it fits not my weake melodie,
It shall suffice that thou such means do'st give,
That my harsh lines among the best may live.

W. Browne, Int. Temp.

MR. WILLIAM DRAYTON, TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND

MR. WILLIAM BROWNE;

OF THE EVIL TIME.

Dear friend, be silent and with patience see,
What this mad time's catastrophe will be;
The world's first wisemen certainly mistook
Themselves, and spoke things quite beside the book,
And that which they have said of God, untrue,
Or else expect strange judgment to ensue.
This isle is a mere Bedlam, and therein,
We all lie raving mad in every sin,
And him the wisest most men use to call,
Who doth (alone) the maddest thing of all;
He whom the master of all wisdom found,
For a mark'd fool, and so did him propound,
The time we live in, to that pass is brought,
That only he a censor now is thought;
And that base villain, (not an age yet gone)
Which a good man would not have look'd upon,
Now like a god with divine worship follow'd,
And all his actions are accounted hallow'd.
This world of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,
Set on the head, bolt upright with her heels;
Which makes me think of what the Ethnics told
Th' opinion, the Pythagorists uphold,
That the immortal soul doth transmigrate;
Then I suppose by the strong power of fate,
That those which at confused Babel were,
And since that time now many a lingering year,
Through fools, and beasts, and lunatics have past,
Are here imbodied in this age at last,
And though so long we from that time be gone,
Yet taste we still of that confusion.
For certainly there's scarce one found that now
Knows what t'approve, or what to disallow,
All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,
But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down;
To do in time, is to do out of season,
And that speeds best, that's done the farthest from reason,
He's high'st that's low'st, he's surest in that's out,
He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
He getteth up unlike to rise at all,
He slips to ground as much unlike to fall;
Which doth inforce me partly to prefer
The opinion of that mad philosopher,
Who taught, that those all-framing powers above,
(As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing,
To make them sport with, which the use to bring,
As men do monkies, puppets, and such tools
Of laughter: so men are but the gods' fools.
Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why;
The virtuous man depressed like a stone
For that dull sot to raise himself upon;
He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,
Never durst look upon his country's foe,
Nor durst attempt that action which might get
Him fame with men: or higher might him set
Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd);
This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dares grow
To any title empire can bestow;
For this believe, that impudence is now
A cardinal vertue, and men it allow
Reverence, nay more, men study and invent
New ways, nay glory to be impudent.
Into the clouds the Devil lately got,
And by the moisture doubting much the rot,
A medicine took to make him purge and cast;
Which in a short time began to work so fast,
That he fell to't, and from his backside flew
A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew
Of base plebeians, which no sooner light
Upon the Earth, but with a sudden flight
They spread this isle; and as Deucalion once
Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones
They became men, even so these beasts became
Owners of titles from an obscure name.
He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,
And into base and wilful begg'ry run,
This man as he some glorious act had done,
With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,
When he that hath by industry achiev'd
Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd,
In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd.
As though that God had carelessly left all
That being hath on this terrestrial ball,
To Fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
With man, nor aught that doth belong him to,
Or at the least God having given more
Power to the Devil, than he did of yore,
Over this world: the fiend as he doth hate
The virtuous man; maligning his estate,
All noble things, and would have by his will,
To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,
By his black hellish ministers to vex
All worthy men, and strangly to perplex
Their constancy, thereby them so to fright,
That they should yeeld them wholly to his might.
But of these things I vainly do but tell,
Where Hell is Heaven, and Heav'n is now turn'd Hell;
Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,
Now godliness, much less accounted sin;
And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,
Till that of late I constru'd it, that they
To present thrift had got the perfect way,

[1] Quere? braver!

When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for us no thriving in these times.
As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
To see them on the sudden strucken sad,
As in their fancy some strange forms they had,
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
Angry at our capacities so slow,
That by their count'nance we no sooner learn
To see the wonder which they so discern;
So the celestial powers do sit and smile
At innocent and virtuous men, the while
They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,
So far beyond imagination,
With slavish baseness, that they silent sit
Pointing like children in describing it.

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul
With constant patience: and with thoughts as high
As these below, and poor, winged to fly
To that exalted stand, whither yet they
Are got with pain, that sit out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as think their black damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are advanc'd, those few poor honest men
That yet are living, into search do run
To find what mischief they have lately done,
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.
And in this base world come whatever shall,
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

A GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE WORDS.

A.

Adrad, *Adread*, } afraid.
Affese, to affright.
Agryze, horror, fear.
Algate, every way, wholly.
Apparceived, perceived, beheld.
Assoile, free.
Astonied, astonished.
Ay, always.

B.

Balke, a ridge of land between two furrows.
Beheet, to promise.
Bet, better.
Bewraye, to discover, to betray.
Blent, blind, blinded.
Blet, bleated, like a lamb.
Blist, blessed.
Blive, ready, readily.
Breere, a brier.
Brent, burnt.
Brooch, a jewel.

C.

Carke, care.
Cheese, to chuse.
Chiertee, joy.
Clipped, possessed, enjoyed, embraced.
Cosset, a lamb brought up by hand.
Crowd, a fiddle.
Cure, care.

D.

Deal, as *every deal*, entirely, every bit.
Dell, a valley.
Dight, dressed, decked, adorned, prepared.

E.

Eft, again.
Eftsoons, soon afterwards.
Eke, also, likewise.
Eld, old, old age.
Eritage, inheritance.

F.

Fallace, deceipt, disappointment.
Feere, company, a companion.
Ferd, afraid.
Fet, fetched, to fetch.
Fier, fire.
Flawne, a custard.

G.

Gybe, to sneer.
Gybing, sneering.

I.

Janiveere, January.
Jouisance, playfulness, merriment, festivity.

K.

Kid, to acquire, to engross.
Knap, a hillock.
Kythe, to cast, to bestow.

L.

Laire, a barn, a stall for cattle.
Leech, a physician, a surgeon.
Leefe, dear, beloved.
Leere, to learn.
Leese, to lose.
Lepry, a leprosy.
Lever, rather.
Lin, to stop, to give over, to leave off.

M.

Mesel, a leper.
Mickle, *Mockhill*, *Muckle*, } much.
Minstralsie, instrumental harmony.
Mot, must.
Mozor, a maple cup.
Mucke, dirt.

N.

Nathless, nevertheless.

P.

Percase, perhaps, because.
Piked, pricked up, dressed out.
Pine, pain; so spelt for the sake of the rhime.
Pistle, an epistle.
Pleneere, full, fulness.
Purvay, to provide.

R.

Raught, reached.
Reed, warning, advice.
Rish, a rush.
Rokes, reeks, or smokes.
Rowned, whispered.

S.

Seech, to seek.
Shope, shaped, happened, befell.
Sickerly, surely, certainly.
Sike, such.
Sin, since.
Stownd, a while, a season, a time.
Swinke, sweat.
Swythe, soon.
Sythes, times; *oft sythes*, oftentimes.

T.

Teen, sorrow, grief.
Thrustle, a thrush.
Tyred, attired.

U.

Unneth, scarcely.
Unwiste, unknown.

W.

Ware, beware.
Ween, to think, to imagine, to suppose.
Weeing, imagining.
Whilome, formerly.
Wight, a person.
Won, to dwell.
Wull, wool.

Y.

Yalde, yielded.
Yeve, give.
Ynow, enough.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE father of our poet was John Davenant, who kept the Crown Tavern or Inn at Oxford, but owing to an obscure insinuation in Wood's account of his birth, it has been supposed that he was the natural son of Shakspeare; and to render this story probable, Mrs. Davenant is represented as a woman of beauty and gaiety, and a particular favourite of Shakspeare, who was accustomed to lodge at the Crown on his journies between Warwickshire and London. Modern inquirers, particularly Mr. Steevens, are inclined to discredit this story, which indeed seems to rest upon no very sound foundation[1].

Young Davenant, who was born Feb. 1605, very early betrayed a poetical bias, and one of his first attempts, when he was only ten years old, was an Ode in remembrance of Master William Shakspeare. This is a remarkable production for one so young, and one who lived, not only to see Shakspeare forgotten, but to contribute with some degree of activity to that instance of depraved taste. Davenant was educated at the grammar school of All Saints, in his native city, under Mr. Edward Sylvester, a teacher of high reputation. In 1621, the year in which his father served the office of mayor, he entered of Lincoln College, but being encouraged to try his success at court, he appeared there as page to Frances dutchess of Richmond, a lady of great influence and fashion. He afterwards resided in the family of the celebrated sir Fulke Greville, lord Brooke, who was himself a poet and a patron of poets. The murder of this nobleman in 1628, depriving him of what assistance he might expect from his friendship, Davenant had recourse to the stage, on which he produced his first dramatic piece, the Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards.

[1] What Mr. Malone has advanced in support of it, may be seen in his Historical Account of the English Stage, Vol. 2. of Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare, p. 309, and 427, edit. 1793. Mr. Warton seems to incline to the same opinion. Vol. 1. p. 68. note. *C.*

This play had success enough to procure him the recommendation, if nothing more substantial, of many persons of distinction, and of the wits of the times, and with such encouragement he renewed his attendance at court, adding to its pleasures by his dramatic efforts, and not sparingly to the mirth of his brethren, the satirists, by the unfortunate issue of some of his licentious gallantries. For several years his plays and masks were acted with the greatest applause, and his character as a poet was raised very high by all who pretended to be judges. On the death of Ben Jonson in 1638, the queen procured for him the vacant laurel, which is said to have given such offence to Thomas May, his rival, as to induce him to join the disaffected party, and to become the advocate and historian of the republican parliament. In 1639, Davenant was appointed "Governor of the King and Queen's Company acting at the Cockpit in Drury-lane, during the lease which Mrs. Elizabeth Beeston, alias Hutcheson, hath or doth hold in the said house[2]."

When the civil commotions had for some time subsisted, the peculiar nature of them required that public amusements should be the decided objects of popular resentment, and Davenant, who had administered so copiously to the pleasures of the court, was very soon brought under suspicions of a more serious kind. In May 1641, he was accused before the parliament of being a partner with many of the king's friends in the design of bringing the army to London for his majesty's protection. His accomplices effected their escape, but Davenant was apprehended at Feversham, and sent up to London. In July following he was bailed, but on a second attempt to withdraw to France, was taken in Kent. At last, however, he contrived to make his escape without farther impediment, and remained abroad for some time.

The motive of his flight appears not to have been cowardice, but an unwillingness to sacrifice his life to popular fury, while there was any prospect of his being able to devote it to the service of his royal master. Accordingly when the queen sent over a considerable quantity of military stores for the use of the earl of Newcastle's army, Davenant resolutely ventured to return to England, and volunteered his services under that nobleman who had been one of his patrons. The earl made him lieutenant general of his ordnance, a post for which if he was not previously prepared, he qualified himself with so much skill and success that in September 1643, he was rewarded with the honour of knighthood for the service he rendered to the royal cause at the siege of Glocester. Of his military prowess, however, we have no farther account, nor at what time he found it necessary, on the decline of the king's affairs, to retire again into France. Here he was received into the confidence of the queen, who in 1646 employed him in one of her importunate and ill-advised negociations with the king, who was then at Newcastle. About the same time Davenant had embraced the popish religion, a step which probably recommended him to the queen, but which, when known, could only tend to increase the animosity of the republicans against the court already too closely suspected of an

[2] Malone's Hist. Account of the Stage, *ubi supra*, p. 389. *C.*

attachment to that persuasion. The object of his negociation was to persuade the king to save his crown by sacrificing the church, a proposition which his majesty rejected with becoming dignity; and this as lord Clarendon observes, " evinced an honest and conscientious principle in his majesty's mind, which elevated him above all his advisers." The queen's advisers in the measure were, his majesty knew, men of no religious principle, and he seems to have resented their sending an ambassador of no more consequence than the manager of a play-house.

During our poet's residence at Paris, where he took up his habitation in the Louvre, with his old friend lord Jermyn, he wrote the first two books of his Gondibert, which were published in England, but without exciting much interest. Soon after he commenced projector, and hearing that vast improvements might be made in the loyal colony of Virginia, by transporting good artificers, whom France could at that time spare, he embarked with a number of them, at one of the ports in Normandy. This humane and apparently wise scheme ended almost immediately in the capture of his vessel on the French coast by one of the parliamentary ships of war, which carried him to the Isle of Wight, where he was imprisoned at Cowes Castle. After endeavouring to reconcile himself to this unfortunate and perilous situation, he resumed his pen, and proceeded with his Gondibert; but being in continual dread of his life, he made but slow progress. His fears, indeed, were not without foundation. In 1650, when the parliament had triumphed over all opposition, he was ordered to be tried by a high commission court, and for this purpose was removed to the Tower of London. His biographers are not agreed as to the means by which he was saved. Some impute it to the solicitations of two aldermen of York, to whom he had been hospitable when they were his prisoners, and whom he suffered to escape. Others inform us that Milton interposed. Both accounts, it is hoped, are true; and it is certain, that after the Restoration he repaid Milton's interference in kind, by preserving him from the resentment of the court. He remained, however, in prison for two years, and was treated with some indulgence, by the favour of the lord keeper Whitlocke, whom he thanked in a letter written with peculiar elegance of style and compliment.

By degrees he obtained complete enlargement, and had nothing to regret but the wreck of his fortune. In this dilemma, he adopted a measure which, like a great part of his conduct throughout life, shows him to have been a man of an undaunted and unaccommodating spirit, fertile in expedients, and possessed of no common resources of mind. Indeed, of all schemes, this seemed the most unlikely to succeed, and even the most dangerous to propose. Yet, in the very teeth of national prejudices or principles, and at a time when all dramatic entertainments were suspended, discouraged by the protectoral court, and anathematised by the people, he conceived that, if he could contrive to open a theatre, it would be sure to be well filled. Viewing his difficulties with great precaution, he proceeded by slow steps, and an apparent reluctance, to revive what was so generally obnoxious. Having, however, obtained the countenance of lord Whitlocke, sir John Maynard, and other persons of rank,

he opened a theatre in Rutland-house, Charter-house-yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, and performed a kind of non-descript *entertainments*, as they were called, which were dramatic in every thing but the names and form, and some of them were called operas. When he found these relished and tolerated, he proceeded to more regular pieces, and with such advantages in style and manner, as, in the judgment of the historians of the stage, entitle him to the honour of being not only the reviver, but the improver, of the legitimate drama. These pieces he afterwards revised, and published in a more perfect state, and they now form the principal part of his printed works, although modern taste has long excluded them from the stage.

On the Restoration, he received the patent of a playhouse, under the title of the Duke's Company, who first performed in the theatre in Portugal-row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and afterwards in that in Dorset Gardens [3]. Here he acted his former plays, and such new ones as he wrote after this period, and enjoyed the public favour until his death, April 7, 1668, in his sixty-third year. He was interred with considerable ceremony, two days after, in Westminster Abbey, near the place where the remains of May, his once rival, had been pompously buried by the parliament, but were ordered to be removed. On his gravestone is inscribed, in imitation of Ben Jonson's short epitaph, "O rare sir William Davenant!" His son, Dr. Charles Davenant, was afterwards a well-known civilian and political writer.

The life of Sir William Davenant occupies an important space in the history of the stage, to which he was in many respects a judicious benefactor, by introducing changes of scenery and decorations; but he assisted in banishing Shakspeare, to make way for dramas that are now intolerable. He appears to have been, in his capacity of manager, as in every part of life, a man of sound and original sense, firm in his enterprises, and intent to gratify the taste of the public, with little advantage to himself, as he died insolvent. The greater part of his works was published in his lifetime in quarto; but they were collected in 1673 into one large folio volume, dedicated by his widow to the duke of York.

As a poet, his fame rests chiefly on his Gondibert; but the critics have never been agreed in the share he derives from it. The reader, who declines to judge for himself, may have ample satifaction in the opinions of the late bishop Hurd, and of Dr. Aikin, as detailed in the conclusion of his life in the Biographia Britannica. It will probably be found, on an unprejudiced perusal of this original and very singular poem, that the opinions of Dr. Aikin and Mr. Headley are founded on those principles of taste and feeling which cannot be easily opposed: yet, in considering the objections of Dr. Hurd, allowance is to be made for one who is so powerful and elegant an advocate for the authorised qualities of the epic species, and for arguments which, if they do not attach closely to this poem, may yet be worthy of the consideration of those whose inventive fancy leads them principally to novelty of manner,

[3] The reader, who is curious in such matters, may be referred to Davenant's life in the Biographia Britannica, and to Mr. Malone's History of the Stage, where he will find a minute detail of Davenant's various grants, licences, and disputes with his rival managers. *C.*

and who are apt to confound the arbitrary caprices with the genuine powers of a poet.

His miscellaneous pieces, of which we have been obliged to confine ourselves to a selection, are of very unequal merit. Most of them were probably written in youth, and but few can be reprinted with the hope of satisfying a polished taste. Complimentary poetry, so much the fashion in his times, is now perused with indifference, if not disgust; and although the gratitude which inspired it may have been sincere, it is not highly relished by the honest independence which belongs to the sons of the Muses.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

YOUR Highness is no sooner return'd from exposing your person, for the honour and safety of three kingdoms, but you are persecuted by a poor widow, who humbly begs you to protect the works of her deceased husband from the envy and malice of this censorious age: for whoever sees your royal highness's name in the front of this book, and dares oppose, what you are pleased to defend, not only shows his weakness, but ill nature too.

I have often heard (and I have some reason to believe) that your royal father, of ever blessed memory, was not displeased with his writings; that your most excellent mother did graciously take him into her family; that she was often diverted by him, and as often smiled upon his endeavors; I am sure he made it the whole study and labour of the latter part of his life, to entertain his majesty, and your royal highness, and I hope he did it successfully.

When ever we are, or when ever we fear to be opprest, we always fly to your highness for redress or prevention, and you were ever graciously pleased to protect us; 'tis that has emboldened me to present these papers to your royal highness, and I humbly beg pardon for the presumption of

your most humble

and obedient servant

MARY DAVENANT.

READER,

I HERE present you with a collection of all those pieces sir William Davenant ever designed for the press: in his life-time he often expressed to me his great desire to see them in one volume, which (in honour to his memory) with a great deal of care and pains, I have now accomplished.

In this work you have Gondibert, Madagascar, &c. to which is added several poems and copies of verses never before printed; amongst them, there is the death of Astragon, called, the Philosopher's Disquisition, directed to the dying Christian, which the author intended as an addition to Gondibert. In this volume you have likewise sixteen plays, whereof six were never before printed.

My author was poet laureat to two great kings, which certainly bespeaks his merits; besides I could say much in honour of this excellent person, but I intend not his panegyric; he was my worthy friend, let his works that are now before you, speak his praise, whilst I subscribe my self,

your servant

HENRY HERRINGMAN[1].

[1] The bookseller, who collected Davenant's works. *C.*

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

MR. HOBBS.

SIR,

SINCE you have done me the honour to allow this poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume now it hath attained more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by censuring the method, as by judging the numbers and the matter. And because you shall pass through this new building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you, what care I took of my materials, ere I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembring with what difficulty the world can show any heroick poem, that in a perfect glass of nature gives us a familiar and easy view of ourselves) to take notice of those quarrels, which the living have with the dead: and I will (according as all times have applyed their reverence) begin with Homer, who though he seems to me standing upon the poets famous hill, like the eminent sea-mark, by which they have in former ages steered; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, lest posterity should presemptuously mistake their course; yet some (sharply observing how his successors have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him) say, that as sea-marks are chiefly useful to coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of discoverers, that love to sail in untryed seas; so he hath rather proved a guide for those, whose satisfyed wit will not venture beyond the track of others, than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking, who esteem it a deficiency and meaness of mind, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are, that object that even in the likelyhoods of story (and story, where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently intermix such fables, as are objects lifted above the eyes of nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational spirit, but as a familiar, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilst supernaturally, he doth often advance his men to the quality of gods, and depose his gods to the condition of men.

His successor to fame, (and consequently to censure) is Virgil; whose toils nor vertue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers readers. He is upbraided by some (who perhaps are affected antiquaries, and make priority of time, the measure of excellence) for gaining his renown by imitation of Homer: whilst others (no less bold with that ancient guide) say, he hath so often led him into Heaven, and Hell, till, by conversation with gods and ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in story, which are instructive to human life: and others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) that even in wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had designed a pennance of gravity to himself and to posterity: and by their observing that continued gravity, methinks they look upon him, as on a musician composing of anthems; whose excellence consists more in the solemnness, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his work, as on the body of a giant, whose force hath more of strength, than quickness, and of patience, than activity.

But these bold censurers are in danger of so many enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and only observe, that if any disciples of unimitable Virgil can prove so formal, as to esteem wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the heroic Muse (by which malevolent word, wit, they would disgrace her extraordinary height) yet if those grave judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of wise

men; who always have but few of their society; for many more than consist of their number (perhaps not having the sullenness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble quarry is men) as with the eagle, who when he soares high stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely poets (whose business should represent the world's true image often to our view) are not less prudent than painters, who when they draw landscapes entertain not the eye wholly with even prospect, and a continued flat; but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

Lucan, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, obliged him to a very close attendance upon fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather beseemed an historian, than a poet: for wise poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the passions, than to record the truth of actions; and practise to describe mankind just as we are persuaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or levelled by the force of fate; it being nobler to contemplate the general history of nature, than a selected diary of fortune: and painters are no more than historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life) but when by assembling divers figures in a larger volume they draw passions (though they term it but story) then they increase in dignity and become poets.

I have been thus hard to call him to account for the choice of his argument, not merely as it was story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist truth, with such ornaments as poets, for useful pleasure, have allowed her; lest the fained complexion might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit; and so mistake him in his boiling youth (which had marvellous forces) as we disrelish excellent wine when fuming in the lee.

Statius (with whom we may conclude the old heroics) is as accomptable to some for his obligations to Virgil, as Virgil is to others for what he owes to Homer; and more closely than Virgil waits on Homer, doth Statius attend Virgil, and follows him there also where nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best dramatics; who in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the scene at home in their own country; so much they avoid those remote regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the people (whom they make civil by an easy communication with reason (and familiar reason is that which is called the civility of the stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes persuaded by the descending of gods in gay clouds, and more manly than to be frighted with the rising of ghosts in smoke.

Tasso (who revived the heroic flame after it was many ages quenched) is held, both in time and merit, the first of the moderns; an honour by which he gains not much, because the number he excels must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yield to their opinion, who permit not Ariosto, no not Du Bartas, in this eminent rank of the heroicks; rather than to make way by their admission for Dante, Marino, and others. Tasso's honour too is chiefly allowed him, where he most endeavors to make Virgil his pattern: and again, when we consider from whom Virgil's spirit is derived, we may observe how rarely human excellence is found; for heroic poesy (which, if exact in itself, yields not to any other human work) flowed but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian spring; and 'tis with original poems, as with the original pieces of painters, whose copies abate the excessive price of the first hand.

But Tasso, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that critical war which never ceases amongst the learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errours which are derived from the ancients when examined, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his, admit no pardon. Such as are his councel assembled in Heaven, his witches' expeditions through the air, and enchanted woods inhabited with ghosts. For though the elder poets (which were then the sacred priests) fed the world with supernatural tales, and so compounded the religion, of pleasure and mystery, (two ingredients which never failed to work upon the people) whilst for the eternity of their chiefs (more refined by education) they surely intended no such vain provision. Yet a christian poet, whose religion little needs the aids of invention, hath less occasion to imitate such fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the dreams of frighted women; by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the people.

Spencer may stand here as the last of this short file of heroic poets; men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them liable to those few censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will, in worthy memory, outlast, even makers of laws, and founders of

empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names. And since we have dared to remember those exceptions, which the curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against Spencer: whose obsolete language we are constrained to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the only creature of man's creation) hath, like a plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like plants, is removed from one soil to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false husbandry to graft old branches upon young stocks; so we may wonder that our language (not long before his time, created out of a confusion of others, and then beginning to flourish like a new plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words. But this vulgar exception shall only have the vulgar excuse; which is, that the unlucky choice of his stanza, hath, by repetition of rhyme, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his language to his argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artful hands deserved to be employed upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more useful kind. His allegorical story (by many held defective in the connexion) resembling (methinks) a continuance of extraordinary dreams; such as excellent poets, and painters, by being over-studious may have in the beginning of fevers: And those moral visions are just of so much use to human application, as painted history, when with the cousenage of lights it is represented in scenes, by which we are much less informed than by actions on the stage.

Thus, sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the curious have looked into the errours of others; errours which the natural humour of imitation hath made so like in all (even from Homer to Spencer) as the accusations against the first appear but little more than repetition in every process against the rest; and comparing the resemblance of errour in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progress of every thing (even of worthiness as well as defect) doth imitation give: for whilst we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that sails by others maps can make a new discovery: and to imitation, Nature (which is the only visible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully incline us, to keep us from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by opinion) yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is overgrown into extremes, it becomes as wild and hurtful as ambition; and so what was reverenced for protection, grows to be abhorred for oppression. If learning (which is not knowledge, but a continued sailing by fantastic and uncertain winds towards it) be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all philosophers; and Nature, that measured those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger extent than in another; as if in our fleshy building, she considered the furniture and the room, alike, and together; for as the compass of diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those kings that wear them; so throughout the whole world, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their subjects: nor need we repine that Nature hath not some favorites, to whom she doth dispense this treasure, knowledge, with a prodigious liberality. For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind, so divers that have in learning transcended all in some one province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold; and the authority of their stronger science had often served to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And as the qualities which are termed good, are bounded, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary, either by birth or brain, (for with the usual pride of poets, I pass by common crowds, as negligently as princes move from throngs that are not their own subjects) we cannot find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice for the chiefest evils; and errours in government or doctrine, to be the greatest errours) but that divers of former or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and make the ballance even; though the passion of historians would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise of evil princes are often as unjust and excessive as the common people: for there was never any monarch so cruel but he had living subjects, nor so avaricious, but that his subjects were richer than himself; nor ever any disease in government so extremely infectious as to make universal anarchy, or any errour in doctrine so strong by the maintainer, but that truth (though it wrestled with her often, and in many places) hath at some season, and on some ground, made her advantages and success apparent: therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our progress with the constant humour of imitation) given limits to courage and to learning, to wicked-

ness and to errour, as it hath ordained the shelves before the shore, to restrain the rage and excesses of the sea.

But I feel (sir) that I am falling into the dangerous fit of a hot writer; for instead of performing the promise which begins this preface, and doth oblige me (after I had given you the judgement of some upon others) to present my self to your censure, I am wandering after new thoughts; but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my undertaking.

My argument I resolved should consist of christian persons; for since religion doth generally beget, and govern manners, I thought the example of their actions would prevail most upon our own, by being derived from the same doctrine and authority; as the particular sects, educated by philosophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as derived themselves from the same master; but lazy and froward to those who conversed in other schools: yet all these sects pretended to the same beauty, Vertue; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dressed at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: and so subjects bred under the laws of a prince (though laws differ not much in morality, or priviledge throughout the civil world; being every where made for direction of life, more than for sentences of death) will rather die near that prince, defending those they have been taught, than live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a story of such persons as professed christian religion; but I ought to have been most inclined to it, because the principals of our religion conduce more to explicable vertue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to honour (if vertue the mother of honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, so as she need not laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her) than any other religion that ever assembled men to divine worship. For that of the Jews doth still consist in a sullen separation of themselves from the rest of human flesh, which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others; and at this day, their cantonizing in tribes, and shiness of alliance with neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love, but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own walks. That of the ethnicks, like this of Mahomet, consisted in the vain pride of empire, and never enjoined a Jewish separation, but drew all nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a yoke: their sanctity was honour, and their honour only an impudent courage, or dexterity in destroying. But christian religion hath the innocence of village neighbourhood, and did anciently in its politics rather promote the interest of mankind than of states; and rather of all states than of one; for particular endeavours only in behalf of our own homs, are signs of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of christian religion, which likewise ordained as well an universal communion of bosoms, as a community of wealth. Such is christian religion in the precepts, and was once so in the practice. But I resolved my poem should represent those of a former age, perceiving it is with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence, perform their duty in their master's sight; but still as he grows longer absent, becomes more slothful, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I considered the actions which I meant to describe, (those inferring the persons) I was again persuaded rather to choose those of a former age, than the present; and in a century so far removed, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of heroic poesy are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an historian: for why should a poet doubt in story to mend the intrigues of fortune by more delightful conveyances of probable fictions, because austere historians have entered into bond to truth; an obligation which were in poets as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false martyrs, who lie in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that truth narrative, and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common infirmity; for men (even of the best education) discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of vertue, (which is great actions) and rather endure it at distance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of predecessors, than of contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own sight, seem to upbraid them, and are not reverenced as examples of vertue, but envied as the favours of fortune: But to make great actions credible, is the principal art of poets; who, though they avouch the utility of fictions, should not (by altering and subliming story) make use of their priviledge to the detriment of the reader; whose incre-

dulity (when things are not represented in proportion, doth much allay the rellish of his pity, hope, joy, and other passions: for we may descend) to compare the deceptions in poesie to those of them that professe dexterity of hand which resembles conjuring, and to such we come not with the intention of lawyers to examine the evidence of facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feigned motion) to pay for being well deceived.

As in the choice of time, so of place, I have complyed with the weakness of the generallity of men; who think the best objects of their own country so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were shewed them by the wrong end of a prospective: for man (continuing the appetites of his first childhood, till he arrive at his second which is more froward) must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the comicks, who are only willing when they describe humour (and humour is the drunkenness of a nation which no sleep can cure) to lay the scene in their own country; as knowing we are (like the son of Noah) so little distasted to behold each other's shame, that we delight to see even that of a father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent vertue (which is the theme of tragedy) publickly to the people; they wisely (to avoid the quarrels of neighbourly envy) remove the scene from home. And by their example I travailed too; and Italie (which was once the stage of the world) I have made the theater, where I shew in either sex, some patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be followed.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my argument, from men of our own religion, and given you reasons for the choice of the time and place designed for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the schools where they were bred; not meaning the schools where they took their religion, but morality; for I know religion is universally rather inherited than taught; and the most effectual schools of morality are courts and camps: yet towards the first, the people are unquiet through envy; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for injustice, which is the natural scandal cast upon authority and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of courts, as wilde beasts in dark nights stare on their hunters' torches; but though the expences of courts (whereby they shine) is that consuming glory in which the people think their liberty is wasted, (for wealth is their liberty and loved by them even to jealousie (being themselves a courser sort of princes, apter to take than to pay) yet courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by king or assemblies) are not the schools where men are bred to oppression, but the temples where sometimes oppressors take sanctuary; a safety which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of sanctuary (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessity; and who can imagine less than a necessity of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their peace, or to pay for war?

Nor are camps the schools of wicked destroyers, more than the inns of court (being the nursery of judges) are the schools of murderers; for as judges are avengers of private men against private robbers; so are armies the avengers of the publick against publique invaders, either civil or forraign, and invaders are robbers, though more in countenance than those of the high-way, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between armies when they move towards sieges or battail, and judges moving in their circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the county; but that the latter is a less army, and of less discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessary use of armies, let him study that which was anciently called a monster, the multitude, (for wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by Adam are so tame and gentle as those lovers that were bred in Arcadia; or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of history) cities have been at the charge of defensive walls, and why fortification hath been practiced so long, till it is grown an art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from courts and camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary men; and the most necessary men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldom unassisted with education) or by greatness of minde, which in exact definition is vertue. The common crowd (of whom we are hopeless) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) than to be taught by poesie; for few have arrived at the skil of Orpheus, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian beasts, when so succesfully he reclaimed them with his harp. Nor is it needful that heroick poesie should be levelled to the reach of common men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their chiefs, the delight of imitation (which we hope we have proved to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectifie by the rules which those chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much surpass the force of precept, as life doth exceed death.

In the choice of these objects (which are as seamarks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of coasting mapps, where the shelves and rocks are described as well as the safe channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the characters of men (whose passions are to be eschewed) I have derived from the distempers of love or ambition: for love and ambition are too often the raging feavers of great minds. Yet ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signifie no more then an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of honor, over the impediments of fortune; and hath a warmth (till it be chafed into a feaver) which is necessary for every vertuous breast: for good men are guilty of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness (but contentedness when examined doth mean something of lasyness as well as moderation) or from some melancholy precept of the cloyster; where they would make life (for which the world was only made) more unpleasant than death: as if Nature, the vicegerent of God (who in providing delightful varieties, which vertuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should in the necessaries of life (life being her chief business) though in her whole reign she never committed one errour, need the counsel of fryars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, than prisoners long fettered are for a race.

In saying this, I onely awaken such retired men, as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinking; and would every where separate the soul from the body, ere we are dead, by perswading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one must meerely consist in deserting the other; teaching us to court the grave, as if during the whole lease of life we were, like moles, to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain means to live in Heaven: yet reason (which though the most profitable talent God hath given us, some divines would have philosophers to bury in the napkin, and not put it to use) perswades us, that the painful activeness of vertue (for faith on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast till the effects of it grow exemplary by action) will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely if these severe masters (who though obscure in cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a share of governing the world, the multitudes (which are but tenants to a few monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is onely ill governed, because the wicked take more pains to get authority, than the vertuous; for the vertuous are often preached into retirement; which is to the publick as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneousness of such lazy rest, let philosophers judge; since Nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time been respited from action (in her called motion) by which she universally preserves and makes life. Thus much of ambition which should have succeeded something I was saying of love.

Love, in the interpretation of the envious, is softness; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men give the name of charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more considered definition; that indefinite love is lust, and lust when it is determined to one is love; this definition too but intrudes it self on what I was about to say, which is, that love is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the body; but lust (our raging feaver) is more dangerous in cities, than the calenture in ships.

Now (sir) I again ask your pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, that the distempers of love and ambition are the onely characters I designed to expose as objects of terrour: and that I never meant to prostitute wickedness in the images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the meanest of the multitude for my readers (since onely the rabble is seen at common executions) nor intended to raise iniquity to that height of horrour, till it seemed the fury of some thing worse than a beast. In order to the first I believe the Spartans (who to deter their children from drunkenness, accustomed their slaves to vomit before them) did by such fulsome examples, rather teach them to disdain the slaves, than to loath wine, for men seldome take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And in observation of the second, I have thought, that those horrid spectacles (when the later race of gladiators made up the excesses of Roman feasts) did more induce the guests to detest the cruelty of mankinde, than increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorne of life.

I have now given you the accompt of such provisions as I made for this new building; and you may next please (having examined the substance) to take a view of the forme; and observe if I have methodically and with discretion disposed of the materials, which with some curiosity I had collected. I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and brief-

est indexes of books) that any nation hath in representment of great actions (either by heroicks or dramaticks) digested story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their drama: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in dialogue) I have drawn the body of an heroick poem; In which I did not onely observe the symmetry (proportioning five books to five acts and canto's to scenes, the scenes having their number ever governed by occasion) but all the shadowings, happy strokes, secret graces, and even the drapery, which together make the second beautys, I have (I hope) exactly followed: and those compositions of second beauty I observe in the drama to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in scenes, not the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the acts.

The first act is the general preparative, by rendring the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introducement of new persons, so finishes all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promised at the parting of the first act. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counterturn to that main design which changed in the third. The fifth begins with an entire diversion of the main, and dependant plott; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easie untying of those particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the spectator, as may perswade him that neither fortune in the fate of the persons, nor the writer in the representment, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these meanders of the English stage I have cut out the walks of my poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked river, where going about, and turning back is as delightful as the delays of parting lovers.

In placing the argument (as a proem) before every canto, I have not wholly followed the example of the moderns; but averted it from that purpose to which I found it frequently used, for it hath been intended by others, as the contents of the chapter, or as a bill of fare at a Venetian feast, which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfie the longing curiosity of the guests. And that which I have called my argument, is onely meant as an assistance to the reader's memory, by containing brief hints, such as, if all the arguments were succesfully read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, than their actions: but he is very unskilful that by narratives before an historical poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the reader (whom the writer should surprise, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his enemies who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly readers are justly enemies to writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action; or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a mistriss, one that already hath newly enjoyed her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my interwoven stanza of four, though I am not obliged to excuse the choice; for numbers in verse must, like distinct kind of musick, be exposed to the uncertain and different taste of several ears. Yet I may declare, that I believed it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every stanza (having endeavored that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rime by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of musick; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer, and more easie to the singer, which in stilo recitativo, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my confession) the reason that prevailed most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into cantos, every canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action, for I had so much heat, which you, sir, may call pride, as to presume they might (like the works of Homer ere they were joyned together and made a volumn by the Athenian king) be sung at village-feasts; though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did Homer's spirit, long after his bodie's rest, wander in musick about Greece.

Thus you have the model of what I have already built, or shall hereafter joyn to the same frame. If I be accused of innovation, or to have transgressed against the method of the ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to predecessors, than law-makers are liable to those old laws which themselves have repealed.

Having described the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the

furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made. But though every owner, who hath the vanity to shew his ornaments or hangings, must endure the curiosity and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of inquiring what is, but tell you of what I designed their substance, which is wit: and wit is the laborious and the lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence (as we say of the strokes of painting) as well a happinesse as care.

Wit is not onely the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys. It is the soul's powder, which, when supprest, (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and looseth all force in a farther ascension towards Heaven, and yet by Nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, but breaks through all about it, (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for light, where darkness was inclosed, till great bodies are more examinable by being scattered into parcels; and till all that find its strength, (but most of mankind are strangers to wit, as Indians are to powder) worship it for the effects, as derived from the Deity. It is in divines, humility, exemplariness, and moderation; in statesmen, gravity, vigilance, benigne complacency, secrecy, patience, and dispatch; in leaders of armies, valour, painfulness, temperance, bounty, dexterity in punishing and rewarding, and a sacred certitude of promise. It is in poets a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an ability to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanity, (which are things righteous, pleasant, and useful) as to think the delights of greatness equall to that of poesie; or the chiefs of any profession more necessary to the world than excellent poets. Lastly, though wit be not the envy of ignorant men, it is often of evil statesmen, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have in it a less degree than poets; for though no man envies the excellence of that which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envy the condition of angels) yet we may say the Devil envies the supremacy of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accompted, wit, I will but slightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth and sickly age. Young men (as if they were not quite delivered from childhood, whose first exercise is language) imagine it consists in the musick of words, and believe they are made wise by refining their speech above the vulgar dialect; which is a mistake almost as great, as that of the people, who think orators (which is a title that crowns at riper years those that have practised the dexterity of tongue) the ablest men; who are, indeed, so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for sedition; and it may be said of them, as of the witches of Norway, who can sell a storm for a doller, which for ten thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly called conceits, things that sound like the knacks or toyes of ordinary epigrammatists; and from thence, after more conversation and variety of objects, grow up to some force of fancie; yet even then, like young hawks, they stray and fly far off; using their liberty as if they would ne're return to their lure; and often go at check, ere they can make a steady view, and know their game.

Old men, that have forgot their first childhood, and are returning to their second, think it lyes in a kinde of tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderful things, or in comparing of times, without a discovered partiality; which they perform so ill by favouring the past, that, as it is observed, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in scaven years, yet, reckoning from the Flood, they would not remain in the stature of froggs; so if states and particular persons had impaired in government, and increased in wickedness, proportionably to what old men affirm they have done, from their own infancy to their age, all publick policy had been long since confusion, and the congregated world would not suffice now to people a village.

The last thing they suppose to be wit, is their bitter morals, when they almost declare themselves enemies to youth and beauty; by which severity they seem cruel as Herod, when he surprised the sleeping children of Bethlem; for youth is so far from wanting enemies, that it is mortally its own; so unpractised, that it is every where cosened more than a stranger among Jews; and hath an infirmity of sight more hurtful than blindness to blinde men; for though it cannot choose the way, it scorns to be led. And beauty, though many call themselves her friends, hath few but such as are false to her: though the world sets her in a throne, yet all about her (even her gravest councellors) are traytors, though not in conspiracy, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not onely of distress but ruine, she is ever pursued by her most cruel enemy, the great destroyer, Time. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; least finding so many more than there be verities, we might believe we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when darkness was

their plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter of which the ornaments or substantial parts of this poem are composed, wit; but onely tell you my endeavour was, in bringing truth, too often absent, home to men's bosomes, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote shades, by representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in an unusual dress.

It is now fit, after I have given you so long a survay of the building, to render you some accompt of the builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistance, I have already proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work; and in this I shall take occasion to accuse and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in my youth; a sentence not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience: for that grave mistris of the world, Experience, (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by Death) hath taught me, that the engendrings of unripe age become abortive and deformed; and that, after obtaining more years, those must needs prophecy with ill success, who make use of their visions in wine; that when the ancient poets were valued as prophets, they were long and painful in watching the correspondence of causes, ere they presumed to foretell effects: and that it is a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect) with hasty provisions. Such posting, I have long since forborne; and during my journey in this work, have moved with a slow pace, that I might make my surveys as one that travailed, not to bring home the names, but the proportion and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of Virgil acknowledge he was many years in doing honour to Æneas, (still contracting at night into a closer force, the abundance of his morning strengths) and Statius rather seems to boast, than blush, when he confesses he was twice seaven years in renowning the war between Argos and Thebes.

Next to the usefulness of time, (which here implys ripe age) I believed pains most requisite to this undertaking: for though painfulness in poets (according to the usual negligence of our nation in examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduced, as if poesie concerned the world no more than dancing; whose onely grace is the quickness and facility of motion, and whose perfection is not of such publick consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of poesie) the natural force of a poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces aske great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the world, when he enters the field with his undisciplined first thoughts: for a wise poet, like a wise general, will not show his strengths till they are in exact government and order; which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from vigilance and labour.

Yet to such painful poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather inspiration; a dangerous word, which many have of late successfully used; and inspiration is a spiritual fitt, derived from the ancient ethnick poets, who then, as they were priests, were statesmen too, and probably loved dominion; and as their well dissembling of inspiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to laws; so these who now profess the same fury, may perhaps, by such authentick example, pretend authority over the people: it being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek poets than the Hebrew prophets, since the later were inspired for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophesie for themselves. But though the ancient poets are excused, as knowing the weak constitution of those deities from whom they took their priesthood, and the frequent necessity of dissembling for the ease of government: yet these (who also, from the chief to the meanest, are statesmen and priests, but have not the luck to be poets) should not assume such saucy familiarity with a true God.

From the time and labour required to my poem, let me proceed to my assistants; by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work: for when Solomon made use of his neighbours towards his building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a less prince; but rather published his wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise, who likewise, with as much glory, made use of fellers of wood, and hewers of stone, as of learned architects; nor have I refrained to be obliged to men of any science, as well mechanical as liberal; nor, when memory (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnished, that have had diversity of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilful to manage it artfully; but I have staid and recorded such objects, till, by consulting with right masters, I have disposed of them without mistake; it being no more shame to get learning at that very time, and from the same text, when and by which we instruct others; than for a forward scout, discovering the enemy, to save his own life at a pass, where he then teaches his party to escape.

In remembring mine own helps, I have considered those which others in the same necessity have taken; and find that writers (contrary to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to books than to men; not onely as the first are more in their possession, (being more constant companions than dearest friends) but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in books, as of other treasure belonging to the dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecy, defacing the shape or images of the one as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discovered. And the next cause why writers are more in libraries than in company, is, that books are easily opened, and learned men are usually shut up, by a froward or envious humour of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanity, than wisdom; imitating the holyday-custom in great cities, where the shops of chaundry, and slight wares, are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple merchandise are proudly locked up.

Nor, indeed, can it be expected that all great doctors are of so benigne a nature as to take pains in gaining treasure, (of which knowledge is the greatest) with intent to inrich others so easily, as if they stood every where with their pockets spread, and ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any father, who so far and secretly adopted his son to a book of his own writing, as that his son might be thought author of that written wit, as much as his father was author of him: nor of any husband, that to his darling wife would so far surrender his wisdom, as that in publick he could endure to let her use his dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser than himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the reader to congratulate mine; for I have found friends as ready as books to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie, and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing myself, as to believe the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my design, nor very seldom of my sense: for I resolved to have this poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garbe, and are fearful of introducing strangers of greater ranke, least the shining presence of such might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, sir, that the reader may (whom writers are fain to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publick, for examining, correcting, and allowing this poem in parcels ere it arrived at the contexture: by which you have performed the just degrees of proceeding with poets; who, during the gayety and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to philosophers, (though of some giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming farr off) must be brought home, watched, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encouraged and praised for doing well, that they might delight in aiming at perfection. By such a method the Muse is taught to become mistress of her own and others' strength: and who is he so learned (how proud soever with being cherished in the bosome of Fame) that can hope, when, through the several wayes of science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks, to make his journey short, unless he call you to be his guide? And who, so guided, can suspect his safety, even when he travails through the enemy's country? For such is the vast field of learning, where the learned (though not numerous enough to be an army) lie as small parties, malitiously in ambush, to destroy all new men that look into their quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common mapps, but have painfully made your own prospect, and travail now like the Sun, not to inform your self, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when, by the strict survey and government that hath been had over this poem, I shall think to govern the reader, (who, though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supreme power like a very commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying, but enjoyed your intervals and ease by two colleagues; two that are worthy to follow you into the closets of princes; if the knowledge of men past, (of whom books are the remaining minds) or of the present, (of whom conversation is the usefull and lawful spy) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great courts: or, if the rayes that proceed from poetry be not a little too strong for the sight of modern princes, who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like eagles, to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for, since you have made it valid by giving yours of Gondibert under your hands, you must be content to be used by me, as princes are by their preferred subjects, who, in the very act of taking honour, return it to the giver; as benefits received by the creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill, and long diverted) arrived at my last consideration, which is to satisfie those who may inquire why I have taken so much pains to become an author; or why any man stayes so long sweating at invention, when most readers have so imperfect stomacks, as they either devour books with over hasty digestion, or grow to loath them from a surfet. And why I more especially made my task an heroick poem? I shall involve the two first questions in one; as submitting to be concerned amongst the generality of writers, whose enemies being many, and now mine, we must joyn forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provoked to the toyl of compiling books by love of fame, and often by officiousness of conscience, but seldom with expectation of riches: for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may find leasure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busie and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies: and learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others' minds, as pellicans in feeding their young; which is, at the expence of the very subsistance of life. It is then apparent they proceed by the instigation of fame, or conscience; and I believe many are perswaded by the first, (of which I am one) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagined; fame being (when belonging to the living) that which is more gravely called, a steddy and necessary reputation; and without it, hereditary power, or acquired greatness, can never quietly govern the world. It is of the dead a musical glory, in which God, the author of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share: for the remembered vertues of great men are chiefly such of his works (mentioned by king David) as perpetually praise him: and the good fame of the dead prevails by example much more than the reputation of the living; because the latter is alwayes suspected by our envy, but the other is cheerfully allowed, and religiously admired: for admiration (whose eyes are ever weak) stands still, and at gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are neer, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our sons a solid inheritance, and not unuseful to remote posterity; and to our reason, it is the first, though but a little taste, of eternity.

Those that write by the command of conscience, (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently obliged to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of conscience are so incessant, that she is never satisfy'd with doing enough: for such as be newly made the captives of God, (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to wear the fetters of conscience) are like common slaves, when newly taken; who, terrify'd with a fancy of the severity of absolute masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather than appear idle. And this may be the cause why libraries are more than double lined with spiritual books, or tracts of morality; the latter being the spiritual counsels of lay-men; and the newest of such great volumns (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the ancients, as later dayes from those of old, which difference is no more than an alteration of names by removing the ethnicks to make way for the saints. These are the effects of their labours, who are provoked to become authors, meerly out of conscience; and conscience we may again averre to be often so unskilful and timerous, that it seldom gives a wise and steddy account of God; but grows jealous of him as of an adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearfull scout, after he hath ill surveyed the enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible tales.

Having confessed that the desire of fame made me a writer, I must declare why, in my riper age, I chose to gain it more especially by an heroical poem; and the heroick being by most allowed to be the most beautiful of poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of poets about the degrees of excellence in poesy: but it is not amiss, ere I avow the usefulness of the science in general, (which was the cause of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that Pisistratus (though a tyrant) lived with the praise, and dyed with the blessing, of all Greece, for gathering the scattered limbs of Homer's works into a body; and that great Alexander, by publickly conversing with it, attained the universall opinion of wit; the fame of such inward forces conducing as much to his conquests as his armies abroad: that the Athenian prisoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for singing the tragedies of Euripides: that Thebes was saved from destruction by the victor's reverence to the memory of Pindar: that the elder Scipio (who governed all the civill world) lay continually in the bosome of Ennius: that the great Numantin and Lælius (no less renowned) were openly proud when the Romans believed they assisted Terence in his comedies: that Augustus (to whom the mysteries of universall empire were more familiar, than domestick dominion to modern kings) made Virgil the partner of his joyes, and would have divided his business with Horace: and that Lucan was the fear and envy of Nero. If we ap-

proach nearer our own times, we may add the triumphal entry which the papacy gave to Petrarch; and how much Tasso is still the glory and delight of Italy.

But as in this hasty muster of poets, and listing their confederates, I shall, by omitting many, deprive them of that which is due from fame; so I may now, by the opinion of some divines, (whom, notwithstanding, I will reverence in all their distinct habits and fashions of the mind) be held partiall, and too bold, by adding to the first number (though I range them upon holy ground, and aside) Moses, David, and Solomon, for their songs, psalmes, and anthems; the second being the acknowledged favourite of God, whom he had gained by excellent praises in sacred poesy. And I fear (since poesy is the clearest light by which they find the soul who seek it) that poets have in their fluent kindness diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spiritual talent in the honour of mortall princes: for divine praise (when in the high perfection, as in poets, and only in them) is so ch the uttermost and whole of religious worship, that all other parts of devotion serve but to t up.

Praise is devotion, fit for mighty mindes,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where, Heaven divided, faiths united findes:
But pray'r, in various discord, upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

By penitence when we our selves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown;
And though weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear[1].

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of poesy hath been to God, we may (by descending from Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to men; and among men, divines are the chief, because ordained to temper the rage of humane power by spirituall menaces, as by sudden and strange threatnings madness is frighted into reason; and they are sent hither as liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joynts of government; and to perswade an amity in divided nations: therefore to divines I first address my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allowed, at the great change of religions, (though ours, more than any, inculcates obedience, as an easie medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankinde hath been more unruly than before? it being visible that empire decreased with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong nations: but now one little province is too hard for their own wise king; and a small republick hath seventy years maintained their revolt to the disquiet of many monarchs. Or if divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their office, because their spiritual dominion is not allowed as absolute, then it may be asked them more severely, why it is not allowed? For where ever there hath been great degrees of power, (which have been often and long in the church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavoured not to enlarge it, believed the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: for power, like the hasty vine, climbes up apace to the supporter; but if not skilfully attended and dressed, instead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then, (like empty title) being soon useless to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if divines have failed in governing princes, (that is, of being intirely believed by them) yet they might have obliquely ruled them, in ruling the people; by whom, of late, princes have been governed; and they might probably rule the people, because the heads of the church (where ever Christianity is preached) are tetrarchs of time, of which they command the fourth division; for to no less the sabbaths and dayes of saints amount; and during those daies of spiritual triumph, pulpits

[1] Gondibert, lib. 2. canto 6.

are thrones; and the people obliged to open their eares, and let in the ordinances and commands of preachers, who likewise are not without some little regency throughout the rest of the year; for then they may converse with the laity, from whom they have commonly such respect, (and respect soon opens the door of perswasion) as shows their congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But, notwithstanding these advantages, the pulpit hath little prevailed; for the world is in all regions reversed, or shaken by disobedience; an engine with which the great angels (for such were the devils, and had faculties much more sublimed than men) believed they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower auditory that makes doctrine so unsuccessful; for the people are not simple, since the gentry (even of strongest education) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surprised in (their common ambushes) their shops: for, on sacred dayes, they walk gravely and sadly from temples, as if they had newly buryed their sinful fathers; at night sleep as if they never needed forgiveness; and rise with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the noble and the studious. And though these quiet cousners are, amongst the people, esteemed their steddy men; yet they honour the courage and more active parts of such disobedient spirits, as, disdaining thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the state; and the state they believe (though the helme were held by apostles) would alwayes consist of such arch-robbers, as, who ever strips them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the lasy expect from laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience, (in the condition of beasts, whose appetite is liberty, and their liberty a license of lust) the people have often been, since a long and notorious power hath continued with divines, whom, though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity, yet are we not so cruel to expect they should behave themselves to sinners like fierce Phineas, or preach with their swords drawn, to kill all they cannot perswade: but our meaning is to show how much their Christian meekness hath deceived them in taming this wilde monster, the people; and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of poets, and for upbraiding the ethnicks, because the poets managed their religion; as if religion could walk more prosperously abroad, than when morality (respectfully and bare-headed, as her usher) prepares the way: it being no lesse true, that during the dominion of poesy, a willing peacefull obedience to superiours becalmed the world; than that obedience, like the marriage yoke, though a restraint more needful and advantageous than liberty, and hath the same reward of pleasant quietness, which it anciently had, when Adam, till his disobedience, enjoyed Paradice. Such are the effects of sacred poesy, which charmes the people with harmonious precepts; and whose aid divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the world) vouchsafed to deliver his doctrine in parabolical fictions.

Those that be of next importance are leaders of armies; and such I measure not by the suffrages of the people, who give them respect as Indians worship the evill spirit, rather for fear of harm, than for affection; but esteem them as the painfull protectors and enlargers of empire, by whom it actively moves; and such active motion of empire is as necessary as the motion of the sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the element were quiet: so is it with men's mindes on shore, when that element of greatness and honour, empire, stands still, of which the largeness is likewise as needfull as the vastness of the sea; for God ordained not huge empire as proportionable to the bodies, but to the mindes of men, and the mindes of men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation and the hunting of others, than the bodies of whales. But he that believes men such moderate sheep, as that many are peacefully contained in a narrow folde, may be better informed in America, where little kings never enjoy a harmless neighbourhood, unless protected defensively amongst themselves, by an emperor that hath wide possessions, and priority over them, (as in some few places) but when restrained in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like cocks in a pitt; and the Sun, in a daye's travail there, sees more battails (but not of consequence, because their kings, though many, are little) than in Europe in a year.

To leaders of armies, as to very necessary men, (whose office requires the uttermost aids of art and Nature, and rescues the sword of justice, when it is wrested from supreme power by commotion) I now address my self, and must put them in minde (though not upbraidingly) how much their mighty predecessors were anciently obliged to poets, whose songs (recording the praises of conduct and valour) were esteemed the chiefest rewards of victory; and since Nature hath made us prone to imitation, (by which we equall the best or the worst) how much those images of action prevail upon our mindes, which are delightfully drawn by poets? For the greatest of the Grecian captains have confessed, that their counsels have been made wise, and their courages warm, by Homer; and since praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsafed to be pleased when

it was sent him by his own poet, why is it not lawfull for vertuous men to be cherished and magnified with hearing their vigilance, valour, and good fortune, (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, because the effect of an unknown cause) commended and made eternal in poesy? But perhaps the art of praising armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds, (an art with which the ancients made empire so large) is too subtle for modern leaders; who, as they cannot reach the heights of poesy, must be content with a narrow space of dominion: and narrow dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious mindes, and a national self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinary proud in a very little country: for men in contracted governments are but a kind of prisoners; and prisoners, by long restraint, grow wicked, malitious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves, as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can only see out of windowes.

Our last application is to statesmen, and makers of lawes; who may be reasonably reduced to one; since the second differ no more from the first, than judges (the copies of law-makers) differ from their originals: for judges, like all bold interpreters, by often altering the text, make it quite new; and statesmen (who differ not from law-makers in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new lawes presumptuously without the consent of the people; but legislators more civilly seem to whistle to the beast, and stroak him into the yoke: and in the yoke of state the people (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awry; yet statesmen and judges (whose business is governing, and the thing to be governed is the people) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken than any other famous nation) looked gravely upon poetry, and with a negligence that betrayed a northerly ignorance; as if they believed they could perform their work without it. But poets (who with wise diligence study the people, and have in all ages by an insensible influence governed their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that divines, leaders of armies, statesmen, and judges, think religion, the sword, or (which is unwritten law, and a secret confederacy of chiefs) policy, or law (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give, without the help of the Muses, a long and quiet satisfaction in government: for religion is to the wicked and faithless (who are many) a jurisdiction, against which they readily rebell; because it rules severely, yet promiseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane power invited, with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the power of religion to make them better, the power of religion proceeding from her threatnings, which though mean weapons, are fitly used, since she hath none but base enemies. We may observe too, that all vertuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the world; and no government receives assistance from any man merely as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The sword is in the hand of justice no guard to government, but then when justice hath an army for her own defence; and armies, if they were not pervertible by faction, yet are to common-wealths like kings' physicians to poor patients; who buy the cure of their disordered bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their sickness for famine. Policy (I mean of the living, not of the dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the instant; the other those laws that began empire) is as mortal as statesmen themselves: whose incessant labours make that hectic fever of the minde, which insensibly dispatches the body: and when we trace statesmen through all the histories of courts, we find their inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the helme, or so much envied as they scarce last in authority till the inventors are buried: and change of designs in statesmen (their designs being the weapons by which states are defended) grows as destructive to government, as a continual change of various weapons is to armies; which must receive with ruine any sudden assault, when want of practise makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of statesmen (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder government; because the people's anger, by a perpetual coming in of new oppressors, is so diverted in considering those whom their eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the publick: and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of state like succeeding tides in rivers, where the mudd of the former is hidden by the filth of the last.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtful and difficult as letters on buryed marble, which only antiquaries read; but if not old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the vertues of ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If laws be new they must be made either by very angels, or by men that have some vices; and those being seen make their vertues suspected; for the people no more esteem able men, whose defects they know, (though but errours incident to humanity) than an enemy values a strong army having experience of their errours. And new laws are held but the projects of necessitous power, new nets spread to entangle us; the old being accounted too many, since most are believed

to be made for forfeitures: and such letting of blood (though intended by law-makers for our health is to the people alwayes out of season: for those that love life with too much passion (and money is the life-blood of the people) ever fear a consumption. But be law-makers as able as Nature or experience (which is the best art) can make them; yet, though I will not yield the wicked to be wiser than the vertuous, I may say, offences are too hard for the laws, as some beasts are too wylie for their hunters; and that vice overgrows virtue, as much as weeds grow faster than medicinable herbs: or rather that sin, like the fruitful slime of Nilus, doth increase into so many various shapes of serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even justice, (the painful pursuer of mischief) is become weary, and amazed.

After these meditations, methinks government resembles a ship where though divines, leaders of armies, statesmen and judges are the trusted pilots; yet it moves by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of opinion; and is laden with the people; a fraight much looser, and more dangerous than any other living stowage; being as troublesome in fair weather, as horses in a storm. And how can these pilots stedily maintain their course to the land of peace and plenty, since they are often divided at the helm? For divines (when they consider great chiefs) suppose armies to be sent from God for a temporary plague, not for continual jurisdiction; and that God's extreme punishments (of which armies be the most violent) are ordained to have no more lastingness, than the extremes in Nature. They think (when they consider statesmen) policy hath nothing of the dove, and being all serpent, is more dangerous, than the dangers it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falshood and corruption) adverse states, or the people (though the people be often the greater enemy, and more perilsome being nearest) is but giving reputation to sinn, and that to maintain the publick by politique evils, is a base prostitution of religion, and the prostitution of religion is that unpardonable whoredom which so much angered the prophets. They think law nothing but the bible forcibly usurped by covetous lawyers, and disguised in a paraphrase more obscure than the text; and that 'tis only want of just reverence to religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of law.

The leaders of armies accuse divines for unwisely raising the war of the world by opposite doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in thinking to appease it by perswasion; forgetting that the dispatchful ending of war is blows; and that the naturall region for disputes, when nations are engaged (though by religion) is the field of battail, not schools and academies; which they believe (by their restless controversies) less civill than camps; as intestine quarrel is held more barbarous than foraign war. They think statesmen to them (unless dignifyed by military office) but mean spys, that like African foxes (who attend on lyons, ranging before and about for their valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdued, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: yet sometimes with the eye of envy (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these statesmen, and think them immense as whales; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peacefull calm trouble the ocean till it boil; after a little hasty wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at court, where they must patiently endure the little follies of such small favourites as wait even near the wisest thrones; so fantastically weak seem monarchs in the sickness of care (a fever in the head) when for the humourous pleasure of diversity, they descend from purple beds, and seek their ease upon the ground. These great leaders say also, that law moves slowly as with fettered feet, and is too tedious in redress of wrongs; whilst in armies justice seems to ride post, and overtakes offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others: and though in courts and cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive sleight put by her sword; yet when she retires to camps, she is in a posture not only to punish the offences of particular greatness, but of injurious nations.

Statesmen look on divines as men whose long solitude and meditations on Heaven hath made them strangers upon Earth: and 'tis acquaintance with the world, and knowledge of man that makes abilities of ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of doctrine would beget obedience (which is the uttermost design of governing) yet since diversity of doctrine doth distract all auditors, and makes them doubtfully dispose their obedience (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore statesmen think themselves more fit to manage empire, than divines; whose usefulness consists in perswasion, and perswasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which statesmen apply to the distemper of the people: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cured with terrour and force. They think that leaders of armies are to great empire, as great rivers to the continent; which make an easy access of such benefits as the metropolis (the seat of power) would else at vast distances with difficulty reach: yet often like proud rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquired from abroad: they are to little empire like the sea to low islands; by nature a defence from forreigners, but by accident when they rage, a deluge to their own land. And at all seasons statesmen

believe them more dangerous to government than themselves: for the popularity of statesmen is not so frequent as that of generals; or if by rare sufficiency of art it be gained; yet the force of crowds in cities, compared to the validity of men of armes, and discipline, would appear like the great number of sheep to a few wolves, rather a cause of comfort than of terrour. They think that chief ministers of law by unskilful integrity, or love of popularity (which showes the minde as meanly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the people's right, that they neglect the public interest; and though the people's right, and publick interest be the same, yet usually by the people, the ministers of law mean private men, and by the other the state; and so the state and the people are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when reason and passion dispute about consequent actions; and if we were called to assist at such intestine war, we must side with reason, according to our duty, by the law of Nature; and Nature's law, though not written in stone (as was the law of religion) hath taken deep impression in the heart of man, which is harder than marble of Mount-Sinai.

Chief ministers of law think divines in government should, like the penal statutes, be choicely, and but seldome used; for as those statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our very manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite) so divines (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignity of the Offended, (which is God) more than the frailty of the offender) govern as if men could be made angels, ere they come to Heaven.

Great ministers of law think likewise that leaders of armies are like ill physitians, onely fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of art; yet the health they give to a distempered state is not more accidental than the preservation of it is uncertain; because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restored state to such hazards, as show like irregularity of life in other recovered bodies, such as the cautious and ancient gravity of law disswaded: for law (whose temperate design is safety) rather prevents, by constancy of medicine, (like a continued diet) diseases in the body-politick, than depends after a permitted sickness upon the chance of recovery. They think statesmen strive to be as much judges of law as themselves, being chief ministers of law, are judges of the people; and that even good statesmen pervert the law more than evil judges: for law was anciently meant a defensive armour, and the people took it as from the magazin of justice, to keep them safe from each other's violence; but statesmen use it as offensive armes, with which, in forraging to get relief for supreme power, they often wound the publick.

Thus we have first observed the four chief aids of government, (religion, armes, policy, and law) defectively applyed, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves: it follows next, we should introduce, to strengthen those principal aids, (still making the people our direct object) some collateral help; which I will safely presume to consist in poesy.

We have observed that the people, since the latter time of Christian religion, are more unquiet than in former ages; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being beasts, by showing their masters they know their own strength: and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of fourfold power hath failed in the effects of authority by a misapplication; for it hath rather endeavoured to prevail upon their bodies than their mindes, forgetting that the martiall art of constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part, and the weakest part of the people is their mindes, for want of that which is the minde's only strength, education; but their bodies are strong by continual labour, for labour is the education of the body. Yet, when I mention the misapplication of force, I should have said, they have not only failed by that, but by a main errour: because the subject on which they should work is the minde; and the minde can never be constrained, though it may be gained by perswasion. And since perswasion is the principal instrument which can bring to fashion the brittle and mishapen mettal of the minde, none are so fit aids to this important work as poets; whose art is, more than any, enabled with a voluntary and chearfull assistance of Nature, and whose operations are as resistless, secret, easie, and subtle, as is the influence of planets.

I must not forget (least I be prevented by the vigilance of the reader) that I have professed not to represent the beauty of vertue in my poem, with hope to perswade common men; and I have said that divines have failed in discharging their share of government, by depending upon the effects of perswasion; and that statesmen, in managing the people, rely not upon the perswasion of divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the mindes of common men, I have not confest any weakness of poesy in the general science, but rather inferred the particular strength of the heroick, which hath a force that over-matches the infancy of such mindes as are not enabled by degrees of education; but there are lesser forces in other kindes of poesy, by which they may train and prepare

their understandings; and princes and nobles, being reformed and made angelicall by the heroick, will be predominant lights, which the people cannot choose but use for direction; as gloworms take in and keep the Sun's beams till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that divines have vainly hoped to continue the peace of government by perswasion, I have implyed such perswasions as are accompanyed with threatnings, and seconded by force, which are the perswasions of pulpits; where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after death; and the civill magistrate, during life, constrains such obedience as the church doth ordain. But the perswasions of poesy, instead of menaces, are harmonious and delightful insinuations, and never any constraint, unless the ravishment of reason may be called force. And such force (contrary to that which divines, commanders, statesmen, and lawyers use) begets such obedience as is never weary or grieved.

In declaring that statesmen think not the state wholly secure by such manners as are bred from the perswasions of divines, but more willingly make government rely upon military force, I have neither concluded that poets are unprofitable, nor that statesmen think so; for the wisdom of poets would first make the images of vertue so amiable, that her beholders should not be able to look off, (rather gently and delightfully infusing, than inculcating precepts) and then, when the mind is conquered, like a willing bride, force should so behave it self, as noble husbands use their power; that is, by letting their wives see the dignity and prerogative of our sex (which is the husband's harmless conquest of peace) continually maintained to hinder disobedience, rather than rigorously impose duty. But to such an easie government, neither the people (which are subjects to kings and states) nor wives (which are subject to husbands) can peacefully yield, unless they are first conquered by vertue; and the conquests of vertue be never easie, but where her forces are commanded by poets.

It may be objected, that the education of the people's mindes (from whence vertuous manners are derived) by the several kindes of poesy, (of which the dramatick hath been in all ages very successful) is opposite to the received opinion, that the people ought to be continued in ignorance; a maxime sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a statesman only by birth or beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: for ignorance is rude, censorious, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which disobedience is made, and obedience proceeds from ample consideration, of which knowledge consists, and knowledge will soon put into one scale the weight of oppression, and in the other the heavy burden which disobedience layes on us in the effects of civil war: and then even tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supreme power binds up our load, and layes it artfully on us, than disobedience, (the parent of confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellowe's burden, to lessen his own.

Others may object, that poesie on our stage, or the heroick in musick, (for so the latter was anciently used) is prejudicial to a state, as begetting levity, and giving the people too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply: that whoever in government endeavours to make the people serious and grave, (which are attributes that may become the people's representatives, but not the people) doth practise a new way to enlarge the state, by making every subject a statesman: and he that means to govern so mournfully, (as it were, without any musick in his dominion) must lay but light burdens on his subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those who, to their beasts that are much loaden, whistle all the day to encourage their travail. For that supreme power which expects a firm obedience in those who are not used to rejoycing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of peace, hath little skill in contriving the lastingness of government, which is the principal work of art; and less hath that power considered Nature, as if such new austerity did seem to tax even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the spring so merrily with a musical variety of birds. And such sullen power doth forget that battails (the most solemn and serious business of death) are begun with trumpets and fifes, and anciently were continued with more diversity of musick. And that the Grecian laws (laws being the wisest endeavour of humane councels for the ease of life) were, long before the dayes of Lycurgus, (to make them more pleasant to memory) published in verse: and that the wise Athenians (dividing into three parts the publique revenue) expended one in plays and showes, to divert the people from meeting to consult of their rulers' merit, and the defects of government; and that the Romans had not so long continued their empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again, it may be objected, that the precepts of Christian religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners; and towards the ease of life, by imposing obedience; so that the moral assistance of poesy is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, that as no man should suspect the sufficiency of religion by its insuccessfulness, so if the insuccessfulness be confessed, we shall as little disparage religion, by bringing in more aids, when it is in action, than a

general dishonours himself by endeavouring, with more of his own forces, to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarryed: for poesy, which (like contracted essences, seems the utmost strength and activity of Nature) is, as all good arts, subservient to religion, all marching under the same banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as poesy is the best expositor of Nature, (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best interpreter of God; and more cannot be said of religion. And when the judges of religion (which are the chiefs of the church) neglect the help of moralists in reforming the people, (and poets are of all moralists the most useful) they give a sentence against the law of Nature: for Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And it is injurious not to think poets the most useful moralists; for as poesy is adorned and sublimed by musick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable, so morality is sweetned and made more amiable by poesy. And the austerity of some divines may be the cause why religion hath not more prevailed upon the manners of men: for great doctors should rather comply with things that please, (as the wise apostle did with ceremonies) than lose a proselyte. And even honour (taught by moral philosophers, but more delightfully infused by poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter divines) no unsafe guide towards piety; for it is as wary and nice as conscience, though more cheerful and couragious. And however honour be more pleasing to flesh and blood, because in this world it finds applause; yet it is not so mercenary as piety: for piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assured) expects reward in Heaven; to which all earthly payments, compared, are but shadows and sand.

And it appears that poesy hath for its natural prevailings over the understandings of men, (sometimes making her conquests with easie plainness, like native country beauty) been very successful in the most grave and important occasions that the necessities of states or mankinde have produced. For it may be said that Demosthenes saved the Athenians by the fable or parable of the Doggs and Wolves, in answer to king Philip's proposition; and that Menenius Agrippa saved the senate, if not Rome, by that of the Belly and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleased (as the most prevalent way of doctrine) wholly to use such kinde of parables in his converting or saving of souls; it being written, "Without a parable spake he not to them." And had not the learned apostle thought the wisdom of poets worthy his remembrance, and instructive, not only to heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited Epimenides to the Cretans, as well as Aratus to the Athenians.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious melancholy amazes and discourages others' devotion) will accuse poets as the admirers of beauty, and inventors, or provokers, of that which, by way of aspersion, they call love. But such, in their first accusation, seem to look carelesly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else, through low education, or age, become incompetent judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And poets, when they praise beauty, are at least as lawfully thankfull to God, as when they praise seas, woods, rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the world. Nor can it be imagined but that poets, in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising beauty: for that woman who believes she is praised when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that poets think she created herself. And he that praises the inward beauty of women, which is their vertue, doth more perform his duty than before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance than vertue. But when poets praise that which is not beauty, or the minde which is not vertuous, they erre through their mistake, or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much more prosperous in others, who are companions to greatness, that it may be held in poets rather kindness than design.

They who accuse poets as provokers of love, are enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the crown are rudeness to the king. Love (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Nature's preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life. And since the severest divines of these latter times have not been ashamed publiquely to command and define the most secret duty and entertainments of love in the married, why should not poets civilly endeavour to make a friendship between the guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmost of estimation. And marriage in mankind were as rude and unprepared as the hasty elections of other creatures, but for acquaintance and conversation before it; and that must be an acquaintance of mindes, not of bodies; and of the mind, poesie is the most natural and delightful interpreter.

When neither religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is God's first law to man, though by man least study'd) nor when reason (which is Nature, and made art by experience) can by the enemies of poesie be sufficiently urged against it, then some (whose frowardness will not let them quit an evil cause) plead written authority. And though such authority be a weapon which, even in

the war of religion, distressed disputers take up, as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we find it makes a false defence, and leaves the enemy more open. This authority (which is but single too) is from Plato, and him some have malitiously quoted, as if in his feigned common-wealth he had banished all poets; but Plato says nothing against poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to Homer and Hesiod) only condemns such errours as we mentioned in the beginning of this preface, when we looked upon the ancients. And those errours consist in their abasing religion, by representing the gods in evil proportion, and their heroes with as unequal characters; and so brought vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the vertues of great persons. Yet, even during this divine anger of Plato, he concludes not against poesie, but the poems then most in request: for these be the words of his law: "If any man (having ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his poems both good and evil, let him be reverenced, as a sacred, admirable, and pleasant person; but be it likewise known, he must have no place in our common-wealth." And yet, before his banishment, he allows him the honour of a diadem, and sweet odours to anoint his head: and afterwards says, "Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe, and less pleasant poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the common-wealth." But those who make use of this just indignation of Plato to the unjust scandal of poesie, have the common craft of false witnesses, inlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the scholler of Plato (who, like an absolute monarch over arts, hath almost silenced his master throughout the schools of Europe) labours to make poesie universally current, by giving laws to the science: nor will they take notice in what dignity it continued, whilst the Greeks kept their dominion or language; and how much the Romans cherished even the publick repetition of verses: nor will they vouchsafe to observe, (though Juvenal takes care to record it) how gladly all Rome (during that exercise) ran to the voice of Statius.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great professions that in government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawful pleasures of men; and finding poesie as useful now (as the ancients found it) towards perfection and happiness; I will, sir, (unless with these two books you return me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed: and though a little time would make way for the third, and make it fit for the press, I ani resolved rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers, with no ill satisfaction, have had a taste of Gondibert) than endure that violent envy which assaults all writers whilst they live, though their papers be but filled with very negligent and ordinary thoughts; and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the poem, till I can send it you from America, whither I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another world, (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall find my readers (even the poets of the present age) as temperate and benigne as we are all to the dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, sir, to end with the allegory which I have so long continued, I shall, (after all my busie vanity in showing and describing my new building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the back-dore, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastely from you, as one who is ashamed of all the trouble you have received from,

sir,

your most humble, and most affectionate servant,

WILL. DAVENANT.

From the Louvre in Paris,
January 2, 1650.

THE

ANSWER OF MR. HOBBES

TO

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT'S

PREFACE BEFORE GONDIBERT

SIR,

If, to commend your poem, I should onely say, (in general terms) that in the choice of your argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the characters of your persons, the dignity and vigour of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, ready memory, clear judgement, swift and well governed fancy, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimony. For I lie open to two exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted witness. Incompetent, because I am not a poet; and corrupted, with the honour done me by your preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the nature and differences of poesie.

As philosophers have divided the universe (their subject) into three regions, celestial, aerial, and terrestrial; so the poets (whose work it is, by imitating humane life in delightful and measured lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to vertuous and honourable actions) have lodged themselves in the three regions of mankinde, court, city, and country, correspondent, in some proportion, to those three regions of the world. For there is in princes, and men of conspicuous power, (anciently called heroes) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the heavens; and an insincereness, inconstancy, and troublesome humour, of those that dwell in populous cities, like the mobility, blustring, and impurity of the aire; and a plainness, and (though dull) yet a nutritive faculty, in rural people, that endures a comparison with the earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of poesie, heroique, scommatique, and pastoral. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of representation, which sometimes is narrative, wherein the poet himself relateth; and sometimes dramatique, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the theater, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less than six sorts of poesie. For the heroique poem narrative (such as is yours) is called an epique poem. The heroique poem dramatique, is tragedy. The scommatique narrative is satyre; dramatique, is comedy. The pastoral narrative is called simply pastoral, (anciently beucolique) the same dramatique, pastoral comedy. The figure, therefore, of an epique poem, and of a tragedy, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many persons. Which I insert to justifie the figure of yours, consisting of five books, divided into songs, or cantos, as five acts divided into scenes has ever been the approved figure of a tragedy.

They that take for poesie whatsoever is writ in verse, will think this division imperfect, and call in sonets, epigrams, eclogues, and the like pieces, (which are but essays, and parts of an entire poem) and reckon Empedocles and Lucretius (natural philosophers) for poets, and the moral precepts of Phocyllides, Theognis, and the quatraines of Pybrach, and the history of Lucan, and others of that kind amongst poems; bestowing on such writers, for honour, the name of poets, rather than of historians or philosophers. But the subject of a poem is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned, (as the name of poesie imports) not found in men. They that give entrance to fictions writ in prose, err not so much, but they err: for prose re-

quireth delightfulness, not onely of fiction, but of stile; in with, if prose contend which verse it is with disadvantage, and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of Pegasus.

For verse amongst the Greeks was appropriated anciently to the service of their gods, and was the holy stile; the stile of the oracles; the stile of the laws; and the stile of men that publiquely recommended to their gods the vowes and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy songs called hymnes; and the composers of them were called prophets and priests before the name of poet was known. When afterwards the majesty of that stile was observed, the poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the antiquity of verse, it is greater than the antiquity of letters. For it is certain, Cadmus was the first that (from Phœnicia, a countrey that neighboureth Judea) brought the use of letters into Greece. But the service of the gods, and the laws (which by measured sounds were easily committed to the memory) had been long time in use, before the arrival of Cadmus there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the ancient poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. Their poems were made at first with intention to have them sung as well epique, as dramatique (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in Italy) and could not be made commensurable to the voyce or instruments, in prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a ship in the sea) as not onely to discompose the best composers, but also to disappoint some times the most attentive reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore necessary for poets in those times, to write in verse.

The verse which the Greeks and Latines (considering the nature of their own languages) found by experience most grave, and for an epique poem most decent, was their hexameter; a verse limitted, not onely in the length of the line, but also in the quantity of the syllables. Instead of which we use the line of ten syllables, recompencing the neglect of their quantity, with the diligence of rime. And this measure is so proper for an heroique poem, as without some loss of gravity and dignity, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill prose, and a shorter, is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the singing of a Muse. In an epigram or a sonnet, a man may vary his measures, and seek glory from a needless difficulty, as he that contrived verses into the formes of an organ, a hatchet, an egg, an altar, and a pair of wings; but in so great and noble a work as is an epique poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to chose a needless and difficult correspondence of rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chinck, to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your stanza, wherein the syllables in every verse are ten, and the rime alternate.

For the choyce of your subject, you have sufficiently justified your self in your preface. But because I have observed in Virgil, that the honour done to Æneas and his companions, has so bright a reflection upon Augustus Cæsar, and other great Romans of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his heroes, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of Gondibert, I add to your justification the purity of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn vertue, and procure her lovers; than which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble poesie.

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved poets, ancient and modern, who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other deity, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their writings, they that take not the laws of art from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that heathen custom, otherwise than as accessary to their false religion. For their poets were their divines; had the name of prophets; exercised amongst the people a kinde of spiritual authority; would be thought to speak by a divine spirit; have their works which they writ in verse (the divine stile) pass for the word of God, and not of man; and to be harkened to with reverence. Do not our divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that are of the same religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared, from want of skill, such as is reported of unskilful conjurers, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits, as they cannot at their pleasure allay again; by whom storms are raised, that overthrow buildings, and are the cause of miserable wracks at sea. Unskilful divines do oftentimes the like, for when they call unseasonably for zeal, there appears a spirit of cruelty; and by the like errour instead of truth they raise discord; instead of wisdom, fraud; instead of reformation, tumult; and controversie instead of religion. Whereas in the

heathen poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that tended to subversion, or disturbance of the common-wealths wherein they lived. But why a christian should think it an ornament to his poem; either to prophane the true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagine no cause, but a reasonless imitation of custom, of a foolish custom; by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of Nature, and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a bagpipe.

Time and education begets experience; experience begets memory; memory begets judgement and fancy; judgement begets the strength and structure; and fancy begets the ornaments of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not absurdly, in making memory the mother of the Muses. For memory is the world (though not really, yet so as in a looking glass) in which the judgement, the severer sister, busieth her self in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registring by letters, their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, findes her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to flye from one Indies to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter, and obscurest places, into the future, and into her self, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her self being all she seeks; and her wonderful celerity, consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious imagery discreetly ordered, and perfectly registred in the memory; which most men under the name of philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that grosly mistaking her embrace contention in her place. But so far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensible in building; or marvellous in engines and instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of time, from walking on the seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe, from the barbarity of the American savages, is the workmanship of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philosophy. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral vertue, there the architect (fancy) must take the philosopher's part upon her self. He therefore that undertakes an heroick poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable image of heroick vertue) must not only be the poet, to place and connect, but also the philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both body and soul, colour and shadow of his poem out of his own store: which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your poem, Gondibert and Oswald, methinks the fable is not much unlike the theatre. For so, from several and far distant sources, do the lesser brooks of Lombardy, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main rivers, the Po and the Adice. It hath the same resemblance also with a man's veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concourse, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many conjectures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into two destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your poem, which ought to be no other than such as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the streams themselves I find nothing but setled valour, clean honour, calm counsel, learned diversion, and pure love; save only a torrent or two of ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an heroick poem. To show the reader in what place he shall find every excellent picture of vertue you have drawn, is too long. And to show him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the description of love in the person of Birtha, in the seventh canto of the second book. There has nothing been said of that subject neither by the ancient nor modern poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain see another painter draw so true, perfect and natural a love to the life, and make use of nothing but pure lines, without the help of any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it self, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is lost.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not onely to exceed the work, but also the possibility of Nature: they would have impenetrable armours, inchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil) by dissenting onely from those that think the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit

of poeticall liberty. In old time amongst the heathen such strange fictions, and metamorphoses, were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of Nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of Nature never. I can allow a geographer to make in the sea, a fish or a ship, which by the scale of his map would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an elephant so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of terra incognita.

As the description of great men and great actions is the constant designe of a poet; so the descriptions of worthy circumstances are necessary accessions to a poem, and being well performed are the jewels and most precious ornaments of poesy. Such in Virgil are the funeral games of Anchises, the duel of Æneas and Turnus, &c. and such in yours are the hunting, the battaile, the city morning, the funeral, the house of Astragon, the library, and the temples, equal to his, or those of Homer whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautiful Muse; and is given her by the poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature, and specially humane nature; and is the true, and natural colour. But that which is taken out of books (the ordinary boxes of counterfeit complexion) shews well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of Nature (as all poets do) what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of Nature in his poem; especially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out?

That which giveth a poem the true and natural colour consisteth in two things, which are; to know well, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory distinct and clear; and to know much. A sign of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency, which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the minde; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightfull appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English tongue, that, though of magnifique sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all; and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for having been obtruded upon youth in the schools (by such as make it, I think, their business there (as 'tis exprest by the best poet,)

With termes to charm the weak, and pose the wise[1],

they grow up with them, and gaining reputation with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also add the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires. Which expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than riddles, and not onely to the reader, but also (after a little time) to the writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of expression I referr, that clearness of memory, by which a poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the poet tired.

Of the indecencies of an heroick poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the poet and the poem. Of the first kinde, is the uncomliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of cruelty, or the sordid vice of lust and drunkenness. To such parts as those the ancient approved poets thought it fit to subom, not the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly giants, such as Polyphemus, Cacus, and the centaures. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidenly advise the poet, to set such persons to sing their own vices upon the stage; for it is not so unseemly in a tragedy. Of the same kinde it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an epique poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and laughter is proper to comedy and satyre. Great persons that have their mindes employed on great designes, have not leasure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and vertues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh.

[1] Gondibert, lib. 1. can. 5.

Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the poet, and the persons of his poem, one is in the dialect of the inferior sort of people, which is alwayes different from the language of the court. Another is to derive the illustration of any thing from such metaphors or comparisons as cannot come into men's thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil arts, which the person of an epique poem cannot be thought acquainted with.

From knowing much, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of metaphors and similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a writer to expressions that are either defaced by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the phrases of poesy, as the airs of musick, with often hearing become insipid, the reader having no more sense of their force, than our flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travail, but in new (and with all significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetcht (but withall, apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first exception, against the incompetency of my judgment, I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me, by attributing in your preface somewhat to my judgment. For I have used your judgment no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having thus made way for the admission of my testimony, I give it briefly thus; I never yet saw poem, that had so much shape of art, health of morality, and vigour and beauty of expression as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their envy of the present, under a reverence of antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the Æneid, or Iliad, but for one disadvantage; and the disadvantage is this: The languages of the Greeks and Romans (by their colonies and conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour antiquity, but that which is commonly called old time, is young time. The glory of antiquity is due, not to the dead, but to the aged.

And now, whilst I think on't, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your poem; but dissent onely from something in your preface, sounding to the prejudice of age. 'Tis commonly said, that old age is a return to childhood: which methinks you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That's the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant onely of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of minde, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, masters, and other admonitors. Secondly, the dotage and childishness they ascribe to age, is never the effect of time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of Nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision onely for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever; as they that coming into a populous city, never going out of their inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have been there. Thirdly, there is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to day than yesterday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to morrow than to day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I believe (sir) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your poem. The vertues you destribute there amongst so many noble persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one man's vertue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections, in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am,

(sir,)

your most humble and obedient servant,

Paris, Jan. 10. 1650.

THOMAS HOBBES.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursuing constantly the cheerfull spring,
To foreign groves does her old musick bring:
The drooping Hebrews' banish'd harps unstrung
At Babilon, upon the willowes hung;
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
Whilst unconcerned you let your country know,
They have impoverished themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdomes, and disorder states.
So Ovid when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
Where he so sung, that we through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be,
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse does bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself. Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new stampt coin made out of angel gold.
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a style as courts may boast of now.
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme, his vertue or his rage.
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars nor Bellona are not named here;
But such a Gondibert as both might fear.
Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods.
Whose deity's in vain had here come down,
Where mortall beauty wears the sovereign crown;
Such as of flesh compos'd by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

ED. WALLER.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

METHINKS heroic poesie till now,
Like some fantastic fairy-land did show;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's best work had place.
Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms
Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms:
Instead of these, dost men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soyl did chiefly want.
But even thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.
By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recal.
So much more thanks from human kind does merit
The poet's fury, than the zelot's spirit.
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
Not like some dreadful ghost t'affright our eyes,
But with more beauty and triumphant state,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.
So will our God re-build man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same:
So god-like poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten Nature with their verse.
With shame me thinks great Italy must see
Her conqu'rors called to life again by thee;
Call'd by such powerful arts, that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies like their faith derive;
And count all ill but that which Rome does give;
The marks of old and catholic would finde:
To the same chair would truth and fiction binde.
Thou in these beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since time doth all things change thou think'st not [fit
This latter age should see all new but wit.
Thy fancy, like a flame, her way does make;
And leaves bright tracks for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse;
And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage eyless,
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AB. COWLEY.

POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

GONDIBERT.

THE FIRST BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Aribert's great race, and greater mind,
Is sung, with the renown of Rhodalind.
Prince Oswald is compar'd to Gondibert,
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:
Whose armies are in Fame's fair field drawn forth,
To show by discipline their leaders' worth.

Of all the Lombards, by their trophies known,
Who sought Fame soon, and had her favour long,
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the throne;
And bred most bus'ness for heroick song.

From early childhood's promising estate,
Up to performing manhood, till he grew
To failing age, he agent was to Fate,
And did to nations peace or war renew.

War was his study'd art; war, which the bad
Condemn, because even then it does them awe,
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,
And to the good more needful is than law.

To conquer tumult, Nature's suddain force,
War, art's delib'rate strength, was first devis'd;
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,
Least civil pow'r should be by throngs surpris'd.

The feeble law rescues but doubtfully
From the oppressor's single arme our right;
Till to its pow'r the wise war's help apply,
Which soberly does man's loose rage unite.

Yet since on all war never needful was,
Wise Aribert did keep the people sure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws [cure.
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r, se-

Else conquerors, by making laws, o'recome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave men's fury free;
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead where all may judges bee.

Prais'd was this king for war, the law's broad shield,
And for acknowledg'd laws, the art of peace;
Happy in all which Heav'n to kings does yield,
But a successor when his cares shall cease.

For no male pledge, to give a lasting name,
Sprung from his bed, yet Heaven to him allow'd
One of the gentler sex, whose story Fame
Has made my song, to make the Lombards proud.

Recorded Rhodalind! whose high renown
Who miss in books, not luckily have read;
Or, vex'd by living beauties of their own,
Have shunn'd the wise records of lovers dead.

Her father's prosp'rous palace was the sphear
Where she to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid vertue so benign appear,
That 'twas without religion's help belov'd.

Her looks like empire shew'd, great above pride,
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide,
Who for her deeds, not beauty, lov'd the light.

To make her lowly minde's appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness in disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the cloyst'ral lowliness, [spise.
And thought them proud who even the proud de-

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was, like that stormy season, froward grown:
Whom so her youthful presence did asswage,
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd,
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;
Till pow'r's decay, the throne's worst sickness,
ceas'd.

Oppressors, big with pride, when she appear'd,
Blushed, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;
Found vertue harmless, and nought else so great.

Her minde (scarce to her feeble sex a kinn)
Did, as her birth, her right to empire show;
Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within;
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

She show'd that her soft sex containes strong mindes,
Such as evap'rates through the courser male,
As through course stone elixer passage findes,
Which scarce thro' finer christal can exhale.

Her beauty (not her own, but Nature's pride)
Should I describe, from ev'ry lover's eye
All beauties this original must hide,
Or, like scorn'd copies, be themselves laid by;

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beauty feeds;
Who beauty like hyr'd witnesses protect,
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needful truth suspect.

And since fond lovers (who disciples bee
To poets) think in their own loves they find
More beauty than yet time did ever see,
Time's curtain I will draw o're Rhodalind.

Least, showing her, each sees how much he errs,
Doubt, since their own have less, that they have
Believe their poets perjur'd flatterers, [none;
And then all modern maids would be undone.

In pity thus, her beauty's just renown
I wave for publick peace, and will declare
To whom the king design'd her with his crown,
Which is his last and most unquiet care.

If in allyance he does greatness prise,
His minde, grown weary, need not travail farre;
If greatness be compos'd of victories,
He has at home many that victors are.

Many whom blest success did often grace
In fields, where they have seeds of empire sown,
And hope to make, since born of princely race,
Even her (the harvest of those toyles) their own.

And of those victors two are chiefly fam'd,
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resigne;
Tho' young, were in their fathers' batails nam'd,
And both are of the Lombard's royal line.

Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!
Both from successfull conqu'ring fathers sprung;
Whom both examples made of war's high art,
And farre out-wrought their patterns, being young.

Yet for full fame (as Trine, Fame's judge, reports)
Much to duke Gondibert prince Oswald yields;
Was less in mighty misteries of courts,
In peaceful cities, and in fighting fields.

In court prince Oswald costly was and gay,
Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
Outshin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day;
Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never sad,
Nor tow'rds himself could others practice fear.

The prince could, porpoise-like, in tempests play,
And in court storms on shipwrack'd greatness
Not frighted with their fate when cast away, [feed;
But to their glorious hazards durst succeed.

The duke would lasting calmes to courts assure,
As pleasant gardens we defend from windes;
For he who bus'ness would from storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his mannage findes.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are ambition's quarry, and soon caught
When the aspiring eagle stoops so low.

The duke did these by steady vertue gain,
Which they in action more than precept tast;
Deeds shew the good, and those who goodness feign
By such even thro' their vizards are out fac't.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd; [live;
Though gay in courts, coursly in camps could
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;
Could toyl to gain what he with ease did give.

Yet toyls and dangers through ambition lov'd,
Which does in war the name of vertue own;
But quits that name when from the war remov'd,
As rivers theirs when from their channels gon.

The duke (as restless as his fame in warre)
With martial toyl could Oswald weary make,
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

Him as their founder cities did adore;
The court he knew to steer in storms of state;
In fields a battle lost he could restore,
And after force the victors to their fate.

In camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aime
At graver glory than ambition breeds;
Designes that yet this story must not name,
Which with our Lombard author's pace proceeds.

The king adopts this duke in secret thought
To wed the nation's wealth, his onely child,
Whom Oswald as reward of merit sought,
With hope, ambition's common baite, beguild.

This, as his soul's chief secret, was unknowne,
Least Oswald, that his proudest army led,
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

The duke discern'd not that the king design'd
To choose him heir of all his victories;
Nor guess'd that for his love fair Rhodalind
Made sleep of late a stranger to her eies.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades,
Mildly as mourning doves, love's sorrows felt;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades
As roses silently in lymbecks melt.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame
Deny'd her eyes the knowledge of her glass;
Who, blushing, thought Nature her self too blame,
By whom men guess of maids more than the face.

Yet judge not that this duke (tho' from his sight
With maid's first fears she did her passion hide)
Did need love's flame for his directing light,
But rather wants ambition for his guide.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view
Than vital heat, which kept his heart still warm;
This maid's in Oswald as love's beacon knew;
The publick flame to bid them flye from harm.

Yet since this duke could love, we may admire
Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to Rhodalind;
But those forget that earthly flames aspire,
Whilst heav'nly beames, which purer are, descend.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,
But, like an universal influence,
(For such and so sufficient was his love)
To all the sex he did his heart dispence.

But Oswald never knew love's ancient laws,
The awe that beauty does in lovers breed,
Those short breath'd fears and paleness it does cause,
When in a doubtful brow their doom they read.

Not Rhodalind (whom then all men as one
Did celebrate, as with confed'rate eyes)
Could he effect but shining in her throne;
Blindly a throne did more than beauty prise.

He by his sister did his hopes prefer;
A beauteous pleader, who victorious was
O're Rhodalind, and could subdue her ear
In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;
Her spreading stature talness was, not length,
And whilst sharpe beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.

Such goodly presence ancient poets grace,
Whose songs the world's first manliness declare;
To princes' beds teach carefulness of race,
Which now store courts, that us'd to store the warre.

Such was the palace of her minde, a prince,
Who proudly there and still unquiet lives,
And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,
To make ambition room, unwisely drives.

Of manly force was this her watchful mind,
And fit in empire to direct and sway,
If she the temper had of Rhodalind,
Who knew that gold is currant with allay.

As kings (oft slaves to others' hopes and skill)
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoyles;
So Oswald was push'd up ambition's hill,
And so some urg'd the duke to martial toyles.

And these, who for their own great cause so high
Would lift their lord's two prosp'rous armies, are
Return'd from far to fruitful Lombardy,
And paid with rest, the best reward of warre.

The old neer Brescia lay, scarce warm'd with tents;
For tho' from danger safe, yet armies then
Their posture kept 'gainst warring elements,
And hardness learn'd against more warring men.

Neer Bergamo encamp'd the younger were,
Whom to the Franks' distress the duke had led;
The other Oswald's lucky ensigns bear,
Which lately stood when proud Ovenna fled.

These that attend duke Gondibert's renown [chose,
Were youth, whom from his father's campe he
And them betimes transplanted to his own;
Where each the planter's care and judgment shows.

All hardy youth, from valiant fathers sprung,
Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,
And hid the vain experience which they brought.

They danger met, diverted less with fears
Than now the dead would be if here again,
After they know the price brave dying bears,
And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their mindes;
Chaste as those mindes, which not their bodies serve;
Ready as pilots, wak'd with suddain windes.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprise and ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting, merciful they are,
And soon from victory to pity led.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'ne,
(Whom in a filial duty some fair maid
Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
How soon his victors were her captives made!

For though the duke taught rigid discipline,
He let them beauty thus at distance know;
As priests discover some more sacred shrine,
Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow,

When thus as sutors mourning virgins pass
Thro' their clean camp, themselves in form they draw,
That they with martial reverence may grace
Beauty, the stranger, which they seldom saw.

They vayl'd their ensignes as it by did move,
Whilst inward (as from native conscience) all
Worshipp'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,
Which grave philosophers did Nature call.

Nor there could maids of captives syres despaire,
But made all captives by their beauty free;
Beauty and valour native jewels are,
And as each other's only price agree.

Such was the duke's young camp by Bergamo,
But these near Brescia, whom fierce Oswald led,
Their science to his famous father owe,
And have his son (tho' now their leader) bred.

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd;
Which long thro' frequent dangers follow'd time;
Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And Fame's last hill did with first vigour climbe.

But here the learned Lombard, whom I trace,
My forward pen by slower method stays;
Least I should them (less heeding time and place
Than common poets) out of season praise.

Think onely then, (couldst thou both camps discern)
That these would seem grave authors of the war,
Met civilly to teach who e're will learn,
And those their young and civil students are.

But painful vertue of the war ne'r pays
It self with consciousness of being good,
Though cloyster'd vertue may believe even praise
A sallary which there should be withstood.

For many here (whose vertue's active heat
Concurs not with cold vertue, which does dwell
In lasie cells) are vertuous to be great,
And as in pains so would in pow'r excel.

And Oswald's faction urg'd him to aspire,
That by his height they higher might ascend;
The duke's to glorious thrones access desire,
But at more awful distance did attend.

The royal Rhodalind is now the prize
By which these camps would make their merit known;
And think their generals but their deputies,
Who must for them by proxy wed the crown.

From forreign fields (with toyling conquest tyr'd,
And groaning under spoiles) come home to rest;
There now they are with emulation fyr'd,
And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

Ah! how perverse and froward is mankinde!
Faction in courts does us to rage excite:
The rich in cities we litigious find,
And in the field th' ambitious make us fight:

And fatally (as if even soules were made
Of warring elements as bodies are)
Our reason our religion does invade,
Till from the schools to camps it carry war.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate
The Lombards' glory, and the Vandales' fate:
The hunters prais'd; how true to love they are,
How calm in peace, and tempest-like in warre.
The stagg is by the num'rous chace subdu'd,
And strait his hunters are as hard pursu'd.

Small are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow
Of slight beginnings to important ends;
Whilst wonder (which does best our rev'rence show
To Heav'n) all reason's sight in gazing spends.

For from a daye's brief pleasure did proceed
(A day grown black in Lombard histories)
Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,
Though even thine own sad love had drain'd thine eyes.

In a fair forrest, neer Verona's plain,
Fresh as if Nature's youth chose there a shade,
The duke, with many lovers in his train,
(Loyal and young) a solemn hunting made.

Much was his train enlarg'd by their resort
Who much his grandsire lov'd, and hither came
To celebrate this day with annual sport,
On which by battel here he earn'd his fame.

And many of these noble hunters bore
Command amongst the youth at Bergamo;
Whose fathers gather'd here the wreaths they wore,
When in this forrest they interr'd the foe.

Count Hurgonil, a youth of high descent,
Was listed here, and in the story great;
He follow'd honour, when tow'rds death it went;
Fierce in a charge, but temp'rate in retreat.

His wondrous beauty, which the world approv'd,
He blushing hid, and now no more would own,
(Since he the duke's unequal'd sister lov'd)
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

And she, Orna the shy! did seem in life
So bashful too, to have her beauty shown,
As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,
That in these vicious times would make it known.

Not less in publick voice was Arnold here;
He that on Tuscan tombs his trophys rais'd;
And now Love's pow'r so willingly did bear,
That even his arbitrary raign he prais'd.

Laura, the duke's fair neice, inthrall'd his heart,
Who was in court the publick morning glass,
Where those, who would reduce nature to art,
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the face.

And here was Hugo, whom duke Gondibert
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And, though unhappy, all that heart was love.

In gentile sonnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring,
Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind:
So, ere their death, sick swans unheeded sing.

Yet, whilst she Arnold favour'd, he so griev'd,
As loyall subjects quietly bemone
Their yoke, but raise no warr to be reliev'd,
Nor thro' the envy'd fav'rite wound the throne.

Young Goltho next these rivals we may name,
Whose manhood dawn'd early as summer light;
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaime,
And was no less the joy of publick sight.

If love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his errour give;
Since few (tho' learn'd) know yet blest love to be
That secret vitall heat by which we live:

But such it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is useless till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

Nor more, the old show they out-live their love,
If, when their love's decay'd, some signes they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Than snakes, long cut, by torment show they live.

If we call living, life, when love is gone, [pay;
We then to souls (God's coyne) vain rev'rence
Since reason (which is love, and his best known
And currant image) age has worne away.

And I, that love and reason thus unite,
May, if I old philosophers controule,
Confirme the new by some new poet's light,
Who, finding love, thinks he has found the soule.

From Goltho, to whom love yet tasteless seem'd,
We to ripe Tybalt are by order led;
Tybalt, who love and valour both esteem'd,
And he alike from either's wounds had bled.

Publique his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

With these (whose special names verse shall pre-
Many to this recorded hunting came; [serve)
Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,
But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

Now like a giant lover rose the Sun
From th' ocean queen, fine in his fires and great;
Seem'd all the morne for show, for strength at noone,
As if last night she had not quench'd his heate!

And the Sun's servants, who his rising waite,
His pensioners (for so all lovers are,
And all maintain'd by him at a high rate
With daily fire) now for the chase prepare.

All were, like hunters, clad in cheerfull green,
Young Nature's livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the lady of his life.

These martiall favours on their wasts they weare,
On which (for now they conquest celebrate)
In an imbroider'd history appeare
Like life, the vanquish'd in their feares and fate.

And on these belts (wrought with their ladies' care)
Hung semyters of Akon's trusty steele;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those ladies' eies, might soon their temper feele.

Cheer'd as the woods (where new wak'd quires they meet)
Are all; and now dispose their choice relays
Of horse and hounds, each like each other fleet;
Which best, when with themselves compar'd, we praise.

To them old forrest spys, the harborers,
With hast approach, wet as still weeping night,
Or deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

And doggs, such whose cold secrecy was ment
By Nature for surprise, on these attend;
Wise temp'rate lime-hounds that proclaim no scent,
Nor harb'ring will their mouths in boasting spend.

Yet vainlier farr than traytors boast their prise,
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treason's credit lies)
These harb'rers praise that which they now betray.

Boast they have lodg'd a stagg, that all the race
Out-runs of Croton horse, or Regian hounds;
A stagg made long, since royall in the chase,
If kings can honour give by giving wounds.

For Aribert had pierc't him at a bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his head;
And many a summer since has wonn the day,
And often left his Regian foll'wers dead.

His spacious beame (that even the rights out-grew)
From antlar to his troch had all allow'd,
By which his age the aged wood-men knew,
Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

Now each relay a sev'ral station findes,
Ere the triumphant train the copps surrounds;
Relayes of horse, long breath'd as winter windes,
And their deep cannon-mouth'd experienc'd hounds.

The huntsmen (busily concern'd in show,
As if the world were by this beast undone,
And they against him hir'd as Nature's foe)
In haste uncouple, and their hounds outrun.

Now winde they a recheat, the rous'd dear's knell,
And through the forrest all the beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by Eccho, Nature's sentinel,
Which shows that murd'rous man is come abroad.

Tyranique man! thy subjects' enemy!
And more thro' wantonness than need or hate,
From whom the winged to their coverts flie,
And to their dennes even those that lay in waite.

So this (the most successful of his kinde,
Whose forehead's force oft his opposers prest,
Whose swiftness left pursuers' shafts behinde)
Is now of all the forrest most distrest!

The heard deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shews they want not the results of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

We blush to see our politicks in beasts,
Who many sav'd by this one sacrifice;
And since through blood they follow interests,
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

His rivals, that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd female, now his faintness shun;
But were his season hot, and she but near,
(O mighty love!) his hunters were undone.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the relay,
Where man's fam'd reason proves but cowardise,
And only serves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, man, in ambush lies.

But now, as his last remedy to live,
(For ev'ry shift for life kind Nature makes,
Since life the utmost is which she can give)
Coole Adice from the swoln bank he takes.

But this fresh bath the doggs will make him leave,
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting tygers found;
Their scent no north-east winde could e're deceave
Which drives the ayre, nor flocks that foyl the ground.

Swift here the flyers and pursuers seeme;
The frighted fish swim from their Adice,
The doggs pursue the deer, he the fleete streme,
And that hasts too to th' Adriatick sea.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting element,
He up the stedfast shore did boldly rise;
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent,
That faithful guide, which even conducts their eyes.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath,
Which oft at sea a long dead calme prepare;
Or like our curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our lungs are spent, to give us ayre.

For on the shore the hunters him attend;
And whilst the chase grew warm as is the day,
(Which now from the hot zenith does descend)
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a bay.

The jewel, life, he must surrender here,
Which the world's mistris, Nature, does not give,
But like drop'd favours suffers us to weare,
Such as by which pleas'd lovers think they live.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the eager dogs such fury shows,
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

But now the monarch murderer comes in,
Destructive man! whom Nature would not arme,
As when in madness mischief is foreseen,
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

For she defenceless made him, that he might
Less readily offend; but art armes all,
From single strife makes us in numbers fight;
And by such art this royall stagg did fall.

He weeps till grief does even his murd'rers pierce;
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,
And had it words, as humanly would move.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd head he rear'd,
And with last looks his forrest walks did view;
Where sixty summers he had rul'd the heard,
And where sharp dittany now vainly grew:

Whose hoary leaves no more his wounds shall heale;
For with a sigh (a blast of all his breath)
That viewless thing, call'd life, did from him steale,
And with their bugle hornes they winde his death.

Then with their annuall wanton sacrifice
(Taught by old custome, whose decrees are vain,
And we, like hum'rous antiquaries, prise
Age, though deform'd) they hasten to the plain.

Thence homeward bend as westward as the Sun,
Where Gondibert's allys proud feasts prepare,
That day to honour which his grandsire won;
Tho' feasts the eyes to fun'ralls often are.

One from the forrest now approach'd their sight,
Who them did swiftly on the spurr pursue;
One there still resident as day and night,
And known as th' eldest oke which in it grew.

Who, with his utmost breath advancing, cries,
(And such a vehemence no art could feigne)
"Away! happy the man that fastest flies!
Flie, famous duke! flie with thy noble traine!"

The duke reply'd: "Tho' with thy fears disguis'd,
Thou do'st my syre's old ranger's image beare,
And for thy kindness shalt not be despis'd; [fear.
Though councels are but weak which come from

"Were dangers here, great as thy love can shape,
(And love with fear can danger multiply)
Yet when by flight thou bidst us meanly scape,
Bid trees take wings, and rooted forests flie."

Then said the ranger: "You are bravely lost!"
(And like high anger his complexion rose)
"As little know I fear, as how to boast;
But shall attend you thro' your many foes.

"See where in ambush mighty Oswald lay!
And see, from yonder lawne he moves apace,
With launces arm'd to intercept thy way,
Now thy sure steeds are weary'd with the chase.

"His purple banners you may there behold,
Which (proudly spred) the fatall raven beare;
And full five hundred I by ranke have told,
Who in their guilded helmes his colours weare."

The duke this falling storme does now discern;
Bids little Hugo fly! but 'tis to view
The foe, and timely their first count'nance learne,
Whilst firme he in a square his hunters drew.

And Hugo soon (light as his courser's heeles)
Was in their faces troublesome as winde;
And like to it (so wingedly he wheeles)
No one could catch, what all with trouble finde.

But ev'ry where the leaders and the led
He temp'rately observ'd, with a slow sight;
Judg'd by their looks how hopes and feares were fed,
And by their order their success in fight.

Their number ('mounting to the ranger's guesse)
In three divisions ev'nly was dispos'd;
And that their enemies might judge it lesse,
It seem'd one grosse with all the spaces clos'd.

The vann fierce Oswald led, where Paradine
And manly Dargonet (both of his blood)
Outshin'd the noone, and their mindes' stock within
Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

The next, bold, but unlucky Hubert led,
Brother to Oswald, and no less ally'd
To the ambitions which his soul did wed;
Lowly without, but lin'd with costly pride.

Most to himself his valour fatall was,
Whose glorys oft to others dreadfull were;
So comets (though suppos'd destruction's cause)
But waste themselves to make their gazers feare.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,
His speech was such as could in storms persuade;
Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maide.

The bloody Borgio did conduct the rere,
Whom sullen Vasco heedfully attends;
To all but to themselves they cruel were,
And to themselves chiefly by mischief friends.

Warr, the world's art, nature to them became;
In camps begot, born, and in anger bred;
The living vex'd till death, and then their fame,
Because even fame some life is to the dead.

Cities (wise states-men's folds for civil sheep)
They sack'd, as painful sheerers of the wise;
For they like careful wolves would lose their sleep,
When others' prosp'rous toyls might be their prise.

Hugo amongst these troops spy'd many more,
Who had, as brave destroyers, got renown;
And many forward wounds in boast they wore,
Which, if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

Such the bold leaders of these launceers were,
Which of the Brescian vet'rans did consist;
Whose practis'd age might charge of armies bear,
And claim some ranck in Fame's eternal list.

Back to his duke the dext'rous Hugo flies,
What he observ'd he cheerfully declares;
With noble pride did what he lik'd despise;
For wounds he threatned whilst he prais'd their skarrs.

Lord Arnold cry'd, "Vain is the bugle horn,
Where trumpets men to manly work invite!
That distant summons seems to say, in skorn,
'We hunters may be hunted hard ere night.'"

"Those beasts are hunted hard that hard can fly,"
Reply'd aloud the noble Hurgonil;
"But we, not us'd to flight, know best to die;
And those who know to die, know how to kill.

"Victors through number never gain'd applause;
If they exceed our compt in armes and men,
It is not just to think that odds, because
One lover equals any other ten."

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ambush is become an interview,
And the surpriser proves to honour true;
For what had first, ere words his fury spent,
Been murder, now is but brave killing ment.
A duel form'd, where princes seconds are,
And urg'd by honour each to kill his share.

THE duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm square,
Whether their front did change whom Oswald led;
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spred.

Tho' in their posture close, the prince might guess
The duke's to his not much in number yield;
And they were leading youth, who would possess
This ground in graves, rather than quit the field.

Thus (timely certain of a standing foe)
His form'd divisions yet reveal'd no space
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,
They more divide, and move with slower pace.

On these the duke attends with watchful eye;
Shap'd all his forces to their triple strength;
And that their launces might pass harmless by,
Widens his ranks, and gave his files more length.

At distance Oswald does him sharply view,
Whom but in fame he met till this sad hour;
But his fair fame, vertue's known image, knew,
Vertue exalts the owner more than pow'r.

In fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown;
And now his envie does to surfeit feed
On what he wish'd his eies had never known;
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

And though ambition did his rage renew,
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the youthful train)
That plants, which so much promis'd as they grew,
Should in the bud be ere performance slain.

With these remorseful thoughts, he a fair space
Advanc'd alone, then did his troops command
To halt: the duke th' example did embrace,
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

Then, when in easie reach of either's voice,
Thus Oswald spake: "I wish (brave Gondibert)
Those wrongs which make thee now my anger's choice,
Like my last fate, were hidden from my heart.

"But since great glory does allow small rest,
And bids us jealously to honour wake,
Why at alarms, given hot even at my brest,
Should I not arm, but think my scouts mistake?

"'Tis lowd in camps, in cities, and in court,
(Where the important part of mankind meets)
That my adoption is thy faction's sport,
Scorn'd by hoarse rymers in Verona streets.

"Who is renown'd enough, but you or I,
(And think not, when you visit Fame, she less
Will welcome you for my known companie)
To hope for empire at our king's decease?

"The crown he with his daughter has design'd;
His favour (which to me does frosen prove)
Grows warm to you as th' eies of Rhodalind,
And she gives sacred empire with her love.

"Whilst you usurp thus, and my claime deride,
If you admire the veng'ance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
To think me one you safely may offend.

"Nor judge it strange I have this ambush laid,
Since you (my rival) wrong'd me by surprise;
Whose darker vigilance my love betrai'd,
And so your ill example made me wise.

"But in the schoole of glory we are taught,
That greatness and success should measure deeds;
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,
Can be accus'd when either's act succeeds.

"Opinion's stamp does vertue currant make;
But such small money (though the people's gold
With which they trade) great dealers skorne to take,
And we are greater than one world can hold."

Now Oswald paws'd, as if he curious were,
Ere this his foe (the people's fav'rite) dy'd,
To know him as with eies so with his eare;
And to his speech thus Gondibert reply'd:

"Successful prince! since I was never taught
To court a threatning foe, I will not pay
For all the trophys you from war have brought
One single wreath, though all these woods were bay!

"Nor would I by a total silence yield
My honour ta'ne, though I were pris'ner made;
Least you should think we may be justly kill'd,
And sacred justice by mistake invade.

"You might perceive (had not a distant warre
Hindred our breasts the use of being known)
My small ambition hardly worth your care,
Unless by it you would correct your owne.

"The king's objected love is but your dreame,
As false as that I strive for Rhodalind
As valour's hyre; these sickly visions seeme,
Which in ambition's feaver vex your minde.

"Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave
To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;
Nor censure this a proud excuse, to save
These, who no safety know but to subdue.

"Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;
But your hir'd valour, were your faith reclaim'd,
(For faith reclaim'd to highest vertue turns)
Will be of bravest sallary asham'd.

"Onely with fame valour of old was hir'd;
And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,
That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd
For love's reward, than that itself should last.

"If love, or lust of empire, bred your pain,
Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,
And my weak vertue never could sustain,
The crown, which is the worst of Rhodalind.

"'Tis she who taught you to encrease renown,
By sowing honour's field with noble deeds;
Which yields no harvest, when 'tis over-grown
With wilde ambition, the most rank of weeds."

"Go, reconcile the windes faln out at sea
With these tame precepts," (Oswald did replie)
"But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,
Know, legacies are vain till givers die."

And here his rage ascended to his eies
From his close brest, which hid till then the flame,
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;
Rage which the duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

"Though you design'd our ruine by surprise,
Though much in useful armes you us exced,
And in your number some advantage lies,
Yet you may finde you such advantage need.

"If I am vallew'd as th' impediment
Which hinders your adoption to the crown,
Let your revenge only on me be spent,
And hazard not my party, nor your own,

"Ambition else would up to godhead grow,
When so profanely we our anger prise,
That to appease it we the blood allow
Of whole offencelesse herds for sacrifice."

Oswald (who honour's publick pattern was,
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)
More temp'rate grew in mannage of his cause,
And thus to noble Gondibert reply'd:

"I wish it were not needful to be great;
That Heav'n's unenvy'd pow'r might men so awe,
As we should need no armies for defeat,
Nor for protection be at charge of law.

"But more than Heav'n's, men man's authoritie
(Though envy'd) use, because more understood;
For, but for that, life's utensils would be,
In markets, as in camps, the price of blood.

"Since the world's safety we in greatness finde,
And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,
Save we the world, though to our selves unkinde,
By both indang'ring to establish one.

"Not these, who kindle with my wrongs theire rage,
Nor those bold youth who warmly you attend,
Our distant camps by action shall ingage;
But we our own great cause will singly end.

"Back to your noble hunters strait retire,
And I to those who would those hunters chase;
Let us perswade their fury to expire,
And give obediently our anger place.

"Like unconcern'd spectators let them stand,
And be by sacred vow to distance bound;
Whilst their lov'd leaders, by our strict command,
Only as witnesses approach this ground.

"Where with no more defensive armes than was
By Nature ment us, who ordain'd men friends,
We will on foot determine our great cause,
On which the Lombards' doubtful peace depends."

The duke at this did bow, and soon obay,
Confess'd his honour he transcendent findes;
Said he their persons might a meaner way
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their mindes.

Now, wing'd with hope, they to their troops return,
Oswald his old grave Brescians makes retire,
Least if too near, tho' like slow match they burn,
The duke's rash youth like powder might take fire.

First with their noble chiefs they treat aside,
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,
And term it needless cruelty and pride
With others' sacrifice to grace their owne.

Then to the troopes gave their resolv'd command
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,
Because each side presum'd their champion's force.

Now neer that ground ordain'd by them and Fate
To be the last where one or both must tread,
Their chosen judges they appoint to wait,
Who thither were like griev'd spectators led.

These from the distant troops far sever'd are,
And neer their chiefs divided stations take;
Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,
By which strip'd soules their fleshy robes forsake.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd alow'd:
"I will not trust uncertain destinie,
Which may obscurely kill me in a crowd,
That here have pow'r in publick view to die!

"Oswald my brother is! If any dare [sounds,
Think Gondibert's great name more kingly
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care
Of choosing monarchs, to attend his wounds!"

This Hurgonill receiv'd with greedy ear,
Told him his summons boldly did express
That he had little judgement whom to fear,
And in the choice of kings his skill was less.

With equal haste they then alight and met,
Where both their chiefs in preparation stood;
Whilst Paradine and furious Dargonet
Cry'd out, "We are of Oswald's princely blood!

"Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,
So true to Gondibert or Love's commands,
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame
With idle eies to look on busie hands?"

Such haste makes beauty when it youth forsakes,
And day from travellers when it does set,
As Arnold to proud Paradine now makes,
And little Hugo to tall Dargonet.

The bloody Borgio, who with anguish stay'd,
And check'd his rage, till these of Oswald's race,
By wish'd example, their brave challenge made,
Now, like his curb'd steed foaming, shifts his place.

And thus (with haste and choller hoarse) he spake:
"Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are
To serve that king your courtly camp shall make,
Falsly he loves, nor is his lady faire!"

This scarce could urge the temp'rate Tybalt's fire,
Who said, "When Fate shall Aribert remove,
As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,
As who is fair, that art too rude to love."

But scarce had this reply reach'd Borgio's eare,
When Goltho louder cry'd, "What ere he be
Dares think her foul who hath a lover here,
Tho' love I never knew, shall now know me!"

Grave Tybalt, who had laid an early'r claime
To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,
And Goltho's forward youth would sharply blame,
But that old Vasco thus did interpose:

"That boy, who makes such haste to meet his fate,
And fears he may (as if he knew it good)
Through others' pride of danger, come too late,
Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

"Let empire fall, when we must monarchs choose,
By what unpractis'd childhood shall approve;
And in tame peace let us our manhood loose,
When boyes, yet wet with milk, discourse of love."

As bashful maides blush, as if justly blam'd,
When forc'd to suffer some indecent tongue,
So Goltho blush'd, (whom Vasco made asham'd)
As if he could offend by being young.

But instantly offended bashfulness
Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn;
Which he in younger flames did so express,
That scarce old Vasco's embers seem'd to burn.

The princes knew in this new kindled rage,
Opinion might (have like unlucky winde
State right to make it spread) their troops ingage;
And therefore Oswald thus proclaim'd his minde:

"Seem we already dead, that to our words
(As to the last requests men dying make)
Your love but mourners' short respect affords,
And, ere interr'd, you our commands forsake?

"We chose you judges of your needful strife,
Such whom the world (grown faithless) might esteem
As weighty witnesses of parting life,
But you are those we dying must condemn.

"Are we become such worthless sacrifice,
As cannot to the Lombards Heav'n atone,
Unless your added blood make up the price,
As if you thought it worthier than our own?

"Our fame, which should survive, before us dy!
And let (since in our presence disobay'd)
Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty, fly decay'd!"
From knowledge, rather than be known de-

This, when with rev'rence heard, it would have made
Old armies melt, to mark at what a rate
They spent their hearts and eies, kindly afraid
To be omitted in their gen'ral's fate.

Hubert (whose princely qualitie more frees
Him than the rest from all command, unless
He find it such as with his will agrees)
Did nobly thus his firm resolve express:

"All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!
Instinct, the inward image, which is wrought
And given with life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!
Tho' that bred better honour than is taught;

"And may impressions of the common ill
Which from street parents the most low derives,
Blot all my mind's fair book, if I stand still
Whilst Oswald singly for the publick strives!

"A brother's love all that obedience stays,
Which Oswald else might as my leader claime;
Whom as my love, my honour disobays,
And bids me serve our greater leader, Fame."

With gentle looks Oswald to Hubert bowes,
And said, "I then must yield that Hubert shall
(Since from the same bright Sun our lustre grows)
Rise with my morne, and with my evening fall!"

Bold Paradine and Dargonet reviv'd
Their suit, and cry'd, "We are Astolpho's sons!
Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,
Tho' now it down in lower channels runs.

"Such lucky seasons to attain renown
We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;
Others usurp, who would your dangers own,
And what our duty is, in them is pride."

Then, as his last decree, thus Oswald spake:
"You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,
Shall share my dooms, which, for your merit's sake,
Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

"If any other's disobedient rage
Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,
And by degrees our distant troops ingage,
Be it his curse still to be disobay'd!

"War's orders may he by the slow convay
To such as only shall dispute them long;
An ill peace make, when none will him obay,
And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young."

This said, he calmly bid the duke provide
Such of his blood, as with those chosen three
(Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)
May in brave life or death fit partners bee.

"Though here" (reply'd the duke) "I find not now
Such as my blood with their alliance grace,
Yet three I see, to whom your stock may bow,
If love may be esteem'd of heav'nly race.

"And much to me these are by love ally'd;"
Then Hugo, Arnold, and the count, drew neere;
Count Hurgonill woo'd Orna for his bride,
The other two in Laura rivals were.

But Tybalt cry'd, (as swiftly as his voice
Approach'd the duke) "Forgive me, mighty chief,
If justly I envy thy noble choice,
And disobey thee in wrong'd love's relief.

"If rev'renc'd love be sacred myst'ry deem'd,
And mysteries when hid to value grow,
Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?
To unknown godhead, wise religious bow.

"A maid of thy high linage much I love,
And hide her name till I can merit boast,
But shall I here (where I my worth improve)
For prising her above my self, be lost?"

The duke's firm bosome kindly seem'd to melt
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was,
Who lately had love's secret conquest felt,
And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause:

Then he decreed, Hugo (though chose before
To share in this great work) should equally
With Tybalt be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,
And by drawn lots their wish'd election try.

Hugo his dreaded lord with cheerfull awe
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;
But now he must for certain honour draw
Uncertain lots, seems heavily to move.

And here they trembling reach'd at honour so,
As if they gath'ring flow'rs a snake discern'd;
Yet fear'd love only, whose rewards then grow
To lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

From this brave fear, least they should danger scape,
Was little Hugo eas'd; and when he drew
The champion's lot, his joy inlarg'd his shape,
And with his lifted minde he taller grew.

But Tybalt stoop'd beneath his sorrow's weight;
Goltho and him kindly the duke imbrac'd;
Then to their station sent; and Oswald straight
His so injoyn'd, and with like kindness grac'd.

When cruel Borgio does from Tybalt part,
Vasco from Goltho, many a look they cast
Backward in sullen message from the heart,
And through their eyes their threatning anger wast.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duel, where all rules of artful strife,
To rescue or indanger darling life,
Are by reserves of strength and courage shown;
For killing was long since a science grown.
Th' event by which the troops ingaged are,
As private rage too often turns to warr.

By what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spie,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
Where worthies wrapp'd in time's disguises lie?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gon to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world, from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are opprest,
Till we by Death's high priviledge are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flow'r,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents compleat?

Though in these worthies gon, valour and love
Dist chastly as in sacred temples meet,
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flow'rs so rais'd by chymists make us sweet.

Yet when the soul's disease we desp'rate finde,
Poets the old renown'd physitians are,
Who, for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

And bravely then physitians honour gain,
When to the world diseases cureless seem,
And they (in science valiant) ne'r refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.

But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborn, (who for examples did disperse
The heroes' vertues in heroick song)
And now think vertue sick, past cure of verse.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love.

Now honour's chance the duke with Oswald takes,
The count his great stake, life, to Hubert sets;
Whilst his to Paradin's lord Arnold stakes,
And little Hugo throwes at Dargonet's.

These four on equall ground those four oppose;
Who wants in strength, supplies it with his skill;
So valiant, that they make no haste to close;
They not apace, but handsomly, would kill.

And as they more each other's courage found,
Each did their force more civilly express,
To make so manly and so fair a wound,
As loyal ladies might be proud to dress.

But vain, though wond'rous, seems the short event
Of what with pomp and noise we long prepare:
One hour of battail oft that force hath spent,
Which kings' whole lives have gather'd for a war.

As rivers to their ruine hasty be,
So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post
To the vast gulf of Death, as they to sea,
And vainly travailes to be quickly lost.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care
We not escape their sentence at our birth)
Writ Arnold down where those inrolsd are
Who must in youth abruptly leave the Earth.

Him Paradine into the brow had pierc't;
From whence his blood so overflow'd his eyes,
He grew too blind to watch and guard his brest,
Where, wounded twice, to Death's cold court he flies.

And love (by which life's name does value find,
As altars even subsist by ornament)
Is now as to the owner quite resign'd,
And in a sigh to his dear Laura sent.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty
As not to yield, that he who conquer'd all
The Tuscan vale, should unattended dy,
They therefore doom that Dargonet must fall.

Whom little Hugo dext'rously did vex
With many wounds in unexpected place,
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;
Because he held their number a disgrace.

For Dargonet in force did much exceed
The most of men, in valour equall'd all;
And was asham'd thus diversly to bleed,
As if he stood where showers of arrows fall.

At once he ventures his remaining strength
To Hugo's nimble skill, who did desire
To draw this little war out into length,
By motions quick as Heav'n's fantastick fire!

This fury now is grown too high to last
In Dargonet; who does disorder all
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,
Then down at Hugo's feet does breathless fall.

When with his own storm sunk, his foe did spie
Lord Arnold dead, and Paradine prepare
To help prince Oswald to that victory,
Of which the duke had yet an equal share,

"Vain conqueror," (said Hugo then) "returne!
Instead of laurel which the victor weares,
Go, gather cypress for thy brother's urne,
And learn of me to water it with tears.

"Thy brother lost his life attempting mine,
Which cannot for lord Arnold's loss suffice:
I must revenge (unlucky Paradine)
The blood his death will draw from Laura's eyes.

"We rivals were in Laura; but though she
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd:
Yet I (in love's exact integrity)
Must take thy life for killing him she lov'd."

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,
At one sad instant give and take that wound,
Which does thro' both their vital closets pierce,
Where life's small lord does warmly sit enthron'd.

And then they fell, and now neer upper Heaven,
Heav'n's better part of them is hov'ring still,
To watch what end is to their princes given,
And to brave Hubert and to Hurgonil.

In progress thus to their eternal home,
Some method is observ'd by Destiny,
Which at their princes' setting out did doom
These as their leading harbingers to die.

And fatal Hubert we must next attend,
Whom Hurgonil had brought to such distress,
That though life's stock he did not fully spend,
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd,
And wounds (the marks of manhood) gave and took,
Which though, like honour'd age, we would avoid,
Yet make us when possess'd for rev'rence look.

O honour! frail as life, thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour,
And is, when lost, no more than life redeem'd.

This fatall Hubert findes, if honour be
As much in princes lost, when it grows less,
As when it dies in men of next degree:
Princes are only princes by excess.

For having twice with his firm opposite [life,
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at
The adverse sword his arm's best sinew hit,
Which holds that strength, which should maintain their strife.

When thus his dear defence had left his hand,
"Thy life" (said Hurgonil) "rejoyce to wear
As Orna's favour, and at her command,
Who taught the mercy I will practise here."

To which defenceless Hubert did reply,
"My life (a worthless blank) I so despise,
Since Fortune laid it in her lotary,
That I'me asham'd thou draw'st it as a prise."

His grief made noble Hurgonil to melt,
Who mourn'd in this a warrior's various fate;
For though a victor now, he timely felt
That change which pains us most by coming late.

But Orna (ever present in his thought) [fame
Prompts him to know, with what success, for
And empire, Gondibert and Oswald fought;
Whilst Hubert seeks out death, and shrinks from shame.

Valour, and all that practise turns to art,
A like the princes had and understood;
For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert,
Such temper he has got by losing blood.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;
Their stretch'd arms regular in motion prove,
And force with as unseen a stealth convey,
As noyseless houres by hands of dials move.

By this new temper Hurgonil believ'd
That Oswald's elder vertues might prevail;
To think his own help needful much he griev'd,
But yet prepar'd it, lest the duke should fail.

Small wounds they had, where as in casements
Disorder'd life, who seem'd to look about, [sate
And fain would be abroad, but that a gate
She wants so wide, at once to sally out.

When Gondibert saw Hurgonill draw near,
And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Hubert's cost,
He then, who never fear'd, began to fear
Lest by his help his honour should be lost.

"Retire," said he; "for if thou hop'st to win
My sister's love, by aiding in this strife,
May Heav'n (to make her think they love a sin)
Eclipse that beauty which did give it life."

Count Hurgonill did doubtfully retire,
Fain would assist, yet durst not disobey;
The duke would rather instantly expire,
Than hazard honour by so mean a way.

Alike did Oswald for dispatch prepare,
And cries, since Hubert knew not to subdue,
"Glory, farewel! thou art the soldier's care!
More lov'd than woman, less than woman true!"

And now they strive with all their sudden force
To storm life's cittadel, each other's brest;
At which, could Heav'n's chief eye have felt remorse,
It would have wink'd, or hast'ned to the west.

But sure the heav'nly movers little care
Whither our motion here be false or true;
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,
As if we dice for all our actions threw. FORTUNE

We seem surrender'd to indiff'rent chance;
Even Death's great work looks like fantastick play;
That sword, which oft did Oswald's fame advance
In publick war, fails in a private fray.

For when (because he ebbs of blood did feel)
He levell'd all his strength at Gondibert,
It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood
In many battails register'd by Fame,
Does fall, depriv'd of language as of blood;
Whilst high the hunters send their victor's name.

Some shout aloud, and others winde the horn!
They mix the citie's with the field's applause;
Which Borgio soon interprets as their scorn,
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

This the cold evening warm'd of Vasco's age,
He shin'd like scorching noon in Borgio's looks;
Who kindled all about him with his rage,
And worse the triumph than the conquest brooks.

The troops (astonish'd with their leader's fate)
The horrour first with silence entertain;
With loud impatience then for Borgio waite,
And next with one confusion all complain.

Whom thus he urg'd: "Prince Oswald did command
We should remove far from the combat's list,
And there like unconcern'd spectators stand,
Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

"This (patient friends!) we dully have obey'd,
A temp'rance which he never taught before;
But though alive he could forbid our aid,
Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r."

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battail in exact though little shape,
Where none by flight, and few by fortune, scape;
Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,
The victors mourn for all they could not save:
And fear (so soon is Fortune's fulness wayn'd)
To lose, in one, all that by all they gain'd.

Now Hubert's page assists his wounded lord
To mount that steed, he scarce had force to guide;
And wept to see his hand without that sword
Which was so oft in dreadfull battails try'd.

Those who with Borgio saw his want of blood,
Cry'd out, "If of thy strength enough remain,
Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good,
Lead us to add their living to our slain."

Hubert reply'd, "Now you may justly boast,
You sons of war, that Oswald was your sire,
Who got in you the honour I have lost, [mire.
And taught those deeds our ladies' songs ad-

"But he (war's ancestor, who gave it birth,
The father of those fights we Lombards fought)
Lies there imbracing but his length of earth,
Who for your use the world's vast empire sought.

"And cold as he lies noble Dargonet,
And Paradine, who wore the victor's crown;
Both swift to charge, and slow in a retreat;
Brothers in blood, and rivals in renown."

This said, their trumpets sound revenge's praise;
The hunters' horns (the terrour of the wood)
Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise
Eccho so loud as might be understood.

The duke (his fit of fury being spent,
Which onely wounds and opposition bred)
Does weep o'er the brave Oswald, and lament
That he, so great in life, is nothing dead.

But cry'd, when he the speechless rivals spy'd,
"O worth above the ancient price of love!
Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd,
Or, if immortal, fled with them above.

"In these we the intrinsick vallue know
By which first lovers did love currant deem;
But love's false coyners will allay it now, [temn."
Till men suspect what next they must con-

Not less young Hurgonil resents their chance,
Though no fit time to practice his remorse;
For now he cries, (finding the foe advance)
"Let death give way to life! to horse! to horse!

"This sorrow is too soft for deeds behinde,
Which I (a mortal lover) would sustain,
So I could make your sister wisely kinde,
And praise me living, not lament me slain."

Swift as Armenians in the panther's chase
They fly to reach where now their hunters are;
Who sought out danger with too bold a pace,
Till thus the duke did them alow'd prepare.

"Impatient friends, stand, that your strength may last! [long!
Burn not, in blaze, rage that should warm you
I wish to foes the weaknesses of haste,
To you such slowness as may keep you strong.

"Not their scorn's force should your fix'd patience move; [provoke,
Tho' scorn does more than bonds free mindes
Their flashy rage shall harmless lightning prove,
Which but fore-runs our thunder's fatal stroke.

"For when their fury's spent, how weak they are
With the dull weight of antick Vandall arms!
Their work but short, and little is in war,
Whom rage within, and armour outward, warms.

"When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,
Try to avoid their cowched launces' force
By dext'rous practice of Croatian fields,
Which turns to lazy elephants their horse.

"When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,
As if you back to elements were fled,
And no less faith can you again unite,
Than recollects from elements the dead,

"Make chasers seem, by your swift rallys, slow;
Whilst they your swifter change of figures fear,
Like that in batails which, t' amuse the foe,
My grandsire taught, as war's philosopher.

"Think now your valour enters on the stage,
Think Fame th' eternal Chorus to declare
Your mighty mindes to each succeeding age,
And that your ladyes the spectators are."

This utter'd was with such a haughty grace,
That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise
Life's chiefest blood in valour to the face,
Which made such beauty as the foe did praise.

Yet 'twas ambition's praise, which but approves
Those whom thro' envy it would fain subdue;
Likes others' honour, but her own so loves,
She thinks all others' trophys are her due.

For Hubert now (tho' void of strength as feare)
Advanc'd the first division fast and farre;
Bold Borgio with the next attends his rear,
The third was left to Vasco's stedy care.

The duke still watch'd when each division's space
Grew wide, that he might his more open spred;
His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,
The next the count, the third true Tybalt led.

A forward fashion he did wear awhile,
As if the charge he would with fury meet;
That he their forward fury might beguile,
And urge them past redemption by retreat.

But when with launces cowch'd they ready were,
And their thick front (which added files inlarge)
With their ply'd spurs kept time in a carere,
Those soon were vanished whom they meant to charge.

The duke, by flight, his manhood thus and force
Reserv'd, and to his skill made valour yield,
Did seem to blush, that he must lead his horse
To lose a little ground to gain the field.

Yet soon he ralleys and revives the warre;
Hubert pursues the rear of Hurgonil;
And Borgio's rear with chace so loos'ned are,
That them the count does with close order kill.

And that which was erewhile the duke's firm van,
Before old Vasco's front vouchsafe to fly,
Till with their subtle rallys they began
In small divisions hidden strength to try;

Then cursing Borgio cry'd, "Whence comes his skill,
Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix?
The living metal, held so violatile
By the dull world, this chymick lord can fix!"

He press'd where Hurgonill his fury spends,
As if he now in Orna's presence fought;
And with respect his brave approach attends,
To give him all the dangers which he sought.

So bloody was th' event of this new strife,
That we may here applauded valour blame;
Which oft too easily abandons life,
Whilst death's the parent made of noble fame.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake,
In their pursuit of flying fame, their breath;
And through the world their valour currant make,
By giving it the ancient stamp of death.

Young Hurgonil's renowned self had bought
Honour of Borgio at no less a rate,
Had not the duke dispatch'd with those he fought,
And found his aid must fly or come too late.

For he advancing saw, (which him much griev'd)
That in the fairest region of the face,
He two wide wounds from Borgio had receiv'd;
His beauty's blemish, but his valour's grace.

"Now," cry'd the duke, "strive timely for renown!
Thy age will kiss those wounds thy youth may loath;
Be not dismay'd to think thy beauty gone;
My sister's thine, who has enough for both."

Then soon the youth, death as an honour gave
To one that strove to rescue Borgio's life;
Yet Borgio had dispatch'd him to his grave,
Had Gondibert stood neutral in the strife:

Who with his sword (disdaining now to stay,
And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spilt)
Pierc't a bold Lombard who would stop his way;
Even till his heart did beat against his hilt.

Timely old Vasco came to Borgio's aid;
Whose long experienc'd arme wrought sure and faste,
His rising oppositions level laid,
And miss'd no execution by his haste.

And timely where the bleeding count now fought,
And where the duke with number was opprest,
Resistless Tybalt came, who Borgio sought,
But here with many Borgios did contest.

As tydes that from their sev'ral channels haste,
Assemble rudely in th' Ubæan bay,
And meeting there to indistinction waste,
Strive to proceed, and force each other's stay:

So here the valiant, who with swift force come,
With as resistless valour are engag'd;
Are hid in anger's undistinguish'd fome,
And make less way by meeting so inrag'd!

But room for Goltho now! whose valour's fire,
Like light'ning, did unlikely passage make;
Whose swift effects like light'nings they admire,
And even the harms it wrought with rever'nce take.

Vasco he seeks, who had his youth disdain'd;
And in that search he with irrever'nd rage;
Revengefully, from younger foes abstain'd,
And deadly grew where he encounter'd age.

And Vasco now had felt his Gothick steel,
But that duke Gondibert (through helm and head)
Gave the last stroke which Vasco ere shall feel,
And sent him down an honour to the dead.

Here Borgio too had fal'n, but bravely then
The count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,
As Gondibert (the prop of falling men)
Such sinking greatness could not choose but save.

When Vasco was remov'd, the count declin'd
His bashful eies; the duke thought sodain shame
(From sense of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

"Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!
As when the Sun sets red, his morning eies
In glory wake, so now thou set'st in blood,
Thy parting beauty will in honour rise.

"These scarrs thou need'st not from my sister hide;
For as our father, in brave batail lost,
She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,
Thy beauty's loss she'l mourn, and after boast."

"Mine are but love's false wounds," (said Hurgonil)
"To what you Vasco gave; for I must grieve
My strength of honour could not Vasco kill;
That honour lost, yet I have strength to live."

But now behold vex'd Hubert, who in all
This batail was by ready conduct known,
And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small,
He could to none bring death, yet sought his own:

And ev'ry where, where rallies made a grosse,
He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd
His too slow fate from Gondibert to force,
Where he was victor, and where Vasco dy'd.

The duke (in honour's school exactly bred)
Would not that this defenceless prince should be
Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,
Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free,

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,
That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;
More pris'ner to himself than to his foe,
For life within himself in prison was.

His fierce assistants did not quit the field,
Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;
And then they all with sullen slowness yield;
Vex'd they have found what vain revenge had sought.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,
Four hundred leaders were by valour's pride
Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,
Where lowliness is held the surest guide.

And twice the tierce of these consists of those
Who for prince Oswald's love of empire bled;
The duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

"Binde all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,
Which did in all by great demeanor past
(Teaching your foes a wiser choice of strife)
Deserve a lease of Nature that may last.

"Love warm'd you with those sparks which kindled
And form'd ideas in each lovers thought [me;
Of the distress of some beloved she, [fought.
Who then inspir'd and prais'd you whilst you

"You nobly prompt my passion to desire,
That the rude crowd who lovers' softness scorn,
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,
To try which side must after batail mourn.

"O that those rights which should the good advance,
And justly are to painful valour due,
(Howe're misplac'd by the swift hand of chance)
Were from that crowd defended by those few!

"With this great spectacle we should refresh
Those chiefs, who (though preferr'd by being
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh; [dead)
So all that lov'd, by Hurgonil were led."

This gracious mention from so great a lord,
Bow'd Hurgonill with dutious homage down,
Where at his feet he lay'd his rescu'd sword;
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

"By this and thine," said gentle Gondibert,
"In all distress of various courts and warre,
We interpledg, and bind each other's heart,
To strive who shall possess griefs' greatest share.

"Now to Verona haste, and timely bring
Thy wounds unto my tender sister's care,
This day's said story to our dreaded king, [pare:
And watch what veng'ance Oswald's friends pre-

"Brave Arnold, and his rival strait remove;
Where Laura shall bestrew their hallow'd ground;
Protectors both, and ornaments of love;"
This said, his eies outwep'd his widest wound.

"Tell her, now these (love's faithful saints) are gon,
The beauty they ador'd, she ought to hide;
For vainly will love's miracles be shown,
Since lovers' faith with these brave rivals dy'd.

"Say, little Hugo never more shall mourn
In noble numbers, her unkind disdain;
Who now not seeing beauty, feels no scorn;
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

"When she with flowres lord Arnold's grave shall strew,
And bears why Hugo's life was thrown away,
She on that rival's hearse will drop a few;
Which merits all that April gives to May.

"Let us forsake for safety of our eies,
Our other loss; which I will strait inter
And raise a trophy where each body lies;
Vain marks, how these alive the dead prefer!

"If my full breast, my wounds that empty be,
And this day's toil (by which my strength is gon)
Forbid me not, I Bergamo will see
Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

"Thither convay thy soul's consid'rate thought,
How in this cause the court and camp's inclin'd;
What Oswald's faction with the king has wrought,
And how his loss prevails with Rhodalind."

The count and Tybalt take their lowly leaves;
Their slain they sadly with consuming hearts
Bear tow'rds Verona, whilst the duke perceives
Prince Hubert's grief, and thus his tears diverts.

"Afflicted prince! in an unpleasant how'r
You and your living (by blinde valour led)
Are captives made to such an easie pow'r,
Shall you as little vex, as death your dead.

"The dead can ne're by living help return [close;
From that darke land, which life could ne'er dis-
But these alive (for whom the victors mourn)
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

Be not with honour's guilded baites beguild;
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
For though we like it, as a forward child,
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

"Study the mighty Oswald vainly gone!
Fierce Paradine, and Dargonet the stout!
Whose threds by destiny were slowly spunne,
And by ambition rashly ravell'd out."

But Hubert's grief no precept could reform;
For great grief councell'd, does to anger grow;
And he provided now a future storm,
Which did with black revenge o'ercast his brow.

Borgio and he from this dire region haste;
Shame makes them sightless to themselves and dumb;
Their thoughts fly swift as time from what is past;
And would like him demolish all to come.

Strait they inter th' inferior of their slain;
Their noblet tragick load their grief attends
Tow'rds Brescia, where the camp they hope to gain;
Then force the court by faction of their friends.

To Bergamo the gentle duke does turn
With his surviving lovers, who in kinde
Remembrance every step look back and mourn
Their fellow lovers death has stay'd behinde.

Some lost their quiet rivals, some their dear
Love's brother, who their hopes with help approv'd;
Some such joy'd friends, as even to morrow were
To take from Hymen those they dearest lov'd.

But now to Gondibert they forward look,
Whose wounds, ere he could waste three leagues of way,
So wast him, that his speech him quite forsook;
And Nature calls for art to make life stay.

His friends in torment least they should forsake
Delightful him, for whom alone they live;
Urge Heav'n uncivilly for calling back
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)
By such deform'd, and dismal troops pursu'd,
That he thinks death, than which they uglier seem,
No ill expedient to escape from them.
But Ulfin guides him to sage Astragon,
By the last raies of the descending Sun.

SCARCE on their duke their fears' kind fit was spent,
When strait a thick arm'd squadron clouds their sight;
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it ment
Without the Sun's slow leave, to bring in night.

This threatning squadron did consist of horse,
And by old Ulfin they were bravely led,
Whose mind was sound, nor wants his body force,
Though many winters' snow had cool'd his head.

The sad remainder who with Hubert went,
Did miss his reach, when they to Brescia turn'd,
And now (as if his haste destruction ment)
He chac'd these who the duke's spent valour mourn'd.

Whose posture being loose, their number few,
His scouts grew scornful as they forward come;
He makes his squadron halt, and neer he drew;
Then asks aloud, "What are you, and for whom?"

The noble Goltho (whose great deeds to day
Prevented manhood in his early youth)
Believ'd him Oswald's friend, yet scorn'd the way
To shelter life, behind abandon'd truth.

For he to Ulfin boldly thus reply'd;
"This second ambush findes us here in vain;
We have no treasure left that we would hide,
Since Gondibert is reckon'd with the slain.

"Duke Gondibert we vouch to be our lord,
To whose high vertue's sov'raignty we bow;
Oswald sunk low, as death, beneath his sword,
Though him superior fate will vanquish now."

Scarce empty eagles stooping to their prey,
Could be more swift than Ulfin to alight,
And come where Gondibert expiring lay;
Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

For scarce that rev'rence which a monarch draws,
Who seldome will be seen, though often sought;
Who spends his carefull age in making laws,
To rule those lands for which in youth he fought;

Nor that respect which people pay those kings,
Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made [wise,
Can equall this which aged Ulfin brings
The gentle duke, to whom he prostrate lies.

His eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe every wound;
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;
And when expence of spirits he had found,
To gain him air, his mourners he remov'd.

"Make way," said he, "and give experience room;
The confident of age, though youth's scorn'd guide; [come,
My wounds, though past, out-number yours to
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd."

His hilt's round pommel he did then unskrew,
And thence (which he from ancient precept wore)
In a small christall he a cordial drew,
That weary life could to her walks restore.

This care (amazing all it does delight)
His ruines, which so reverend appear,
With wonder not so much surprise their sight,
As a strange object now his troops draw near.

In whom such death and want of limbs they finde,
As each were lately call'd out of his tombe,
And left some members hastily behinde;
Or came when born abortive from the wombe.

Yet this defect of legs, or arms, or hands,
Did wondring valour not disturb, but please;
To see what divers weapons each commands [ease.
With art's hard shifts, till custome gave them

But the uncomely absence of an eye,
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)
Was that which wonder into horrour turn'd.

And Ulfin might be thought (when the rude wind
Lifting their curtains, left their ruines bare)
A formal antiquary, fondly kind
To statues, which he now drew out to aire.

The duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back
By cordials' pow'r) his wonder did increase
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,
Till thus old Ulfin made his wonder cease.

"Auspicious prince! recorded be this day,
And sung by priests of each ensuing age;
On which thou maist receive, and I may pay
Some debts of duty, as thy grandsire's page.

"That mighty chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,
Who our short scepter meant to stretch so far,
Till eastern kings might grieve theirs wanted length,
Whose maps scarce teach where all their subjects are.

"Full many stormy winters we have seen,
When mighty valour's heat was all our fire;
Else we in stupid frosts had fetter'd been,
By which soft sinews are congeal'd to wire.

"And many scorching summers we have felt,
Where death relieves all whom the sword invades;
And kindly thence (where we should toyling melt)
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

"For aid of action he obedience taught,
And silent patience for afflictions' cure;
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,
But said they conquer most, that most endure.

"The toyls of diligence as much approv'd
As valour's self, or th' arts her practise gaines;
The care of men, more than of glory lov'd;
Success rewarded, and succesles paines.

"To joyful victors quenching water sent,
Delightful wine to their lamenting slaves;
For feasts have more brave lives than famine spent,
And temp'rance more than trench or armour saves.

"Valour his mistriss, caution was his friend;
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;
The first made worth uneasie by her pride.

"He to submiss devotion more was giv'n
After a battel gain'd, then ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought.

"And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,
Till Heav'n's perpetual traveller had more
Than thirty journeys through the zodiack told,
I serv'd thy grandsire, whom I now adore.

"For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,
Call'd him where peacefully he rules a star;
Free'd from low elements' continu'd rage,
Which lastl ike monarchs' pow'r by needful war.

"Strait thy lamented father did succeed
To his high place, by Aribert's consent,
Our ensignes through remoter lands to lead:
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

"Till that black day on which the Hunns may boast
Their own defeate, and we our conquest hide;
For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,
Yet then thy brave victorious father dy'd.

"And I am stay'd unwillingly behind; [snare;
Not caught with wealth, life's most intangling
Though both my masters were in giving kinde,
As joyful victors after battel are."

Whilst thus this aged leader does express
His and their story whom this bounty feeds,
His hands the duke's worst order'd wounds undress
And gently binde; then strait he thus proceeds.

"West from those hills till you Cremona reach,
With an unmingled right I gather rent;
By their great gift who did such precepts teach
In giving, as their wealth is ne'er misspent.

"For as their plenteous pity fills my thought,
So their example was not read in vain;
A thousand, who for them in battel fought,
And now distress'd with maimes, I entertain:

"Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant
Pain them as if they gave with gowty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others' want;
But we alike enjoy, a like command.

"Most spaciously we dwell, where we possess
All sinless pleasures Nature did ordain;
And who that all may have, yet will have less,
Wiser than Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

"A sad resolve, which is a wise-man's vow,
From cities' noise, and courts' unpitty'd care
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow
I ere should take one league of distant ayre.

"But that alarms from each adjacent part
Which borders my abode, disturb'd my rest,
With dreadful newes that gracious Gondibert
By Oswald's faction was in fight opprest.

"Then it had given your wonder cause to last,
To see the vex'd mistakes this summons wrought
In all my maim'd domesticks, by their haste;
For some tie on the limbs which others sought.

"Just such mistakes audatious ethnicks say
Will happen, where the righteous busie are,
Through glad and earnest hast in the last day;
Whilst others slowly to their doom prepare.

"And this had anger, anger noise had bred,
And noise, the enemy of useful thought,
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,
But that our awfull camps had silence taught.

"Silence did mem'ry, mem'ry order make;
Order to each did his mist wood restore;
For some, who once were stedfast foot, mistake
And snatch those limbs which only horsemen wore.

"Like swift pursuers on Arabian horse,
These with their needfull instruments of hold
(Which give their strange adapted weapons force)
I mounted strait; five hundred fully told.

"These from the Lombards highly have deserv'd,
In conquests where thy father did command;
Whom they for science and affection serv'd;
And lost their limbs to gain our scepter land.

"Which yet are noble though unsightly signes,
That each in active courage much abounds;
And many a widow'd mother now repines,
They cannot show the men who gave those wounds.

"For dearly did the Hunns for honour pay,
When they deform'd them in a fatall fight;
Since though they strongly struggled for the day,
Yet all they got, was everlasting night,

"And Oswald's friends, were they not timely gone
(Though all the faction in one army were)
Should mourn this act against their gen'ral's son;
Who was to soldiers more than triumph dear.

"For these to conquest us'd, retreats dislike;
They beauty want, to others' beauty's cost;
With envious rage still at the face they strike;
And punish youth, for what in youth they lost."

Thus, though the duke's amazement be remov'd,
It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,
Who feeds those fighters whom his father lov'd;
A gratitude would vertue's self amaze.

"Thou art," said he (then melted whilst he spake)
"So ripe in what high Heav'n does dearly love,
That Heav'n's remorse for Earth we should mistake,
To think it will forbear thee long above.

"As if thy sent for soul already were
Upon her wings, so much I give thee gon;
And wish thee left in some successor here, [shown."
That might receive the kindness thou hast

Old Ulfin now (but meltingly as he)
T' inrich him, gives the jewell of his sight;
For strait, with fatherly authority,
He bids his son, young Ulfinor, alight!

"Take him," (said he) "whose duty I release;
In whom all Heav'n's rewards included are,
For all my justice in corrupted peace,
And for my mercy in revengefull war.

"The fruit Heav'n sent me by my loyall wife,
In age, the gloomy eve of endless night;
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's sight."

The duke with passion did this youth embrace;
Then lucky Goltho he call'd forth in view;
Who was this day in Fortune's special grace,
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

Him he with Ulfinor does strait unite;
Bids neither strive the other to precede,
Unless when danger doth them both invite,
But be, even in nice rivalship agreed.

Bids both their breasts be either's open book,
Where nought is writ too hard for sudden eyes;
But thought's plain text grows easie by a look:
Study breeds doubts, where reading should suffice.

But these to joyn, Nature no councel needs;
Whom sympathy, her secret priest does wed;
Much fam'd will be their loves, and martial deeds;
Which fill all books that are of Lombards read.

With gracious eyes, and body lowly bent,
The duke his father's rev'rend troops salutes;
To Bergamo he holds his first intent;
Which to oppose, old Ulfin thus disputes.

"Thou seest (my prince) the faint decayes of light;
How hastily the Sun's hot steeds begin
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight
Had newly spy'd their usuall western inn.

"Too farr is pleasant Bergamo from hence,
Since day has reach'd so neer his journey's end;
Day's strength and yours are at their last expence;
Do not whilst both are wasting, both misspend.

"You and your wounded must with Nature strive,
Till all (whose few houres' sway to day excels
Their elder foes' long reign in camps) arrive
Where Astragon the wise and wealthy dwells.

'Rich is that lord, and rich in learning's wealth;
Art flies his test, he all art's test endures;
Our cities send their sick to him for health,
Our camps the wounded for their certain cures.

"Though cautious Nature, check'd by destiny,
Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;
This fam'd philosopher is Nature's spie,
And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art."

The duke with vertue, (antiquated now)
Did rev'rence council, and to age did bend;
His first course altars, and does this allow;
Then Ulfin as their guide they all attend.

Soon they the pallace reach'd of Astragon;
Which had its beauty hid by envious night;
Whose cypress curtain drawn before the Sun
Seem'd to performe the obsequies of light.

Yet light's last rayes were not intirely spent;
For they discern'd their passage through a gate,
Whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament;
And ancients there in careful office sate.

Who by their weights and measures did record
Such num'rous burthens as were thither brought
From distant regions, to their learned lord;
On which his chymics and distillers wrought.

But now their common business they refrain,
When they observe a quiet sullenness
And bloody marks in such a civil train; [tress.
Which shew'd at once their worth and their dis-

The voice of Ulfin they with gladness knew,
Whom to this house long neighbourhood indear'd;
Approaching torches perfected their view,
And taught the way till Astragon appear'd.

Who soon did Ulfin cheerfully imbrace;
The visit's cause by whispers he receiv'd;
Which first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,
But being known with manly silence griev'd.

And then with gestures full of grave respect,
The duke he to his own apartment led;
To each distinct retirements did direct,
And all the wounded he ordain'd to bed.

Then thin digestive food he did provide,
More to enable fleeting strength to stay;
To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines apply'd,
And so prepar'd his rip'ning balsoms way.

Balm of the warriour's herbe, hypericon!
To warriours as in use, in form decreed;
For through the leaves transparent wounds are shown;
And rudely touch'd, the golden flower does bleed.

For sleep they juice of pale nymphæa took,
Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)
Near sleep's abode in the soft murm'ring brook:
This cools, the yellow flower restraines the blood:

And now the weary world's great med'cin, sleep,
This learned host dispenc'd to ev'ry guest;
Which shuts those wounds where injur'd lovers weep,
And flies oppressors to relieve th' opprest.

It loves the cotage, and from court abstains,
It stills the sea-man though the storm be high;
Frees the griev'd captive in his closest chaines,
Stops want's loud mouth, and blinds the treach'rous spie!

Kind sleep, night's welcome officer, does sease
All whom this house contains till day return;
And me, grief's chronicler, does gently ease,
Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

GONDIBERT.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Verona by the poet's pencil drawn;
Where Hurgonil did meet the early dawn:
Her wealth shown by each dweller's early'r care;
Which sown by others peace, she reap'd by war.
The slain, whose life her safety was and pride,
Are now in death their fun'ral rites deny'd.

Near to his evening region was the Sun,
When Hurgonil with his lamented load,
And faithful Tybalt their sad march begun
To fair Verona, where the court aboad.

They slowly rode till night's dominion ceast;
When infant morn (her scarce wak'd beames display'd)
With a scant face peep'd shylie through the east,
And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

But by increase of swift expansive light,
The lost horizon was apparent grown,
And many tow'rs salute at once their sight;
The distant glories of a royal town.

Verona, sprung from noble Vera's name;
Whom careless time (still scatt'ring old records
Where they are loosly gather'd up by fame)
Proclaimes the chief of ancient Tuscan lords.

Verona borders on that fatal plaine, [blood,
Whose barren thirst was quench'd with valiant
When the rough Cymbrians by fierce Marius slain,
Left hills of bodies where their ensignes stood.

So safely proud this town did now appear;
As if it but immortal dwellers lack'd;
As if Theodoric had ne'r been there,
Nor Attila her wealth and beauty sack'd.

Here Hurgonill might follow with his eye
(As with deep stream it through the city pass't)
The fruitfull and the frighted Adice,
Which thence from noise and nets to sea does haste.

And on her peopled bank they might behold
The toyles of conquest paid with works of pride;
The palace of king Agilulf the old,
Or monument, for ere 'twas built he dy'd.

To it that temple joynes, whose lofty head
The prospect of a swelling hill commands;
In whose coole wombe the city springs are bred:
On Dorique pillers this tall temple stands.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody Clephes built;
As if Heav'n's king so soft and easy were,
So meanly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,
That he would be a tyrant's tenant here.

And now they might arrest their wandring sight
With that which makes all other objects lost;
Makes Lombard greatness flat to Roman height,
And modern builders blush, that else would boast;

An amphytheater which was controll'd
Unheeded conquests of advancing age, [old,
Windes which have made the trembling world look
And the fierce tempests of the Gothick rage.

This great Flaminius did in youth erect,
Where cities sat to see whole armies play
Death's serious part: but this we may neglect,
To mark the bus'ness which begins with day.

As day new op'ning fills the hemisphear,
And all at once; so quickly ev'ry street
Does by an instant op'ning full appear,
When from their dwellings busy dwellers meet.

From wider gates oppressors sally there;
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow dore;
Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,
Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more,

And here the early lawyer mends his pace;
For whom the earlier client waited long;
Here greedy creditors their debtors chase,
Who scape by herding in th' indebted throng.

Th' advent'rous merchant whom a storm did wake,
(His ship's on Adriatic billowes tost)
Does hope of eastern winds from steeples take,
And hastens there a currier to the coast.

Here through a secret posterne issues out
The skar'd adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
Day, and the husband's spie alike does doubt,
And with a half hid face would hide his crime.

There from sick mirth neglected feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There anxious empty gamsters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

Here stooping lab'rers slowly moving are;
Beasts to the rich, whose strength grows rude with ease;
And would usurp, did not their rulers' care
With toile and tax their furious strength appease.

There th' aged walk, whose needless carefulness
Infects them past the mind's best med'cine, sleep;
There some to temples early vows address,
And for th' ore busie world most wisely weep.

To this vast inn, where tydes of strangers flow,
The morn and Hurgonil together came;
The morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

For Fame (whose journeys are through ways unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The morn and Hurgonil had much out-gone,
Whilst Truth mov'd patiently within behind.

For some the combat (to a battel grown)
Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,
As if their living to the dead were gone,
And only Fame did by her wings escape.

Some said this hunting falsely was design'd,
That by pretence both factions might prepare
Their armies to contest for Rhodalind;
The crown's chief jewel, and reward of warre,

And some report (so far they range from truth
Who for intelligence must follow fame)
That then from Bergamo th'incamped youth,
With Gondibert, to this dire hunting came.

And some, that Oswald had inlarg'd his traine
With the old troopes by his bold father led;
And that of these the nobler half were slain;
The rest were to their camp at Brescia fled.

And as dire thunder rowling o're Heaven's vault,
By murmure threatens, ere it kills alloud;
So was this fatall newes in whisper brought,
Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning croud.

But rumour soon to high extreames does move;
For first it Oswald nam'd with dreadful voice,
Then said that death had widow'd truth and love,
By making Gondibert the second choice.

And to all hearts so dear was Gondibert,
So much did pity Oswald's valour prise,
That strait their early bus'ness they desert,
And fix on wounded Hurgonil their eyes.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,
Through hidden wounds, whose blood his beauty stain'd,
Even from the temples, angels soon withdrew;
So sawcely th' afflicted there complain'd.

The people strait united clamour gave, [coast;
Shriek'd loud like sea-men split on a strange
As if those pow'rs were deaf who should them save,
And pray'rs no louder than the windes were lost.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare
Whom he so mournfully in fun'ral brought;
The publick losses of a private warr,
Who living, love, and dying, valour taught.

For he does Hugo and Arnoldo name;
"To these," (said he) "Verona cradles gave,
And since in forraign fields they rais'd her fame,
They challenge here, though much too soon, a grave.

"Bring sprinklings, lamps, and th' altar's precious breath;
All rites which priests have prudently devis'd;
Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death:
Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

"But though our loss we justly may complain;
Though even by priests' authority we grieve;
Yet Heav'n's first bounty, life, let none disdain,
Since Gondibert, our chief delight, does live."

This heard, as sea-men near a shore unknown,
Who their north guide lose in a stormy night,
His absence with distracted silence moan,
And loudly wellcome his return to sight:

So then their great conductor seem'd to be
Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,
With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,
But with new life wellcom'd his life again.

And now that cold remainder valour left
Of these whom love had lost, and fate forsook;
The two that were of all but fame bereft,
From Hurgonil the weeping people took.

Whilst of them both sad Hurgonil takes leave,
Till th' universal meeting faith provides,
The day when all shall publickly receive
Those bodies, death does not destroy, but hides,

Then to his palace he retires by stealth;
His wounds from his lov'd mistris to conceal;
On whose dear joys so much depends his health,
The wounds her tears should touch would never heal.

To the chief temple strait the people bear
The valiant rivals, who for love were slain;
Whom all the peacefull priests behold with fear,
And griev'd such guests they durst not entertain.

For soon the prior of their brotherhood
(Who long serv'd Heav'n with praise, the world with prayer)
Cry'd out, "This holy house is shut to blood,
To all that die in combat or despair.

"These by their bloody marks in combat di'd;
Through anger, the disease of beasts untam'd;
Whose wrath is hunger, but in men 'tis pride,
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

"Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;
Shou'd we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,
Our sainted dead would rise, and he remove.

"Well by his precepts may we punish strife;
Whose pity knew that famine, plague, and time,
Are enemies enough to humane life; [crime.
None need o'er-charge Death's quiver with a

"To unfrequented fields bear then your slain;
Where neither dirge nor requiem shall be giv'n;
To those who by usurp'd revenge disdain
To take from men, neglects they put on Heav'n."

But now the people's passions run too farr;
Their untaught love, artless extremes does wed;
Of times they like the past, and since they are
Oppprest still by the living, love the dead:

And now resolve these rivals shall not lose
The rites of sprinkling, incense, lights, and song:
Then, as the voice of all their minds, they choose
An orator, of rude, but ready tongue:

Who at the temple gate thus pleads aloud!
"We know, though priests are pensioners of Heav'n, [croud;
Your flock which yields best rent, is this dull
The learn'd examine why their fleece is giv'n.

"Though by the rich first shorn, to you they bear
A second tribute, and by zeal support
Temples, which kings for glory raise, and where
The rich for fame, the learn'd as spies resort.

"Temples are yours, not God's lov'd palaces;
Where off'rings make not his, but your own feasts;
Where you most wisely live, because at ease,
And entertain your founders as your guests:

"With ease you take, what we provide with care;
And we (who your legation must maintain)
Find all your tribe in the commission are;
And none but Heav'n could send so large a train.

"But being all ambassadors from thence,
The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,
Unless you please to treat at his expence
Who sent you; not at ours, where you are sent.

"The ancient laws liv'd in the people's voice;
Rites you from custom, not from canon draw;
They are but fashions of a graver choice,
Which yield to laws, and now our voice is law."

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,
(Who here with Hurgonil a mourner came)
And strait the peaceful fathers strives to gain,
And thus the people's orator reclaim.

"Most usefull fathers! some trace secret things
Even to his closet, who is hid in Heav'n;
Vainly as Nilus to his hidden springs,
And not enjoy, but censure what is given.

"You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,
To shew your solid science does rely
So on it self, as you no trial feare;
For arts are weak that are of scepticks shy.

"Though in your office humane safety lies,
Which op'ns that Hell the vicious vulgar feare,
Yet never can the people priesthood prise;
As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

"Not that your message, truth, they disesteem,
Or think it comes from any other way,
But that they taxes hate, and truth does seem
Brought as a tax, when they the bringers pay.

"Thus we to beasts fall from our noble kinde,
Making our pastur'd bodies all our care;
Allowing no subsistence to the minde;
For truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

"But if they fear (since daily you renew
Disputes) your oracles are doubtfull still
As those of old; yet more reward is due
To paines, where so uneasie is the skill.

"Or if no skill they think it, but suppose
'Tis faith (and faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height too high)
Yet faiths so sev'ral be, that few are those [fly.
Can choose right wings when they to Heav'n would

"Or if they think, faith humane help transcends,
And to your science is so strict a bound
As death to valour is, where daring ends;
And none are farthest in that progress found;

"Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,
'Tis safe by all the study'd guides to goe;
Least we in death, too late, the knowledge find
Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

"Your splendid pomp, by which your pow'r indures, [laws;
Though costly, costs much less than camps or
And more than both, religion us secures;
Since Hell (your prison) more than dying awes.

"For though the plain judge, conscience, makes no showe,
But silently to her dark session comes,
Not as red law does to arraignment goe,
Or warr to execution with loud drums;

"Though she on hills sets not her gibbets high,
Where frightful law sets hers; nor bloody seems
Like warr in colours spread, yet secretly
She does her work, and many men condems.

"Chokes in the seed, what law till ripe ne'r sees;
What law would punish, conscience can prevent;
And so the world from many mischiefs frees;
Known by her cures, as law by punishment.

"The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;
But their disputes have made your charter good;
As doubted tenures, which long pleadings trie,
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

"These chiefs, for whom we holy rites desire,
By well fought fields begot this citie's peace;
Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;
And oft our famines chang'd into excess.

"Their rites let not the people be deny'd,
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely sought;
Nor think they have in private combate dy'de,
Where Gondibert and mighty Oswald fought:

"Both princes of the Lombards' royal blood;
For whom full thrice three hunder'd number'd
Whose anger strove to make their anger good; [are,
Number gives strife th' authentick name of war."

This said, warr's cause these priests no more debate; [cide;
They knew, warr's justice none could ere de-
At that more specious name they open strait,
And sacred rites of fun'ral they provide.

How vain is custom, and how guilty pow'r?
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess;
Earth's partial laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fame's progress through Verona, when she brings
Ill news inlarg'd, as her extended wings.
The combat's cause shakes Aribert's great mind;
And the effect more conquers Rhodalind.
Meek Orna's fears, proud Gartha's bold disdain;
And Laura kindly dying for the slain.

To streets (the people's region) early Fame
First brought this grief, which all more tragick make;
And next, to the triumphant court she came,
Where prosp'rous pow'r sleeps long, though sutors wake;

But yet the early king (from childhood bred
To dangers, toyls, and courser wants of ware)
Rose up to rule, and left soft love in bed,
Could conquer lands and love, but stoopt to care.

Care, that in cloysters only seales her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fooles by not knowing her, out-live the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones.

Care, which king Aribert with conquest gain'd,
And is more sure to him than realms intail'd
Wak'd him to know why rumour thus complain'd,
Or who in battel bled, or who prevail'd?

Young Hurgonil (who does his wounds conceal,
Yet knew it did his dutious care import
That some just witness should his cause reveal)
Sent Tybalt to appease, and tast the court.

To that proud palace which once low did lie
In Parian quarries, now on columnes stands;
Ionique props that bear their arches high,
With ample treasure rais'd by Tuscan hands.

So vast of height, to which such space did fit
As if it were o're-syz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it;
And there walk free as windes that pass unseen.

The monarch's wealth this show'd in all the parts;
But his strong numerous guards denote him wise;
Who on the weather of his people's hearts,
For a short course, not voyages, relies.

Through many guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)
Tybalt did pass the first magnifick square;
And through ascents does enter to behold,
Where the state's head and eies assembled are.

There sat the king, on whose consid'rate brow
Sixty experienc'd sommers he discern'd,
Which made him ripe, and all of conduct know
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

Neer him the empire's strict surveyors sate;
Whose universal sight no object lose;
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;
Finde danger's seed, and choake it ere it grows.

He wealth, not birth, preferr'd to councel's place;
For councel is for use, not ornament;
Soules are alike, of rich and ancient race;
Though bodies claim distinctions by descent.

Here boyling youth, nor frozen age, can sit:
It would in subjects scorne of ruling breed,
If that great work should such small ayds admit,
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

Nature too oft by birthright does preferr
Less perfect monarchs to an anxious throne;
Yet more than her, courts by weak counc'lers err,
In adding cyphers where she made but one.

To this wise king, sage Tybalt did relate
The combat's cause, with truth's severe extent
Reveales that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;
For which such precious valour was misspent.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praise;
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;
And crowns the conquer'd with the victor's baies,
When manhood bids him do their valour right:

At last he counts the wounded and the slaine;
And how prince Hubert and the duke retir'd;
From nothing brave or great he did refraine,
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

This Arribert with outward patience heares,
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;
With mod'rate joy the death of Oswald beares;
Yet justly to extremes it inward wrought.

Tybalt he now with peaceful lookes discharg'd;
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)
He strait by liberty of tongue inlarg'd;
Which thus unto his councel he addrest.

"With what a difference Nature's pallat tasts
The sweetest draught which art provides her, pow'r:
Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish lasts
Whilst fuming new, for time does turn it sowre?

"Yet pow'r Earth's tempting fruit, Heav'n first did plant,
From man's first serpent safe, ambition's reach;
Else Eden could not serve ambition's want;
Whom no command can rule, nor councel teach.

" Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
The wise, and noble most intoxicate;
Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old;
Yet I by surfeit this elixer hate.

" I curst those wars that make my glory last;
For which the Tuscan widows curse me more;
The barren fields where I in arms did fast,
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

" Thou Hermegild, who art for valour crown'd,
For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;
And you whom councel has no less renown'd,
Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.

" Still I have fought, as if in beauty's sight,
Out-suffer'd patience, bred in captives breasts;
Taught fasts, till bodys like our souls grew light;
Outwatch'd the jealous, and outlabour'd beasts.

" These were my merits, my reward is pow'r;
An outward trifle, bought with inward peace;
Got in an age, and rifled in an how'r;
When feav'rish love, the people's fit, shall cease.

" For did not pow'r on their fraile love depend,
Prince Oswald had not treated with that love;
Whose glory did in hasty darkness end;
A sparke which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

" By scorne of dangers and of ease, he sought
The Lombards' hearts, my Rhodalind, and crowne;
And much his youth had by his practice wrought,
Had Gondibert not levell'd his renowne:

" Had Gondibert not staid the people's eies
(Whose vertue stept 'twixt Oswald and their sight)
Who knows but Rhodalind had bin his prise,
Or war must have secur'd paternal right?

" Sad and uneasie is a long kept throne;
Not that the people think long pow'r unjust;
But that for change, they wish best monarchs gone;
Fond change, the people's soon repented lust!

" I did advance (though with some jealous paine)
A forward vertue to my subjects' love;
Least one less temp'rate should their favour gaine;
Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

" To thee sage Hermegild my self I leave,
My fame and pow'r: thee action cannot waste;
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceive;
Slowness belate, nor hope drive on too faste.

" Think Hubert heir to Oswald's bold pretence;
To whom the camp at Brescia is inclin'd;
The duke at Bergamo will seek defence;
And these are seeds of war for Rhodalind."

This said, his councel he dismiss'd; who spy'd
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;
They durst but nicely search, what he would hide;
Least they inflame the wound that else might heal.

They haste to sev'ral cares: some to allay
Court's hectick feaver, faction (which does rain
Where luxury, the syre of want, does sway)
Some to appease th' alliance of the slain.

But order now bids us again persue
Th' unweary'd motion of unhappy Fame;
From fields to streets, from streets to court she flew;
Where first she to the king's appartment came.

Thence through the palace she her wings did air;
And as her wings, her tongue too never ceas'd;
Like restless swallows in an evening fair:
At last does on a peaceful dwelling rest.

Where sleep does yet that gentle sex possesse,
Who ne'er should more of care's rude wakings know,
But what may help sad lovers to successe; [slow.
Or imp Love's wings when they are found too

There lovers seek the royal Rhodalind;
Whose secret brest was sick for Gondibert;
And Orna, who had more in publick pin'd
For Hurgonil, the monarch of her heart.

And there the killing Laura did reside;
She of whose eies the Lombard youth complain;
Yet often she for noble Arnold di'd;
And knew not now, her murderer was slain.

Nor Hugo, who was all with love indu'd;
Whom still with teares the Lombard ladies name;
Esteeming modern lovers false, and rude,
And poets falser when they sing their fame.

These beauties (who could soften tyrant kings)
Sleep now conceal'd within their curtains' shade;
Till rudely Fame, by shaking lowd her wings,
Disturb'd their eies, and their wak'd hearts dismay'd.

They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,
A tale too dismal to be understood;
That all their lovers lay in hallow'd ground;
Temples their bodies hid, the fields their blood.

That this dire morn to sad Verona brought
The duke and Oswald, of lov'd life depriv'd;
And that of all who their fierce batail fought,
Onely the mangled Hurgonil surviv'd.

This tale, Fame's course, officious friends convay'd,
(Which are attendant slaves, and palace grooms)
Who by the lover of some busie may'd,
From outward courts sent it to inward rooms.

Such horrour brought, where love had onely us'd,
Did yet breed more amazement than belief:
Whilst Orna now, and Laura fly confus'd,
To Rhodalind, truth's altar, for relief.

There with disorder'd voices they compare,
And then derive what each has loosly learn'd;
Each hope applies, where others most despaire;
As doubting all but where her self's concern'd.

This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,
When Tybalt, free from Aribert's commands,
Scapes the assembling court's inquiring throng,
And enters here; where first he doubtful stands.

For pitty, when he ruin'd Laura spi'de,
Bids his discretion artfully complain;
And shew far off, what truth not long can hide:
Death at a distance seen, may ease fear's pain.

Their bus'ness now he can no more forbear;
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?
He therefore thus their patience did assail.

" Kinde Heav'n, that gave you vertue, give you peace;
Delightful as your beauties, be your mindes;
Still may your lovers your renown increase,
Though he who honour seeks, first danger findes!

"Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,
When beauty was chaste honour's merchandise;
When valour was chief factor in love's state;
Danger, love's stamp, and beautie's currant price.

"Renown'd be Oswald, who in high relief
Of Rhodalind, her love with danger sought;
In love's records be Gondibert the chief,
Who for her right, not for his own has fought.

"Though these for mighty mindes deserve Fame's voice;
Yet Orna needs must boast of Hurgonil;
Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,
And might alone Fame's publick trumpet fill.

"Enlarg'd be honour's throne, that Arnold there
And Hugo may for ever sit and rest,
Free from their valour's toyle, and Laura's feare;
Which more than wounds disorder'd either's breast."

This said, he paws'd; findes each distrusts his art;
For hope and doubt came and return'd apace,
In chang'd complexion from th' uncertain heart,
Like frighted scowtes for tidings to the face.

His eye seem'd most imploy'd on Rhodalind;
Whose love above her bashful caution sways;
For naming Gondibert, he soon did finde,
Her secret soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,
And that as oracles, the future taught,
He hid truth's face, and darkened what was past;
Thus truth through all her mourning vailes she sought.

"Why in these ladies do you lengthen paine,
By giving them grief's common med'cin, doubt?
Ease those with death whose lovers now are slaine;
Life's fire a feaver is, when love's is out.

"Yet think not that my cares peculiar are;
Perhaps I from religious pitty learn'd,
In vertu's publick loss to take some share;
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd."

"Your prudence, royal maid (he strait replies)
More than your birth, may claim the Lombards' [crown
Whoe're in conquest of your favour dies;
For short life's loss shall find a long renowne.

"Then happy Oswald, who is sure to gaine,
Even by ambition that undoes the wise;
Great was th' attempt for which he's nobly slaine;
And gets him praise, though he has mist the prise.

"But happier Gondibert, who does survive
To begg your mercy, that he thus had dar'd
To own that cause, for which the world might strive; [ward.
And conqu'ring, takes his wounds for his re-

"Be Hurgonil long distant from his grave,
Whose life was so important in this cause;
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,
And lives t' enjoy the pleasure of applause.

"To say, how Hugo and lord Arnold strove
For victorie, and mention their event,
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for love,
As death would be close mourner, and repent."

Now Laura's blood back to her liver fled; [throne,
True beautie's mint: For by her heart, love's
Beautie's call'd in, like coyn when kings are dead;
As if not currant now her lover's gone.

And like her beauty, she had darkened life,
But that with sprinckled water they restore
(By sodain cold, with sodain heat at strife)
Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

She Arnold calls, then lost that name againe;
Which Rhodalind, and Orna's teares bemone,
Who carefully would her spent strength sustaine,
Though hope has scarcely yet brought back their owne:

Now they her temples chaf'd, and strait prepare
Hot eastern fumes to reach her brains' cool'd sence;
With wine's fierce spirits these extracted are,
Which warme but slowly, though of swift expense.

Yet now again she breath'd lord Arnold's name;
Which her apt tongue through custom best ex-
Then to stay life, that so unwilling came, [prest;
With cordial epithems they bath'd her breast.

Th' attendant maids, by Tybalt's ready ayde,
To stop her mourners teares, convey her now
Where she may ease in her own curtain's shade
Her weary heart, and grief more tongue allow.

No sooner thus was pity'd Laura gon,
But Oswald's sister, Gartha the renown'd!
Enters, as if the world were overthrown,
Or in the teares of the afflicted drown'd.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her minde;
Which wanted not a spark of Oswald's fire;
Ambition lov'd, but ne'r to love was kinde;
Vex'd thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

Her garments now in loose neglect she wore,
As suted to her wilde dishevel'd haire;
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,
Yet ask, why art's nice dress was absent there?

But soon they found what made this change appear;
For meeting truth, which slowly follows Fame,
Rage would not give her leasure for a teare
To quench (ere thus she spake) her passion's flame.

"Blasted be all your beauties Rhodalind,
Till you a shame, and terrour be to light;
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,
Who with your looks poyson'd my brother's sight!

"Low and neglected be your father's throne,
Which like your beauty, Oswald did o're-rate;
Let luckless war take lands from his light crown,
Till those high cares he want that gave it weight!

"Let pow'r's consumption be his long disease,
Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild monarchs tame
And be he forc'd, in froward age to please
His favour's monster, who devoures his fame.

"May you soon feel (though secret in your love,
As if your love were sin) the publick scorn!
May Gondibert, who is your glory, move
Your pittie, when none else but you shall mourn!

"To the dark inne (where weary valour, free
From thankless dangers rests) brave Oswald's gone!
But Hubert may, though vanquish'd, live to see
Your victor with his victory undone!"

This said, she mounts (with a tempestious brow)
The charriot her Calabrian coursers drew;
Lifted by slaves, (who still about her bow)
As if with wings of swift revenge she flew.

To Brescia's camp her course she had design'd,
And bids her char'ioteer drive swiftly on,
As if his steeds were dieted with winde!
Slow seems their speed whose thoughts before them run.

The pav'd streets kindle with her chariot wheeles;
The omen of war's fire the city spies, [heels,
Which with those sparks struck by her coursers'
Shine not so much as rage does in her eies.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,
With a dejected melancholy mourn;
She seem'd their citie's genius as she pass'd,
Who by their sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

The gentle ladies she has left in tears,
Who no example need, nor cause to melt;
For soon even grief's alarms, our foremost fears,
Kill those whose pain by love's quick sence is felt.

And Rhodalind her fatal love does blame,
Because she finds it now by Gartha spy'd;
And does lament love's fire, which bashful shame
Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

She would not have it waste, nor publick grow,
But last conceal'd like that in Tullia's urne;
Or that which prosp'rous chymists nicely show,
Which, as it thrives, must more in private burn.

Yet strait (grown valiant with her victor's fate)
She would have Hymen hold his torches high;
And love's fire pris'd, as vestals theirs did rate,
Which none durst quench, tho' free to ev'ry eye.

Resolves her love, whilst this new valour lasts,
Shall undisguis'd her father's sight endure;
And Orna now to her dear lover hastes,
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,
Why Tybalt (of his usual pitty void)
To such sought eares these direful sorrows brought,
Since to the king he onely was imploy'd?

But these are ridles of misterious love!
Tybalt in private long for Laura pin'd;
And try'd how Arnold would her passion move
In death, who living ever fill'd her minde.

And by this trial how she Arnold us'd,
He wisely ment to urge or stay his heart;
But much by love the cautious are abus'd,
Who his wilde ridles would reduce to art.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dead Oswald to his camp by Hubert brought;
The camp, from pity, are to fury wrought;
Yet finde, when Gartha's looks does them surprise,
Their forward hands diverted by their eies:
Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds persue,
Which even revenge would, had it eies, eschew.

When from the fatal forrest Hubert rod
To Brescia, he and Borgio bent their way,
That their tho' dead, yet much important load,
They might with horrour to the camp convay.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought!
Revenge, which, even when just, the wise deride;
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,
Which scarce against the future can provide.

But Fame before him came where those are bred
Who to her dismal tales faint credit give;
Who could not think their mighty Oswald dead,
Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

Nor could Fame hope to make this camp her seate;
Her tales, the talking, idle, fearful, heare;
But these are silent as in stolne retreate,
Busie as life, and like the dead past feare.

Neer Mela's flowry banke this army lay,
Which Oswald's syre and Oswald oft had led
Against the Vandales' king: and twice the day
They gain'd, whilst he from them and empire fled.

From youth expos'd, like cattle in the field,
And not taught warmth, as city infants are;
But colds and fasts, to kill or to be kill'd,
Like th' elements their birth began with warre.

So rev'rend now and strong in age appeare,
As if maintain'd by more than humane breath;
So grave, as if the councellors they were,
Not executioners of tyrant Death.

With silence (order's help, and marke of care)
They chide that noise which heedless youth affect;
Still course for use, for health they cleanly weare,
And, save in well fix'd armes, all niceness chek'd.

They thought, those that unarm'd expos'd fraile
But naked Nature valiantly betrai'd; [life,
Who was, tho' naked, safe, till pride made strife,
But made defence must use, now danger's made.

And those who toyle of armour cannot byde,
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom finde;
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly
The body weak by softness of the minde. [try'd)

They seem'd so calme, and with their age so grave,
So just and civil in their killing trade,
As if all life were crime but what they save,
Or murder were by method lawful made.

Yet now that manhood which those victors makes,
(So weak is man, where most he may be prowd)
Pity, the tender'st of affections, shakes,
And they become from order, loose and lowd.

For when they saw the brother of their chief
Led to their camp by a defeated traine,
They soon to late scorn'd rumour gave beliefe,
And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald slaine.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,
In a slow chariot brought, with fun'ral pace,
Themselves in an united croud they draw,
And give to grief one universal face.

Wonder (which growes unactive by excesse)
A while did their unruly passion stay;
The object lasting, made their wonder lesse,
Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

Yet first their grief (which manhood should restraine)
They vent in women's sighs, with teares allay'd,
As if those women taught them to complaine,
Who by their swords are weeping widows made.

As icy rockes, which frost together binde,
Stand silent, till as silently they melt.
But when they meet in currents unconfin'd,
Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt:

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly [tears,
In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet
And sighs meet sighs, from every breast and eie)
Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand
Their gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause
Till anger may be guided by command,
And vain to ask of cureless death the cause.

Some would to Bergamo their ensignes bear,
Against those youth which Gondibert had led;
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,
T' appease the living, and revenge the dead.

And some (to show their rage more eminent)
Would to Verona march, and there do deeds
Should make the shining court in blacks lament,
And weep whilst the victorious faction bleeds.

Hubert (who saw revenge advance so faste,
Whilst prudence, slower pac'd, was left behinde)
Would keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste,
Because the rash fall oftner than the blinde.

He first their melting pitty kindly prais'd,
Which water'd anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;
That like to meteors lasts by being rais'd,
But when it first does sink, does strait expire.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays
May keep the temp'rate chymick's equal heat;
That they in fury might not need allays,
Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,
And make the hopeful morn their guide; whilst grief
(Which high revenge as tameness should disdain)
Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

He Vasco, Paradine, and Dargonet,
With Oswald, to the red pavilion sent,
(Death's equal pris'ners now for Nature's debt)
And then retires with Borgio to his tent.

This is the night the Bresciens so bemoan'd,
Who left their beds, and on their walls appear'd,
As if th' oppressed world in earthquakes groan'd,
Or that some ruin'd nation's sighs they heard;

Admir'd what in that camp such griefs could raise,
Where serious death so oft had been abus'd,
When ev'n their sportive fencers' monthly plays
Profan'd that shape, which states for terrour us'd.

Yet this lowd mourning will no wonder breed,
When we with life lay Oswald's errours by,
And use him as the living use the dead,
Who first allow men vertue when they dy.

Still lib'ral of his life, of wealth as free,
By which he chief in fighting crowds became,
Who must their leaders' valours often see,
And follow them for bounty more than fame.

This gen'ral mourning was to lowdness rais'd,
By showing gifts he gave, and wounds he took;
They chid at last his life which they had prais'd,
Because such vertue it so soon forsook.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away!
And they the morne's officious usher spy,
The close attendant on the lord of day,
Who shows the warmer of the world is nigh.

And now the drums, the camp's low thunder, make
War's thick united noise from ev'ry guard;
Tho' they reveillees scorn, whom grief does wake,
Who think, sleep, Nature's curse, not toyls reward.

All night proud Borgio, (chief in Hubert's trust)
With haughty hopes, the camp does waking [keep
Ambition is more vigilant than lust,
And in hope's feaver is too hot to sleep.

Now day and Hubert haste to publick view;
His wounds (unlucky more than dangerous)
Are so refresh'd, that he the army drew
To a wide grosse, and urg'd their anger thus:

"Friends to my father! in whose wounds I see
The envy'd merit whence his triumphs came;
And fathers to my brother, and to me,
For onely you adopted us to Fame!

"Forgive me, that I there have feebly fought,
Where Oswald in your cause did nobly strive;
Whence of his blood these veines so much have brought,
As makes me blush that I am still alive!

"Your valiant youth is gone, whom you have bred
From milkie childhood to the years of blood!
By whom you joy'd so often to be led, [stood!
Where firme as now your trophys, then you

"Gon is he now, who still with low regard
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beauty kist;
Knew age was of your temp'rance the reward,
And courts in beauty by your skarrs subsist.

"Yet was he not for mean pretensions slaine,
Who for your inter'st not his own has fought;
Vex'd that the empire, which your wounds did gaine,
Was by a young unwounded army sought!

"For Gondibert (to whom the court must bow,
Now war is with your fav'rite overthrowne)
Will, by his camp of boys at Bergamo,
Wed her, who to your valour owes the crowne.

"Blame not your chief for his ambitious fire,
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood
He might the empire in your right require;
A scant reward for your exhausted blood."

Thus Hubert spake; but now so fierce they grow,
That Borgio strove to quench whom Hubert warm'd:
"To Bergamo!" they cry'd, "to Bergamo!"
And as they soon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

For to distinct and spacious tents they hie,
Where, quick as vests of Persia shifted are,
Their arms (which there in cleanly order lie)
They take from moving wardrobes of the warre.

Arm'd soon as porquepines! as if, like those,
Their very rage them with defence supplies;
As borne with it, and must have winged foes
That stoop from Heav'n to harme them by surprise.

With ensignes now display'd, their force they draw
To hasty order, and begin to move;
But are amus'd by something that they saw,
Which look'd like all that ere they heard of love.

Unusual to their camp such objects were,
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;
For it appeas'd them by approaching neer,
And satisfi'd their eies in all they sought.

And this was Gartha, in her chariot drawn,
Who, through the swarthy region of the night,
Drove from the court; and as a second dawn
Breaks on them, like the morne's reserve of light.

Thro' all the camp she moves with fun'ral pace,
And still bowes meekly down to all she saw;
Her grief gave speaking beauty to her face,
Which lowly look'd, that it might pitty draw.

When by her slaves her name they understood,
Her lines of feature heedfully they view;
In her complexion track their gen'ral's blood,
And find her more, than what by fame they knew.

They humbly her to that pavilion guide,
Where Hubert his bold chiefs with fury fir'd;
But his ambition, when he Gartha spy'd,
(To give his sorrow place) a while retir'd.

With his respectful help she does descend,
Where they with dear imbraces mingle tears,
But now her male revenge would grief suspend;
Revenge, thro' grief, too feminine appears.

But when her dear allies, dead Paradine
And Dargonet, she saw, that manlinesse,
Which her weak sex assum'd, she does decline,
As bred too soft, to mannage grief's excesse.

Then soon return'd, as loath to show her eies
No more of Oswald than she must forsake;
But sorrow's moisture heat of anger dries;
And, mounted in her chariot, thus she spake:

"If you are those of whom I oft have heard
My father boast, and that of Oswald bred;
Ah! where is now that rage our tyrant fear'd,
Whose darling is alive, tho' yours be dead?

"The court shines out at Rhodalind's commands,
To me (your drooping flowre) no beam can spare;
Where Oswald's name, new planted by your hands,
Withers, as if it lost the planter's care.

"From Rhodalind I thus disorder'd flie,
Least she should say, 'Thy fate unpity'd comes!
Goe sing, where now thy father's fighters lie,
Thy brother's requiem, to their conqu'ring drums!

"'The happy fields by those brave warriours fought,
(Which, from the dictates of thy aged syre,
Oswald in high victorious numbers wrot)
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd lyre!'

"Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky vertue throws,
When courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;
Who your authentick age despise for those,
Who are to you but infants of the warre."

Thus tho' she spake, her looks did more persuade;
Like vertuous anger did her colour rise,
As if th' injurious world it would invade,
Whilst tears of rage, not pitty, drown her eies.

The Sun did thus to threatned Nature show
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;
When clouds of floods did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

And so she turn'd her face, not as to grieve
At ruine, but to lisence what she rais'd;
Whilst they (like common throngs) all tongues believe,
When courts are tax'd, but none when they are prais'd.

Like comets, courts afflict the vulgar eie;
And when they largest in their glory blaze,
People, through ignorance, think plagues are nie,
And, till they waste, with mourning wonder gaze.

These scorn the court's dissertion of their age;
The active, ease impos'd, like pain endure;
For though calm rest does age's pains asswage,
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

To Heav'n they lift their looks! whose Sun ne'r saw
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;
Their shining swords all at an instant draw,
And bad him judge next day if they were old!

And of Verona wish'd him take his leave,
Which, ere his third return, they will destroy,
Till none shall guess by ruines where to grieve,
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all
Alow'd, "Verona!" cry, "Verona must"
(That reach'd the clouds) "low as her quarries fall!"
The court they'll bury in the citie's dust.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Oswald's camp arrives wise Hermegild,
Whose presence does a new diversion yield:
In council he reveals his secret breast;
Would mingle love with empire's interest:
From rash revenge, to peace the camp invites,
Who Oswald's fun'ral grace with Roman rites.

In this distemper, whilst the humours strive
T' assemble, they again diverted are;
For tow'rds their trenches twenty chariots drive,
Swiftly as Syrians when they charge in warre.

They Hermegild with court attendants spy'd,
Whose haste to Hubert does advice intend,
To warn him, that just Fate can ne'r provide
For rash beginnings a succesful end.

But Fate for Hermegild provided well;
This story else (which him the wise does call)
Would here his private ruine sadly tell,
In hastning to prevent the publick fall.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,
His undistinguish'd limbs scatter'd unknown,
As is the dust of victors long since dead,
Which here and there by every wind is blown.

Such was their rage, when on Verona's way
(With his rich trayn) they saw from court he came;
Till some did their impetuous fury stay,
And gave his life protection for his fame:

Told them his valour had been long allow'd;
That much the Lombards to his conduct ow;
And this preserv'd him, for the very crowd
Felt honour here, and did to valour bow.

Vain wrath! deform'd, unquiet child of pride!
Which in a few the people madness call;
But when by number they grew dignify'd,
What's rage in some is liberty in all.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,
He, like authentick pow'r, does boldly pass;
And, with a quiet and experienc'd eye,
Thro' Death's foul vizard does despise his face.

At Hubert's tent he lights, where Hubert now
With Gartha of this torrent does advise;
Which he believes does at the highest flow,
And must, like tides, sink when it cannot rise.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove
(Though to his master and the court perverse)
To show him all the civil signes of love.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew,
Nor in calm councels was he less renown'd;
And held him now to Oswald's faction true,
As by his love, the world's first tenure, bound.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,
When man's meridian tow'rds his evening turnes)
Makes, against Nature's law, love's charter good,
And as in raging youth for Gartha burnes.

Who did his sute not only disapprove,
Because the summer of his life was past,
And she fresh blown; but that even highest love
Grows tasteless to ambition's higher taste.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,
With nice ambition nicer love complies;
And she (since to revenge he usefull was)
Perswades his hope with rhet'rique of her eyes.

A closse division of the tent they strait
By outward guards secure from all resort;
Then Hermegild does thus the cause relate,
Which to the camp dispatch'd him from the court:

" Important prince! who justly dost succeed
To Oswald's hopes, and all my loyal aide;
Vertue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,
As love in me, since wounded by that maide.

" Long have I sayl'd thro' Time's vexatious sea,
And first set out with all that youth is worth;
The tropicks pass'd of blood's hot bravery,
With all the sailes, gay flags, and streamers forth!

" But as, in hotter voyages, ships most
Weare out their trim, yet then they chiefly gain,
By inward stowage, what is outward lost;
So men, decays of youth, repaire in brain.

" If I experience boast when youth decayes,
Such vanity may Gartha's pity move,
Since so I seek your service by self praise,
Rather than seem unusefull where I love.

" And never will I, (though by time supply'd
With such discretion as does man improve)
To show discretion, wiser Nature hide,
By seeming now asham'd to say I love.

" For Love his pow'r has in gray senates shown,
Where he, as to green courts, does freely come;
And tho' loud youth his visits makes more known,
With graver age he's privately at home.

" Scarce Greece, or greater Rome, a victor showes,
Whom more victorious love did not subdue;
Then blame not me, who am so weak to those,
Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that ere they knew.

" Hope (love's first food) I ne'er till now did know,
Which love as yet but temp'rately devours;
And claimes not love for love, since Gartha so
For autumn leaves should barter summer flowers.

" I dare not vainly wish her to be kinde,
Till for her love my arts and pow'r bestow
The crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhodalind,
Which yet for Gartha is a price too low."

This said, he paws'd; and now the hectick heate
Of Oswald's blood doubled their pulses' pace;
Which high, as if they would be heard, did beate,
And hot ambition shin'd in either's face.

For Hermegild they knew could much outdoe
His words, and did possess great Aribert,
Not in the court's cheap glass of outward showe,
But by a study'd tenure of the heart.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,
Hubert on Gartha looks with suing eyes
For Hermegild, whose love she will endure,
And made ambition yield what youth denies.

Yet in this bargain of her self she knowes
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,
Bids Hubert, as the twins of his, dispose
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,
As the unclouded evening's face adorn;
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,
Since such an evening bodes a happy morn.

Now Hermegild by vowes does Hubert binde,
(Vowes by their fate in Lombard story known)
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodalind,
And Aribert his tenant to the crown.

He bids him now the army's rage allay:
" By rage" (said he) " only they masters are
Of those they choose, when temp'rate, to obey:
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

" We are the people's pilots, they our winds,
To change by nature prone; but art laveers,
And rules them till they rise with stormy mindes,
Then art with danger against nature steers.

" Where calms have first amus'd, storms most prevail;
Close first with calms the court's suspitious eyes,
That whilst, with all their trim, they sleeping sail,
A sudden gust may wrack them with surprise.

" Your army will (though high in all esteem
That ever rev'renc'd age to action gave)
But a small party to Verona seem,
Which yearly to such numbers yields a grave.

" Nor is our vast metropolis like those
Tame towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;
But Death deform'd in all his dangers knows,
Dangers which he, like frightful vizards, wears.

" From many camps, who forraign winters felt,
Verona has her conqu'ring dwellers ta'ne;
In war's great trade, with richest nations delt,
And did their gold and fame with iron gain.

" Yet to the mighty Aribert it bowes;
A king out-doing all the Lombard line!
Whose court (in iron clad) by courseness showes
A growing pow'r, which fades when courts grow fine.

" Scorn not the youthful camp at Bergamo,
For they are victors, tho' in years but young;
The war does them, they it by action know,
And have obedient minds in bodies strong.

" Be slow, and stay for aides, which haste forsakes!
For though occasion still does sloth out-goe,
The rash, who run from help, she ne'r o'ertakes,
Whose haste thinks time, the post of Nature, slow.

" This is a cause which our ambition fills;
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,
In vain like giants, who did heave at hills;
'Tis too unwildly for the force of haste.

" A cause for graver mindes that learned are
In mistick man; a cause which we must gain
By surer methods than depend on warre;
And respite valor, to imploy the brain.

" In the king's scale your merits are too light;
Who with the duke, weighs his own partial heart:
Make then the gift of empire publick right,
And get in Rhodalind the people's part.

" But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
If we oppose, we make our voyage long;
Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;
And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

" Then to the people sue, but hide your force;
For they believe the strong are still unjust;
Never to armed sutors yield remorse;
And where they see the power, the right distrust.

" Assault their pity as their weakest part;
Which the first plaintiff never failes to move;
They search but in the face to finde the heart;
And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

" And to prepare their pity, Gartha now
Should in her sorrows' height with me return;
For since their eyes at all distresses flow,
How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

" Much such a pledge of peace will with the king
(Urg'd by my int'rest here) my pow'r improve;
And much my power will to your int'rest bring,
If from the watchful court you hide my love.

" If Gartha deignes to love, our love must grow
Unseen, like mandrakes wedded under ground;
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know
The king's new depths, which length of trust may sound!"

Thus Hermegild his study'd thoughts declar'd;
Whilst Hubert (who believ'd discover'd love
A solid pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd
To stay the camp, so furious to remove.

And now their rage (by correspondence spred)
Borgio allays, that else like sparks of fire
(Which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes
Down Heav'n's steep hill, to his Atlantick bath;
Where he refreshes till his feaver wastes.

With his (by Borgio's help) their heat declin'd;
So soon lov'd eloquence does throngs subdue;
The common mistress to each private minde;
Painted and dress'd to all, to no man true.

To court his Gartha, Hermegild attends;
And with old lovers' vaine poetick eyes,
Markes how her beauty, when the Sun descends,
His pitty'd evening poverty supplies.

The army now to neighb'ring Brescia bear,
With dismal pomp, the slain. In hallow'd ground
They Paradine, and Dargonet interr;
And Vasco much in painful war renoun'd.

To Oswald (whose illustrious Roman minde
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)
Hubert these Roman fun'ral rites assign'd;
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

Thrice is his body clean by bathing made;
And when with victor's oyle anointed o're,
'Tis in the pallace gate devoutly layd'e,
Clad in that vest which he in battel wore.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,
The palace seems all hid in cypress boughs;
From ancient lore, of man's mortality
The type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire, [rests;
Cryes out, " Here greatness, tir'd with honour,
Come, see what bodies are, when souls retire;
And visit Death, ere you become his guests!"

Now on a purple bed the corps they raise;
Whilst trumpets summon all the common quire
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;
And then move slowly tow'rds the fun'ral fire!

They beare before him spoiles they gain'd in warre;
And his great ancestors in sculpture wrought;
And now arrive, where Hubert does declare
How oft, and well, he for the Lombards fought.

Here, in an altar's form, a pile is made
Of unctious firr, and sleepers fatal ewe;
On which the body is by mourners laid,
Who their sweet gummes (their last kind tribute) threw.

Hubert his arme, westward, aversly stretch'd;
Whilst to the hopefull East his eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd torch the pyle he reach'd;
Which seen, they all with utmost clamour mourn'd.

Whil'st full the flame aspires, " Oswald," (they cry)
" Farewell! we follow swiftly as the houres!
For with time's wings, towards death, even cripples flie!"
This said, the hungry flame its food devoures.

Now priests with wine the ashes quench, and hide
The rev'rene'd reliques in a marble urne.
The old dismissive Ilicet is cry'd
By the town voice, and all to feasts returne.

Thus urnes may bodies show; but the fled minde
The learn'd seek vainly, for whose quest we pay,
With such success as cousen'd shepheards finde,
Who seek to wizards when their cattel stray.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The house of Astragon; where in distress
Of Nature, Gondibert for Art's redress [strife,
Was by old Ulfin brought: where Art's hard
In studying Nature for the aid of life,
Is by full wealth and conduct easie made;
And Truth much visited, though in her shade.

From Brescia swiftly o're the bord'ring plain,
Return we to the house of Astragon;
Where Gondibert, and his successfull train,
Kindly lament the victory they won.

But though I Fame's great book shall open now,
Expect a while, till she that decad reads,
Which does this duke's eternal story show,
And aged Ulfin cites for special deeds.

Where friendship is renown'd in Ulfinore;
Where th' ancient musick of delightful verse,
Does it no less in Goltho's breast adore,
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.

These weary victors the descending Sun
Led hither, where swift night did them surprise;
And where, for valiant toiles, wise Astragon,
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their eyes.

When to the needy world day did appear,
And freely op'd her treasury of light,
His house (where Art and Nature tennants were)
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their sight.

Where Ulfin (who an old domestick seems,
And rules as master in the owner's breast)
Leads Goltho to admire what he esteems;
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.

" Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,
As does th' unwearied planets imitate;
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create.

" Those heights, which else dwarf life could never reach,
Here, by the wings of diligence they climbe;
Truth (skar'd with terms from canting schools) they teach;
And buy it with they best sav'd treasure, time,

" Here all men seem recov'rers of time past;
As busie as intentive emmets are;
As alarm'd armies that intrench in haste,
Or cities, whom unlook'd-for sieges skare.

" Much it delights the wise observer's eye,
That all these toiles direct to sev'ral skills;
Some from the mine to the hot furnace hie,
And some from flowry fields to weeping stills.

" The first to hopefull chymicks matter bring,
Where med'cine they extract for instant cure;
These bear the sweeter burthens of the spring;
Whose vertues (longer known) though slow, are sure.

" See there wet divers from Fossone sent!
Who of the sea's deep dwellers knowledge give;
Which (more unquiet than their element)
By hungry war, upon each other live.

" Pearl to their lord, and cordial coral these
Present; which must in sharpest liquids melt;
He with nigella cures that dull disease
They get, who long with stupid fish have dwelt.

" Others through quarries dig, deeply below
Where desart rivers, cold, and private run;
Where bodies' conservation best they know,
And mines' long growth, and how their veines begun."

He showes them now tow'rs of prodigious height,
Where Nature's friends, philosophers remain
To censure meteors in their cause and flight,
And watch the wind's authority on rain.

Others with optick tubes the Moon's scant face
(Vaste tubes, which like long cedars mounted [lie)
Attract through glasses to so near a space,
As if they came not to survey, but pric.

Nine hasty centuries are now fulfill'd,
Since opticks first were known to Astragon;
By whom the moderns are become so skill'd,
They dream of seeing to the maker's throne.

And wisely Astragon, thus busie grew,
To seek the stars' remote societies;
And judge the walks of th' old, by finding new;
For Nature's law, in correspondence lies.

Man's pride (grown to religion) he abates,
By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think fix'd;
Think all to it, and it to none relates;
With others motion scorn to have it mix'd;

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still
Whilst other orbes dance on; or else think all
Those vaste bright globes (to show God's needless skill)
Were made but to attend our little ball.

Now near a sever'd building they discern'd
(Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)
A throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,
They came from toyles which their own choice desir'd:

This they approach, and as they enter it
Their eyes were stay'd, by reading o'er the gate,
GREAT NATURE'S OFFICE, in large letters writ;
And next, they mark'd who there in office sate.

Old busie men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;
Hasty to know, though not by haste beguil'd;
These fitly, Nature'sRegisters were nam'd;
The throng were their Intelligencers stil'd:

Who stop by snares, and by their chase o'retake
All hidden beasts the closer forrest yields;
All that by secret sence their rescue make,
Or trust their force, or swiftness in the fields.

And of this throng, some their imployment have
In fleeting rivers, some fix'd lakes beset;
Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save
From trifling angles, or the swal'wing net.

Some, in the spacious ayre, their prey o'retake,
Cous'ning, with hunger, falcons of their wings;
Whilst all their patient observations make,
Which each to Nature's Office duely brings.

And there of ev'ry fish, and foule, and beast,
The wiles these learned Registers record,
Courage, and feares, their motion and their rest;
Which they prepare for their more learned lord.

From hence to NATURE'S NURSERY they goe;
Where seems to grow all that in Eden grew;
And more (if Art her mingled species show)
Than th' Hebrew king, Nature's historian, knew.

Impatient simplers climbe for blossomes here;
When dewes (Heav'n's secret milk) in unseen show'rs
First feed the early childhood of the year;
And in ripe summer, stoop for hearbs and flow'rs.

In autumn, seeds and berries they provide;
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;
In winter digg for roots, where she does hide
That stock, which if consum'd, the next spring sterves.

From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing estate!)
They to her wither'd receptacle come;
Where she appears the loathsome slave of Fate;
For here her various dead possess the room.

This dismall gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide;
Was hung with skelitons of ev'ry kinde;
Humane, and all that learned humane pride
Thinks made t' obey man's high immortal minde.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that he obey'd;
By her an el'phant that with heards had fought,
Of which the smallest beast made her afraid.

Next it, a whale is high in cables ty'd, [troul;
Whose strength might heards of elephants con-
Then all (in payres of ev'ry kinde) they spy'd
Which death's wrack leaves, of fishes, beasts, and fowl.

These Astragon (to watch with curious eye
The diff'rent tenements of living breath)
Collects, with what far travailers supply;
And this was call'd, THE CABINET OF DEATH.

Which some the monument of bodies, name;
The arke, which saves from graves all dying kindes;
This to a structure led, long known to fame,
And call'd, THE MONUMENT OF VANISH'D MINDES.

Where, when they thought they saw in well sought books,
Th' assembled soules of all that men held wise,
It bred such awfull rev'rence in their looks,
As if they saw the bury'd writers rise.

Such heaps of written thoughts (gold of the dead,
Which Time does still disperse, but not devour)
Made them presume all was from deluge free'd,
Which long-liv'd authors writ ere Noah's show'r.

They saw Egyptian roles which vastly great,
Did like faln pillars lie, and did display
The tale of Nature's life, from her first heat,
Till by the flood o'er-cool'd she felt decay.

And large as these (for pens were pencils then)
Others that Egypt's chiefest science show'd;
Whose river forc'd geometry on men,
Which did distinguish what the Nyle o're-flow'd.

Near them, in piles, Chaldean cous'ners lie;
Who the hid bus'ness of the stars relate;
Who make a trade of worship'd prophesie;
And seem to pick the cabinet of Fate.

There Persian Magi stand; for wisdom prais'd;
Long since wise statesmen, now magicians thought:
Altars and arts are soon to fiction rais'd,
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

In a dark text, these states-men left their mindes;
For well they knew, that monarch's mistery
(Like that of priests) but little rev'rence findes,
When they the curtain ope to ev'ry eye.

Behinde this throng, the talking Greeks had place;
Who Nature turn to art, and truth disguise,
As skill does native beauty oft deface;
With termes they charm the weak, and pose the wise.

Now they the Hebrew, Greek and Roman spie;
Who for the peoples ease, yoak'd them with law;
Whom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awry;
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

In little tomes these grave first lawyers lie,
In volumes their interpreters below;
Who first made law an art, then misterie;
So cleerest springs, when troubled, clowdy grow.

But here, the soul's chief book did all precede;
Our map tow'rds Heav'n; to common crowds deny'd;
Who proudly aim to teach, ere they can read;
And all must stray, where each will be a guide.

About this sacred little book did stand
Unweildly volumes, and in number great;
And long it was since any reader's hand
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented seat.

For a deep dust (which Time does softly shed,
Where only Time does come) their covers beare;
On which grave spyders, streets of webbs had spread;
Subtle, and slight, as the grave writers were.

In these, Heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent;
Where froward authors, with disputes, have torn
The garment seamless as the firmament.

These are the old polemicks, long since read,
And shut by Astragon; who thought it just,
They, like the authors (truth's tormentors) dead,
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

Here the Arabian's gospel open lay,
(Men injure truth, who fiction nicely hide)
Where they the monk's audacious stealths survey,
From the world's first, and greater second guide.

The curious much perus'd this, then, new book;
As if some secret wayes to Heav'n it taught;
For straying from the old, men newer look,
And prise the found, not finding those they sought.

We, in tradition (Heav'n's dark mapp) descrie
Heav'n worse, than ancient mapps farr India show; [lie;
Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does
The mind's sought ophir, which we long to know.

Or as a planter, though good land he spies,
Seeks new, and when no more so good he findes,
Doubly esteems the first; so truth men prise;
Truth, the discov'ry made by trav'ling mindes.

And this false book, till truly understood
By Astragon was openly display'd;
As counterfeit; false princes, rather shou'd
Be shown abroad, than in close prison lay'd.

Now to the old philosophers they come;
Who follow'd Nature with such just despaire,
As some do kings farr off; and when at home,
Like courtiers, boast, that they deep secrets share.

Near them are grave dull moralists, who give
Counsell to such, as still in publick dwell;
At sea, in courts, in camps, and cities live;
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd cell.

Esop with these stands high, and they below;
His pleasant wisdome mocks their gravity;
Who vertue like a tedious matron show,
He dresses Nature to invite the eye.

High skill their ethicks seemes, whilst he stoops down
To make the people wise; their learned pride
Makes all obscure, that men may prise the gown;
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

Censura - complete [illegible]
[illegible]

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd mankinde)
Historians stand, bigg as their living looks;
Who thought, swift Time they could in fetters binde;
Till his confessions they had ta'ne in books:
But Time oft scap'd them in the shades of night;
And was in princes' closets oft conceal'd,
And hid in battels' smoke; so what they write
Of courts and camps, is oft by guess reveal'd,
Near these, physitians stood; who but reprieve
Like life a judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;
And cannot an almighty pardon give;
So much yields subject Art to Nature's law.
And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;
Think we are robb'd, when first we are decay'd.
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.
Now they refresh, after this long survey,
With pleasant poets, who the soul sublime;
Fame's heraulds, in whose triumphs they make way;
And place all those whom honour helps to climbe.
And he who seem'd to lead this ravish'd race,
Was Heav'n's lov'd laureat, that in Jewry writ;
Whose harp approach'd God's ear, though none his face
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wit.
And his attendants, such blest poets are,
As make unblemish'd love, courts' best delight;
And sing the prosp'rous battels of just warre;
By these the loving, love, and valiant, fight.
O hireless science! and of all alone
The liberal; meanly the rest each state
In pension treats, but this depends on none;
Whose worth they rev'rendly forbear to rate.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

How Astragon to Heav'n his duty pays
In pray'r, and penitence, but most in praise:
To these he sev'ral temples dedicates;
And Ulfin their distinguish'd use relates.
Religion's rites, seem here, in reasons sway;
Though reason must religion's laws obey.

The noble youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)
Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;
And study quiet Nature's pleasant law; [make.
Which schools, through pride, by art uneasie
But now a sudden shout their thoughts diverts!
So cheerfull, general, and loud it was,
As pass'd through all their ears, and fill'd their hearts; [cause.
Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the
This Ulfin, by his long domestick skill
Does thus explain. "The wise I here observe,
Are wise tow'rds God; in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they serve.

"He who this building's builder did create,
Has an apartment here triangular;
Where Astragon, three fanes did dedicate,
To dayes of praise, of penitence, and pray'r.

"To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed,
For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,
They praise high Heav'n which makes their work succeed,
But when it fails, in penitence complain.

"If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,
Nor mourning Penitence can ills repair,
Like practis'd beggers, they solicite Heav'n,
And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

"The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast
The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
By choice materials he intended cost; [pray'r.
To show, that nought should need to tempt to

"No bells are here! unhing'd are all the gates!
Since craving in distress is naturall,
All lies so op'e that none for ent'rance waites;
And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

"The great have by distinction here no name;
For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
(To show none come for decency or fame)
That all are strangers to each other's eyes.

"But penitence appears unnaturall;
For we repent what Nature did perswade;
And we lamenting man's continu'd fall,
Accuse what Nature necessary made.

"Since the requir'd extream of penitence
Seems so severe, this temple was design'd,
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
And dismal show'd within, to awe the mind.

"Of sad black marble was the outward frame,
(A mourning monument to distant sight)
But by the largeness when you near it came,
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

"Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) sadly adorn'd each part;
In stone, from Nyle's hard quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slowly'er polish'd by Numidian art.

"Hither a loud bell's tole, rather commands,
Than seems t'invite the persecuted eare;
A summons Nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here,

"Within, a dismall majesty they find!
All gloomy, great, all silent does appear!
As Chaos was, ere th' elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

"Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd Sun his universal face
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he spy'd Night naked through the glass.

"Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on high
A winking lamp, still threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the Sun's last light appear at doom!

"This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few false beames, that then from Sodome rise; [rain.
Where pencils feigne the fire which Heav'n did

"This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdaline;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.

"Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky thief
(In Heav'n's dark lot'ry prosp'rous, more than wise)
Who groap'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prise.

"In many figures by reflex were sent,
Through this black vault (instructive to the minde)
That early, and this tardy penitent;
For with Obsidian stone 'twas chiefly lin'd,

"The seats were made of Ethiopian wood,
The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by Nature understood;
And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

"Yet these, whom Heav'n's misterious choice fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
They grow so certain, as to need no hope.

"At a low door they enter, but depart
Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed;
Where Astragon makes Nature last by art,
And such long summers shows, as ask no seed."

Whilst Ulfin this black temple thus exprest
To these kind youths, whom equal soul endeers;
(Goltho, and Ulfinore, in friendship blest)
A second gen'ral shout salutes their eares.

To the glad house of praise this shout does call!
"To pray'r," (said he) "no summons us invites,
Because distress does thither summon all;
As the loud tole to penitence excites.

"But since, dull men to gratitude are slow;
And joy'd consent of hearts is high Heaven's choice;
To this of praise, shouts summon us to goe:
Of hearts assembled, the unfeigned voice.

"And since, wise Astragon, with due applause,
Kinde Heav'n, for his success, on Nature payes;
This day victorious art has giv'n him cause,
Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise.

"For this effectuall day his art reveal'd,
What has so oft made Nature's spies to pine,
The loadstone's mistick use, so long conceal'd
In close allyance with the courser mine.

"And this in sleepy vision, he was bid
To register in characters unknown;
Which Heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till Saturne's walk be twenty circuits grown.

"For as religion (in the warm east bred)
And arts (which next to it most needfull were)
From vices sprung from their corruption, fled;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold plantation here;

"So when they here again corrupted be,
(For man can even his antidotes infect)
Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the west shall see;
To which this stone's hid vertue will direct.

"Religion then (whose age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;
Serv'd at fit distance by the arts, her maids;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

"And some, whom traffick thither tempts, shall thence shrines,
In her exchange (though they did grudge her
And poorly banish'd her to save expence)
Bring home the idol, gold, from new found mines.

"Till then, sad pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the ocean's dreaded face they shrink;
And seeking safety near the cous'ning coast,
With windes surpris'd, by rocky ambush sink.

"Or if success rewards, what they endure,
The world's chief jewel, time, they then engage
And forfeit (trusting long the Cynosure)
To bring home nought but wretched gold, and age.

"Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most;
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)
Then lower'd sayles no more shall tide the coast.

"They with new tops to formasts and the main,
And misens new, shall th' ocean's breast invade;
Stretch new sayles out, as armes to entertain
Those windes, of which their fathers were afraid.

"Then (sure of either pole) they will with pride,
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant stone!
And scorn that star, which ev'ry cloud could hide;
The seamen's spark! which soon, as seen, is gone!

"'Tis sung, the ocean shall his bonds untie,
And earth in half a globe be pent no more;
Typhis shall saile, till Thule he descry,
But a domestick step to distant shore!

"This Astragon had read; and what the Greek,
Old Cretias, in Egyptian books had found;
By which, his travail'd soul, new worlds did seek,
And div'd to find the old Atlantis droun'd."

Grave Ulfin thus discours'd; and now he brings
The youths to view the temple built for Praise;
Where olive, for th' Olympian victor springs;
Mirtle, for love's; and for war's triumph, bayes.

These, as rewards of praise, about it grew;
For lib'rall praise, from an abundant minde,
Does even the conqueror of Fate subdue;
Since Heav'n's good king is captive to the kinde.

Dark are all thrones, to what this temple seem'd;
Whose marble veines out-shin'd Heav'n's various bow;
And would (eclipsing all proud Rome esteem'd)
To northern eyes, like eastern mornings, show.

From Paros isle, was brought the milkie white;
From Sparta, came the green, which cheers the view;
From Araby, the blushing onychite,
And from the Misnian hills, the deeper blew.

The arched front did on vaste pillars fall;
Where all harmonious instruments they spie
Drawn out in bosse; which from the astrigall
To the flat frise, in apt resemblance lie.

Toss'd cymballs (which the sullen Jewes admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying fingers, touch'd into a voice.

In statute o're the gate, God's fav'rite-king
(The author of celestial praise) did stand;
His quire (that did his sonnets set and sing)
In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

From these, old Greeks sweet musick did improve;
The solemn Dorian did in temples charm,
The softer Lydian sooth'd to bridal love,
And warlike Phrygian did to battel warm!

They enter now, and with glad rev'rence saw
Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;
Though jealous priests, it neither praise nor hide.

Tapers and lamps are not admitted here;
Those, but with shaddowes, give false beauty
And this victorious glory can appear [grace;
Unvayl'd before the Sun's meridian face:

Whose eastern lustre rashly enters now;
Where it his own mean infancy displays;
Where it does man's chief obligation show,
In what does most adorn the house of Praise;

The great creation by bold pencils drawn;
Where a feign'd curtain does our eyes forbid,
Till the Sun's parent, Light, first seems to dawn
From quiet Chaos, which that curtain hid.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun (God's hasty spark
Struck out of Chaos, when he first struck light)
Flies to the sphears, where first he found all dark,
And kindled there th' unkindled lamps of night.

Then motion, Nature's great preservative,
Tun'd order in this world, life's restless inn;
Gave tydes to seas, and caus'd stretch'd plants to live; [bin.
Else plants but seeds, and seas but lakes had

But this fourth fiat, warming what was made,
(For light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)
The picture fills the world with woody shade;
To show how Nature thrives by motion's heat.

Then to those woods the next quick fiat brings
The feather'd kinde; where merrily they fed,
As if their hearts were lighter than their wings;
For yet no cage was fram'd, nor net was spred.

The same fifth voice does seas and rivers store;
Then into rivers brooks the painter powres,
And rivers into seas; which (rich before)
Return their gifts, to both, exhal'd in show'rs.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,
Seems to denote the speaker was in haste,
As if more worlds were framing in his thought)
Adds to this world one fiat, as the last.

Then strait an universal herd appears;
First gazing on each other in the shade;
Wondring with levell'd eyes, and lifted eares,
Then play, whilst yet their tyrant is unmade.

And man, the painter now presents to view;
Haughty without, and busie still within;
Whom, when his furr'd and horned subjects knew,
Their sport is ended, and their fears begin.

But here (to cure this tyrant's sullenness)
The painter has a new false curtain drawn,
Where, beauty's hid creation to express;
From thence, harmless as light, he makes it dawn.

From thence breaks lov'ly forth, the world's first maid;
Her breast, Love's cradle, where Love quiet lies;
Nought yet had seen so foule, to grow afraid,
Nor gay, to make it cry with longing eyes.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her monarch steals;
She wonders, till so vain his wonder growes,
That it his feeble sov'raignty reveales;
Her beauty then, his manhood does depose.

Deep into shades the painter leads them now;
To hide their future deeds; then stormes does raise [grow
O're Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does
Too black a story for the house of Praise.

A noble painted vision next appears: [waste:
Where all Heav'n's frowns in distant prospect
And nought remains, but a short showre of tears,
Shed, by its pity, for revenges past.

The world's one ship, from th' old to a new world bound;
Freighted with life (chief of uncertain trades!)
After five moons at drift, lies now a ground;
Where her frail stowage, she in haste unlades.

On Persian Caucasus the eight descend;
And seem their trivial beings to deplore;
Griev'd to begin this world in th' other's end;
And to behold wrack'd nations on the shore,

Each humbled thus, his beasts led from aboard,
As fellow passengers, and heirs to breath;
Joynt tennants to the world, he not their lord;
Such likeness have we in the glass of death.

Yet this humility begets their joy; [veys)
And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin sur-
Was partial where it did not quite destroy;
So made the whole world's dirge their song of praise.

This first redemption to another led,
Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;
That but a few did respit from the dead,
This all the dead, from second death protects.

And know, lost Nature! this resemblance was
Thy franke Redeemer, in ascension shown;
When Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;
Hell, which before, man's common grave was grown.

By pencils this was exquisitely wrought;
Rounded in all the curious would behold;
Where life came out, and met the painter's thought; [bold.
The force was tender, though the strokes were

The holy mourners, who this Lord of life
Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;
So well the painter drew their passions' strife,
To follow him with bodies, as with eyes.

This was the chief which in this temple did,
By pencil's rhetorique, to praise perswade;
Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;
Who shine all painted glory into shade.

Lord Astragon a purple mantle wore,
Where Nature's story was in colours wrought;
And though her ancient text seem'd dark before,
'Tis in this pleasant comment clearly taught.

Such various flowry wreaths th' assembly weare,
As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;
Which so adorn'd them, that the coursest here
Did seem a prosp'rous bridegroom, or a bride.

All show'd as fresh, and faire, and innocent,
As virgins to their lovers' first survey; [spent,
Joy'd as the spring, when March his sighs has
And April's sweet rash teares are dry'd by May.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;
Therefore their voices Heav'n's renown exprest;
Though tongues ne'r reach, what mindes so nobly meant.

Yet Music here, show'd all her art's high worth;
Whilst virgin-trebles, seem'd, with bashfull
To call the bolder marry'd tenor forth; [grace,
Whose manly voice challeng'd the giant base.

To these the swift soft instruments reply;
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;
Whose lowder notes, to neighb'ring forrests flie,
And summon Nature's voluntary quire.

These Astragon, by secret skill had taught,
To help, as if in artfull consort bred;
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,
Whose care their careless merry fathers fed.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, duke Gondibert
Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;
And high Heav'n's praise in music of the heart,
He inward sings, to pay a victor's vow.

Praise is devotion, fit for mighty mindes,
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united findes:
But pray'r, in various discord, upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg windes by which the rest are lost.

By penitence, when we our selves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are without a beggar's blush forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown;
And tho' weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dang'rous grown,
Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duke's wish'd health in doubtfull wounds assur'd,
Who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:
Nature in Bertha Art's weak help derides,
Which strives to mend what it at best but hides;
Showes Nature's courser works, so hid, more course,
As sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, growes worse.

Let none our Lombard author rudely blame,
Who from the story has thus long digrest;
But, for his righteous paines, may his fair fame
For ever travail, whilst his ashes rest.

Ill could he leave Art's shop of Nature's store,
Where she the hidden soul would make more known;
Though common faith seeks souls, which is no more
Than long opinion to religion grown.

A while then let this sage historian stay
With Astragon, till he new wounds reveales,
And such (though now the old are worn away)
As balm, nor juice of pyrol, never heales.

To Astragon, Heav'n for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Bertha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beautie's lanthorn seem.

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busie cities bin; [fears;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the houres;
In spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kinde Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free vertue silently imploys,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her vertues busie without noise.

Whilst her great mistris, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie houshold waites no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly minde to that prefer.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall, [rise,
And droop like flowers, when evening shuts her eyes.

The sooty chymist, (who his sight does waste,
Attending lesser fires) she passing by,
Broke his lov'd lymbick, through enamour'd haste,
And let, like common dew, th' elixer fly.

And here the grey philosophers resort,
Who all to her, like crafty courtiers, bow;
Hoping for secrets now in Nature's court,
Which only she (her fav'rite maid) can know.

These, as the lords of science, she respects,
And with familiar beams their age she chears;
Yet all those civil formes seem but neglects
To what she showes, when Astragon apears.

For as she once from him her being took,
She hourly takes her law; reads with swift sight
His will, even at the op'ning of his look,
And shows, by haste, obedience her delight.

She makes (when she at distance to him bowes)
His int'rest in her mother's beauty known,
For that's th' original whence her copy growes,
And near originalls, copys are not shown.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear
Of flowers, which she in mistick order ties;
And with the sacrifice of many a teare
Salutes her loyal mother in her eyes.

The just historians Birtha thus express,
And tell how, by her syre's example taught,
She serv'd the wounded duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Thro' wounds' long rage, with sprinkled vervin
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air, [cleer'd;
And with rich fumes his sullen sences cheer'd.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures;
For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

Her heedless innocence as little knew [took;
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew,
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook!

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But findes him now a bold unquiet guest,
Who climbes to windowes, when we shut the dore;
And enter'd, never lets the master rest.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feeles the stealth,
And never but in songs had heard his name.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals,
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that onely Hymen heals.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharp complaints,
Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd head;
With teares besought her not to jest at saints,
Nor mock those martyrs Love had captive led.

Nor think the pious poets e're would waste
So many teares in ink, to make maids mourn,
If injur'd lovers had in ages paste
The lucky mirtle, more than willow, worn.

This grave rebuke officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought, who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers dy,
And prais'd their faith, who wept, when poets griev'd.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racie was useless made;

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shows him not at home,
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

Yet with his forraign heart she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theame;
And like young conscienc'd casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practise lawfull seeme.

With open eares, and ever-waking eyes,
And flying feet, love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry, as from spys; [light.
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them

Beneath a mirtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought; [mend,
Fond maids! who love with minde's fine stuff would
Which Nature purposely of bodys wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kinde;
Such as in holy story were imploy'd
To the first fathers, from th' Eternal Minde,
And in short vision onely are injoy'd.

As eagles then, when nearest Heaven they flie,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies finde no rest so high,
And therefore pearch on earthly things below:

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

"If I do love," (said she) "that love (O Heav'n!)
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me!
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree?

"And you, my alter'd mother, (grown above
Great Nature, which you read and revrenc'd here)
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were."

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Her self into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

Already thinks the duke, her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection sought.

She thinks, how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from Heav'n, may by her vertues gain;
That they by Time shall ne'r o'retaken be,
No more than Time himself is overta'ne.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a slow glass,
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough winde
In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kinde,
Her eares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her teares shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of windes and seas.

She thinks, that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or Heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As palm, and the mamora fructefies;
Or they are got by closse exchanging vows.

But come they (as she hears) from mother's pain,
(Which by th' unlucky first-maid's longing,
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain, [proves
So they be like this heav'nly man she loves.

Thus to her self in day-dreams Birtha talkes:
The duke, (whose wounds of war are healthful grown) [walks,
To cure Love's wounds, seeks Birtha where she
Whose wand'ring soul seeks him to cure her own.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish night's help to make more shade,
That love (which maids think guilt) might not appear.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd and conquer'd enemy,
That he did seem offenceless as her shame,
As if he but advanc'd for leave to fly.

First with a longing sea-man's look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when seas would him devour;
Or like a fearfull scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

Then all the knowledge which her father had
He dreams in her, thro' purer organs wrought;
Whose soul (since there more delicately clad)
By lesser weight, more active was in thought.

And to that soul thus spake, with trembling voice:
"The world will be, (O thou, the whole world's maid!)
Since now 'tis old enough to make wise choice,
Taught by thy minde, and by thy beauty sway'd.

"And I a needless part of it, unless
You think me for the whole a delegate,
To treat for what they want of your excess,
Vertue to serve the universal state.

"Nature, (our first example, and our queen,
Whose court this is, and you her minion maid)
The world thinks now, is in her sickness seen,
And that her noble influence is decay'd.

"And the records so worn of her first law,
That men, with art's hard shifts, read what is
Because your beauty many never saw, [good;
The text by which your minde is understood.

"And I with the apostate world should grow,
From sov'raigne Nature, a revolted slave,
But that my lucky wounds brought me to know,
How with their cure my sicker minde to save.

"A minde still dwelling idly in mine eyes,
Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abstain;
But, even in beauty, cost of courts did prise,
And Nature, unassisted, thought too plain.

"Yet by your beauty now reform'd, I finde
All other only currant by false light;
Or but vain visions of a feav'rish minde,
Too slight to stand the test of waking sight.

"And for my healthfull minde (discas'd before)
My love I pay; a gift you may disdain,
Since love to you men give not, but restore,
As rivers to the sea pay back the rain.

"Yet eastern kings, who all by birth possess,
Take gifts, as gifts, from vassals of the crown;
So think in love, your property not less,
By my kind giving what was first your own."

Lifted with love, thus he with lover's grace,
And love's wild wonder, spake; and he was rais'd
So much with rev'rence of this learned place,
That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

And she, in love unpractis'd and unread,
(But for some hints her mistress, Nature, taught)
Had it till now, like grief, with silence fed;
For love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

But this close diet Love endures not long,
He must in sighs, or speech, take ayre abroad;
And thus, with his interpreter, her tongue,
He ventures forth, though like a stranger aw'd.

She said, those vertues now she highly needs,
Which he so artfully in her does praise,
To check (since vanity on praises feeds)
That pride which his authentick words may raise.

That if her pray'rs, or care, did aught restore
Of absent health, in his bemoan'd distress,
She beg'd he would approve her duty more,
And so commend her feeble vertue less.

That she the payment he of love would make
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew;
But coynes unknown, suspitiously we take,
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

With bashfull looks she sought him to retire,
Least the sharp ayre should his new health invade;
And as she spake, she saw her rev'rend syre
Approach, to seek her in her usual shade.

To whom with filial homage she does bow:
The duke did first at distant duty stand,
But soon imbrac'd his knees, whilst he more low
Does bend to him, and then reach'd Birtha's hand.

Her face o'ercast with thought, does soon betray
Th' assembled spirits, which his eyes detect
By her pale look, as by the milkie way
Men first did the assembled stars suspect.

Or as a pris'ner, that in prison pines,
Still at the utmost window grieving lies;
Even so her soule, imprison'd, sadly shines,
At if it watch'd for freedome at her eyes!

This guides him to her pulse, th' alarum bell,
Which waits the insurrections of desire,
And rings so fast, as if the cittadell,
Her newly conquer'd breast, were all on fire!

Then on the duke he casts a short survay,
Whose veines his temples with deep purple grace;
Then Love's despaire gives them a pale allay,
And shifts the whole complexion of his face.

Nature's wise spy does onward with them walk,
And findes, each in the midst of thinking starts;
Breath'd short and swiftly in disorder'd talk,
To cool, beneath Love's torrid zone, their hearts.

When all these symptomes he observ'd, he knowes
From alga, which is rooted deep in seas,
To the high cedar that on mountaines grows,
No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

He would not Nature's eldest law resist,
As if wise Nature's law could be impure;
But Birtha with indulgent looks dismist,
And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

With mourning Gondibert he walks apart,
To watch his passion's force, who seems to bear,
By silent grief, two tyrants o're his heart,
Great Love, and his inferior tyrant, Fear.

But Astragon such kind inquiries made,
Of all which to his art's wise cares belong,
As his sick silence he does now disswade,
And, midst Love's fears, gives courage to his tongue.

Then thus he spake with Love's humility:
"Have pity, father! and since first so kinde,
You would not let this worthless body die,
Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my minde!

"A minde so lately lucky, as it here
Has vertue's mirrour found, which does reflect
Such blemishes as custom made it weare,
But more authentick Nature does detect.

"A minde long sick of monarchs' vain disease,
Not to be fill'd, because with glory fed;
So busie it condemn'd even war of ease,
And for their useless rest despis'd the dead.

"But since it here has vertue quiet found,
It thinks (tho' storms were wish'd by it before)
All sick, at least at sea, that scape undrown'd,
Whom glory serves as winde, to leave the shore.

"All vertue is to yours but fashion now,
Religion, art: internals are all gon,
Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,
Not God, but his inferiour eye, the Sun.

"And yet, though vertue be as fashion sought,
And now religion rules by art's prais'd skill;
Fashion is vertue's mimmick, falsely taught;
And art, but Nature's ape, which plays her ill.

"To this blest house, (great Nature's court) all courts
Compar'd, are but dark closets for retreat
Of private mindes, battels but children's sports;
And onely simple good, is solid great.

"Let not the minde, thus freed from errour's night,
(Since you repriev'd my body from the grave)
Perish for being now in love with light,
But let your vertue, vertue's lover save.

"Birtha I love; and who loves wisely so,
Steps far tow'rds all which vertue can attain;
But if we perish, when tow'rds Heav'n we go,
Then I have learnt that vertue is in vain."

And now his heart (extracted through his eyes
In Love's elixer, tears) does soon subdue
Old Astragon, whose pity, though made wise
With Love's false essences, likes these as true.

The duke he to a secret bowre does lead,
Where he his youth's first story may attend;
To guess, ere he will let his love proceed,
By such a dawning, how his day will end.

For vertue, though a rarely planted flowre,
Was in the seed by this wise florist known;
Who could foretel, even in her springing houre,
What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Birtha her first unpractis'd love bewailes,
Whilst Gondibert on Astragon prevailes,
By shewing high ambition is of use,
And glory in the good needs no excuse.
Goltho a grief to Ulfinore reveales,
Whilst he a greater of his own conceales.

Birtha her griefs to her apartment brought,
Where all her maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise
Their voices, whilst their busie fingers wrought
To deck the altar of the house of Praise.

But now she findes their musick turn'd to care,
Their looks allay'd, like beauty overworn;
Silent and sad as with'ring fav'rites are,
Who for their sick indulgent monarch mourn.

Thula, (the eldest of this silenc'd quire)
When Birtha at this change astonish'd was,
With hasty whisper begg'd her to retire,
And on her knees thus tells their sorrow's cause:

"Forgive me such experience as, too soon,
Shew'd me unlucky Love, by which I guess
How maids are by their innocence undon,
And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

"Forgive such passion as to speech perswades,
And to my tongue my observation brought;
And then forgive my tongue, which to your maids
Too rashly carry'd what experience taught.

"For since I saw this wounded stranger here,
Your inward musick still untun'd has been;
You who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,
And practis'd grief, e're you did know to sin,

"This being Love, to Agatha I told,
Did on her tongue, as on still death, rely;
But winged Love she was too young to hold,
And, wanton-like, let it to others fly.

"Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow,
Which makes them now their time in silence waste;
Makes their neglected needles move so slow,
And thro' their eies their hearts dissolve so fast.

"For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their heads;
And while they doubt you in that tyrant's pow'r,
The spring (they think) may visit woods and meads,
But scarce shall hear a bird, or see a flow'r."

"Ah! how" (said Birtha) "shall I dare confesse
My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient spy?
Thou (Thula) who didst run to tell thy guesse,
With secrets known, wilt to confession flie.

"But if I love this prince, and have in Heav'n
Made any friends by vowes, you need not fear
He will make good the feature Heav'n has giv'n,
And be as harmless as his looks appear.

"Yet I have heard that men, whom maids think kinde,
Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour,
Oft prove like seas, inrag'd by ev'ry winde,
And all to whom their bosoms trust, devour.

" Howe're, Heav'n knows, (the witness of the minde)
My heart bears men no malice, nor esteems
Young princes of the common cruel kinde,
Nor love so foul as it in story seems.

" Yet if this prince brought love, what e're it be,
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;
For since he came, my medc'nal huswiffrie,
Confections, and my stills, are all forgot.

" Blossoms in windes, berries in frosts, may fall!
And flowers sink down in rain! for I no more
Shall maids to woods for early gath'rings call,
Nor haste to gardens to prevent a showre."

Then she retires; and now a lovely shame,
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her cheecks;
In a dark lanthorn she would bear love's flame,
To hide her self, whilst she her lover seeks,

And to that lover let our song return:
Whose tale so well was to her father told,
As the philosopher did seem to mourn
That youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

Yet Birtha was so precious in his eies,
And her dead mother still so neer his mind,
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,
Ere such a pledg he to his trust resign'd.

" Whoe're" (said he) " in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead;
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp, (Death's moving palace) bred.

" Wise youth, in books and batails, early findes
What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late;
Books show the utmost conquests of our minds,
Batails, the best of our lov'd bodys' fate.

" Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with kings' high blood,
(Whose blood ambition's feaver over-heats)
May spoile digestion, which would else be good,
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

" For though books serve as diet of the minde,
If knowledge, early got, self value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to winde,
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

" Though war's great shape best educates the sight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews victors but authentick murd'rers are.

" And I may fear that your last victories
Were glory's toyles, and you will ill abide
(Since with new trophies still you fed your eies)
Those little objects which in shades we hide.

" Could you, in Fortune's smiles, foretel her frowns,
Our old foes slain, you would not hunt for new;
But victors, after wreaths, pretend to crowns,
And such think Rhodalind their valour's due."

To this the noble Gondibert replies:
" Think not ambition can my duty sway;
I look on Rhodalind with subject's eies,
Whom he that conquers must in right obay.

" And though I humanly have heretofore
All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;
Nor think a crown can raise his value more,
To whom already Heav'n does love allow.

" Though, since I gave the Hunns their last defeat,
I have the Lombards' ensignes onward led,
Ambition kindled not this victor's heat,
But 'tis a warmth my father's prudence bred.

" Who cast on more than wolvish man his eie,
Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw
That caus'd not his devouring maledy;
But, like a wanton whelp, he loves to gnaw.

" Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease
Nature (whose law is temp'rance) ne'r inspires;
But 'tis a humour, which fond man does please,
A luxury, fruition only tires.

" And as in persons, so in publick states,
The lust of pow'r provokes to cruel warre;
For wisest senates it intoxicates,
And makes them vain, as single persons are.

" Men into nations it did first divide,
Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them diff'rent [stiles;
Rivers, whose breadth inhabitants may stride,
Part them as much as continents and isles.

" On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd ground,
The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,
And limits, by a border and a bound,
What was before as passable as air:

" Whilst change of languages oft breeds a warre,
(A change which fashion does as oft obtrude,
As women's dresse) and oft complexions are,
And diff'rent names, no less a cause of feud.

" Since men so causelesly themselves devour,
(And hast'ning still their else too hasty fates,
Act but continu'd massacres for pow'r)
My father ment to chastise kings and states.

" To overcome the world, till but one crown
And universal neighbourhood he saw;
Till all were rich by that allyance grown,
And want no more should be the cause of law.

" One family the world was first design'd;
And tho' some fighting kings so sever'd are,
That they must meet by help of seas and winde,
Yet when they fight 'tis but a civil warre.

" Nor could religion's heat, if one rul'd all,
To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;
And hasten us from Earth, ere age does call,
Who are (alas!) of Heav'n so little sure.

" Religion ne'r, till divers monarchys,
Taught that almighty Heav'n needs armys' aid;
But with contentious kings she now complies,
Who seem, for their own cause, of God's afraid.

" To joyn all sever'd pow'rs (which is to end
The cause of war) my father onward fought;
By war the Lombard scepter to extend
Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly sought.

" He lost in this attempt his last dear blood;
And I (whom no remoteness can deterr,
If what seems difficult be great and good)
Thought his example could not make me err.

" No place I merit in the book of Fame! [fill'd;
Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans
Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,
And she has heard to whom the Hunns did yield.

" But let not what so needfully was done,
Tho' still pursu'd, make you ambition feare;
For could I force all monarchys to one,
That universal crown I would not weare.

" He who does blindly soar at Rhodalind, [ease;
Mounts, like seel'd doves, still higher from his
And in the lust of empire he may finde,
High hope does better than fruition please.

" The victor's solid recompence is rest;
And 'tis unjust that chiefs, who pleasure shunn,
Toyling in youth, should be in age opprest
With greater toyles, by ruling what they wonn.

" Here all reward of conquest I would finde,
Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade;
With Nature's quiet wonders fill my minde,
And praise her most, because she Birtha made."

Now Astragon (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd
How nobly Heav'n for Birtha did provide;
Oft had he for her parted mother griev'd,
But can this joy, less than that sorrow, hide.

With teares bids Gondibert to Heav'n's eie make
All good within, as to the world he seems;
And in gain'd Birtha then from Hymen take
All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

Straight to his lov'd philosophers he hies,
Who now at Nature's councel busy are
To trace new lights, which some old gazer spies,
Whilst the duke seeks more busily his starre.

But in her search, he is by Goltho stay'd,
Who in a close dark covert foldes his armes;
His eies with thoughts grow darker than that shade,
Such thoughts as yielding breasts with study warmes.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his eie!
His sences he calls in, as if t' improve,
By outward absence, inward extacie,
Such as makes prophets, or is made by love.

" Awake!" (said Gondibert) " for now in vain
Thou dream'st of sov'raignty and war's success;
Hope nought has left, which worth should wish to gain;
And all ambition is but hope's excess.

" Bid all our worthys to unarm, and rest!
For they have nought to conquer worth their care;
I have a father's right in Birtha's breast,
And that's the peace for which the wise make warre."

At this starts Goltho, like some army's chief,
Whom, unintrench'd, a midnight larum wakes;
By pawse then gave disorder'd sence relief,
And this reply with kindled passion makes:

" What means my prince to make so low a boast,
Whose merit may aspire to Rhodalind?
For who could Birtha miss if she were lost,
That shall by worth the other's treasure find?

" When your high blood and conquests shall submit
To such mean joys, in this unminded shade,
Let courts, without Heav'n's lamp, in darkness sit,
And war become the lowly shepheard's trade.

" Birtha (a harmless country ornament!)
May be his bride, that's born himself to serve;
But you must pay that blood your army spent,
And wed that empire which our wounds deserve."

This brought the duke's swift anger to his eies,
Which his consid'rate heart rebuk'd as faste;
He Goltho chid, in that he nought replies,
Leaves him, and Birtha seeks with lover's haste.

Now Goltho mourns, yet not that Birtha's fair,
Or that the duke shuns empire for a bride;
But that himself must joyn love to despair;
Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought
From Oswald's field, where, though he wounds did scape
In tempting death, and here no danger sought,
Yet here meet worse than death in beauty's shape.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in warres,
And not till now for beauty leasure had;
Yet bore love's load, as youth bears other cares,
Till new despair makes love's old weight too sad.

But Ulfinore does hither aptly come,
His second breast, in whom his griefs' excesse
He may ebb out, where they o'reflow at home;
Such griefs, as thus in throngs for utt'rance press.

" Forgive me, that so falsly am thy friend!
No more our hearts for kindness shall contest;
Since mine I hourly on another spend,
And now imbrace thee with an empty brest.

" Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault,
Who walks with her first force in Birtha's shape;
And when she spreads the net to have us caught,
It were in youth presumption to escape.

" When Birtha's grief so comely did appear,
Whilst she beheld our wounded duke's distresse;
Then first my alter'd heart began to fear,
Least too much love should friendship dispossesse."

But this whilst Ulfinore with sorrow hears,
Him Goltho's busier sorrow little heeds;
And though he could replie in sighs and tears,
Yet governs both, and Goltho thus proceeds:

" To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd,
I lack'd experience why to be affraid;
Was too unlearn'd to read whom Love had harm'd,
But have his will, as Nature's law, obay'd.

" Th' obedient and defencelesse, sure, no law
Afflicts, for law is their defence and pow'r;
Yet me, Love's sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,
Wolf-love, because defencelesse, does devour:

" Gives me not time to perish by degrees,
But with despair does me at once destroy;
For none who Gondibert a lover sees,
Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

" Birtha he loves; and I from Birtha fear
Death, that in rougher figure I despise!"
This Ulfinore did with distemper hear,
Yet with dissembled temp'rance thus replies:

" Ah, Goltho! who love's feaver can asswage?
For though familiar seem that old disease,
Yet, like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

" Nature's religion, love, is still perverse,
And no commerce with cold discretion hath;
For if discretion speak when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith."

As Gondibert left Goltho when he heard
His saint profan'd, as if some plague were nie;
So Goltho now leaves Ulfinore, and fear'd
To share such veng'ance, if he did not flie.

How each at home o're-rates his miscrie,
And thinks that all are musical abroad,
Unfetter'd as the windes, whilst onely he,
Of all the glad and licens'd world, is aw'd.

And as cag'd birds are by the fowler set
To call in more, whilst those that taken be,
May think (though they are pris'ners in the net)
Th' incag'd, because they sing, sometimes are free.

So Goltho (who by Ulfinore was brought
Here, where he first love's dangers did perceive
In beauty's field) thinks, tho' himself was caught,
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

But Ulfinore (whom neighbourhood led here)
Impressions took before from Birtha's sight;
Ideas which in silence hidden were,
As Heav'n's designes before the birth of light.

This from his father Ulfin he did hide,
Who, strict to youth, would not permit the best
Reward of worth, the bosome of a bride,
Should be but after vertuous toyles possest.

For Ulfinore, (in blooming honour yet)
Tho' he had learnt the count'nance of the foe,
And tho' his courage could dull armys whet,
The care o're crouds, nor conduct could not know:
Nor varie batails' shapes in the foes' view;
But now in forraigne fields meanes to improve
His early arts, to what his father knew,
That merit so might get him leave to love.

Till then, check'd passion shall not venture forth:
And now retires with a disorder'd heart;
Griev'd, least his rival should by early'r worth
Get love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

But stop we here, like those who day-light lack,
Or as misguided travailers that rove,
Oft finde their way by going somewhat back;
So let's return, thou ill conductor, Love!

Thy little wanton godhead, as my guide,
I have attended many a winter night,
To seek whom time for honour's sake would hide,
Since in mine age sought by a wasted light:

But ere my remnant of life's lamp be spent,
Whilst I in lab'rinths stray amongst the dead;
I mean to recollect the paths I went,
And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

Thy walk (though as a common deitie
The croud does follow thee) misterious grows,
For Rhodalind may now close mourner die,
Since Gondibert, too late, her sorrow knows.

Young Hurgonil above dear light prefers
Calm Orna, who his highest love outloves;
Yet envious clouds in Lombard registers [proves.
O'recast their morn, what e're their evening

For fatal Laura, trusty Tybalt pines;
For haughty Gartha, subtle Hermegild;
Whilst she her beauty, youth, and birth declines;
And as to fate, does to ambition yield.

Great Gondibert, to bashful Birtha bends,
Whom she adores like vertue in a throne;
Whilst Ulfinore and Goltho (late vow'd friends
By him) are now his rivals, and their owne.

Through ways thus intricate to lovers' urnes
Thou leadst me, Love, to show thy trophies past;
Where Time (less cruel than thy godhead) mournes
In ruines which thy pride would have to last.

Where I on Lombard monuments have read
Old lovers' names, and their fam'd ashes spy'd;
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,
And such their tombes; than, how they liv'd, and dy'd.

To Paphos flie! and leave me sullen here!
This lamp shall light me to records which give
To future youth so just a cause of feare,
That it will valour seem to dare to live!

GONDIBERT.

THE THIRD BOOK [1].

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The people, left by Gartha, leave to mourn,
And worship Hermegild for her return.
The wounded Hurgonil by Orna cur'd;
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.
In Laura's hasty change love's pow'r appears,
And Tybalt seeks the kindness which he fears.

When sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape
Departed peace brought back, the court they prais'd;
And seem'd so joy'd as cities which escape
A siege, that by their own brave sallies rais'd.

And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,
Thro' all the streets his chariot slowly drove;
Whilst she endures the kindness of the throng,
Tho' rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd [gaze;
From Hubert's camp) with childish eyes they
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,
And all his arts to mighty magick raise.

On both they such abundant blessings throw,
As if those num'rous priests who here reside,
(Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now
In haste to bless the laytie e're they dyde.

Thus dignify'd and crown'd thro' all the streets,
To court they come, where them wise Aribert
Not weakly with a publick passion meets;
But in his open'd face conceal'd his heart.

With mod'rate joy he took this pledge of peace,
Because great joys infer to judging eyes
The minde distress'd before; and in distress,
Thrones, which are jealous forts, think all are spies.

Yet, by degrees, a soul delighted showes
To Gartha, whom he leads to Rhodalind;
And soon to Hermegild as artless grows
As maids, and like successful lovers kind.

And Rhodalind, though bred to daily sight
Of court's feign'd faces, and pretended hearts,
(In which disguises courts take no delight,
But little mischiefs shun by little arts.)

[1] Written by the author during his imprisonment.

She, when she Gartha saw, no kindness feign'd,
But faithfully her former rage excus'd;
For now she others' sorrows entertain'd,
As if to love, a maid's first sorrow, us'd.

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet,
Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;
To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,
As Hybla hony, or Arabian dew.

And Gartha, like an eastern monarch's bride,
This publick love with bashful homage took;
For she had learn'd from Hermegild to hide
A rising heart behind a falling look.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat
A pardon for that storm her sorrow rais'd;
Which Rhodalind more sues she would forget,
Unless to have so just a sorrow prais'd.

Soon is this joy thro' all the court dispers'd;
So high they value peace, who daily are
In pride's invasions, private faction, vers'd;
The small but fruitful seed of publick warre.

Whilst thus sweet peace had others' joys assur'd,
Orna with hopes of sweeter love was pleas'd;
For of war's wounds brave Hurgonil was cur'd,
And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

In both these cures her sov'raign help appears,
Since, as her double patient, he receiv'd,
For bloody wounds, balm from her precious tears,
And bloodless wounds of love her vowes reliev'd

She let no med'cinal flow'r in quiet grow,
No art lie hid, nor artist ease his thought,
No fane be shut, no priest from altars goe,
Nor in Heav'n's quire no saint remain unsought;

Nor more her eyes could ease of sleep esteem,
Than sleep can the world's eye, the Sun, conceal;
Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,
Till Heav'n and she his diff'rent wounds did heal.

But now she needs those ayds she did dispence;
For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,
E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,
Which love had in her fits of pitty shown,

When she, (though made of cautious bashfulness)
Whilst him in wounds a smarting feaver burn'd,
Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,
And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

When o're him then, whilst parting life she ru'd,
Her kisses faster (though unknown before)
Than blossomes fall on parting spring she strew'd;
Than blossomes sweeter, and in number more.

But now when from her busie maid she knew
How wildly grief had led her love abroad,
Unmask'd to all, she her own pris'ner grew;
By shame, a virgin's native conscience, aw'd.

With undirected eyes, which careless rove,
With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,
She, blushing, starts at her remember'd love,
And grieves the world had eyes, when that was blind.

Sad darkness, which does other virgins fright,
Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;
And shuns her lover, like the traytor, light,
Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd:

"Why, bashfull maid, will you your beauty hide,
Because your fairer mind, your love, is known?
So jewellers conceal, with artful pride,
Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

"In pitty's passion you unvail'd your minde;
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climbe;
Nor seem, by being bashful, so unkinde
As if you think your pitty was a crime.

"O useless shame! officious bashfulness!
Vertue's vain signe, which onely there appears
Where vertue grows erroneous by excess, [fears.
And shapes more sins than frighted conscience

"Your blushes, which to meer complexion grow,
You must as nature, not as vertue, own;
And for your open'd love, you but blush so
As guiltless roses blush that they are blown.

"As well the Morn (whose essence poets made,
And gave her bashful eyes) we may believe
Does blush for what she sees through night's thin shade,
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

"Arise! and all the flowers of ev'ry mead
(Which, weeping through your stills, my health restor'd)
Bring to the temple to adorn your head,
And there, where you did worship, be ador'd."

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high
By joys of love) he spake; and not less kinde
Was now (ent'ring with native harmony,
Like forward spring) the blooming Rhodalind.

Like summer, goodly Gartha, fully blown;
Laura, like autumn, with as ripe a look;
But show'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gon,
Arnold, from whom she life's short glory took.

Like winter, Hermegild; yet not so gray
And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,
That even weak winter is allow'd some day,
And the ayre cleer, and healthfull in a frost.

All these, and Tybalt too, (unless a spy
He be, watching who thrives in Laura's sight)
Came hither, as in kinde conspiracy,
To hasten Orna to her marriage plight.

And now the priests prepare for this high vow
All rites, that to their lawes can add a grace;
To which the sequent knot they not allow,
Till a spent morn recovers all her face.

And now the streets like summer meads appear!
For with sweet strewings maids left gardens bare,
As lovers wish their sweeter bosomes were,
When hid unkindly by dishevel'd haire.

And Orna now (importun'd to possess
Her long wish'd joys) breaks thro' her blushes so,
As the fair Morn breaks through her rosyness,
And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

She thinks her love's high sickness now appears
A fit so weak, as does no med'cine need;
So soon society can cure those feares
On which the coward, Solitude, does feed.

They with united joy blest Hurgonil
And Orna to the sacred temple bring;
Whilst all the court in triumph show their skill,
As if long bred by a triumphant king.

Such dayes of joy, before the marriage day,
The Lombards long by custome had embrac't;
Custom, which all, rather than law obey,
For lawes by force, customes by pleasure, last.

And wisely ancients, by this needfull snare
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
As most in marriage swallow with that care,
Which bashfully the wise will ne'r confess.

'Tis statesmen's musick, who state's fowlers be,
And singing birds, to catch the wilder, set;
So bring in more to tame society;
For wedlock, to the wilde, is the state's net.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
Like battail's musick which to fights prepare,
Many to strife and sad success invites;
For marriage is too oft but civil warr.

A truth too amply known to those who read
Great Hymen's roles, tho' he from lovers' eyes
Hides his most tragick stories of the dead, [rise.
Least all, like Goths, should 'gainst his temples

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance,
With a hot reader's haste, this song pursue)
Mayst finde, too soon, thou dost too far advance,
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

For it is sung, (though by a mourning voice)
That in the ides before these lovers had,
With Hymen's publick hand, confirm'd their choice,
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

For Hermegild too studiously foresaw
The count's allyance with the duke's high blood,
Might from the Lombards such affection draw,
As could by Hubert never be withstood.

And he in haste with Gartha does retire,
Where thus his breast he opens to prevent,
That Hymen's hallow'd torch may not take fire,
When all these lesser lights of joy are spent:

" High Heaven (from whose best lights your beauty grows,
Born high, as highest mindes) preserve you still
From such, who then appear resistless foes,
When they allyance joyn to armes and skill!

" Most by conjunction planets harmfull are;
So rivers joyning overflow the land,
And forces joyn'd make that destructive warre,
Which else our common conduct may withstand.

" Their knees to Hurgonil the people bow,
And worship Orna in her brother's right;
They must be sever'd, or like palms will grow,
Which, planted near, out-climbe their native height

" As windes, whose violence out-does all art,
Act all unseen; so we as secretly
These branches of that cedar, Gondibert,
Must force till his deep root in rising dy.

" If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,
Such rumour thro' thick towns unheeded flies,
As winds thro' woods, and we (our great work past)
Like winds will silence tongues, and scape from eyes."

E're this dark lesson she was clearer taught,
His enter'd slaves place at her rev'renc'd feet
A spacious cabinet, with all things fraught,
Which seem'd for wearing artful, rich, and sweet.

With leisurely delight she by degrees
Lifts ev'ry till, does ev'ry drawer draw;
But nought which to her sex belongs she sees,
And for the male all nice adornments saw.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her eyes,
Which like a wanton wonder there began;
But straight she in the lower closet spies
Th' accomplish'd dress and garments of a man.

Then starting, she her hand shrunk nicely back,
As if she had been stung, or that she fear'd
This garment was the skin of that old snake,
Which at the fatal tree like man appear'd.

The ambitious maid at scornfull distance stood,
And bravely seem'd of love's low vices free;
Though vicious in her minde, not in her blood:
Ambition is the minde's immodestie!

He knew great mindes, disorder'd by mistake,
Defend, thro' pride, the errours they repent;
And with a lover's fearfulness he spake
Thus humbly, that extremes he might prevent:

" How ill (delightfull maid!) shall I deserve
My life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,
If I shall vex your vertues, that preserve
Others' weak vertues, which would else expire.

" How, more than death, shall I my life despise,
When your fear'd frowns make me your service fear!
When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise
You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

" So rude a law your int'rest will impose;
And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:
Vain shame, which fears you should such honour lose
As lasts but by intelligence with fame.

" Number, which makes opinion law, can turn
This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,
Because not by your sex as fashion worn;
And fashion is but that which numbers choose.

" If you approve what numbers lawful think,
Be bold, for number cancels bashfulness;
Extremes, from which a king would blushing shrink,
Unblushing senates act as no excess."

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his minde)
By a dark vayle to sudden sight deny'd,
That she might prise what seem'd so hard to finde;
For curtains promise worth in what they hide.

He said her manhood would not strange appear
In court, where all the fashion is disguise;
Where masquerades are serious all the year:
None known but strangers, nor secure but spies.

All rules he reads of living great in courts,
Which some the art of wise dissembling call;
For pow'r (born to have foes) much weight supports
By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light;
By cares as open be to all endeer'd;
For the unthinking croud judge by their sight,
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

He shuts her breast even from familiar eyes;
For he who secrets (pow'r's chief treasure) spends
To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys:
Since pow'r seeks great confed'rates, more than friends.

And now with councels more particular,
He taught her how to wear tow'rdes Rhodalind
Her looks, which of the minde false pictures are;
And then how Orna may believe her kinde.

How Laura too may be (whose practis'd eyes
Can more detect the shape of forward love)
By treaty caught, though not by a surprise,
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

But here he ends his lecture, for he spy'd
(Adorn'd, as if to grace magnifique feasts)
Bright Rhodalind, with the elected bride,
And with the bride all her selected guests.

They Gartha in their civil pity sought,
Whom they in midst of triumphs mist, and feare
Least her full breast (with Hubert's sorrows fraught)
She, like a mourner, came to empty here.

But she and Hermegild are wilde with hast,
As traytors are whom visitants surprise;
Decyph'ring that which fearfully they cast
In some dark place, where viler treason lies.

So open they the fatal cabinet,
To shut things slighter with the consequent;
Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set,
And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

Tybalt, who Laura gravely ever led,
With ceaseless whispers laggs behinde the train,
Trys, since her wary governour is dead,
How the fair fort he may by treaty gain.

For now unhappy Arnold she forsakes,
Yet is he blest that she does various prove,
When his spent heart for no unkindness askes,
Since from the light as sever'd as from love.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gon,
Some clouds a while and strokes of faintness last;
So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,
As shows a tempest or a sickness past.

But him no more with such sad eyes she seeks,
As even at feasts would make old tyrants weep;
Nor more attempts to wake him with such shreeks,
As threatned all where Death's deaf pris'ners sleep.

Hugo and him, as leaders, now she names,
Not much as lovers does their fame approve;
Nor her own fate, but chance of battel blames,
As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

This Tybalt saw, and findes that the turn'd stream
Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;
Yet could he not forget the kinde esteem
She lately had of Arnold's high desert.

Nor does it often scape his memory,
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her eyes,
After such showres of love, were quickly drie,
He would them more than lamps in tombs despise.

And whilst he watch'd like an industrious spy
Her sexe's changes, and revolts of youth,
He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,
As senates count'nance laws, or synods truth.

But men are frail, more glass than women are!
Tybalt, who with a stay'd judicious heart
Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:
Love, free by nature, scorns the bonds of art!

Laura (whose fort he by approach would gain)
With a weak sigh blows up his mine, and smiles,
Gives fire but with her eye, and he is slain;
Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

Nor force of arms or arts (O Love!) endures
Thy mightyness; and since we must discern
Diseases fully e're we study cures,
And our own force by others' weakness learn;

Let me to courts and camps thy agent be,
Where all their weakness and diseases spring
From their not knowing, and not hon'ring thee
In those, who Nature in they triumphs sing.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst Birtha and the duke their joyes persue
In conqu'ring love, Fate does them both subdue
With triumphs, which from court young Orgo brought;
And have in Goltho greater triumphs wrought:
Whose hopes the quiet Ulfinore does bear
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.

THE prosp'rous Gondibert from Birtha gains
All bashful plights a maid's first bounties give;
Fast vows, which binde Love's captives more than chains,
Yet free Love's saints in chosen bondage live.

Few were the dayes, and swiftly seem'd to waste,
Which thus he in his minde's fruition spent;
And least some envious cloud should overcast
His love's fair morn, oft to his camp he sent,

To Bergamo, where still intrenched were
Those youth, whom first his father's army bred;
Who ill the rumour of his wounds did bear,
Tho' he that gave them of his own be dead.

And worse those haughty threat'nings they abhor,
Which Fame from Brescia's ancient fighters brought;
Vain Fame, the people's trusted orator, [wrought.
Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has

Oft Goltho with his temp'rate councels went,
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous fury warm'd,
Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,
And think him safest in their patience arm'd.

And safe now is his love, as love could be,
If all the world like old Arcadia were;
Honour the monarch, and all lovers free
From jealousie, as safety is from fear.

And Birtha's heart does to his civil breast
As much for ease and peace, as safety come;
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a guest,
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

Like great and good confed'rates, whose designe
Invades not others, but secures their own,
So they in just and vertuous hopes combine,
And are, like new confed'rates, busie grown.

With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought,
They walk consulting, standing they debate;
And then seek shades, where they in vaine are sought
By servants, who intrude and think they waite.

In this great league, their most important care
Was to dispatch their rites; yet so provide,
That all the court might think them free as ayre,
When fast as faith they were by Hymen ty'd.

" For if the king" (said he) " our love surprise,
His stormy rage will it rebellion call,
Who claims to choose the brides of his allys,
And in that storm our joys in blossome fall.

" Our love your cautious father onely knowes,
(On whose safe prudence senates may depend)
And Goltho, who to time few reck'nings owes,
Yet can discharge all duties of a friend."

Such was his minde, and hers (more busy) shows
That bonds of love doe make her longer fast
Than Hymen's knot, as plain religion does,
Longer than rites (religion's fashions) last.

That her discretion somewhat does appeare,
Since she can love, her mind's chief beauty, hide;
Which never farther went than Thula's eare,
Who had (alas!) but for that secret di'de.

That she already had disguises fram'd, [side;
And sought out caves, where she might close re-
As being nor unwilling nor asham'd
To live his captive, so she die his bride.

Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,
Where in the front was to remoter view
Exalted hills, and nearer prostrate meads,
With forrests flanck'd, where shade to darkness grew.

Beneath that shade two rivers slily steal,
Through narrow walks, to wider Adice,
Who swallows both, till proudly she does swell,
And hastes to show her beauty to the sea.

And here, whilst forth he sends his ranging eie,
Orgo he spies, who plies the spur so fast,
As if with newes of vict'ry he would flie
To leave swift Fame behinde him by his haste.

" If," (said the duke) " because this boy is come,
I second gladness show, doe not suppose
I spread my breast to give new comforts roome,
That were to welcome rain where Nylus flowes.

" Though the unripe appearance of a page
For weighty trust, may render him too weak,
Yet this is he, who, more than cautious age,
Or like calm death, will bury what we speak.

" This, Birtha, is the boy, whose skilless face
Is safe from jealousie of oldest spies;
In whom, by whisper, we from distant place
May meet, or wink our meaning to his eyes."

More had he said to gain him her esteem,
But Orgo enters speechless with his speed;
And by his looks more full of haste did seem,
Than when his spurs provok'd his flying steed.

And with his first recover'd breath he cryes:
" Hail, my lov'd lord! whom Fame does vallue [so,
That when she swift with your successes flies,
She feares to wrong the world in being slow.

" I bring you more than tasts of Fortune's love,
Yet am afraid I err, in having dar'd
To think her favours could your gladness move,
Who have more worth than Fortune can reward."

The duke, with smiles, forewarns his hasty tongue,
As loath he should proceed in telling more;
Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,
By hearing what he thought he knew before.

" Thy diligence" (said he) " is high desert,
It does in youth supply defects of skil,
And is of duty the most useful part;
Yet art thou now but slow to Hurgonil:

" Who hither, by the Moon's imperfect light,
Came and return'd, without the help of day,
To tell me he has Orna's virgin plight,
And that their nuptials for my presence stay."

Orgo reply'd: " Though that a triumph be,
Where all false lovers are, like savage kings,
Led captive after love's great victory,
It does but promise what your triumph brings.

" It was the eve to this your holy-day!
And now Verona mistriss does appear
Of Lombardy; and all the flowers which May
E're wore, does as the countrie's favours wear.

" The weary Eccho from the hills makes haste,
Vex'd that the bells still call for her replies,
When they so many are, and ring so faste;
Yet oft are silenc'd by the people's cries:

" Who send to Heav'n the name of Rhodalind,
And then duke Gondibert as high they raise,
To both with all their publick passion kinde,
If kindnesse shine in wishes and in praise.

" The king this day made your adoption known,
Proclaim'd you to the empire next ally'd,
As heir to all his conquests and his crown,
For royal Rhodalind must be your bride."

Not all the dangers valour findes in war,
Love meets in courts, or pride to courts procures,
When sick with peace they hot in faction are,
Can make such fears as now the duke endures.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry maid has found,
On whose first guards Love by surprises steals,
(Whose sightless arrow makes a cureless wound)
Are like to this which doubtful Birtha feels.

He from his looks wild wonder strives to chase;
Strives more to teach his manhood to resist
Death in her eyes; and then, with all the grace
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismist.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees
Could fall, she fell; and soon he bends as low
With weight of heart, griev'd that no grave he sees,
To sink where love no more can sorrow know.

Her sighs, as showrs lay windes, are calm'd with tears;
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears
A cleerer sky, and thus she weeping spake:

" Since such a prince has forfeited his pow'r,
Heav'n give me leave to make my duty less,
Let me my vows as sudden oathes abhor,
Which did my passion, not my truth, express.

" Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,
But rather ill and rashly understood;
For 'tis impossible I can forget
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

" Tho' cruel now as beasts where they have pow'r,
Choosing, like them, to make the weakest bleed,
For weakness soon invites you to devour,
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

" To fighting fields send all your honour back,
To courts your dang'rous tongue and civil shape,
That country maids may men no more mistake,
Nor seek dark death, that they may love escape."

Now soon to Heav'n her soul had found the way,
For there it oft had been in pray'r and praise)
But that his vows did life with loudness stay.
And life's warm help did soon her body raise.

And now he gently leads her; for no more
He lets th' unhallow'd ground a faln flowre wear,
Sweeter than Nature's bosome ever wore;
And now these vows sends kindly to her ear:

" If (Birtha) I am false, think none to blame
For thinking truth (by which the soul subsists)
No farther to be found than in the name;
Think humane kind betraid even by their priests.

" Think all my sex so vile, that you may chide
Those maids who to your mother's nuptials ran;
And praise your mother, who so early dy'de,
Remembring whom she marry'd was a man.

" This great court miracle you straight receive
From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows:
Why, since you Orgo's words so soon believe,
Will you less civilly suspect my vowes?

" My vowes, which want the temple's seal, will binde
(Though private kept) surer than publick laws;
For laws but force the body, but my minde
Your vertue councels, whilst your beauty draws."

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more
Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;
Now losing (were he lost) more than before, [true.
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him

As sick physitians seldome their own art
Dare trust, to cure their own disease, so these
Were to themselves quite useless when apart;
Yet, by consult, each can the other ease.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;
For Orgo's newes (which need not borrow wings,
Since Orgo for his lord believ'd it good)
To Astragon the joyful houshold brings.

But Astragon, with a judicious thought,
This day's glad news took in the dire portent;
A day which mourning nights to Birtha brought,
And with that fear in search of Birtha went.

And here he findes her in her lover's eyes,
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown
At his approach, for each his sorrow spies,
Who thus would counsel theirs, and hide his own.

" Though much this fatall joy to anger moves,
Yet reason's aydes shall anger's force subdue;
I will not chide you for your hasty loves,
Nor ever doubt (great prince) that yours is true.

" In chiding Love, because he hasty was,
Or urging errours, which his swiftness brings,
I finde effects, but dare not tax the cause;
For poets were inspir'd who gave him wings.

" When low I digg, where desart rivers run,
Dive deep in seas, thro' forrests follow windes,
Or reach with optick tubes the ragged Moon,
My sight no cause of Love's swift motion findes.

" Love's fatall haste, in yours, I will not blame,
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,
Nor Birtha chide, who thought you came from Heav'n.

" If you lay snares, we err when we escape;
Since evil practise learns men to suspect
Where falshood is, and in your noble shape
We should, by finding it, our skill detect.

" Yet both your griefs I'le chide, as ignorance;
Call you unthankful; for your great griefs show
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

" If your contextures be so weak and nice,
Weep that this stormy world you ever knew;
You are not in those calmes of Paradice,
Where slender flowers as safe as cedars grew.

" This, which your youth calls grief, was froward-
In flatter'd infancy, and as you beare [ness
Unkindly now amidst youth's joys distress,
So then, unless still rock'd, you froward were.

" Grief's conflicts gave these haires their silver shine;
(Torne ensighes which victorious age adorne)
Youth is a dress too garish and too fine
To be in foule tempestuous weather worne.

" Grief's want of use does dang'rous weakness make;
But we by use of burdens are made strong,
And in our practis'd age can calmely take
Those sorrows which, like feavers, vex the young.

" When you in Love's fair books (which poets keep)
Read what they hide, his tragick history,
You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep,
And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

" Learn then that Love's diseases common are;
Doe not in sickness known, (though new to you)
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despaire:
Love's vital heat does last whilst love is true."

Thus spake the kinde and prudent Astragon,
And much their kinde impatience he appeas'd;
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own
Were born by both) their dutious fears are eas'd.

She begs that he would pardon her distress,
Thought that even sin which did his sorrow move;
And then, with all her mother's lowliness,
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

The duke, who saw fair truth so undisguis'd,
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,
Pitty'd the studious world, and all despis'd,
Who did not here unlearn what they had learn'd.

" I am reform'd," (said he) " not that before
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;
But I have learnt to perfect nature more,
By giving innocence a little skill."

" For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear
With temper the distempers of our stars;
Not doubling griefs already come by fear
Of more, for fears but hasten threaten'd wars.

" But we will bravely suffer to inure [laid;
Our strength to weights against the new are
That, when 'tis known how much we can endure,
Our sufferings may make our foes afraid.

" This comet glory shines but in portent,
Which from the court does send her threatning
And looks as if it were by malice ment [beams;
To hasten Oswald's faction to extreams.

" Since Hurgonil, who just fore-ran the boy,
Could not instruct us, we as much may know
Of the first light, as of these fires of joy,
Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

" Yet this the king might hide in kingly skill,
Wisely to make his bounty more his own;
Kings stoop for council, who impart their will;
His acts, like Heav'n's, make not their causes known.

" Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught
In Birtha wears, I here to Birtha make
A vow, that Rhodalind I never sought,
Nor now would with her love her greatnesse take.

" Love's bonds are for her greatness made too strait,
And me ambition's pleasures cannot please;
Even priests, who on the higher altar wait,
Think a continu'd rev'rence losse of ease.

" Let us with secrecy our love protect,
Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect
As false, and shun it when I finde it true."

They now retire, because they Goltho saw,
Who hither came to watch with Ulfinore
If much the duke's woo'd mistriss did him awe,
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of pow'r.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move
With sodain shyness, he suppos'd it shame
Of being seen in chase of Birtha's love,
As if above it grown since Orgo came.

Goltho by nature was of musick made,
Cheerful as victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad,
And nought but love could make him taste distress.

Hope, which our cautious age scarce entertains,
Or as a flatt'rer gives her cold respect,
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains
Of one hour's absence as a year's neglect.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing guest,
Fed by the rich, but feasted by the poor;
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,
He thus presents in boast to Ulfinore:

" Well may I (friend) auspicious Love adore,
Seeing my mighty rival takes no pride
To be with Birtha seen; and he before
(Thou knowst) injoyn'd that I his love should hide.

" Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd
To thee, since we are now so much the same,
That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,
For we admit no diff'rence but in name.

" But be it still from ev'ry other ear
Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:
His laws are still to my obedience dear,
Who was my gen'ral, though my rival now.

" And well thou knowst how much mine eies did melt,
When our great leader they did first perceive
Love's captive led, whose sorrows then I felt,
Tho' now for greater of mine own I grieve.

" Nor do I now by love in duty err;
For if I get what he would fain possesse,
Then he a monarch is, and I preferr
Him, who undoes the world in being lesse.

" When Heav'n (which hath preferr'd me to thy brest,
Where friendship is inthron'd) shall make it known
That I am worth thy love, which is exprest
By making heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

" Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,
And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd plant
Have after spring a ripeness and a fall,
Or never of the first abundance want.

" And I shall tell thee then if poets are
In using beauty's pencil false, or blinde;
For they have Birtha drawn but sweet and faire,
Stiles of her face, the curtain of her minde!

" And thou at parting shalt her picture weare,
For Nature's honour, not to show my pride;
Try if her like the teeming world does beare,
Then bring that copy hither for thy bride.

" And they shall love as quietly as we;
Their beauty's pow'r no civil war will raise,
But flourish, and like neighb'ring flowres agree,
Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

" Then we for change will leave such luscious peace,
In camps their favours shall our helms adorn;
For we can no way else our joys increase,
But by beholding theirs at our return."

Thus, cloth'd in feathers, he on steeples walks,
Not guessing yet that silent Ulfinore
Had study'd her of whom he loosly talks,
And what he likes did solidly adore.

But Ulfinore with cold discretion aw'd
His passion, and did grave with love become;
Though youthfully he sent his eies abroad,
Yet kept with manly care his tongue at home.

These rivals' hopes he did with patience hear;
His count'nance not uneasy seem'd, nor strange;
Yet meant his cares should more like love appear,
If in the duke ambition bred a change.

But as the duke shun'd them for secrecy,
So now they from approaching Orgo move,
Made by Discretion (Love's strict tutor) shy,
Which is to lovers painful as their love.

But Orgo they did ill suspect, whose youth
And nature yielded lovers no offence;
Us'd by his lord for kindness and for truth,
Both native in him as his innocence:

And here pass'd by in haste, to court imploy'd,
That Birtha may no more have cause to mourn;
Full was his little breast! and overjoy'd
That much depended on his quick return!

Many like Orgo, in their manhood's morn,
As pages did the noble duke attend;
The sons of chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,
And fairer vertue did that beauty mend.

These in his heroes' schools he bred, (which were
In peace his palace, and in war his tent)
As if Time's self had read sage lectures there
How he would have his howres (life's treasure) spent.

No action, though to shorten dreaded warre,
Nor needful counsels, though to lengthen peace,
Nor love, of which wise Nature takes such care,
Could from this useful work his cares release.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught
These youths by growing vertue to grow great;
Show'd greatness is without it blindly sought,
A desp'rate charge, which ends in base retreat.

He taught them shame, the sodain sence of ill;
Shame, Nature's hasty conscience, which forbids
Weak inclination ere it grows to will,
Or stays rash will, before it grows to deeds.

He taught them honour, Vertue's bashfulness,
A fort so yieldless, that it fears to treat;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;
Honour, the moral conscience of the great!

He taught them kindness, soul's civilitie,
In which nor courts, nor citys, have a part;
For theirs is fashion, this from falshood free,
Where love and pleasure know no lust nor art.

And love he taught, the soul's stolne visit made,
Tho' froward age watch hard, and law forbid;
Her walks no spie has trac'd, nor mountain staide;
Her friendship's cause is as the loadstone's hid.

He taught them love of toyle; toyle, which does keep [blood;
Obstructions from the minde, and quench the
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep,
Like opium, is our med'cine, not our food.

To dangers us'd them, which Death's visards are,
More uggly than himself, and often chase
From battail coward life; but when we dare
His visard see, we never fear his face.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet takes the wise aside, to prove
Even them concern'd in all he writes of love.
The dutious Orgo from the court returns
With joys, at which again fair Birtha mourns.
The duke with open armes does entertain
Those guests, whom he receives with secret pain.

Thou, who some ages hence these roles dost read
(Kept as records by lovers of love's pow'r)
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,
And feed'st from earth, when earth does me devowr:

Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some citie's joys,
Where they would fall asleep with lazy peace,
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,
And their loud bells cannot for nuptials cease:

Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomy bride
Lead'st to some temple, where I wither'd lie;
Proudly, as if she age's frosts defy'd;
And that thy springing self could never die:

Thou, to whom then the chcerful quire will sing,
Whilst hallow'd lamps, and tapers brave the Sun
As a lay-light; and bells in triumph ring,
As when from sallies the besiegers run:

That when the priest has ended, if thine eies
Can but a little space her eies forbear,
To shew her where my marble coffin lies;
Her virgin garlands she will offer there:

Confess, that reading me she learnt to love;
That all the good behaviour of her heart,
Even tow'rds thy self, my doctrine did improve;
Where love by nature is forwarn'd of art,

She will confess, that to her maiden state
This story show'd such patterns of great life,
As though she then could those but imitate,
They an example make her now a wife.

And thy life's fire could she awhile outlive
(Which were, though lawful, neither kinde nor good)
Then, even her sorrows would examples give;
And shine to others through dark widowhood.

And she will boast, how spite of cynick age,
Of bus'ness, which does pow'r uncivil make,
Of ruder cells, where they love's fire asswage
By study'ng death, and fear for vertue take:

And spite of courts (where loving now is made
An art, as dying is in cells) my laws
Did teach her how by nature to perswade,
And hold by vertue whom her beauty draws.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom
Love owes his eies, who has too long been blinde;
Then in the temple leave my bodie's tomb,
To seek this book, the mon'ment of my minde.

Where thou mai'st read; who with impatient eies
For Orgo on the guilded tarras stay;
Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,
As the morne's window when she lets out day.

Whose height two rising forrests over-looks;
And on pine-tops the eiesight downward casts;
Where distant rivers seem bestrided brooks,
Churches but anchor'd ships, their steeples masts.

Hence, by his little Regian courser brought,
Orgo they spie, with diligence indu'd,
As if he would o'ertake forerunning thought;
And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

But his light speed left those awhile behinde;
Whilst with rais'd dust their swiftness hid the way,
Yet Birtha will, too soon, by Orgo finde
What she by distance lost in this survay.

Orgo a precious casket did present
To his dear lord, of Podian saphyr wrought;
For which, unknown to Birtha, he was sent;
And a more precious pledge, was in it brought.

Then thus proclaim'd his joy! "Long may I live!
Sent still with blessings from the heav'nly powers;
And may their bountys shew what they can give;
And full as fast as long expected showres!

"Behold the king, with such a shining traine
As dazles sight, yet can inform the blind;
But there the rich, and beautious shine in vaine,
Unless they distance keep from Rhodalind.

"Methinks, they through the middle region come;
Their chariots hid in clouds of dust below,
And o're their heads, their coursers scatter'd fome
Does seem to cover them like falling snow."

This Birtha heard, and she on Orgo cast
A piteous look (for she no anger knew)
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast
Such joys, as fain she faster would eschew.

So Gondibert this gust of glory took,
As men whose sayls are full more weather take;
And she so gaz'd on him, as sea-men look
On long sought shore, when tempests drive them back.

But now these glorys more apparent be;
And justly all their observation claim'd;
Great, as in greatest courts less princes see,
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

West from Verona's road, through pleasant meads
Their chariots cross; and to the palace steer;
And Aribert this winged triumph leads;
Which like the planets progress did appear.

So shin'd they, and so noisless seem'd their speed;
Like Spartans, touching but the silken reynes,
Was all the conduct which their coursers need;
And proudly to sit still, was all their paines.

With Aribert sat royal Rhodalind;
Calm Orna by the count; by Hermegild
(Silver'd with time) the golden Gartha shin'd;
And Tybalt's eies were full by Laura fill'd.

The lesser beauties, numberless as stars,
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this noon-day;
And lagg'd like baggage treasure in the wars;
Or only seem'd, another milkie way.

The duke perceiv'd the king design'd to make
This visit more familiar by surprise;
And with court art, he would no notice take
Of that, which kings are willing to disguise.

But as in heedless sleep, the house shall seem
New wak'd with this alarm; and Ulfin strait
(Whose fame was precious in the court's esteem)
Must, as with casual sight, their entrance wait.

To Astragon he doubles all his vows;
To Birtha, through his eies, his heart reveal'd;
And by some civil jealousies he shows
Her beauty from the court must be concealed.

Prays her, from envy's danger to retire;
The palace war; which there can never cease
Till beauty's force in age or death expire:
A war disguis'd in civil shapes of peace,

Still he the precious pledge kept from her view;
Who guess'd not by the casket his intent;
And was so willing not to fear him true,
That she did fear to question what it ment.

Now hasts she to be hid; and being gon,
Her lover thinks the planet of the day
So leaves the mourning world to give the Moon,
(Whose train is mark'd but for their number) way.

And entring in her closet (which took light
Full in the palace front) she findes her maids
Gather'd to see this gay unusual sight;
Which, commet-like, their wondring eies invades.

Where Thula would by climbing highest be,
Though ancient grown, and was in stature short,
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,
But to be hid from dangers of the court.

Their curious longing Birtha durst not blame
Boldness, (which but to seeing did aspire)
Since she her self, provok'd with courts' great fame,
Would fain a little see what all admire.

Then through the casement ventur'd so much face
As kings depos'd show, when through grates they peep,
To see deposers to their crowning passe;
But straight shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

Soon so her eies did too much glory finde;
For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she
No more would view since that was Rhodalind;
And so much beauty could none others be.

Which with her vertue weigh'd (no less renown'd)
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;
And be in tears of the possessor drown'd,
Or she depose her lover by her love.

But Thula (wildly earnest in the view
Of such gay sights as she did ne'r behold)
Mark'd not when Birtha her sad eies withdrew;
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to gold.

Each lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;
Then with rude liking prais'd them all alowd;
Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry lord;
And civilly to ev'ry page she bow'd.

The objects past, out-sigh'd even those that woo;
And straight her mistris at the window mist;
Then finding her in grief, out-sigh'd her too;
And her fair hands with parting passion kist:

Did with a servant's usual art profess,
That all she saw was to her beauty black;
Confess'd their maids well bred, and knew to dress,
But said those courts are poor which painting lack.

"Thy praise," (said Birtha) "poyson'd is with spite;
May blisters cease on thy uncivil tongue,
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,
By doing Rhodalind and Orna wrong.

"False Fame, thy mistris, tutour'd thee amiss;
Who teaches school in streets, where crowds resort;
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is:
The common country slander on the court."

With this rebuke, Thula takes gravely leave;
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gon;
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;
Whilst Birtha findes, wilde fear feeds best alone.

Ulfin receives, and through Art's palace guides
The king; who owns him with familiar grace;
Though twice seven years from first observance hides
Those marks of valour which adorn'd his face.

Then Astragon with hasty homage bows:
And says, when thus his beam she does dispence
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows
Kings made for universal influence.

Him with renown the king for science pays,
And vertue; which God's likest pictures bee;
Drawn by the soul, whose onely hire is praise;
And from such salary not Heav'n is free.

Then kindly he inquires for Gondibert;
When, and how far his wounds in danger were?
And does the cautious progress of his art
Alike with wonder and with pleasure heare.

Now Gondibert advanc'd, but with delay;
As fetter'd by his love for he would fain
Dissembled weakness might procure his stay,
Here where his soul does as in Heav'n remain.

Him, creature like, the king did boldly use
With publick love; to have it understood
That kings, like God, may choose whom they will choose;
And what they make, judge with their own eies good.

This grace the duke at bashful distance takes;
And Rhodalind so much concern'd is grown,
That his surprisal she her troubles makes;
Blushing, as if his blushes were her own.

Now the bright train with Astragon ascend;
Whilst Hermegild, with Gartha, moves behinde;
Whom much this gracious visit did offend;
But thus he practis'd to appease her minde.

"Judge not you strangely in this visit showe;
As well in courts think wise disembling new;
Nor think the kindness strange, though to your foe,
Till all in courts where they are kinde are true.

"Why should your closer mourning more be worn?
Poor priests invented blacks for lesser cost;
Kings for their syres in regal purple mourn;
Which shows what they have got, not what they lost.

"Though rough the way to empire be, and steep,
You look that I should level it so plain,
As babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;
But pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

"This high hill pow'r, whose bowels are of gold,
Shews neer to greedy and unpractis'd sight;
But many grow in travail to it old,
And have mistook the distance by the height.

"If those old travailers may thither be
Your trusted guides, they will your haste reform;
And give you fears of voyages by sea;
Which are not often made without a storm.

"Yet short our course shall prove, our passage faire,
If in the steerage you will quiet stand,
And not make storms of ev'ry breath of aire;
But think the helm safe in the pilot's hand.

"You like some fatal king (who all men hears
Yet trusts intirely none) your trust mistake,
As too much weight for one: one pillar bears
Weight that would make a thousand shoulders ake.

"Your brother's storm I to a calm have turn'd;
Who lets this guilded sacrifice proceed
To Hymen's altar, by the king adorn'd,
As priests give victims gerlonds ere they bleed.

"Hubert to triumph would not move so faste;
Yet you (though but a kind spectator) mean
To give his triumph laws, and make more haste
To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

"With patience lay this tempest of your heart!
For you, ere long, this angel's form shall turn
To fatal man's; and for that shape of art,
Some may, as I for yours of nature, mourn."

Thus by her love-sick statesman she was taught;
And smil'd, with joy of wearing manly shape;
Then smil'd, that such a smile his heart had caught;
Whose nets camps break not through, nor senates scape.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the bounteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

FULL grows the presence now, as when all know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.

Nor Ulfinore nor Goltho absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoyning closet) fears to heare;
And beggs kinde Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

"If to thy fame," (brave youth) "I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

"But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Hunns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eies cannot thy trophies finde.

"When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

"Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyn, by laws were known;
For laws but made more currant victors' pow'r.

"A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

"A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

"To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth give princes place;
And vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

"Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes' veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilium feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self would climbe.

" And Hubert is of highest victors' breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate procede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

" His valour shall the Gothick conquest keep;
And would to Heav'n that all your mighty minds
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had musick common as the windes.

" That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kinde;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

" For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are she;
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

" And richer than that crown (which shall be thine, [fame)
When life's long progress I am gone with
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard
Moaning to fav'rite eares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarchs' griefs, by which they bashful
And in that shame beholders they forbid; [grow;
Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

And Gondibert with dying eies did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply'd.

" Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

" A king you are o're subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o're loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

" To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

" Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled vertue finde) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and oisel's juice endures;

" Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

" Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

" Far in ambition's feaver am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

" Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd feare,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appeare,

" When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

" Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal sutors brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire waite.

" Amongst this ruling race she choyce may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the minde,
Eies that in empire's drowsie calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

" A prince who more inlarges pow'r than lands;
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

" Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possest; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nyle; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

" Thus (princess) you should choose; and you will finde;
Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eies."

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse; [eares:
But Astragon it cures of all his feares.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewayles;
And now her hope a weak physitian seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevailes
Like common med'cines, slowly in extreams.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poore,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
Destroying wholly vertue's race in one;
So by the first of my unlucky sex,
All in a single ruine were undone.

"Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! Whilst I
Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That vertuous men forsake so willingly
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

"Let me her servant be! A dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures;
I still shall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emrauld drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

The thirti'th carract it had doubled twice;
Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! "This (Birtha) from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

"Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,
And that the emrauld is the bridal stone;

"Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
And will when worn by the neglected wife,
Shew when her absent lord disloyal proves,
By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

"Though emraulds serve as spies to jealous brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does councel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

"With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
Who may in all your kinder feares be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artfull pencil Birtha drawn
(With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
Thus she a little spake! "Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

"Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your vertue has with angels place,
And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

"And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their knees;
So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

"If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

"But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

"And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the Spring
For boasting of those flowres she cannot hide.

"Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
By duty to esteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
Will luckyer than his former triumphs prove.

"For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,
The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
Like flowres still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extreames, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To tell the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,
By now appearing forward to obay,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has now his curious sight suffis'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:
Fashions of mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

The busie court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country caste;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signes of love.

All his addresses much by Goltho were
And Ulfinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence neer;
But shun his eyes to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despaire to kindle them to night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which neer fair Rhodalind the duke containes;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gaines.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a houshold maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's eare
An eccho, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold, and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence, as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school, and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distrest;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd, nor that her self obay'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal mayd's, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing painter is,
And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)
That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble vallue of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
Injurious greatness! did you hither come
Where pow'r's strong nets of wyre were never laid?
But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would sleep;
False lights to scare poor birds in country [shade!

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she devours)
Calls it our pride; envy, the poys'nous snake,
Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as flowres!

"Forgive me, beautious greatness, if I grow
Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so
As to believe, that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind."

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And carefull Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emrauld, lost.

But that kinde heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sence,
Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emrauld took:
"If now" (said she) "my lord my heart deceaves,
This stone will by dead paleness make me look
Pale as the snowy skin of lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gemm did fling
Where she oppos'd the rayes, as if she had
Been dy'de in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nimphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rayes retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so neer the rubies of her lips.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this relique brought;
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to superstition would sublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distress to Heav'n would climbe.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just,
And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, love; which when we trust,
Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The deep designes of Birtha in distress;
Her emrauld's vertue shews her love's success,
Wise Astragon with reason cures despair;
And the afflicted chides for partial pray'r.
With grief the secret rivals take their leave;
And but dark hope for hidden love receive.

To shew the morn her passage to the east,
Now Birtha's dawn, the lover's day, appears!
So soon love beats *revellies* in her breast;
And like the dewy morn she rose in tears:

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike.
Her maids straight kindle by her light their eyes;
Which when to hers compar'd, poets would strike
Such sparks to light their lamps, ere day does rise.

But O vain jealousie! why dost thou haste
To find those evils which too soon are brought?
Love's frantick valour! which so rashly faste
Seeks dangers, as if none would come unsought.

As often fairest morns soon cover'd be,
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;
Looks so, as weaker eyes small objects see,
Or studious statesmen who contract the brow.

Or like some thinking Sybill that would finde
The sence of mystick words by angels given!
And this fair politick bred in her minde
(Restless as seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

To pray'r's plain temple she does haste unseen;
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for show,
Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean
As tears make those who thence forgiven goe.

For her own hands (by which best painters drew
The hands of innocence) will make it shine;
Penance which newly from her terrours grew;
And was (alas!) part of her deep designe.

And when this holy huswifry was past,
Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly
Intire; not broken by unthinking hast;
Like sinners' sparks that in ascending dy.

Thence she departs; but at this temple gate
A needy crowd (call'd by her summons there)
With such assurance for her bounty waite,
As if ne'r failing Heav'n their debtor were.

To these she store of antick treasure gave
(For she no mony knew) medals of gold,
Which curious gath'rers did in travail save,
And at high worth were to her mother sold.

Figures of fighting chiefs, born to o'rcome
Those who without their leave would all destroy;
Chiefs, who had brought renown to Athens, Rome,
To Carthage, Tyre, and to lamented Troy.

Such was her wealth, her mother's legacy;
And well she knew it was of special price;
But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny;
So would not make a common sacrifice.

To the black temple she her sorrow bears;
Where she outbeg'd the tardy begging thief;
Made weeping Magdaline but poor in tears,
Yet silent as their pictures was her grief.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfil:
Those pictures dress'd, and the spent lamp relicv'd
With fragrant oyles, dropp'd from her silver still;
And now for those that there sat mourning, griev'd.

Those penitents, who knew her innocence,
Wonder what parent's sin she did bemoan;
And venture (though they goe unpardon'd thence)
More sighs for her redress than for their own.

Now jealousie no more benights her face,
Her courage beautious grows, and grief decayes;
And with such joy as shipwrack'd men imbrace
The shore, she hastens to the house of praise.

And there the gemm she from her bosome took,
(With which till now she trembled to advise)
So far from pale, that Gondibert would look
Pale if he saw, how it out-shin'd her eyes.

These rayes she to a miracle prefers;
And lustre that such beauty so defies,
Had poets seen (love's partial jewellers, [eyes)
Who count nought precious but their mistress'

They would with grief a miracle confess!
She enters straight to pay her gratitude;
And could not think her beauty in distress,
Whilst to her love, her lord is still subdu'd.

The altar she with imagry array'd;
Where needles boldly, as a pencil wrought,
The story of that humble Syrian maid,
Who pitchers bore, yet kings to Juda brought.

And there she of that precious linnen spreads,
Which in the consecrated month is spun
By Lombard brides; for whom in empty beds
Their bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding moon.

'Tis in that moon bleach'd by her fuller light;
And wash'd in sudds of amber, till it grow
Clean as this spredder's hands: and those were white
As rising lillies, or as falling snow.

The voluntary quire of birds she feeds,
Which oft had here the virgin-comfort fill'd;
She diets them with aromatick seeds; [till'd.
And quench'd their thirst with rainbow-dew dis-

Lord Astragon, whose tender care did waite
Her progress, since her morn so cloudy broke,
Arrests her passage at this temple gate,
And thus, he with a father's license spoke.

"Why art thou now, who hast so joyful liv'd
E're love thou knew'st, become with love so sad?
If thou hast lost fair vertue, then be griev'd;
Else show, thou know'st her worth by being glad.

"Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;
Nor can we if a spinster loves a king,
Say that her love ambitiously does climbe:
Love seeks no honour, but does honour bring.

"Mounts others' value, and her own lets fall!
Kings' honour is but little, till made much
By subjects' tongues! Elixer-love turns all
To pow'rful gold, where it does only touch.

"Thou lov'st a prince above thine own degree:
Degree is monarch's art; love, Nature's law;
In love's free state all pow'rs so levell'd be,
That there, affection governs more than aw.

"But thou dost love where Rhodalind does love;
And thence thy griefs of jealousie begin;
A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;
Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy sin.

"This vain and voluntary loade of grief
(For fate sent love, thy will does sorrow bear)
Thou to the temple carry'st for relief;
And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

"Wilde fear! which has a common-wealth devis'd
In Heav'n's old realm, and saints in senates fram'd;
Such as by which, were beasts well civiliz'd,
They would suspect their tamer man, untam'd.

"Wilde fear! which has the Indian worship made;
Where each unletter'd priest the godhead draws
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;
Disguising Mercy's shape in teeth and claws.

"This false guide fear, which does thy reason sway,
And turns thy valiant vertue to despair,
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;
But temples were not built for cowards' pray'r.

"For when by fear thy noble reason's led
(Reason, not shape gives us so great degree
Above our subjects, beasts) then beasts may plead
A right in temples' helps as well as we.

"And here, with absent reason thou dost weep
To beg success in love; that Rhodalind
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep;
And may at least an equal audience find.

"Mark Birtha, this unrighteous war of prayer!
Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aide
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

"Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n; [have err'd,
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves
Depriving some, of what's to others given.

"Thence modern faith becomes so weak and blinde,
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other worlds imploy'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kinde,
Because all sutes are not by all enjoy'd.

"How firm was faith, when humbly sutes fornced, [despair
Not choice were made? then (free from all
As mod'rate birds, who sing for daily seed)
Like birds, our songs of praise included prayer.

"Thy hopes are by thy rival's vertue aw'd;
Thy rival Rhodalind; whose vertue shines
On hills, when brightest planets are abroad;
Thine privately, like miners' lamps, in mines.

"The court (where single patterns are disgrac'd;
Where glorious vice, weak eies admire;
And vertue's plainness is by art out fac'd)
She makes a temple by her vestal fire.

"Though there, vice sweetly dress'd does tempt like bliss
Even cautious saints; and single vertue seem
Fantastick, where brave vice in fashion is;
Yet she has brought plain vertue in esteem.

"Yours is a vertue of inferior rate;
Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
From all your sex that should her imitate,
And of that pomp which should her foes reward:

"Retyr'd, as weak monasticks fly from care;
Or devout cowards steal to forts, their cells,
From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers are:
Hers passes yours, as valour fear excels.

"This is your rival in your sute to Heav'n:
But Heav'n is partial if it give to you
What to her bolder vertue should be given;
Since yours, pomps, vertue's dangers, never knew:

"Your sute would have your love with love repay'd;
To which art's conquests, when all science flowes,
Compar'd, are students' dreams; and triumphs made [showes.
By glorious courts and camps but painted

"Even art's dictators, who give laws to schools,
Are but dead heads; statesmen, who empire move,
But prosp'rous spys, and victors, fighting fools,
When they their trophies rank with those of love.

"And when against your fears I thus declame,
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I decry
Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame;
For fears are hurtfull'st when attempts are high:

"And you should think your noble dangers less,
When most my praise does her renown prefer;
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess;
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

"Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure; [lind;
You shall to court, and there serve Rhoda-
Trie if her vertue's force you can endure
In the same sphear, without eclipse of mind.

"Your lord may there your souls compare; for we,
Though souls, like stars, make not their greatness known;
May find which greater than the other be;
The stars are measur'd by comparison!

"Your plighted lord shall you ere long preferr
To neer attendance on this royal maid;
Quit then officious fear! The jealous fear
They are not fearful, when to death afraid."

These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd;
In which her quick-ey'd hope three blessings
With joy of being neer her lord, inspir'd, [spy'd;
With seeing courts, and having vertue try'd!

She now with jealous questions, utter'd faste,
Fills Orgo's ear, which there unmark'd are gone,
As throngs through guarded gates, when all make
Not giving warders time t' examine one. [haste,

She ask'd if fame had render'd Rhodalind
With favour, or in truth's impartial shape?
If Orna were to humble vertue kinde,
And beauty could from Gartha's envy scape?

If Laura (whose faire eyes those but invites,
Who to her wit ascribe the victory)
In conquest of a speechless maid delights?
And ere to this prompt Orgo could reply,

She ask'd, in what consist the charms of court?
Whether those pleasures so resistless were
As common country travailers report,
And such as innocence had cause to feare;

What kinde of angels' shape young fav'rites take?
And being angels, how they can be bad?
Or why delight so cruelly to make
Fair country maids return from court so sad?

More had she ask'd (for study warm'd her brow,
With thinking how her love might pros'prous be)
But that young Ulfinore approach'd her now,
And Goltho, warmer with designe than she.

Though Goltho's hope (in Indian feathers clad)
Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie;
Yet he no farther than his rival had
Advanc'd in promise, from her tongue, or eye.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were;
For hope in love, like cowards in the warr,
Talks bravely till the enterprise be neer;
But then discretion dares not venture farr.

He never durst approach her watchfull eye
With studious gazing, nor with sighs her eare;
But still seem'd frolick, like a statesman's spy;
As if his thoughtful bus'ness were not there.

Still, superstitious lovers beauty paint,
(Thinking themselves but devils) so divine,
As if the thing belov'd were all a saint;
And ev'ry place she enter'd were a shrine.

And though last night were the auspicious time
When they resolv'd to quit their bashful fears;
Yet soon (as to the Sun when eaglets climbe)
They stoop'd, and quench'd their daring eyes in tears.

And now (for hope, that formal centry, stands
All winds and showrs, though where but vainly plac'd)
They to Verona beg her dear commands;
And look to be with parting kindness grac'd,

Both daily journies meant, 'twixt this and court:
For taking leave is twice love's sweet repast;
In being sweet, and then in being short;
Like manna, ready still, but cannot last.

Her favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,
But in a kinde respectful lowliness,
Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;
Which gently thus, she did to both express.

"High Heav'n that did direct your eyes the way
To choose so well, when you your friendship made,
Still keep you joyn'd, that daring envy may
Fear such united vertue to invade!

"In your safe brests, the noble Gondibert
Does trust the secret treasure of his love;
And I (grown conscious of my low desert)
Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

"I am a flow'r that merit not the spring!
And he (the world's warm Sun!) in passing by
Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,
His beams to cedars haste, which else would die.

"This from his humble maid you may declare
To him, on whom the good of humane kinde
Depends; and as his greatning is your care,
So may your early love successes finde!

"So may that beautious she, whom either's heart
For vertue and delight of life shall choose,
Quit in your siege the long defence of art,
And Nature's freedom in a treaty lose."

This gave cold Ulfinore in love's long night
Some hope of day; as sea-men that are run
Far northward finde long winters to be light,
And in the cynosure adore the Sun.

It show'd to Goltho, not alone like day,
But like a wedding noon; who now grows strong
Enough to speak; but that her beauties stay
His eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his tongue.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,
In pretty flow'rs of love's wild rhetorick;
Which mov'd not her, though orators thus sway
Assemblies, which since wilde, wilde musick like.

GONDIBERT.

CANTO THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Here Ulfin reads the art to Ulfinore
Of wisely getting, and increasing power.
The rivals to Verona haste, and there
Young Goltho's frailty does too soon appear.
Black Dalga's fatal beauty is reveal'd;
But her descent and story is conceal'd.

Old Ulfin parting now with Ulfinore,
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import,
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient lore;
When prudence kept up greatness in the court.

"Heav'n guide thee, son, through honour's slipp'ry way;
The hill, which wary painfulness must climbe;
And often rest, to take a full survey
Of every path, trod by experienc'd time.

"Rise glorious with thy master's hopeful morn!
His favour calls thee to his secret breast;
Great Gondibert! to spacious empire born;
Whose careful head will in thy bosome rest.

"Be good! and then in pitty soon be great!
For vertuous men should toile to compass pow'r,
Least when the bad possess dominion's seat,
We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

"Our vertue without pow'r, but harmless is!
The good, who lazily are good at home,
And safely rest in doing not amiss,
Fly from the bad, for fear of martyrdome!

"Be in thy greatness easie, and thy brow
Still cleer, and comforting as breaking light;
The great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r should with publick burdens walk upright!

"We chearfulness, as innocence commend!
The great, may with benigne and civil eyes
The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel most wrong, from those who them despise!

"Since wrongs must be, complaints must shew the griev'd;
And favorites should walk still open ear'd;
For of the suing croud half are reliev'd
With the innate delight of being heard.

"Thy greatness be in armes! who else are great,
Move but like pageants in the people's view;
And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;
The Grecks their painted gods in armour drew!

"Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
Which from the people does to rulers grow;
Pow'r (fortune's sail) should not for threatnings strike;
In boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

"Courts little arts contemn! dark holes to save
Retreated pow'r, when fear does friendship feigne; [brave,
Poor theeves retire to woods! chiefs, great, and
Draw out their forces to the open plaine!

"Be by thy vertue bold! when that Sun shines,
All art's false lights are with disgrace put out;
Her straightness shows it self and crooked lines,
And her plain text the scepticks dare not doubt.

"Revenge (weak women's valour, and in men,
The ruffian's cowardise) keep from thy breast!
The factious palace is that serpent's den,
Whom cowards there with secret slaughter feast.

"Revenge is but a name for fear,
'Tis Indians' furious fear, when they are fed
With valiant foes, whose hearts their teeth must tear
Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

"When thou giv'st death, thy banners be display'd!
And move not till an open foe appears!
Court's lurking war shows justice is afraid,
And no broad sword, but a close ponyard, wears.

"To kill, shows fear does not more fears endure!
When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes thy fame;
The valiant, by forgiving mischief, cure;
And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclame!

"Be by thy bounty known! for since the needs
Of life so rudely press the bold and wise;
The bountious heart, all but his God exceeds,
Whom bounty best makes known to mortal eies!

"And to be bountiful, be rich! for those
Fam'd talkers, who in schools did wealth despise,
Taught doctrine, which at home would empire lose,
If not believ'd first by their enemies.

"And though in ruling ministers of state,
The people wretched poverty adore,
(Which fools call innocence, and wise men hate
As sloth) yet they rebell for being poore.

"And to be rich, be diligent! move on
Like Heav'n's great movers that inrich the Earth,
Whose moments sloth would show the world undone,
And make the Spring straight bury all her birth.

"Rich are the diligent! who can command
Time, Nature's stock! and could his hour-glass fall,
Would, as for seeds of stars, stoop for the sand,
And by incessant labour gather all.

"Be kinde to beauty! that unlucky shrine!
Where all Love's thieves come bowing to their prey,
And honour steal, which beauty makes divine:
Be thou still kinde, but never to betray!

"Heav'n study more in Nature than in schools!
Let Nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd time; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spie not Godhead thro' her glass!"

These precepts Ulfinore, with dutious care,
In his heart's closet lock'd, his faithful brest!
And now the rival-friends for court prepare,
And much their youth is by their haste exprest.

They yet ne'r saw Verona nor the court,
And expectation lengthens much their way;
Since by that great inviter urg'd, Report,
And thither fly on coursers of relay.

E're to his western mines the Sun retir'd,
They his great mint for all those mines behold,
Verona, which in towres to Heav'n aspir'd,
Gilt doubly, for the Sun now gilt their gold.

They make their entry through the western gate!
A Gothick arch! where, on an elephant,
Bold Clephes as the second founder sate,
Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

Still strange and divers seem their objects now,
And still increase, where ere their eyes they cast;
Of lazy pag'ant-greatness, moving slow,
And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

All strange to them, as they to all appear;
Yet less like strangers gaz'd than those they see,
Who this glad day the duke's spectators were,
To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

And guess that these are of his fighting train,
Renown'd in youth, who by their wonder stay'd,
And by their own but slowly passage gain,
But now much more their progress is delay'd:

For a black beauty did her pride display
Thro' a large window, and in jewels shon,
As if to please the world, weeping for day,
Night had put all her starry jewels on.

This beauty gaz'd on both, and Ulfinore
Hung down his head, but yet did lift his eyes,
As if he fain would see a little more:
For much, tho' bashful, he did beauty prise.

Goltho did like a blushless statue stare,
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look;
And even, for fear she would mistrust her snare,
Was ready to cry out, that he was took!

She, with a wicked woman's prosp'rous art,
A seeming modesty, the window clos'd;
Wisely delay'd his eyes, since of his heart
She thought she had sufficiently dispos'd.

And he thus straight complain'd: "Ah, Ulfinore!
How vainly glory has our youth misled?
The winde which blowes us from the happy shore,
And drives us from the living to the dead!

"To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those
Who might beget such beauties as this maid,
The sleepy here are never wak'd with foes,
Nor are of aught but ladies' frowns afraid."

Ere he could more lament, a little page,
Clean, and perfum'd, (one whom this dame did breed
To guess at ills, too manly for his age)
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his steed.

With civil whisper cries, "My lady, sir!"——
At this, Goltho alights as swiftly post
As posters mount; by lingring loath to err,
As wind-bound men, whose sloth their first wind lost.

And when his friend advis'd him to take care,
He gravely, as a man new potent grown,
Protests he shall in all his fortunes share,
And to the house invites him as his own.

And, with a rival's wisdom, Ulfinore
Does hope, since this blinde love leads him astray,
Where a false saint he can so soon adore,
That he to Birtha ne'r will finde the way.

They enter, and ascend; and enter then
Where Dalga with black eyes does sinners draw;
And with her voice holds fast repenting men,
To whose warm jett, light Goltho is but straw.

Nicely as bridegroom's was her chamber drest,
Her bed as bride's, and richer than a throne;
And sweeter seem'd than the circania's nest,
Though built in eastern groves of cinamon.

The price of princes' pleasures, who her love
(Tho' but false ware) at rates so costly bought;
The wealth of many, but may hourly prove
Spoils to some one by whom her self is caught.

She, sway'd by sinful beauty's destiny,
Findes her tyrannick pow'r must now expire,
Who ment to kindle Goltho with her eye,
But to her breast has brought the raging fire.

Yet even in simple love she uses art:
Tho' weepings are from looser eyes but leaks,
Yet oldest lovers scarce would doubt her heart,
So well she weeps, and thus to Goltho speaks:

"I might, if I should ask your pardon, sir,
Suspect that pity which the noble feel
When women fail; but since in this I err
To all my sex, I would to women kneel.

"Yet happy were our sex, could they excuse
All breach of modesty, as I can mine;
Since 'tis from passion which a saint might use,
And not appear less worthy of a shrine.

"For my dear brother you resemble so [fell;
Throughout your shape, who late in combate
As you in that an inward vertue show,
By which to me you all the world excel.

"All was he, which the good as greatness see,
Or love can like! in judgment match'd by none,
Unless it fail'd in being kind to me;
A crime forbid to all since he is gone.

"For tho' I send my eyes abroad, in hope
Amongst the streams of men still flowing here,
To finde (which is my passion's utmost scope)
Some one that does his noble image bear:

"Yet still I live recluse, unless it seem
A liberty too rude, that I in you
His likeness at so high a rate esteem,
As to believe your heart is kinde and true."

She casts on Ulfinore a sudden look;
Stares like a mountebank, who had forgot
His viol, and the cursed poison took
By dire mistake before his antidote.

Prays Goltho that his friend may straight forbear
Her presence; who (she said) resembled so
Her noble brother's cruel murderer,
As she must now expire, unless he go!

Goltho, still gravely vain, with formal face
Bids Ulfinore retire; and does pretend
Almost to know her parents, and the place,
And even to swear her brother was his friend.

But wary Ulfinore (whose beautious truth
Did never but in plainest dress behold)
Smiles, and remembers tales, to forward youth
In winter nights by country matrons told:

Of witches' townes, where seeming beauties dwell,
All hair, and black within, maides that can fly!
Whose palaces at night are smoky Hell,
And in their beds their slaughter'd lovers lie.

And though, the Sun now setting, he no lights
Saw burning blew, nor steam of sulphur smelt,
Nor took her two black Meroen maids for sprites,
Yet he a secret touch of honour felt.

For not the craft of rivalship (though more
Than states, wise rivals study interest)
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore
Some cold discretion to his burning breast.

Though to his fears this cause now serious shows,
Yet smiles he at his solemn loving eye;
For lust in reading beauty solemn grows
As old physitians in anatomie.

"Goltho," (said he) "'tis easie to discern
That you are grave, and think you should be so;
Since you have bus'ness here of grave concern,
And think that you this house and lady know.

"You'll stay, and have your sleep with musick fed,
But little think to wake with mandrakes' grones;
And by a ghost be to a garden led
At midnight, strew'd with simple lovers' bones:

"This, Goltho, is inchantment, and so strange,
So subt'ly false, that, whilst I tell it you,
I fear the spell will my opinion change,
And make me think the pleasant vision true.

"Her dire black eyes are like the oxe's eye,
Which in the Indian ocean tempest brings:
Let's go! before our horses learn to fly,
Ere she shew cloven feet, and they get wings!"

But high rebellious love, when counsell'd, soon
As sullen as rebuk'd ambition grows;
And Goltho would pursue what he should shun,
But that his happier fate did interpose:

For at the garden gate a summons, loud
Enough to show authority and haste,
Brought cares to Dalga's brow, which like a cloud
Did soon her shining beauty over-cast.

Like thieves surpris'd whilst they divide their prise,
Her maids run and return thro' ev'ry room,
Still seeming doubtful where their safety lies;
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,
With words, swift as those errands which her heart
Sends out in glances, thus to Goltho spake:
"My mother, sir! Alas! you must depart!

"She is severe as dying confessors,
As jealous as unable husbands are;
She youth in men like age in maids abhors,
And has more spies than any civil warre.

"Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,
I have a closet secret as my brest,
Which is to men, nor day, no more reveal'd,
Than a close swallow in his winter's nest."

To this good Goltho did begin to yield;
But Ulfinore (who doubts that it may tend
To base retreat, unless they quit the field)
Does by example govern and defend.

And now his eyes even ake with longingness,
Ready to break their strings, to get abroad
To see this matron, by whose sole access
Dalga in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

And as he watch'd her civil Mercury,
The hopeful page, he saw him entrance give,
Not to a matron, still prepar'd to die,
But to a youth wholly design'd to live.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous parents' toiles,
Gay as young kings, that woo in forraign courts;
Or youthful victors in their Persian spoiles,
He seem'd, like love and musick, made for sports.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,
As princes high with feasting, who to wine
Are seldom us'd: show'd warm, and more unbrac't
Than ravishers, oppos'd in their designe.

This Ulfinore observ'd, and would not yet,
In civil pity, undeceive his friend;
But watch'd the signes of his departing fit,
Which quickly did in bashful silence end.

To the duke's palace they inquir'd their way;
And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse
Griev'd Goltho frames, vowing he made this stay
For a discov'ry of important use.

"If, sir," (said he) "we heedlesly pass by
Great towns, like birds that from the country [come
But to be skar'd, and on to forrests fly,
Let's be no travail'd fools, but roost at home."

"I see" (reply'd his friend) "you nothing lack
Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
In travaillers, else would you not look back
So often to observe this house and street:

"Drawing your city mapp with coasters' care;
Not onely marking where safe channels run,
But where the shelves, and rocks, and dangers are,
To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

"But, Goltho, fly from lust's experiments!
Whose heat we quench much sooner than asswage:
To quench the furnace-lust, stop all the vents;
For, give it any air, the flames will rage."

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

I AM here arrived at the middle of the third book, which makes an equal half of the poem; and I was now by degrees to present you (as I promised in the preface) the several keys of the main building, which should convey you through such short walks as give an easie view of the whole frame. But it is high time to strike sail, and cast anchor, (though I have run but halfe my course) when at the helme I am threatned with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity, as diverts the musick of verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civill as to be pleased with what is written) not to take ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Vertue; yet even in so worthy a designe I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying: and it is an experiment to the most experienced; for no man (though his mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, he has already dyed.

It may be objected by some, (who look not on verse with the eyes of the ancients, nor with the reverence which it still preserves amongst other nations) that I beget a poem in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, reader, (for thine own sake, as well as mine) a common spectator, that can never look on great changes but with tears in his eyes: for if all men would observe, that conquest is the wheels of the world, on which it has ever run, the victorious would not think they have done so new and such admirable actions as must draw men from the noble and beautifull arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the conquered continue their wonder till it involve them in sorrow, which is then the minde's incurable disease, when the patient grows so sullen, as not to listen to remedy: and poesie was that harp of David, which removed from Saul the melancholy spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of empire.

I shall not think I instruct military men, by saying, that with poesie, in heroick songs, the wiser ancients prepared their batails; nor would I offend the austerity of such as vex themselves with the manage of civill affairs, by putting them in minde, that whilst the plays of children are punished, the plays of men are but excused under the title of business.

But I will gravely tell thee, (reader) he who writes an heroick poem, leaves an estate entayled, and he gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age; for a publick benefit is best measured in the number of receivers; and our contemporaries are but few, when reckoned with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the drum; for if this age be not quiet enough to be taught vertue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: nor could I (like men that have civilly slept till they are old in dark cities) think war a novelty: for we have all heard, that Alexander walked after the drum from Macedon into India; and I tell thee (reader) he carryed Homer in his pocket; and that after Augustus, by many batails, had changed the government of the world, he and Mecænas often feasted very peaceably with Horace: and that the last wise cardinall (whilst he was sending armies abroad, and preparing against civill invasion) took Virgill and Tasso aside under the Louvre gallery, and at a great expence of time and treasure sent them forth in new ornaments. And, perhaps, if my poem were not so severe a representation of vertue, (undressing Truth even out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the world) it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a harbour in a storm.

If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to this undertaking was a desire of fame; and thou maist likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly, I have some years ago considered that fame, like time, only gets a reverence by long running; and that, like a river, it is narrowest where it is bred, and broadest afarr off: but this concludes it not unprofitable, for he whose writings divert men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous, as he is an example to others' endeavours: and exemplary writers are wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this world; since the kind looks and praises of the present age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven for a long and continual conversion of posterity.

If thou (reader) art one of those, who has been warmed with poetick fire, I reverence thee as my judge; and whilst others tax me with vanity, as if the preface argued my good opinion of the work, I appeal to thy conscience, whether it be more than such a necessary assurance as thou hast made to thy self in like undertakings? For when I ob-

serve that writers have many enemies, such inward assurance (methinks) resembles that forward confidence in men of armes, which makes them to proceed in great enterprise; since the right examination of abilities begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

WILL. DAVENANT.

Cowes-castle, in the Isle of
Wight, October 22,
1650.

TO THE QUEEN,

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEY.

Faire as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoak, or as the new
Unfolded bud, sweld by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer farre
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are:
You, that are more than our discreter feare [here?
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you
Here, where the Summer is so little seen, [green,
That leaves (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injur'd sphere,
And t' ease the travailes of her beames to night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPIRE.

ODE.

Beware (delighted poets!) when you sing,
To welcome Nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flowre
(As it nere knew a Sun or showre)
Hangs there the pensive head.

Each tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
(Unwilling now to grow)
Looks like the plume a captain weares,
Whose rifled falls are steept i' th' teares
Which from his last rage flow.

The pitious river wept it self away
Long since (alas!) to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spie:
And for a river your mock'd eye
Will finde a shallow brooke.

FOR THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER;

A PRESENT UPON A NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

Goe! hunt the whiter ermine! and present
His wealthy skin, as this daye's tribute sent
To my Endimion's love; though she be fare
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!
Goe! climbe that rock! and when thou there hast
A star, contracted in a diamond, [found
Give it Endimion's love, whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Goe! dive into the southern sea! and when
Th'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boast all the wonders which the seas bring forth,
Give it Endimion's love; whose ev'ry teare
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to day:
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock, nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus poets, like to kings, (by trust deceiv'd)
Give oftener what is heard of, than receiv'd.

ELEGIE,

ON FRANCIS EARLE OF RUTLAND.

Call not the winds! nor bid the rivers stay!
For tho' the sighs, the teares, they could repay,
Which injur'd lovers, mourners for the dead,
Captives and saints have breath'd away and shed;
Yet we should want to make our sorrow fit
For such a cause, as now doth silence it.
Rutland! the noble and the just! whose name
Already is, all history, all fame!
Whom like brave ancestors in battaile lost,
We mention not in pity, but in boast!
How didst thou smile, to see the solemne sport,
Which vexes busie greatness in the court?
T' observe their lawes of faction, place, and time,
Their precepts how, and where, and when to climbe;
Their rules to know, if the sage meaning lies
In the deep breast, i' th' shallow brow, or eyes?
Tho' titles, and thy blood, made thee appeare
(Oft 'gainst thy ease) where these state-rabbins [were,
Yet their philosophy thou knew'st was fit
For thee to pity, more than study it.
Safely thou valu'dst cunning, as 't had been
Wisdome, long since distemper'd into sin:
And knew'st the actions of th' ambitious are
But as the false alarmes in running warre,
Like forlorne scouts (that raise the coyle) they keep
Themselves awake, to hinder others' sleep:
And all they gaine by vex'd expence of breath,
Unquietness, and guilt, is, at their death,
Wonder and mighty noise; whilst things that be
Most deare and pretious to mortalitie,
(Time, and thy self) impatient here of stay,
With a grave silence, seeme to steal away;
Depart from us unheard, and we still mourne
In vaine (though piously) for their returne.
Thy bounties if I name, I'le not admit,
Kings, when they love or wooe, to equall it:
It shew'd like Nature's self, when she doth bring
All she can promise by an early spring;
Or when she pays that promise where she best
Makes summers for mankind, in the rich East.
And as the wise Sun silently imployes
His lib'ral beames, and ripens without noise;
As precious dewes doe undiscover'd fall,
And growth insensibly doth steale on all;
So what he gave, conceal'd in private came,
(As in the dark) from one that had no name;
Like fayries' wealth, not given to restore,
Or if reveal'd, it visited no more.
If these live, and be read, (as who shall dare
Suspect, truth and thy fame immortall are?)

What need thy noble brother, or faire she,
That is thy self, in purest imagrie; [flame,
Whose breath, and eyes, the fun'rall spie, and
Continue still, of gentle Buckingham;
What need they send poore pioners to grone,
In lower quarries, for Corinthian stone?
To dig in Parian hills? siace statues must,
And monuments, turne like our selves to dust:
Verse to all ages can our deeds declare,
Tombs but a while show where our bodies are.

SONG.

The lark now leaves his watry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east;
And to implore your light, he sings:
"Awake, awake! the Morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eies.

"The merchant bowes unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the Sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistriss wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your vailes of lawne!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawne."

SONG.

THE SOULDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girle!
To purifie the ayre;
Thy teares to thrid, instead of pearle,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the eccho hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum;
Expence of grief gains no remorse,
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drouzy head;
And, for the sport of kings, encrease
The number of the dead.

But first I'le chide thy cruel theft:
Can I in war delight,
Who being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st the sacred laws of old
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, seavenfold
What he had stoln away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
O then with speed resign
My own seduced heart to me,
Accompani'd with thine.

THE LONG VACATION IN LONDON,

IN VERSE BURLESQUE, OR MOCK-VERSE.

Now town-wit sayes to witty friend,
"Transcribe apace all thou hast pen'd;
For I in journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up to countrey-wit.
Our mules are come! dissolve the club!
The word, till term, is, 'Rub, O rub!'"
Now gamster poor, in cloak of stammel,
Mounted on steed, as slow as cammel,
Battoone of crab in luckless hand,
(Which serves for bilboe and for wand)
Early in morne does sneak from town,
Least landlord's wife should seise on crown;
On crown, which he in pouch does keep,
When day is done, to pay for sleep;
For he in journey nought does eat.
Host spies him come, cryes, "Sir, what meat?"
He calls for room, and down he lies.
Quoth host, "No supper, sir?" He cryes,
"I eate no supper, fling on rug!
I'm sick, d'you hear? yet bring a jug!"
Now damsel young, that dwels in Cheap,
For very joy begins to leap:
Her elbow small she oft does rub,
Tickled with hope of sillabub!
For mother (who does gold maintain
On thumbe, and keys in silver chaine)
In snow white clout, wrapt nook of pye,
Fat capon's wing, and rabbet's thigh,
And said to hackney coachman, "Go,
Take shillings six, say I, or no."
"Whither?" says he. Quoth she, "Thy teame
Shall drive to place where groweth creame."
But husband gray now comes so stall,
For prentice notch'd he straight does call:
"Where's dame?" quoth he. Quoth son of shop,
"She's gone her cake in milk to sop."
"Ho, ho! to Islington! enough!
Fetch Job, my son, and our dog Ruffe!
For there in pond, through mire and muck,
We'l cry, 'Hay, duck! there, Ruffe! hay, duck!'"
Now Turnbal-dame, by starving paunch,
Bates two stone weight in either haunch:
On branne and liver she must dine,
And sits at dore instead of signe.
She softly says to roaring Swash,
Who wears long whiskers, "Go, fetch cash!
There's gown," quoth she, "speak broaker fair,
Till term brings up weak countrey heir:
Whom kirtle red will much amaze,
Whilst clown his man on signes does gaze,
In liv'ry short, galloome on cape,
With cloak-bag mounting high as nape."
Now man that trusts, with weary thighs,
Seeks garret where small poet lies:
He comes to Lane, finds garret shut;
Then, not with knuckle, but with foot,
He rudely thrusts, would enter dores;
Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores:
Cit chafes like beast of Libia; then
Sweares, he'l not come or send agen.
From little lump triangular
Poor poets' sighs are heard afar.
Quoth he, "Do noble numbers choose
To walk on feet, that have no shoose?"
Then he does wish with fervent breath,
And as his last request ere death,
Each ode a bond, each madrigal,
A lease from Haberdashers' Hall,
Or that he had protected bin
At court, in list of chamberlain;
For wights near thrones care not an ace
For Woodstreet friend, that wieldeth mace.
Courts pay no scores but when they list,
And treasurer still has cramp in fist;

Then forth he steales; to Globe does run;
And smiles, and vowes four acts are done:
Finis to bring he does protest,
Tells ev'ry play'r his part is best.
And all to get (as poets use)
Some coyne in pouche to solace Muse.
Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
In skullers' bark does lie at Hull,
Which he for pennies two does rig,
All day on Thames to bob for grig:
Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
In old dung-lighter, hook in hand;
Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
To girdle tide, close under rib;
Where worms are put, which must small fish
Betray at night to earthen dish.
Now London's chief, on sadle new,
Rides into fare of Bartholemew:
He twirles his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall,
Till female with great belly call.
Now alderman in field does stand,
With foot on trig, a quoit in hand:
"I'm seaven," quoth he, "the game is up!
Nothing I pay, and yet I sup."
To alderman quoth neighbour then,
"I lost but mutton, play for hen."
But wealthy blade cryes out, "At rate
Of kings, should'st play! lets go, tis late."
Now lean atturney, that his cheese
Ne'r par'd, nor verses took for fees;
And aged proctor, that controules
The feats of punck in court of Paul's;
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in fields of Finsbury:
With loynes in canvas bow case tyde,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride;
With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
All day most fiercely there they stand;
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme:
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him.
Now Spynie, Ralph, and Gregorie small,
And short hayr'd Stephen, whay-fac'd Paul,
(Whose times are out, indentures torn)
Who seaven long years did never skorne,
To fetch up coales for maid to use,
Wipe mistresses', and children's shooes)
Do jump for joy they are made free;
Hire meagre steeds, to ride and see,
Their parents old who dwell as near,
As place call'd Peake in Derby-shire.
There they alight, old croanes are milde;
Each weeps on cragg of pretty childe:
They portions give, trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God and cheat.
Near house of law by Temple-Bar,
Now man of mace cares not how far,
In stockings blew he marcheth on,
With velvet cape his cloack upon;
In girdle, scrowles, where names of some,
Are written down, whom touch of thumbe,
On shoulder left must safe convoy,
Anoying wights with name of roy.
Poor pris'ner's friend that sees the touch,
Cries out, aloud, "I thought as much."
Now vaulter good, and dancing lass,
On rope, and man that cryes "Hey, pass,"
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoope;
And man in chimney bid to dress,
Puppit that acts our old queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppits play,
Through nose expoundeth what they say
And man that does in chest include,
Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd:
And white oate-eater that does dwell;
In stable small, at sign of Bell:
That lift up hoofe to show the prancks,
Taught by magitian, stiled Banks;
And ape, led captive still in chaine,
Till he renounce the pope and Spaine.
All these on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnep-eating clown.
Now man of war with visage red,
Growes cholleric and sweares for bread.
He sendeth note to man of kin,
But man leaves word, "I'm not within."
He meets in street with friend call'd Will;
And cryes "Old rogue! what living still?"
But er' that street they quite are past,
He softly asks, "What money hast?"
Quoth friend, "A crown!" he cryes, "Dear heart!
O base, no more, sweet, lend me part!"
But stay my frighted pen is fled;
My self through fear creep under bed;
For just as Muse would scribble more,
Fierce city dunne did rap at door.

THE DREAME.

TO MR. GEORGE PORTER.

No victor, when in battel spent,
When he at night asleep doth lie,
Rich in a conquer'd monarch's tent,
Ere had so vaine a dreame as I.

Me-thought I saw the early'st shade,
And sweetest that the spring can spread;
Of jesmyn, bry're, and woodbine made,
And there I saw Clorinda dead.

Though dead she lay, yet could I see
No cypress nor no mourning ewe;
Nor yet the injur'd lover's tree;
No willow near her coffin grew.

But all shew'd unconcern'd to be;
As if just Nature there did strive
To seem as pittiless as she
Was to her lover when alive,

And now methought I lost all care
In losing her; and was as free
As birds let loose into the ayre,
Or rivers that are got to sea.

Methought love's monarchy was gone;
And whilst elective numbers sway
Our choice, and change makes pow'r our own,
And those court us whom we obey.

Yet soon, now from my princess free,
I rather frantick grew than glad:
For subjects, getting liberty,
Got but a licence to be mad.

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roame,
But straight want skill to live abroad.
Then pine and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run
From being pent in banks of flowers,
Not knowing that th' exhaling Sun
Will send them back in weeping showers.

Soon thus for pride of liberty
I low desires of bondage found;
And vanity of being free,
Bred the discretion to be bound.

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchal reign,
Finding their freedome in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chaine.

Then growing wiser, when undone,
In winter's nights sad stories sing
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring.

So now I mourn'd that she was dead,
Whose single pow'r did govern me,
And quickly was by reason led
To find the harm of liberty.

In love's free state where many sway,
Number to change our hearts prepares,
And but one fetter takes away,
To lay a world of handsome snares.

And I, love's secretary now,
(Ray'd in my dreame to that grave stile)
The dangers of love's state to showe,
Wrote to the lovers of this isle.

For lovers correspond, and each,
Though, states-man like, he th' other hate,
Yet slily one another teach
By civil love to save the state.

And as in interreigne men draw
Pow'r to themselves of doing right,
When generous reason, not the law,
They think restraines their appetite:

Even so the lovers of this land
(Love's empire in Clorinda gone)
Thought they were quit from love's command,
And beautie's world was all their own.

But lovers (who are Nature's best
Old subjects) never long revolt;
They soon in passions' warr contest;
Yet in their march soon make a halt.

And those (when by my mandates brought
Near dead Clorinda) ceast to boast
Of freedome found, and wept for thought
Of their delightful bondage lost.

And now the day to night was turn'd,
Or sadly night's close mourning wore;
All maids for one another mourn'd,
That lovers now could love no more.

All lovers quickly did perceive
They had on Earth no more to doe;
But civilly to take their leave
As worthys that to dying goe.

And now all quires her dirges sing;
In shades of cypress, and of ewe;
The bells of ev'ry temple ring,
Where maids their wither'd garlands strew.

To such extreames did sorrow rise
That it transcended speech and forme;
And was so lost to eares and eyes
As seamen sinking in a storme.

My soul, in sleep's soft fetters bound,
Did now for vital freedome strive;
And straight, by horrour wak't, I found
The fair Clorinda still alive.

Yet she's to me but such a light
As are the stars to those who know
We can at most but guess their height,
And hope they minde us here below.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM HABINGTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE admission of Habington's poems into this collection has been suggested by many modern critics, and will unquestionably be sanctioned by every man of taste and feeling. He was, beyond most of his contemporaries, an honour to the fraternity of poets. It is easier, however, to revive the memory of his poems, than of his personal history. Wood's account of his family is not unsatisfactory, but he says little of our poet, although that little is commendatory. A few particulars are now added from Nash's History of Worcestershire and other authorities, but not enough to gratify our curiosity respecting one who was not only an excellent poet, but a virtuous and amiable man.

His family were Roman catholics. His *great-grand-father* was Richard Habington, or Abington, of Brockhampton, in Herefordshire. His *grand-father*, John, second son of this Richard Habington, and cofferer to queen Elizabeth, was born in 1515, and died in 1581. He bought the manor of Hindlip, in Worcestershire, and rebuilt the mansion about the year 1572. His *father*, Thomas Habington, was born at Thorpe, in Surrey, 1560, studied at Oxford, and afterwards travelled to Rheims and Paris. On his return he involved himself with the party who laboured to release Mary queen of Scots, and was afterwards imprisoned on a suspicion of being concerned in Babington's conspiracy. During this imprisonment, which lasted six years, he employed his time in study. Having been at length released, and his life saved, as is supposed, on account of his being queen Elizabeth's godson, he retired to Hindlip, and married Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Parker, lord Morley, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of sir William Stanley, lord Monteagle.

On the detection of the gun-powder plot, he again fell under the displeasure of government, by concealing some of the agents in that affair in his house[1], and was condemned to die, but pardoned by the intercession of his brother-in law, lord Morley,

[1] Of this he appears to have been unjustly accused. According to Nash's description of the house, it was, however, well adapted for the concealment of suspected persons. See Archæologia, vol. XV. p. 137, and Nash's Worcestershire. C.

who discovered the plot by the famous letter of warning, which Mrs. Habington is reported to have written[2]. The condition of his pardon was, that he should never stir out of Worcestershire. With this he appears to have complied, and devoted his time, among other pursuits, to the history and antiquities of that county, of which he left three folio volumes of parochial antiquities, two of miscellaneous collections, and one relating to the cathedral. These received additions from his son and from Dr. Thomas, of whom bishop Lyttelton purchased them, and presented them to the Society of Antiquaries. They have since formed the foundation of Dr. Nash's elaborate history[3]. Wood says he had a hand in the history of Edward IV. published afterwards under the name of his son, the poet, whom he survived, dying in 1647, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

William Habington, his eldest son, was born at Hindlip, November 5, 1605[4], and was educated in the Jesuits' College at St. Omer's, and afterwards at Paris, with a view to induce him to take the habit of the order, which he declined. On his return from the continent, he resided principally with his father, who became his preceptor, and evidently sent him into the world a man of elegant accomplishments and virtues. Although allied to some noble families, and occasionally mixing in the gaieties of high life, his natural disposition inclined him to the purer pleasures of rural life. He was probably very early a poet and a lover, and in both successful. He married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first lord Powis, by Eleanor, daughter of Henry Percy, eighth earl of Northumberland by Katherine, daughter and co-heir of John Neville, lord Latimer. It is to this lady that we are indebted for his poems, most of which were written in allusion to his courtship and marriage. She was the Castara who animated his imagination with tenderness and elegance, and purified it from the grosser *opprobria* of the amatory poets. His poems, as was not unusual in that age, were written occasionally, and dispersed confidentially. In 1635, they appear to have been first collected into a volume, which Oldys calls the second edition[5], under the title of Castara. Another edition was published in 1640, which is by far the most perfect and correct. The reader to whom an analysis may be necessary, will find a very judicious one in the last volume of the Censura Literaria.

His other works are, the Queen of Arragon, a Tragi-comedy, which was acted at Court and at Blackfriars, and printed in 1640. It has since been reprinted among Dodsley's Old Plays. The author having communicated the manuscript to Philip, earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain of the household to king Charles I, he caused it to be acted, and afterwards published, against the author's consent. It was revived, with the revival of the stage, at the Restoration, about the year 1666, when a new prologue and epilogue were furnished by the author of Hudibras[6].

Our author wrote also Observations upon History, Lond. 1641. 8vo. consisting of

[2] Gen. Mag. vol. LXXVII. p. 30. Archæologia, *ubi supra.* C.

[3] Gough's Topography, vol. II. p. 385, who has erroneously represented his daughter as "married to lord Monteagle." C.

[4] Either on the fourth or fifth of November. Dodd's Catholick Church Hist. vol. II. p. 422. C.

[5] MSS. notes on Langbaine in Brit. Mus. art. Babington. C.

[6] The author of the Lives of the poets, under the name of Cibber, has printed the original and very poor prologue to this play, as a specimen of Habington's poetry. C.

some particular pieces of history in the reigns of Henry II. Richard I, &c. interspersed with political and moral reflections, similar to what he had introduced in his larger history. This was entitled The History of Edward IV, fol. 1640, which, as Wood asserts was both written and published at the desire of Charles I. He also insinuates that Habington "did run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the Usurper," but we have no evidence of any compliance with a system of political measures so diametrically opposite to those which, we may suppose, belonged to the education and principles of a Roman Catholic family. It is, indeed, grossly improbable that he should have complied with Cromwell who was as yet no usurper, and during the life of his royal master whose cause was not yet desperate. Of his latter days we have no farther account than that he died Nov. 13, 1645, and was buried at Hindlip in the family vault. He left a son, Thomas, who, dying without issue, bequeathed his estate to sir William Compton.

His poems are distinguished from those of most of his contemporaries, by delicacy of sentiment, tenderness, and a natural strain of pathetic reflection. His favourite subjects, virtuous love and conjugal attachment, are agreeably varied by strokes of fancy and energies of affection. Somewhat of the extravagance of the metaphysical poets is occasionally discernible, but with very little affectation of learning, and very little effort to draw his imagery from sources with which the Muses are not familiar. The virtuous tendency and chaste language of his poems form no inconsiderable part of their merit, and his preface assures us that his judgment was not inferior to his imagination.

THE AUTHOR.

The presse hath gathered into one, what fancie had scattered in many loose papers. To write this, love stole some houres from businesse, and my more serious study. For though poetry may challenge, if not priority, yet equality, with the best sciences, both for antiquity and worth; I never set so high a rate upon it, as to give my selfe entirely up to its devotion. It hath too much ayre, and (if without offence to our next transmarine neighbour) wantons too much according to the French garbe. And when it is wholly imployed in the soft straines of love, his soule who entertaines it, loseth much of that strength which should confirme him man. The nerves of judgement are weakened most by its dalliance; and when woman (I meane onely as she is externally faire) is the supreme object of wit, we soone degenerate into effeminacy. For the religion of fancie declines into a mad superstition, when it adores that idoll which is not secure from age and sicknesse. Of such heathens, our times afford us a pittyed multitude, who can give no nobler testimony of twenty yeares' imployment, than some loose coppies of lust happily exprest. Yet these the common people of wit blow up with their breath of praise, and honour with the sacred name of poets: to which, as I believe, they can never have any just claime, so shall I not dare by this essay to lay any title, since more sweate and oyle he must spend, who shall arrogate so excellent an attribute. Yet if the innocency of a chaste Muse shall bee more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the ballance of esteeme than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave them no hope of competition. For how unhappie soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the theame is worthy enough. In all those flames in which I burnt, I never felt a wanton heate; nor was my invention ever sinister from the straite way of chastity. And when love builds upon that rocke, it may safely contemne the battery of the waves and threatnings of the wind. Since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall it selfe be ruinated, before that be demolisht. Thus was the foundation layd. And though my eye, in its survey, was satisfied, even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The alabaster, ivory, porphir, iet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but a halfe pleasure, since they stood there onely to make sport for ruine. But when my soule grew acquainted with the owner of that mansion, I found that Oratory was dombe when it began to speake her, and wonder (which must necessarily seize the best at that time) a lethargie, that dulled too much the faculties of the minde, onely fit to busie themselves in discoursing her perfections: Wisdome, I encountered there, that could not spend it selfe since it affected silence, attentive onely to instructions, as if all her sences had beene contracted into hearing: Innocencie, so not vitiated by conversation with the world, that the subtile witted of her sex, would have tearm'd it ignorance: wit, which seated it selfe most in the apprehension, and if not inforc't by good manners, would scarce have gain'd the name of affability: Modesty, so timorous, that it represented a besieged citty, standing watchfully upon her guard, strongest in the loyalty to her prince. In a word, all those vertues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty, fully adorned her. But I shall be censured, in labouring to come nigh the truth, guilty of an indiscreet rheroticke. However such I fancied her, for to say shee is, or was such, were to play the merchant, and boast too much the value of a iewell I possesse, but have no minde to part with. And though I appeare to strive against the streame of best wits, in erecting the selfe same altar, both to chastity and love; I will for once adventure to doe well, without a president. Nor if my rigid friend question superciliously the setting forth of these poems, will I excuse my selfe (though justly perhaps I might) that importunity prevailed, and cleere judgements advised. This onely I dare say, that if they are not strangled with envie of the present, they may happily live in the not dislike of future times. For then partiality ceaseth, and vertue is without the idolatry of her clients, esteemed worthy honour. Nothing new is free from detraction, and when princes alter customes even heavie to the sub-

ject, best ordinances are interpreted innovations. Had I slept in the silence of my acquaintance, and effected no study beyond that which the chase or field allowes, poetry had then beene no scandall upon me, and the love of learning no suspition of ill husbandry. But what malice, begot in the country upon ignorance, or in the city upon criticisme, shall prepare against me, I am armed to endure. For as the face of vertue lookes faire without the adultery of art, so fame needes no ayde from rumour to strengthen her selfe. If these lines want that courtship, (I will not say flattery) which insinuates it selfe into the favour of great men, best; they partake of my modesty: If satyre to win applause with the envious multitude; they expresse my content, which maliceth none the fruition of that, they esteeme happie. And if not too indulgent to what is my owne; I thinke even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion, that Heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high, as to be wondred at, nor so low as to be contemned.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO HIS BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN

WILLIAM HABINGTON, ESQUIRE.

Not in the silence of content and store
Of private sweets ought thy Muse charme no more
Than thy Castara's eare. 'Twere wrong such gold
Should not like mines, (poore nam'd to this) behold
It selfe a publicke joy. Who her restraine,
Make a close prisner of a soveraigne.
Inlarge her then to triumph. While we see
Such worth in beauty, such desert in thee,
Such mutuall flames betweene you both, as show
How chastity, though yee, like love can glow,
Yet stand a virgin: how that full content
By vertue is to soules united, lent,
Which proves all wealth is poore, all honours are
But empty titles, highest power but care,
That quits not cost. Yet Heaven, to vertue kind,
Hath given you plenty to suffice a minde
That knowes but temper. For beyond, your state
May be a prouder, not a happier fate.
I write not this in hope t' incroach on fame,
Or adde a greater lustre to your name,
Bright in it selfe enough. We two are knowne
To th' world, as to our selves, to be but one,
In blood as study: and my carefull love
Did never action worth my name approve,
Which serv'd not thee. Nor did we ere contend,
But who should be best patterne of a friend.
Who read thee, praise thy fancie, and admire
Thee burning with so high and pure a fire,
As reaches Heaven it selfe. But I who know
Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
Stile thee more than good poet, a good man.
Then let thy temples shake off vulgar bayes,
Th' hast built an altar which enshrines thy praise:
And to the faith of after-time commends
Yee the best paire of lovers, us of friends.

GEORGE TALBOT.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

CASTARA.

THE FIRST PART.

——————Carmina non prius
Audita, Musarum sacerdos virginibus.

A MISTRIS

Is the fairest treasure, the avarice of Love can covet; and the onely white, at which he shootes his arrowes, nor while his aime is noble, can he ever hit upon repentance. She is chaste, for the devill enters the idoll and gives the oracle, when wantonnesse possesseth beauty, and wit maintaines it lawfull. She is as faire as Nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of education, not by the slight of art. She is young, for a woman past the delicacie of her spring, may well move by vertue to respect, never by beauty to affection. Shee is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne, for vice is too strong to be wrastled with, and gives her frailty the foyle. She is not proude, though the amorous youth interpret her modestie to that sence; but in her vertue weares so much majestie, lust dares not rebell, nor though masqued, under the pretence of love, capitulate with her. She entertaines not every parley offer'd, although the articles pretended to her advantage: advice and her owne feares restraine her, and woman never owed ruine to too much caution. She glories not in the plurality of servants, a multitude of adorers Heaven can onely challeng; and it is impietie in her weakenesse to desire superstition from many. She is deafe to the whispers of love, and even on the marriage houre can breake off, without the least suspition of scandall, to the former liberty of her carriage. She avoydes a too neere conversation with man, and like the Parthian overcomes by flight. Her language is not copious but apposit, and she had rather suffer the reproach of being dull company, than have the title of witty, with that of bold and wanton. In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expresseth life enough, without the giddy motion, fashion of late hath taken up. She danceth to the best applause but doates not on the vanity of it, nor licenceth an irregular meeting to vaunt the levity of her skill. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes, silence in woman is the most perswading oratory. She never arrived to so much familiarity with man as to know the demunitive of his name, and call him by it; and she can show a competent favour: without yeelding her hand to his gripe. Shee never understood the language of a kisse, but at salutation, nor dares the courtier use so much of his practised impudence as to offer the rape of it from her: because chastity hath write it unlawfull, and her behaviour proclaimes it unwelcome. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish; her conscience is cleere from guilt, and that secures her from sorrow. She is not passionately in love with poetry, because it softens the heart too much to love: but she likes the harmony in the composition; and the brave examples of vertue celebrated by it, she proposeth to her imitation. She is not vaine in the history of her gay kindred or acquaintance: since vertue is often tenant to a cottage, and familiarity with greatnesse (if worth be not transcendant above the title) is but a glorious servitude, fooles onely are willing to suffer. She is not ambitious to be praised, and yet vallues death beneath infamy. And Ile conclude, (though the next sinod of ladies condemne this character as an heresie broacht by a precision) that onely she who

hath as great a share in vertue as in beauty, deserves a noble love to serve her, and a free poesie to speake her.

TO CASTARA,

A SACRIFICE.

Let the chaste phœnix from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this altar where the name
Of my Castara's grav'd by th' hand of Fame.
Let purer virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,
What rites Love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames: which here shall
As tapers fixt about Castara's shrine. [shine
While I the priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
And in this temple mak't her sacrifice.

TO CASTARA,

PRAYING.

I saw Castara pray, and from the skie,
A winged legion of bright angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her virgin prayer,
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seeme a fancie. But the eagle's sight
Of saints, and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretikes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty, let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subject of my pen, queene of my love.

TO

ROSES IN THE BOSOME OF CASTARA.

Yee blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere shall call them Cupid's nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i'th' open field.

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

TO CASTARA,

A VOW.

By those chaste lamps which yeeld a silent light,
To the cold vrnes of virgins; by that night,
Which guilty of no crime, doth onely heare
The vowes of recluse nuns, and th' an'thrit's prayer;
And by thy chaster selfe; my fervent zeale
Like mountaine yce, which the north winds con-
To purest christall, feeles no wanton fire. [geale,
But as the humble pilgrim, (whose desire
Blest in Christ's cottage view by angels' hands,
Transported from sad Bethlem,) wondring stands
At the great miracle. So I at thee,
Whose beauty is the shrine of chastity.
Thus my bright Muse in a new orbe shall move,
And even teach religion how to love.

TO CASTARA,

OF HIS BEING IN LOVE.

Where am I? not in Heaven: for oh I feele
The stone of Sisiphus, Ixion's wheele;
And all those tortures, poets (by their wine
Made judges) laid on Tantalus, are mine.
Nor yet am I in Hell; for still I stand,
Though giddy in my passion, on firme land.
And still behold the seasons of the yeare,
Springs in my hope, and winters in my feare.
And sure I'me 'bove the Earth, for th' highest star
Shoots beames, but dim, to what Castara's are,
And in her sight and favour I even shine
In a bright orbe beyond the christalline.
If then Castara I in Heaven nor move,
Nor Earth, nor Hell; where am I but in Love?

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MR. ENDYMION PORTER.

Not still i'th' shine of kings. Thou dost retire
Sometime to th' holy shade, where the chaste quire
Of Muses doth the stubborne panther awe,
And give the wildenesse of his nature law.
The wind his chariot stops: th' attentive rocke
The rigor doth of its creation mocke,
And gently melts away: Argus to heare
The musicke, turnes each eye into an eare.
To welcome thee, Endymion, glorious they
Triumph to force these creatures disobey
What Nature hath enacted. But no charme
The Muses have these monsters can disarme
Of their innated rage: no spell can tame
The North-wind's fury, but Castara's name.
Climbe yonder forked hill, and see if there
I'th' barke of every Daphne, not appeare
Castara written; and so markt by me,
How great a prophet growes each virgin tree?
Lie downe, and listen what the sacred spring
In her harmonious murmures, strives to sing
To th' neighb'ring banke, ere her loose waters erre
Through common channels; sings she not of her?
Behold yond' violet, which such honour gaines,
That growing but to emulate her veines,

It's azur'd like the skie: when she doth bow
T' invoke Castara, Heav'n perfumes her vow.
The trees, the water, and the flowers adore
The deity of her sex, and through each pore
Breath forth her glories. But unquiet love
To make thy passions so uncourtly prove,
As if all eares should heare her praise alone.
Now listen thou; Endymion sings his owne.

TO CASTARA.

Doe not their prophane orgies heare,
Who but to wealth no altars reare.
The soule's oft poys'ned through the eare.

Castara, rather seeke to dwell
I'th' silence of a private cell,
Rich discontent's a glorious Hell.

Yet Hindlip doth not want extent
Of roome (though not magnificent)
To give free welcome to content.

There shalt thou see the earely Spring,
That wealthy stocke of Nature bring,
Of which the Sybils bookes did sing.

From fruitlesse palmes shall honey flow,
And barren Winter harvest show,
While lillies in his bosome grow,

No North winde shall the corne infest,
But the soft spirit of the East,
Our sent with perfum'd banquets feast.

A Satyre here and there shall trip,
In hope to purchase leave to sip
Sweete nectar from a Fairie's lip.

The Nimphs with quivers shall adorne
Their active sides and rouse the morne
With the shrill musicke of their horne.

Wakened with which, and viewing thee,
Faire Daphne her faire selfe shall free,
From the chaste prison of a tree:

And with Narcissus (to thy face
Who humbly will ascribe all grace)
Shall once againe pursue the chase.

So they whose wisdome did discusse
Of these as fictions: shall in us
Finde, they were more than fabulous.

TO CASTARA,

SOFTLY SINGING TO HER SELFE.

Sing forth, sweete cherubin, (for we have choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and thy voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestial straine
To eccho thy sweete note, our humane eares
May then receive the musicke of the spheares.
But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
O'th' sudden heare thy well-divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death:
And ravisht nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye.
And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' waters, welcome to the spring.

TO A WANTON.

In vaine, faire sorceresse, thy eyes speake charmes,
In vaine thou mak'st loose circles with thy armes.
I'me 'bove thy spels. No magicke him can move,
In whom Castara hath inspir'd her love.
As she, keepe thou strict cent'nell o're thy eare,
Lest it the whispers of soft courtiers heare;
Reade not his raptures, whose invention must
Write journey worke, both of his patron's lust
And his owne plush: let no admirer feast
His eye o'th' naked banquet of thy brest.
If this faire president, nor yet my want
Of love, to answer thine, make thee recant
Thy sorc'ries; pity shall to justice turne,
And judge thee witch, in thy own flames to burne.

TO
THE HONOURABLE MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, R. B. ESQUIRE[1].

While you dare trust the loudest tongue of fame,
The zeale you beare your mistresse to proclaim
To th' talking world: I in the silenst grove,
Scarce to my selfe dare whisper that I love.
Thee titles Brud'nell, riches thee adorne,
And vigorous youth to vice not headlong borne
By th' tide of custome: which I value more
Than what blind superstitious fooles adore,
Who greatnesse in the chaire of blisse enthrone,
Greatnesse we borrow, vertue is our owne.
In thy attempt be prosperous and when ere
Thou shalt prefix the houre; may Hymen weare
His brightest robe; where some fam'd Persian shall
Worke by the wonder of her needle all
The nuptiall joyes; which (if we poets be
True prophets) bounteous Heaven designes for thee.
I envie not, but glory in thy fate,
While in the narrow limits of my state
I bound my hopes, which if Castara daigne
Once to entitle hers; the wealthiest graine
My earth, untild shall beare; my trees shall grone
Vnder their fruitfull burthen, and at one
And the same season, Nature forth shall bring
Riches of Autumne, pleasures of the Spring.
But digge and thou shalt finde a purer mine
Than th' Indians boast: taste of this generous vine,
And her blood sweeter will than nectar prove,
Such miracles wait on a noble love.
But should she scorne my sute, I'le tread that path
Which none but some sad Fairy beaten hath.
Then force wrong'd Philomel, hearing my mone,
To sigh my greater griefes, forget her owne.

TO CASTARA,

INQUIRING WHY I LOVED HER.

Why doth the stubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?

[1] Robert Brudenell, afterwards second earl of Cardigan.

How know you that the orbs doe move;
With musicke too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright spheare doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazers heart like thine;
Our vertues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie,
When poets weepe some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight:
Which, ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare.

Nor yet thy fortunes: since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they but overthrow.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t'enflame desire;
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire.
I know, yet know not, why I love.

TO CASTARA,

LOOKING UPON HIM.

TRANSFIX me with that flaming dart,
I'th' eye, or brest or any part,
So thou, Castara, spare my heart.

The cold Cymerian by that bright
Warme wound i'th' darknesse of his night,
Might both recover heat, and light.

The rugged Scythian gently move,
I'th' whispering shadow of some grove,
That's consecrate to sportive love.

December see the primrose grow,
The rivers in soft murmurs flow,
And from his head shake off his snow.

And crooked age might feele againe
Those heates, of which youth did complaine,
While fresh blood swels each withered veyne.

For the bright lustre of thy eyes,
Which but to warme them would suffice,
May burne me to a sacrifice.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF AR[2].

WINC'D with delight, (yet such as still doth beare
Chast vertue's stamp) those children of the yeere,
The dayes, hast nimbly; and while as they flie,
Each of them with their predecessors vie,
Which yeelds most pleasure; you to them dispence,
What Time lost with his cradle, innocence.
So I (if fancie not delude my sight,)
See often the pale monarch of the night,
Diana, 'mong her nimphs. For every quire
Of vulgar starres who lend their weaker fire
To conquer the night's chilnesse, with their queene,
In harmelesse revels tread the happy greene.
But I who am proscrib'd by tyrant Love,
Seeke out a silent exile in some grove,
Where nought except a solitary spring,
Was ever heard, to which the Nimphs did sing
Narcissus' obsequies: For onely there
Is musique apt to catch an am'rous eare:
Castara! oh my heart! how great a flame
Did even shoot into me with her name?
Castara hath betray'd me to a zeale
Which thus distracts my hopes. Flints may conceale
In their cold veynes a fire. But I whose heart
By love's dissolv'd, ne're practis'd that cold art.
But truce thou warring passion, for I'le now
Maddam to you addresse this solemne vow.
By vertue and your selfe (best friends) I finde
In the interiour province of your minde
Such government: that if great men obey
Th' example of your order, they will sway
Without reproofe; for onely you unite
Honour with sweetenesse, vertue with delight.

[2] Margaret daughter of William Douglas, earl of Morton, wife of Archibald, eighth earl of Argyle.

VPON CASTARA'S

FROWNE OR SMILE.

LEARNED shade of Tycho Brache, who to us,
The stars propheticke language didst impart,
And even in life their mysteries discusse:
Castara hath o'rethrowne thy strongest art.

When custome struggles from her beaten path,
Then accidents must needs uncertaine be,
For if Castara smile; though winter hath
Lock't up the rivers: summer's warme in me.

And Flora by the miracle reviv'd,
Doth even at her owne beauty wondring stand,
But should she frowne, the northerne wind arriv'd,
In midst of summer, leads his frozen band:
Which doth to yce my youthfull blood congeale,
Yet in the midst of yce, still flames my zeale.

IN CASTARA,

ALL FORTUNES.

YE glorious wits, who finde than Parian stone,
A nobler quarry to build trophies on,
Purchast 'gainst conquer'd time, go court loud fame,
He wins it, who but sings Castara's name?
Aspiring soules, who grow but in a spring,
Forc't by the warmth of some indulgent king:
Know if Castara smile: I dwell in it,
And vie for glory with the favourit.
Ye sonnes of avarice, who but to share
Vncertaine treasure with a certaine care,
Tempt death in th' horrid ocean: I, when ere
I but approach her, find the Indies there.

Heaven brightest saint kinde to my vowes made
Of all ambition courts, th' epitome. [thee

VPON THOUGHT CASTARA MAY DYE.

If she should dye, (as well suspect we may,
A body so compact should ne're decay)
Her brighter soule would in the Moone inspire
More chastity, in dimmer starres more fire.
You twins of Læda (as your parents are
In their wild lusts) may grow irregular
Now in your motion. for the marriner
Henceforth shall onely steere his course by her.
And when the zeale of after time shall spie
Her uncorrupt i'th' happy marble lie;
The roses in her cheekes unwithered,
'Twill turne to love, and dote upon the dead.
For he who did to her in life dispence
A Heaven, will banish all corruption thence.

TIME TO THE MOMENTS, ON SIGHT OF

CASTARA.

You younger children of your father stay,
Swift flying moments (which divide the day
And with your number measure out the yeare
In various seasons) stay and wonder here.
For since my cradle, I so bright a grace
Ne're saw, as you see in Castara's face;
Whom Nature to revenge some youthfull crime
Would never frame, till age had weakened Time.
Else spight of fate, in some faire forme of clay
My youth I'de' bodied, throwne my sythe away,
And broke my glasse. But since that cannot be,
I'le punish Nature for her injurie.
On nimble moments in your journey flie,
Castara shall like me, grow old, and die.

TO A FRIEND INQUIRING HER NAME, WHOM HE LOVED.

Fond Love himselfe hopes to disguise
From view, if he but covered lies,
I'th' veile of my transparent eyes.

Though in a smile himselfe he hide,
Or in a sigh, though art so tride
In all his arts, hee'le be descride.

I must confesse (deare friend) my flame,
Whose boasts Castara so doth tame,
That not thy faith, shall know her name.

'Twere prophanation of my zeale,
If but abroad one whisper steale,
They love betray who him reveale.

In a darke cave which never eye
Could by his subtlest ray descry,
It doth like a rich minerall lye.

Which if she with her flame refine,
I'de force it from that obscure mine,
And then it like pure gold should shine.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE HOPE AND FEARE.

FEARE.

Checke thy forward thoughts and know
Hymen onely joynes their hands;
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands.

HOPE.

But Castara's purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame;
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same.

FEARE.

Yet obedience must prevaile,
They who o're her actions sway:
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea.

HOPE.

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content.

FEARE.

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes.
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

HOPE.

Thousand victims must returne;
Shee the purest will designe:
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine.

TO CVPID,

VPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

Nimble boy in thy warme flight,
What cold tyrant dimm'd thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
Thou wouldst sigh thy selfe to ayre:
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had her selfe undone.
But if you when this you heare
Fall downe murdered through your eare,
Begge of love that you may have
In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
Lilly, rose, and violet,
Shall the perfum'd hearse beset
While a beauteous sheet of lawne,
O're the wanton corps is drawne:
And all lovers use this breath;
" Here lies Cupid blest in death."

VPON

CVPID'S DEATH AND BURIALL IN CASTARA'S CHEEKE.

Cvpid's dead. Who would not dye,
To be interr'd so neere her eye?
Who would feare the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave?

O're which two bright tapers burne,
To give light to the beauteous vrne.
At the first Castara smil'd,
Thinking Cupid her beguil'd,
Onely counterfeiting death.
But when she perceiv'd his breath
Quite expir'd: the mournefull girle,
To entombe the boy in pearle,
Wept so long; till pittious Iove,
From the ashes of this Love,
Made ten thousand Cupids rise,
But confin'd them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lacke
No due sorrow, still weare blacke.
But the blacks so glorious are
Which they mourne in, that the faire
Quires of starres, look pale and fret,
Seeing themselves out shin'd by jet.

TO FAME.

Fly on thy swiftest wing, ambitious Fame,
And speake to the cold North Castara's name:
Which very breath will, like the East wind, bring,
The temp'rate warmth, and musicke of the spring.
Then from the articke to th' antarticke pole,
Haste nimbly and inspire a gentler soule,
By naming her, i'th' torrid South; that he
May milde as Zephyrus' coole whispers be.
Nor let the West where Heaven already joynes
The vastest empire, and the wealthiest mines,
Nor th' East in pleasures wanton, her condemne,
For not distributing her gifts on them.
For she with want would have her bounty meet,
Love's noble charity is so discreete.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

Dost not thou Castara read
Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
Doth not every motion plead
What I'de shew, and yet disguise?
Sences act each other's part,
Eyes, as tongues, reveale the heart.

CASTARA.

I saw love as lightning breake
From thy eyes, and was content
Oft to heare thy silence speake.
Silent love is eloquent.
So the sence of learning heares
The dumbe musicke of the spheares.

ARAPHILL.

Then there's mercy in your kinde,
Listning to an unfain'd love,
Or strives he to tame the wind,
Who would your compassion move?
No y'are pittious as y're faire.
Heaven relents, o'ercome by prayer.

CASTARA.

But loose man too prodigall
Is in the expence of vowes;
And thinks to him kingdomes fall
When the heart of woman bowes;
Frailty to your armes may yeeld;
Who resists you wins the field.

ARAPHILL.

Triumph not to see me bleede,
Let the bore chafed from his den,
On the wounds of mankinde feede,
Your softe sexe should pitty men.
Malice well may practise art,
Love hath a transparent heart.

CASTARA.

Yet is love all one deceit,
A warme frost, a frozen fire.
She within her selfe is great,
Who is slave to no desire.
Let youth act, and age advise,
And then Love may finde his eyes.

ARAPHILL.

Hymen's torch yeelds a dim light,
When ambition joynes our hands,
A proud day, but mournefull night,
She sustaines, who marries lands.
Wealth slaves man; but for their ore,
Th' Indians had beene free, though poore.

CASTARA.

And yet wealth the fuell is
Which maintaines the nuptiall fire,
And in honour there's a blisse,
Th' are immortall who aspire.
But truth sayes no joyes are sweete,
But where hearts united meete.

ARAPHILL.

Roses breath not such a sent,
To perfume the neighb'ring groves;
As when you affirme content,
In no spheare of glory moves.
Glory narrow soules combines:
Noble hearts Love onely joynes.

TO CASTARA,

INTENDING A JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTREY.

Why haste you hence Castara? can the Earth,
A glorious mother, in her flowry birth,
Show lillies like thy brow? Can she disclose
In emulation of thy cheeke, a rose,
Sweete as thy blush; upon thy selfe then set
Iust value, and scorne it thy counterfet.
The spring's still with thee; but perhaps the field,
Not warm'd with thy approach, wants force to yeeld
Her tribute to the plough; O, rather let
Th' ingratefull Earth for ever be in debt
To th' hope of sweating Industry, than we [thee.
Should starve with cold, who have no heat but
Nor feare the publike good. Thy eyes can give
A life to all, who can deserve to live.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

I am engag'd to sorrow, and my heart
Feeles a distracted rage. Though you depart

And leave me to my feares; let love in spite
Of absence, our divided soules unite.
But you must goe. The melancholy doves
Draw Venus' chariot hence: the sportive Loves
Which wont to wanton here hence with you flye,
And like false friends forsake me when I dye.
For but a walking tombe, what can he be;
Whose best of life is forc't to part with thee?

TO CASTARA,

VPON A TREMBLING KISSE AT DEPARTURE.

Th' Arabian wind, whose breathing gently blows
Purple to th' violet, blushes to the rose,
Did never yeeld an odour rich as this,
Why are you then so thrifty of a kisse,
Authoriz'd even by custome? Why doth feare
So tremble on your lip, my lip being neare?
Thinke you I parting with so sad a zeale,
Will act so blacke a mischiefe, as to steale
Thy roses thence? And they, by this device,
Transplanted: somewhere else force Paradice?
Or else you feare, lest you, should my heart skip
Vp to my mouth, t' incounter with your lip,
Might rob me of it: and be judg'd in this,
T' have Iudas like betraid me with a kisse.

IN CASTARA,

LOOKING BACKE AT HER DEPARTING.

Looke backe Castara. From thy eye
Let yet more flaming arrowes flye:
To live is thus to burne and dye.

For what might glorious hope desire,
But that thy selfe, as I expire,
Should bring both death and funerall fire?

Distracted love, shall grieve to see
Such zeale in death: for feare lest he
Himselfe, should be consum'd in me.

And gathering up my ashes, weepe,
That in his teares he then may steepe:
And thus embalm'd, as reliques, keepe.

Thither let lovers pilgrims turne,
And the loose flames in which they burne,
Give up as offerings to my vrne.

That them the vertue of my shrine
By miracle so long refine;
Till they prove innocent as mine.

VPON CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

T' is madnesse to give physicke to the dead;
Then leave me friends: Yet haply you'd here read
A lecture; but I'le not dissected be,
T' instruct your art by my anatomie.
But still you trust your sense, sweare you descry
No difference in me. All's deceit o'th' eye,
Some spirit hath a body fram'd in th' ayre,
Like mine, which he doth to delude you weare:
Else Heaven by miracle makes me survive
My selfe, to keepe in me poore love alive.
But I am dead, yet let none question where
My best part rests, and with a sigh or teare,
Prophane the pompe, when they my corps interre,
My soule imparadis'd, for 'tis with her.

TO CASTARA,

COMPLAINING HER ABSENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

The lesser people of the ayre conspire
To keepe thee from me. Philomel with higher
And sweeter notes, wooes thee to weepe her rape,
Which would appease the gods, and change her shape.
The early larke, preferring 'fore soft rest
Obsequious duty, leaves his downy nest,
And doth to thee harmonious tribute pay;
Expecting from thy eyes the breake of day.
From which the owle is frighted, and doth rove
(As never having felt the warmth of love)
In uncouth vaults, and the chill shades of night,
Not biding the bright lustre of thy sight.
With him my fate agrees. Not viewing thee
I'me lost in mists, at best, but meteors see.

TO THAMES.

Swift in thy watry chariot, courteous Thames,
Hast by the happy errour of thy streames,
To kisse the banks of Marlow, which doth show
Faire Seymors[3], and beyond that never flow.
Then summon all thy swans, that who did give
Musicke to death, may henceforth sing, and live,
For my Castara. She can life restore,
Or quicken them who had no life before.
How should the poplar else the pine provoke,
The stately cedar challenge the rude oke
To dance at sight of her? They have no sense
From Nature given, but by her influence,
If Orpheus did those senslesse creatures move,
He was a prophet and fore sang my love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARLE OF SHREWES.

My Muse (great lord) when last you heard her sing
Did to your vncles vrne, her off'rings bring:
And if to fame I may give faith, your eares
Delighted in the musicke of her teares.
That was her debt to vertue. And when e're
She her bright head among the clouds shall reare,
And adde to th' wondring Heavens a new flame,
Shee'le celebrate the genius of your name.
Wilde with another race, inspir'd by love,
She charmes the myrtles of the Idalian grove.
And while she gives the Cyprian stormes a law,
Those wanton doves which Cythereia draw
Through th' am'rous ayre: admire what power
The ocean, and arrest them in their way. [doth sway

[3] By a subsequent poem, this appears to have been the house where Castara lived.

She sings Castara then. O she more bright,
Than is the starry senate of the night;
Who in their motion did like straglers erre,
Cause they deriv'd no influence from her,
Who's constant as she's chaste. The Sunne hath
beene
Clad like a neighb'ring shepheard often scene
To hunt those dales, in hope than Daphne's, there
To see a brighter face. Th' astrologer [show
In th' interim dyed, whose proud art could not
Whence that ecclipse did on the sudden grow.
A wanton satyre eager in the chase
Of some faire nimph, beheld Castara's face,
And left his loose pursuite; who while he ey'd,
Vnchastely, such a beauty, glorified
With such a vertue, by Heaven's great commands,
Turn'd marble. and there yet a statue stands.
As poet thus. But as a Christian now,
And by my zeale to you (my lord) I vow,
She doth a flame so pure and sacred move;
In me impiety 'twere not to love.

TO CVPID.

WISHING A SPEEDY PASSAGE TO CASTARA.

Thankes Cupid, but the coach of Venus moves
For me too slow, drawne but by lazie doves.
I, lest my journey a delay should finde,
Will leape into the chariot of the wind.
Swift as the flight of lightning through the ayre,
Hee'le hurry me till I approach the faire,
But unkinde Seymors. Thus he will proclaime,
What tribute winds owe to Castara's name.
Viewing this prodigie, astonisht they,
Who first accesse deny'd me, will obey,
With feare what love commands: yet censure me
As guilty of the blackest sorcery.
But after to my wishes milder prove:
When they know this the miracle of love.

TO CASTARA.

OF LOVE.

How fancie mockes me? By th' effect I prove,
'Twas am'rous folly, wings ascrib'd to Love,
And ore th' obedient elements command.
Hee's lame as he is blinde, for here I stand
Fixt as the Earth. Throw then this idoll downe
Yee lovers who first made it; which can frowne
Or smile but as you please. But I'me untame
In rage. Castara call thou on his name,
And though hee'le not beare up my vowes to thee,
Hee'le triumph to bring downe my saint to me.

TO THE SPRING,

VPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF CASTARA'S ABODE.

Faire mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the partcht ground,
And shew thy flowry wealth: that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties
there.
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t'appeare,
She absent, I have all their winter here.
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonius lend.
Thither command the birds to bring their quires,
That zone is temp'rate, I have all his fires.
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should
Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere. [here

TO REASON,

VPON CASTARA'S ABSENCE.

With your calme precepts goe, and lay a storme
In some brest flegmaticke which would conforme
Her life to your cold lawes: in vaine y' engage
Your selfe on me, I will obey my rage.
Shee's gone, and I am lost. Some unknowne grove
I'le finde, where by the miracle of Love
I'le turne t'a fountaine, and divide the yeere,
By numbring every moment with a teare.
Where if Castara (to avoyd the beames [streames.
O'th' neigh'bring Sun) shall wandring meete my
And tasting hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'le feele a sudden flame, and burne like me:
And thus distracted cry. "Tell me thou cleere,
But treach'rous fount, what lover's coffin'd here?"

AN ANSWERE TO CASTARA'S QUESTION.

'Tis I, Castara, who when thou wert gone,
Did freeze into this melancholly stone,
To weepe the minutes of thy absence. Where
Can greefe have freer scope to mourne than here?
The larke here practiseth a sweeter straine,
Aurora's early blush to entertaine,
And having too deepe tasted of these streames,
He loves, and amorously courts her beames.
The courteous turtle with a wandring zeale,
Saw how to stone I did my selfe congeale, [move,
And murm'ring askt what power this change did
The language of my waters whispered, Love.
And thus transform'd I'le stand, till I shall see
That heart so ston'd and frozen, thaw'd in thee.

TO CASTARA,

VPON THE DISGUISING HIS AFFECTION.

Pronounce me guilty of a blacker crime,
Then e're in the large volume writ by Time,
The sad historian reades, if not my art
Dissembles love, to veile an am'rous heart,
For when the zealous anger of my friend
Checkes my unusuall sadnesse: I pretend
To study vertue, which indeede I doe,
He must court vertue who aspires to you.
Or that some friend is dead, and then a teare,
A sigh or groane steales from me: for I feare
Lest death with love hath strooke my heart, and all
These sorrowes usher but its funerall. [mourner be,
Which should revive, should there you a
And force a nuptiall in an obsequie.

TO THE HONOURABLE

MY HONOURED KINSMAN MR. G. T[4].

THRICE hath the pale-fac'd empresse of the night,
Lent in her chaste increase her borrowed light,
To guide the vowing marriner: since mute
Talbot th'ast beene, too slothfull to salute
Thy exil'd servant. Labour not t' excuse
This dull neglect: love never wants a Muse.
When thunder summons from eternall sleepe
Th' imprison'd ghosts and spreads o'th' frighted [deepe
A veile of darknesse; penitent to be
I may forget, yet still remember thee,
Next to my faire, under whose eye-lids move,
In nimble measures beauty, wit, and love.
Nor thinke Castara (though the sex be fraile,
And ever like uncertaine vessels saile
On th' ocean of their passions; while each wind,
Triumphs to see their more uncertaine mind,)
Can be induc't to alter. Every starre
May in its motion grow irregular;
The Sunne forget to yeeld his welcome flame
To th' teeming Earth, yet she remaine the same.
And in my armes (if poets may divine)
I once that world of beauty shall intwine.
And on her lips print volumes of my love,
Without a froward checke, and sweetely move
I'th' labyrinth of delight. If not, I'le draw
Her picture on my heart, and gently thaw
With warmth of zeale, untill I Heaven entreat,
To give true life to th' ayery counterfeit.

ECCHO TO NARCISSUS.

IN PRAISE OF CASTARA'S DISCREETE LOVE.

SCORN'D in thy watry vrne Narcissus lye,
Thou shalt not force more tribute from my eye
T' increase thy streames: or make me weep a showre,
To adde fresh beauty to thee, now a flowre.
But should relenting Heaven restore thee sence,
To see such wisedome temper innocence,
In faire Castara's loves how shee discreet,
Makes causion with a noble freedome meete,
At the same moment; thou'ld'st confesse fond boy,
Fooles onely thinke them vertuous, who are coy.
And wonder not that I, who have no choyce
Of speech, have praysing her so free a voyce:
Heaven her severest sentence doth repeale,
When to Castara I would speake my zeale.

TO CASTARA,

BEING DEBARR'D HER PRESENCE.

BANISHT from you. I charg'd the nimble winde,
My unseene messenger, to speake my minde,
In am'rous whispers to you. But my Muse
Lest the unruly spirit should abuse
The trust repos'd in him, sayd it was due
To her alone, to sing my loves to you. [eye
Heare her then speake. "Bright lady, from whose
Shot lightning to his heart, who joyes to dye
A martyr in your flames: O let your love
Be great and firme as his: Then nought shall move
Your setled faiths, that both may grow together:
Or if by Fate divided, both may wither.
Harke! 'twas a groane. Ah how sad absence rends
His troubled thoughts! See, he from Marlow sends
His eyes to Seymors. Then chides th' envious trees,
And unkinde distance. Yet his fancie sees
And courts your beauty, joyes as he had cleav'd
Close to you, and then weepes because deceiv'd.
Be constant as y'are faire. For I fore-see
A glorious triumph waits o'th' victorie
Your love will purchase, showing us to prize
A true content. There onely Love hath eyes."

TO SEYMORS,

THE HOUSE IN WHICH CASTARA LIVED.

BLEST temple, haile, where the chast altar stands,
Which Nature built, but the exacter hands
Of vertue polisht. Though sad Fate deny
My prophane feete accesse, my vowes shall flye.
May those musitians, which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare,
For this glad place, and all their accents frame,
To teach the eccho my Castara's name.
The beautious troopes of Graces led by Love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb'ring grove,
Where may the spring dwell still. May every tree
Turne to a laurell, and propheticke be,
Which shall in its first oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees Castara mine.

TO THE DEW,

IN HOPE TO SEE CASTARA WALKING.

BRIGHT dew which dost the field adorne
As th' Earth to welcome in the morne,
Would hang a jewell on each corne.

Did not the pittious night, whose cares
Have oft beene conscious of my feares,
Distil you from her eyes as teares?

Or that Castara for your zeale,
When she her beauties shall reveale,
Might you to dyamonds congeale?

If not your pity, yet how dre
Your care I praise, 'gainst she appeare,
To make the wealthy Indies here.

But see she comes. Bright lampe o'th' skie,
Put out thy light: the world shall spie
A fairer Sunne in either eye.

And liquid pearle, hang heavie now
On every grasse that it may bow
In veneration of her brow.

Yet if the wind should curious be.
And were I here should question thee,
Hee's full of whispers, speake not me.

But if the busie tell-tale day,
Our happy enterview betray;
Lest thou confesse too, melt away,

[4] George Talbot.

TO CASTARA.

Stay under the kinde shadow of this tree
Castara and protect thy selfe and me [kings
From the Sunne's rayes. Which show the grace of
A dangerous warmth with too much favour brings.
How happy in this shade the humble vine
Doth 'bout some taller tree her selfe intwine,
And so growes fruitfull; teaching us her fate
Doth beare more sweetes, though cedars beare
Behold Adonis in yand' purple flowre, [more state;
T' was Venus' love: That dew, the briny showre,
His coynesse wept, while strugling yet alive:
Now he repents and gladly would revive, [charmes,
By th' vertue of your chaste and powerfull
To play the modest wanton in your armes.

TO CASTARA,

VENTRING TO WALKE TOO FARRE IN THE NEIGHBOURING WOOD.

Dare not too farre Castara, for the shade
This courteous thicket yeelds, hath man betray'd
A prey to wolves to the wilde powers o'th' wood,
Oft travellers pay tribute with their blood.
If carelesse of thy selfe of me take care,
For like a ship where all the fortunes are
Of an advent'rous merchant; I must be,
If thou should'st perish, banquerout in thee.
My feares have mockt me. Tygers when they shall
Behold so bright a face, will humbly fall
In adoration of thee, Fierce they are
To the deform'd, obsequious to the faire.
Yet venter not; 'tis nobler farre to sway
The heart of man, than beasts, who man obey.

VPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE.

Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd Death.
Life with her is gone and I
Learne but a new way to dye.
See the flowers condole, and all
Wither in my funerall.
The bright lilly, as if day,
Parted with her fades away.
Violets hang their heads, and lose
All their beauty. That the rose
A sad part in sorrow beares,
Witnesse all those dewy teares,
Which as pearle, or dyamond like,
Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
All things mourne, but oh behold
How the withered marigold
Closeth up now she is gone,
Judging her the setting Sunne,

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE NIGHT AND ARAPHIL.

NIGHT.

Let silence close thy troubled eyes,
Thy feare in Lethe steepe:
The starres, bright cent'nels of the skies,
Watch to secure thy sleepe.

ARAPHIL.

The North's unruly spirit lay
In the disorder'd seas:
Make the rude winter calme as May,
And give a lover ease.

NIGHT.

Yet why should feare with her pale charmes,
Bewitch thee so to griefe?
Since it prevents n'insuing harmes,
Nor yeelds the past reliefe.

ARAPHIL.

And yet such horrour I sustaine
As the sad vessell, when
Rough tempest have incenst the maine,
Her harbour now in ken.

NIGHT.

No conquest weares a glorious wreath,
Which dangers not obtaine:
Let tempests 'gainst the shipwracke breathe,
Thou shalt thy harbour gaine.

ARAPHIL.

Truth's Delphos doth not still foretel,
Though Sol th' inspirer be.
How then should Night as blind as Hell,
Ensuing truths fore-see?

NIGHT.

The Sunne yeelds man no constant flame
One light those priests inspires.
While I though blacke am still the same.
And have ten thousand fires.

ARAPHIL.

But those, sayes my propheticke feare,
As funerall torches burne,
While thou thy selfe the blackes dost weare,
T' attend me to my vrne.

NIGHT.

Thy feares abuse thee, for those lights
In Hymen's church shall shine,
When he by th' mystery of his rites,
Shall make Castara thine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADY, E. P[5].

Your judgment's cleere, not wrinckled with the time,
On th' humble fate; which censures it a crime;
To be by vertue ruin'd. For I know
Y' are not so various as to ebbe and flow
I'th' streame of Fortune, whom each faithlesse winde
Distracts, and they who made her, fram'd her blinde.
Possession makes us poore. Should we obtaine
All those bright jems, for which i'th' wealthy maine,
The tann'd slave dives; or in one boundlesse chest
Imprison all the treasures of the West,
We still should want. Our better part's immence,
Not like th' inferiour, limited by sence.
Rich with a little, mutuall love can lift
Vs to a greatnesse, whither chance nor thrift

[5] Elenor Powis, Castara's mother.

E're rais'd her servants. For though all were spent,
That can create an Europe in content.
Thus (madam) when Castara lends an eare
Soft to my hope, I love's philosopher,
Winne on her faith. For when I wondring stand
At th' intermingled beauty of her hand,
(Higher I dare not gaze) to this bright veine
I not ascribe the blood of Charlemaine
Deriv'd by you to her. Or say there are
In that and th' other Marmion, Rosse, and Parr
Fitzhugh, Saint Quintin, and the rest of them
That adde such lustre to great Pembroke's stem.
My love is envious. Would Castara were
The daughter of some mountaine cottager
Who with his toile worne out, could dying leave
Her no more dowre, than what she did receive
From bounteous Nature. Her would I then lead
To th' temple, rich in her owne wealth; her head
Crown'd with her haire's faire treasure; diamonds in
Her brighter eyes; soft ermines in her skin;
Each Indie in each cheeke. Then all who vaunt,
That Fortune, them t' enrich, made others want,
Should set themselves out glorious in her stealth,
And trie if that, could parallel this wealth.

TO CASTARA,

DEPARTING UPON THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

What should we feare Castara? The cole aire,
That's falne in love, and wantons in thy haire,
Will not betray our whispers. Should I steale
A nectar'd kisse, the wind dares not reveale
The pleasure I possesse. The wind conspires
To our blest interview, and in our fires
Bathe like a salamander, and doth sip,
Like Bacchus from the grape, life from thy lip.
Nor thinke of night's approach. The world's great
Though breaking Nature's law, will us supply [eye
With his still flaming lampe: and to obey
Our chaste desires, fix here perpetuall day.
But should he set, what rebell night dares rise,
To be subdu'd i'th' vict'ry of the eyes?

AN APPARITION.

More welcome my Castara, than was light
To the disordered chaos. O what bright
And nimble chariot brought thee through the aire?
While the amazed stars to see so faire
And pure a beauty from the Earth arise,
Chang'd all their glorious bodies into eyes.
O let my zealous lip print on thy hand
The story of my love, which there shall stand
A bright inscription to be read by none,
But who as I love thee, and love but one.
Why vanish you away? Or is my sense
Deluded by my hope? O sweete offence
Of erring Nature? And would Heaven this had
Beene true; or that I thus were ever mad.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. Wm. E.

Hee who is good is happy. Let the loude
Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloud
And dart its thunder at him, hee'le remaine
Vnmov'd, and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of death, than vice
Ere found in her fictitious paradise.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number past
Delights, and raise our appitite to taste
Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd age.
Where we are left to satisfie the rage
Of threatning death: pompe, beauty, wealth and
Our friendships, shrinking from the funerall. [all
The thought of this begets that brave disdaine
With which thou view'st the world and makes those
Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court, [vaine
And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
What should we covet here? Why interpose
A cloud twixt us and Heaven? kind Nature chose
Man's soule th' exchecquer where she'd hoord her wealth,
And lodge all her rich secrets; but by th' stealth
Of our own vanity, w'are left so poore,
The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.
The learn'd halcyon by her wisedome finds
A gentle season, when the seas and winds
Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts possest,
That view the architecture of her nest.
Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage: while the sensitive
Part of the world in it's first strength doth live.
Folly? what dost thou in thy power containe
Deserves our study? Merchants plough the maine
And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
By avarice in the possession poore.
And yet that idoll wealth we all admit
Into the soule's great temple, busie wit
Invents new orgies, fancy frames new rites
To show it's superstition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour: while the beast
Content with Nature's courtesie doth rest.
Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
Hath lost that great prerogative. But thee
(Whom fortune hath exempted from the heard
Of vulgar men, whom vertue hath prefer'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the shade
Of humble quiet, my ambition payde
With safe content, while a pure virgin fame
Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name.
No thought of glory swelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
Yet wish I thee, guided by the better starres
To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
Or envied smiles at court; for thy great race,
And merits, well may challenge th' highest place.
Yet know, what busie path so ere you tread
To greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

TO CASTARA,

THE VANITY OF AVARICE.

Harke! how the traytor wind doth court
The saylors to the maine;
To make their avarice his sport?
A tempest checks the fond disdaine
They beare a safe though humble port.

Wee'le sit, my love, upon the shore,
And while proud billowes rise
To warre against the skie, speake ore
Our love's so sacred misteries.
And charme the sea to th' calme it had before.

Where's now my pride t' extend my fame
Where evei statues are?
And purchase glory to my name
In the smooth court or rugged warre?
My love hath layd the devill, I am tame.

I'de rather like the violet grow
Vnmarkt i'th' shaded vale,
Than on the hill those terrors know
Are breath'd forth by an angry gale,
There is more pompe above, more sweete below.

Love, thou divine philosopher
(While covetous landlords rent,
And courtiers dignity preferre)
Instructs us to a sweete content,
Greatnesse it selfe doth in it selfe interre.

Castara, what is there above
The treasures we possesse?
We two are all and one, wee move
Like starres in th' orbe of happinesse.
All blessings are epitomiz'd in love.

TO

MY HONOURED FRIEND AND KINSMAN, R. ST. ESQUIRE.

It shall not grieve me (friend) though what I write
Beheld no wit at court. If I delight
So farre my sullen genius, as to raise
It pleasure; I have money, wine, and bayes
Enough to crowne me poet. Let those wits,
Who teach their Muse the art of parasits
To win on easie greatnesse; or the yongue
Spruce lawyer who's all impudence and tongue,
Sweat to divulge their fames: thereby the one
Gets fees; the other hyre, I'em best unknowne:
Sweet silence I embrace thee, and thee Fate
Which didst my birth so wisely moderate;
That I by want am neither vilified,
Nor yet by riches flatter'd into pride.
Resolve me friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard destinie,
That makes some poets raile) Why are their rimes
So steept in gall? Why so obrayde the times?
As if no sin call'd downe Heav'n's vengeance more
Than cause the world leaves some few writers poore?
Tis true, that Chapman's reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heyers the wealthy onely have;
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I despaire, some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie
As to translate his reliques, and finde roome
In the warme church, to build him up a tombe.
Since Spencer hath a stone; and Drayton's browes
Stand petrefied i'th' wall, with laurell bowes
Yet girt about; and nigh wise Henrie's herse,
Old Chaucer got a marble for his verse.
So courteous is Death; Death poets brings
So high a pompe, to lodge them with their kings:
Yet still they mutiny. If this man please
His silly patron with hyperboles,
Or most mysterious non-sence, give his braine
But the strapado in some wanton straine;
Hee'le sweare the state lookes not on men of parts,
And, if but mention'd, slight all other arts.
Vaine ostentation! Let us set so just
A rate on knowledge, that the world may trust
The poet's sentence, and not still aver
Each art is to it selfe a flatterer.
I write to you sir on this theame, because
Your soule is cleare, and you observe the lawes,
Of poesie so justly, that I choose
Yours onely the example to my Muse.
And till my browner haire be mixt with gray,
Without a blush, Ile tread the sportive way,
My Muse directs; a poet youth may be,
But age doth dote without philosophie.

TO THE WORLD.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

You who are earth, and cannot rise
Above your sence,
Boasting the envyed wealth which lyes
Bright in your mistris' lips or eyes,
Betray a pittyed eloquence.

That which doth joyne our soules, so light
And quicke doth move,
That like the eagle in his flight,
It doth transcend all humane sight,
Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this, who sing
The praise of dust
But kneaded, when by theft you bring
The rose and lilly from the spring
T' adorne the wrinckled face of lust.

When we speake love, nor art, nor wit
We glosse upon:
Our soules engender, and beget
Ideas, which you counterfeit
In your dull progagation.

While time seven ages shall disperse,
Wee'le talke of love,
And when our tongues hold no commerse,
Our thoughts shall mutually converse.
And yet the blood no rebell prove.

And though we be of severall kind
Fit for offence:
Yet are we so by love refin'd,
From impure drosse we are all mind.
Death could not more have conquer'd sence.

How suddenly those flames expire
Which scorch our clay?
Prometheus-like when we steale fire
From Heaven 'tis endlesse and intire,
It may know age, but not decay.

TO THE WINTER.

Why dost thou looke so pale, decripit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curle like the ocean,

Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking like an ague to the yeare?
The Sunne is gone. But yet Castara stayes,
And will adde stature to thy pigmy dayes, [bring
Warme moysture to thy veynes: her smile can
Thee the sweet youth, and beauty of the spring.
Hence with thy palsie then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroome led
To th' holy fane. Banish thy aged ruth,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth.
And the approaching Sunne when she shall finde
A spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

UPON

A VISIT TO CASTARA IN THE NIGHT.

'Twas night: when Phœbe guided by thy rayes,
Chaste as my zeale, with incence of her praise,
I humbly crept to my Castara's shrine.
But oh my fond mistake! for there did shine
A noone of beauty, with such lustre crown'd,
As showd 'mong th' impious onely night is found.
It was her eyes which like two diamonds shin'd,
Brightest i'th' dark. Like which could th' Indian
But one among his rocks, he would out vie [find,
In brightnesse all the diamonds of the skie.
But when her lips did ope, the phœnix' nest
Breath'd forth her odours; where might Love once
Hee'd loath his heauenly serfets: if we dare [feast,
Affirme, Love hath a Heaven without my faire.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE CHASTITY OF HIS LOVE.

Why would you blush Castara, when the name
Of Love you heare? who never felt his flame,
I'th' shade of melancholly night doth stray,
A blind Cymmerian banisht from the day.
Let's chastly love Castara, and not soyle
This virgin lampe, by powring in the oyle
Of impure thoughts. O let us sympathize,
And onely talke i'th' language of our eyes,
Like two starres in conjunction. But beware
Lest th' angels who of love compacted are,
Viewing how chastly burnes thy zealous fire,
Should snatch thee hence, to joyne thee to their
Yet take thy flight: on Earth for surely we [quire.
So joyn'd, in Heaven cannot divided be.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade:
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For shee's to her selfe untrue,
Who delights i'th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace.
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good.

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent.
Of her self survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeyes with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that daye's pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night.
O're that darknesse, whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

CASTARA.

THE SECOND PART.

Vatumque lascivos triumphos
Calcat amor, pede conjugali.

A WIFE

Is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. To the love of which, as the charmes of Nature inchant us, so the law of Grace by speciall priviledge invites us. Without her, man if piety not restraine him; is the creator of sinne; or, if an innated cold render him not onely the businesse of the present age; the murderer of posterity. She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. Shee is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine nevertheless uncontemn'd. Shee is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity; and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the world. Shee is so chaste, she never understood the language lust speakes in; nor with a smile applaudes it, although there appeare wit in the metaphore. Shee is faire onely to winne on his affections, nor would she be mistris of the most eloquent beauty; if there were danger, that might perswade the passi-

onate auditory, to the least irregular thought. Shee is noble by a long descent, but her memory is so evill a herald, shee never boasts the story of her ancestors. Shee is so moderately rich, that the defect of portion doth neither bring penury to his estate, nor the superfluity licence her to riot. Shee is liberall, and yet owes not ruine to vanity, but knowes charity to be the soule of goodnesse, and vertue without reward often prone to bee her owne destroyer. Shee is much at home, and when shee visits 'tis for mutuall commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can goe to court, and returne no passionate doater on bravery; and when shee hath seene the gay things muster up themselves there, shee considers them as cobwebs the spider vanity hath spunne. Shee is so generall in her acquaintance, that shee is familiar with all whom fame speakes vertuous; but thinkes there can bee no friendship but with one; and therefore hath neither shee friend nor private servant. Shee so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes, that in the countrey shee lives without a froward melancholly, in the towne without a fantastique pride. She is so temperate, she never read the moderne pollicie of glorious surfeits: since she finds nature is no epicure if art provoke her not by curiositie. Shee is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse than that of his direction. Shee lookes upon him as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him shee beleeves Paradice circumscrib'd. His vertues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulitie thinkes no more frailtie, than makes him descend to the title of man. In a word, shee so lives that shee may dye, and leave no cloude upon her memory, but have her character nobly mentioned: while the bad wife is flattered into infamy, and buyes pleasure at too deare a rate, if shee onely payes for it repentance.

TO CASTARA,

NOW POSSEST OF HER IN MARRIAGE.

This day is ours. The marriage angell now
Sees th' altar in the odour of our vow, [moves
Yeeld a more precious breath, than that which
The whispring leaves in the Panchayon groves.
View how his temples shine, on which he weares
A wreath of pearle, made of those precious teares
Thou wepst a virgin, when crosse winds did blow,
Our hopes disturbing in their quiet flow.
But now Castara smile, no envious night
Dares enterpose it selfe, t' eclipse the light
Of our cleare joyes. For even the laws divine
Permit our mutuall love so to entwine,
That kings, to ballance true content, shall say;
"Would they were great as we, we blest as they."

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE MUTUALL LOVE OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Did you not see, Castara, when the king [bring
Met his lov'd queene; what sweetnesse she did
T' incounter his brave heat; how great a flame
From their brests meeting, on the sudden came?
The Stoike, who all easie passion flies,
Could he but heare the language of their eyes,
As heresies would from his faith remove
The tenets of his sect, and practise love.
The barb'rous nations which supply the Earth
With a promiscuous and ignoble birth,
Would by this precedent correct their life,
Each wisely choose, and chastely love a wife.
Princes' example is a law. Then we,
If loyall subjects, must true lovers be.

TO ZEPHIRUS.

Whose whispers, soft as those which lovers breath,
Castara and my selfe, I here bequeath,
To the calme wind. For Heaven such joyes afford
To her and me, that there can be no third.
And you, kinde starres, be thriftier of your light:
Her eyes supply your office with more bright
And constant lustre. Angels guardians, like
The nimbler ship boyes, shall be joy'd to strike
Or hoish up saile: nor shall our vessell move
By card or compasse, but a heavenly love.
The couresie of this more prosperous gale
Shall swell our canvas, and wee'le swiftly saile
To some blest port, where ship hath never lane
At anchor, whose chaste soile no foot prophane
Hath ever trod; where Nature doth dispence
Her infant wealth, a beautious innocence.
Pompe, (even a burthen to it self) nor pride,
(The magistrate of sinnes) did e're abide
On that so sacred earth. Ambition ne're
Built, for the sport of ruine, fabrickes there.
Thence age and death are exil'd, all offence
And fear expell'd, all noyse and faction thence.
A silence there so melancholly sweet,
That none but whispring turtles ever meet:
Thus Paradise did our first parents woue
To harmelesse sweets, at first possest by two.
And o're this second wee'le usurpe the throne;
Castara wee'le obey, and rule alone.
For the rich vertue of this soyle, I feare,
Would be deprav'd, should but a third be there.

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE.

Forsake me not so soone. Castara, stay,
And as I breake the prison of my clay,
He fill the canvas with m' expiring breath,
And with thee saile o're the vast maine of Death.
Some cherubin thus, as we passe, shall play:
"Goe, happy twins of love! the courteous sea
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow: the winds shal [sleep,
Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away,
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray.
Th' indulgent skie shall smile: each starry quire
Contend, which shall afford the brighter fire."
While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even,
Ne're to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

TO DEATH,

CASTARA BEING SICKE.

Hence, prophane grim man! nor dare
To approach so neere my faire.

Marble vaults, and gloomy caves,
Church-yards, charnell-houses, graves,
Where the living loath to be,
Heaven hath design'd to thee.
But if needs 'mongst us thou'lt rage,
Let thy fury feed on age.
Wrinckled browes, and withered thighs,
May supply thy sacrifice.
Yet, perhaps, as thou flew'st by,
A flamed dart, shot from her eye,
Sing'd thy wings with wanton fire,
Whence th' art fore't to hover nigh her.
If Love so mistooke his aime,
Gently welcome in the flame:
They who loath'd thee, when they see
Where thou harbor'st, will love thee.
Onely I, such is my fate,
Must thee as a rivall hate;
Court her gently, learn to prove
Nimble in the thefts of love.
Gaze on th' errors of her haire:
Touch her lip; but, oh! beware,
Lest too ravenous of thy blisse,
Thou shouldst murder with a kisse.

TO CASTARA,

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE.

Sleepe, my Castara, silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day; though envious Night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre,
For she is exil'd, while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
Kinde Sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies,
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence, rich as the gaudy quilt [guilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from
Exempted, Heaven with sweete repose doth crowne
Each vertue softer than the swan's fam'd downe.
As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
May sleepe thy fever calmely chase away.

VPON CASTARA'S RECOVERIE.

She is restor'd to life. Vnthrifty Death,
Thy mercy in permitting vitall breath
Backe to Castara, hath enlarg'd us all,
Whom griefe had martyr'd in her funerall.
While others in the ocean of their teares
Had, sinking, wounded the beholders' eares
With exclamations: I, without a grone,
Had suddenly congeal'd into a stone:
There stood a statue, till the general doome;
Had ruin'd time and memory with her tombe.
While in my heart, which marble, yet still bled,
Each lover might this epitaph have read:
"Her earth lyes here below; her soul's above,
This wonder speakes her vertue, and my love."

TO A FRIEND,

INVITING HIM TO A MEETING UPON PROMISE.

May you drinke beare, or that adult'rate wine
Which makes the zeale of Amsterdam divine,
If you make breach of promise. I have now
So rich a sacke, that even your selfe will bow
T' adore my genius. Of this wine should Prynne
Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would beginne
A health to Shakespeare's ghost. But you may bring
Some excuse forth, and answer me, the king
To day will give you audience, or that on
Affaires of state you and some serious don
Are to resolve; or else perhaps you'le sin
So farre, as to leave word y' are not within.
The least of these will make me onely thinke
Him subtle, who can in his closet drinke,
Drunke even alone, and, thus made wise, create
As dangerous plots as the Low Countrey state,
Projecting for such baits, as shall draw ore
To Holland all the herrings from our shore.
But y'are too full of candour: and I know
Will sooner stones at Salis'bury casements throw,
Or buy up for the silenc'd Levits all
The rich impropriations, than let pall
So pure Canary, and breake such an oath:
Since charity is sinn'd against in both.
Come, therefore, blest even in the Lollards' zeale,
Who canst, with conscience safe, 'fore hen and veale
Say grace in Latine; while I faintly sing
A penitentiall verse in oyle and ling.
Come, then, and bring with you, prepar'd for fight,
Vnmixt Canary, Heaven send both prove right!
This I am sure: my sacke will disingage
All humane thoughts, inspire so high a rage,
That Hypocrene shall henceforth poets lacke,
Since more enthusiasmes are in my sacke.
Heightned with which, my raptures shall commend,
How good Castara is, how deare my friend.

TO CASTARA,

WHERE TRUE HAPPINESSE ABIDES.

Castara, whisper in some dead man's eare
This subtill quære; and hee'le point out where,
By answers negative, true joyes abide.
Hee'le say they flow not on th' uncertaine tide
Of greatnesse, they can no firme basis have
Vpon the tripidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the caverns of the earth,
Whence all the wealthy minerals draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall. Nor i'th' grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th'are above time's battery, and the light
Of beauty, age's cloud will soone be night.
If among these content, he thus doth prove,
Hath no abode; where dwells it but in love?

TO CASTARA.

Forsake with me the Earth, my faire,
And travell nimbly through the aire,
Till we have reacht th' admiring skies;
Then lend sight to those heavenly eyes
Which, blind themselves, make creatures see.
And taking view of all, when we
Shall finde a pure and glorious spheare,
Wee'le fix like starres for ever there.
Nor will we still each other view,
Wee'le gaze on lesser starres than you;
See how by their weake influence they
The strongest of men's actions sway.
In an inferiour orbe below
Wee'le see Calisto loosely throw

Her haire abroad: as she did weare
The selfe-same beauty in a beare,
As when she a cold virgin stood,
And yet inflam'd Love's lustfull blood.
Then looke on Lede, whose faire beames,
By their reflection, guild those streames,
Where first unhappy she began
To play the wanton with a swan.
If each of these loose beauties are
Transform'd to a more beauteous starre
By the adult'rous lust of love;
Why should not we, by purer love?

TO CASTARA,

UPON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

CASTARA, weepe not, tho' her tombe appeare
Sometime thy griefe to answer with a teare:
The marble will but wanton with thy woe.
Death is the sea, and we like rivers flow
To lose our selves in the insatiate maine,
Whence rivers may, she ne're returne againe.
Nor grieve this christall streame so soone did fall
Into the ocean; since shee perfum'd all
The banks she past, so that each neighbour field
Did sweete flowers cherish by her watring, yeeld,
Which now adorne her hearse. The violet there
On her pale cheeke doth the sad livery weare,
Which Heaven's compassion gave her: and since she,
'Cause cloath'd in purple, can no mourner be,
As incense to the tombe she gives her breath,
And fading on her lady waits in death:
Such office the Ægyptian handmaids did
Great Cleopatra, when she dying chid
The asp's slow venom, trembling she should be
By Fate rob'd even of that blacke victory.
The flowers instruct our sorrowes. Come, then, all
Ye beauties, to true beautie's funerall,
And with her to increase death's pompe, decay.
Since the supporting fabricke of your clay
Is falne, how can ye stand? How can the night
Show stars, when Fate puts out the daye's great light?
But 'mong the faire, if there live any yet,
She's but the fairer Digbie's counterfeit.
Come you, who speake your titles. Reade in this
Pale booke, how vaine a boast your greatnesse is!
What's honour but a hatchment? What is here
Of Percy left, and Stanly, names most deare
To vertue! but a crescent turn'd to th' wane,
An eagle groaning o're an infant slaine?
Or what availes her, that she once was led,
A glorious bride, to valiant Digbie's bed,
Since death hath them divorc'd? If then alive
There are, who these sad obsequies survive,
And vaunt a proud descent, they onely be
Loud heralds to set forth her pedigree.
Come all, who glory in your wealth, and view
The embleme of your frailty! How untrue
(Tho' flattering like friends) your treasures are,
Her fate hath taught: who, when what ever rare
The either Indies boast, lay richly spread
For her to weare, lay on her pillow dead.
Come likewise, my Castara, and behold,
What blessings ancient prophesie foretold,
Bestow'd on her in death. She past away
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid onely downe to slumber. Then forbeare
To let on her blest ashes fall a teare.
But if th' art too much woman, softly weepe,
Lest griefe disturbe the silence of her sleepe.

TO CASTARA,

BEING TO TAKE A JOURNEY.

WHAT's death more than departure? The dead go
Like travelling exiles, compell'd to know
Those regions they heard mention of: 'tis th' art
Of sorrowes, sayes, who dye doe but depart.
Then weepe thy funerall teares: Which Heaven, t' adorne
The beauteous tresses of the weeping morne,
Will rob me of: and thus my tombe shall be
As naked, as it had no obsequie.
Know in these lines, sad musicke to thy eare,
My sad Castara, you the sermon here
Which I preach o're my hearse: and dead, I tell
My owne live's story, ring but my owne knell.
But when I shall returne, know 'tis thy breath,
In sighs divided, rescues me from death.

TO CASTARA,

WEEPING.

CASTARA! O you are too prodigall
O'th' treasure of your teares; which, thus let fall,
Make no returne: well plac'd calme peace might bring
To the loud wars, each free a captiv'd king.
So the unskilfull Indian those bright jems,
Which might adde majestie to diadems,
'Mong the waves scatters, as if he would store
The thanklesse sea, to make our empire poore:
When Heaven darts thunder at the wombe of time,
'Cause with each moment it brings forth a crime,
Or else despairing to root out abuse,
Would ruine vitious Earth; be then profuse.
Light chas'd rude chaos from the world before,
Thy teares, by hindring its returne, worke more.

TO CASTARA,

UPON A SIGH.

I HEARD a sigh, and something in my eare
Did whisper, what my soule before did feare,
That it was breath'd by thee. May th' easie Spring,
Enricht with odours, wanton on the wing
Of th' easterne wind, may ne'e his beauty fade,
If he the treasure of this breath convey'd:
'Twas thine by th' musicke which th' harmonious breath
Of swans is like, propheticke in their death:
And th' odour, for as it the nard expires,
Perfuming, phenix-like, his funerall fires.
The winds of Paradice send such a gale,
To make the lover's vessels calmely saile
To his lov'd port. This shall, where it inspires,
Increase the chaste, extinguish unchaste fires.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY F.

MADAM,

You saw our loves, and prais'd the mutuall flame:
In which as incense to your sacred name

Burnes a religious zeale. May we be lost
To one another, and our fire be frost,
When we omit to pay the tribute due
To worth and vertue, and in them to you:
Who are the soule of women. Others be
But beauteous parts o'th' female body: she
Who boasts how many nimble Cupids skip
Through her bright face, is but an eye or lip;
The other, who in her soft brests can show
Warme violets growing in a banke of snow,
And vaunts the lovely wonder, is but skin:
Nor is she but a hand, who holds within
The chrystall violl of her wealthy palme,
The precious sweating of the easterne balme.
And all these, if you them together take,
And joyne with art, will but one body make,
To which the soule each vitall motion gives;
You are infus'd into it, and it lives.
But should you up to your blest mansion flie,
How loath'd an object would the carkasse lie?
You are all mind. Castara, when she lookes
On you, th' epitome of all, that bookes
Or e're tradition taught; who gives such praise
Vnto your sex, that now even custome sayes
He hath a female soule, who ere hath writ
Volumes which learning comprehend, and wit.
Castara cries to me: "Search out and find
The mines of wisdome in her learned mind,
And trace her steps to honour: I aspire
Enough to worth, while I her worth admire."

TO CASTARA,

AGAINST OPINION.

Why should we build, Castara, in the aire
Of fraile Opinion? Why admire as faire,
What the weake faith of man give us for right?
The jugling world cheats but the weaker sight.
What is in greatnesse happy? As free mirth,
As ample pleasures of th' indulgent Earth,
We joy who on the ground our mansion finde,
As they, who saile like witches in the wind
Of court applause. What can their powerfull spell
Over inchanted man more than compel
Him into various formes? Nor serves their charme
Themselves to good, but to worke others harme.
Tyrant Opinion but depose; and we
Will absolute i'th' happiest empire be.

TO CASTARA,

VPON BEAUTIE.

Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happ'ly all you'le finde
Left of some beauty: and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes.
O empty boast of flesh! though our heires gild
The farre fetch Phrigian marble, which shall build
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poore relique of our frailty, still
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill
To mocke weake man, whom every wind of praise
Into the aire doth 'bove his center raise?
If so, mocke on; and tell him that his lust
To beauti's madnesse: for it courts but dust.

TO CASTARA,

MELANCHOLLY.

Were but that sigh a penitentiall breath
That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
T' inclose me in my marble, where I'de be
Slave to the tyrant wormes, to set thee free.
What should we envy? Though with larger saile
Some dance upon the ocean; yet more fraile
And faithlesse is that wave, than where we glide,
Blest in the safety of a private tide.
We still have land in ken; and 'cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, wee'le ne're float
Farre from the shore. To daring them each cloud
Is big with thunder, every wind speaks loud.
And rough wild rockes about the shore appeare,
Yet virtue will find roome to anchor there.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEENE ARAPHILL AND CASTARA.

ARAPHILL.

Castara, you too fondly court
The silken peace with which we cover'd are:
Unquiet Time may, for his sport,
Up from its iron den rouse sleepy Warre.

CASTARA.

Then, in the language of the drum,
I will instruct my yet affrighted eare:
All women shall in me be dumbe,
If I but with my Araphill be there.

ARAPHILL.

If Fate, like an unfaithfull gale,
Which having vow'd to th' ship a faire event,
O'th' sudden reads her hopefull saile,
Blow ruine: will Castara then repent?

CASTARA.

Love shall in that tempestuous showre [show:
Her brightest blossome like the black-thorne
Weake friendship prospers by the powre
Of Fortune's sunne. I'le in her winter grow.

ARAPHILL.

If on my skin the noysome skar
I should o'th' leprosie or canker weare;
Or if the sulph'rous breath of warre [feare?
Should blast my youth: should I not be thy

CASTARA.

In flesh may sicknesse horror move,
But heavenly zeale will be by it refin'd;
For then wee'd like two angels love,
Without a sense; embrace each other's mind.

ARAPHILL.

Were it not impious to repine,
'Gainst rigid Fate I should direct my breath:
That two must be, whom Heaven did joyne
In such a happy one, disjoin'd by death.

CASTARA.

That's no divource. Then shall we see
The rites in life, were types o'th' marriage state,
Our souls on Earth contracted be:
But they in Heaven their nuptials consumate.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURALE LORD M.

MY LORD,

My thoughts are not so rugged, nor doth earth
So farre predominate in me, that mirth

Lookes not as lovely as when our delight
First fashion'd wings to adde a nimbler flight
To lazie Time: who would, to have survai'd
Our varied pleasures, there have ever staid.
And they were harmlesse. For obedience,
If frailty yeelds to the wild lawes of sense,
We shall but with a sugred venome meete:
No pleasure, if not innocent as sweet.
And that's your choyce: who adde the title good
To that of noble. For although the blood
Of Marshall, Standley, and La Pole, doth flow,
With happy Brandon's, in your veines; you owe
Your vertue not to them. Man builds alone
O'th' ground of honour: for desert's our owne,
Be that your ayme. I'le with Castara sit
I'th' shade, from heat of businesse. While my wit
Is neither big with an ambitious ayme,
To build tall pyramids i'th' court of Fame.
For after ages, or to win conceit
O'th' present, and grow in opinion great.
Rich in ourselves, we envy not the East
Her rockes of diamonds, or her gold the West.
Arabia may be happy in the death
Of her reviving phenix: in the breath
Of cool Favonius, famous be the grove
Of Tempe: while we in each other's love.
For that let us be fam'd. And when of all
That Nature made us two, the funerall
Leaves but a little dust, (which then as wed,
Even after death, shall sleepe still in one bed.)
The bride and bridegroome, on the solemne day,
Shall with warme zeale approach our urne, to pay
Their vowes, that Heaven should blisse so far their
To show them the faire paths to our delights. [rites,

TO A TOMBE.

Tyrant o're tyrants, thou who onely dost
Clip the lascivious beauty without lust:
What horrour at thy sight shootes thro' each sence!
How powerfull is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters! Thou instructs the proud,
That their swolne pompe is but an empty cloud,
Slave to each wind. The faire, those flowers they have
Fresh in their cheeke, are strewd upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their idoll is but earth.
The vainely pleas'd, that syren-like their mirth
Betrays to mischiefe, and that onely he
Dares welcome death, whose aimes at virtue be.
Which yet more zeale doth to Castara move.
What checks me, when the tombe perswades to love!

TO CASTARA.

UPON THOUGHT OF AGE AND DEATH.

The breath of Time shall blast the flow'ry spring,
Which so perfumes thy cheeke, and with it bring
So darke a mist, as shall eclipse the light
Of thy faire eyes in an eternal night.
Some melancholy chamber of the earth,
(For that like Time devours whom it gave breath)
Thy beauties shall entombe, while all who ere
Lov'd nobly, offer up their sorrowes there.
But I, whose griefe no formal limits bound,
Beholding the darke caverne of that ground,
Will there immure my selfe. And thus I shall
Thy mourner be, and my owne funerall.
Else by the weeping magicke of my verse,
Thou hast reviv'd to triumph o're thy hearse.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD P.

MY LORD,

The reverend man, by magicke of his prayer,
Hath charm'd so, that I and your daughter are
Contracted into one. The holy lights
Smil'd with a cheerfull lustre on our rites,
And every thing presag'd full happiness
To mutual love: if you'le the omen blesse.
Now grieve, my lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted seas sought refuge on the shore
From the angry north wind; ere th' astonisht spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing;
Ere time had motion, or the Sunne obtain'd
His province o're the day, this was ordain'd.
Nor think in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertain hopes: for had I stood
On th' highest ground of Fortune, the world knowne
No greatnesse but what waited on my throne:
And she had onely had that face and mind,
I, with my selfe, had th' Earth to her resign'd.
In vertue there's an empire. And so sweete
The rule is when it doth with beauty meete,
As fellow consul, that of Heaven they
Nor Earth partake, who would her disobey.
This captiv'd me. And ere I question'd why
I ought to love Castara, through my eye
This soft obedience stole into my heart.
Then found I Love might lend to th' quick-ey'd art
Of reason yet a purer sight: for he,
Tho' blind, taught her these Indies first to see,
In whose possession I at length am blest,
And with my selfe at quiet, here I rest,
As all things to my power subdu'd. To me
There's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

HIS MUSE SPEAKS TO HIM.

Thy vowes are heard, and thy Castara's name
Is writ as faire i'th' register of Fame,
As th' ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to Heaven: each there a starre.
And though imperiall Tiber boast alone
Ovid's Corinna, and to Arn is knowne
But Petrarch's Laura; while our famous Thames
Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames.
Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bring
As many quires of swans as they to sing
Thy glorious love: which living shall by thee
The only sovereign of those waters be.
Dead in love's firmament, no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

TO VAINE HOPE.

Thou dream of madmen, ever changing gale,
Swell with thy wanton breath the gaudy saile
Of glorious fooles! Thou guid'st them who thee court
To rocks, to quick-sands, or some faithlesse port.
Were I not mad, who, when secure at ease,
I might i'th' cabbin passe the raging seas,
Would like a franticke ship-boy wildly haste
To climbe the giddy top of th' unsafe mast?

Ambition never to her hopes did faine
A greatnesse, but I really obtaine
In my Castara. Wer't not fondnesse then
T' imbrace the shadowes of true blisse? And when
My Paradise all flowers and fruits doth breed,
To rob a barren garden for a weed.

TO CASTARA.

HOW HAPPY, THOUGH IN AN OBSCURE FORTUNE.

WERE we by Fate throwne downe below our feare,
Could we be poore? Or question Nature's care
In our provision? She who doth afford
A feathered garment fit for every bird,
And onely voyce enough t' expresse delight:
She who apparels lillies in their white,
As if in that she'de teach man's duller sence,
Wh' are highest, should be so in innocence:
She who in damask doth attire the rose,
(And man t' himselfe a mockery to propose,
'Mong whom the humblest judges grow to sit)
She who in purple cloathes the violet:
If thus she cares for things even voyd of sence,
Shall we suspect in us her providence?

TO CASTARA.

WHAT can the freedome of our love enthral?
Castara, were we dispossest of all
The gifts of Fortune: richer yet than she
Can make her slaves, wee'd in each other be.
Love in himself's a world. If we should have
A mansion but in some forsaken cave,
Wee'd smooth misfortune, and ourselves think then
Retir'd like princes from the noise of men,
To breath a while unflatter'd. Each wild beast,
That should the silence of our cell infest,
With clamour, seeking prey: wee'd fancie were
Nought but an avaritious courtier.
Wealth's but opinion. Who thinks others more
Of treasures have, than we, is onely poore.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE EARL OF S.

BRIGHT saint, thy pardon, if my sadder verse
Appeare in sighing o're thy glorious hearse,
To envie Heaven. For fame itselfe now weares
Griefe's livery, and onely speaks in teares.
And pardon you, Castara, if a while
Your memory I banish from my stile:
When I have paid his death the tribute due
Of sorrow, I'le return to love and you.
Is there a name like Talbot, which a showre
Can force from every eye? And hath even powre
To alter Nature's course? How else should all
Runne wilde with mourning, and distracted fall?
Th' illiterate vulgar, in a well-tun'd breath,
Lament their losse, and learnedly chide death
For its bold rape, while the sad poet's song
Is yet unheard, as if griefe had no tongue.
Th' amaz'd mariner having lost his way
In the tempestuous desart of the sea,
Lookes up, but finds no starres. They all conspire
To darke themselves, t' enlighten this new fire.
The learn'd astronomer, with daring eye,
Searching to tracke the spheares through which you flie,
(Most beauteous soule) doth in his journey faile,
And blushing says, "The subtlest art is fraile,
And but truth's counterfet." Your flight doth teach,
Fair vertue hath an orbe beyond his reach.
But I grow dull with sorrow. Unkinde Fate,
To play the tyrant, and subvert the state
Of setled goodnesse! Who shall henceforth stand
A pure example to enforme the land
Of her loose riot? Who shall counterchecke
The wanton pride of greatnesse, and direct
Strayed honour in the true magnificke way?
Whose life shall shew what triumph 'tis t' obey,
The loud commands of reason? And how sweet
The nuptials are, when wealth and learning meet?
Who will with silent piety confute
Atheisticke sophistry, and by the fruite
Approve religion's tree? Who'll teach his blood
A virgin law, and dare be great and good?
Who will despise his stiles? and nobly weigh
In judgment's ballance, that his honour'd clay
Hath no advantage by them? Who will live
So innocently pious, as to give
The world no scandall? Who'll himself deny,
And to warme passion a cold martyr dye?
My grief distracts me. If my zeal hath said,
What checks the living: know, I serve the dead.
The dead, who need no monumental vaults,
With his pale ashes to intombe his faults;
Whose sins beget no libels, whom the poore
For benefit, for worth, the rich adore.
Who liv'd a solitary phœnix, free
From the commerce with mischiefe, joy'd to be
Still gazing heaven-ward, where his thoughts did move,
Fed with the sacred fire of zealous love,
Alone he flourisht, till the fatal houre
Did summon him, when gathering from each flowre
Their vertuous odours, from his perfum'd nest
He took his flight to everlasting rest.
There shine, great lord, and with propitious eyes
Looke downe, and smile upon this sacrifice.

TO MY WORTHY COUSIN, MR. E. C.

IN PRAISE OF THE CITY LIFE, IN THE LONG VACATION.

I LIKE the green plush which your meadows weare,
I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare
Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious Bore.
Nor do I disallow, that who are poore
In minde and fortune, thither should retire:
But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire
Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast
On nectar'd wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,
And graze i'th' country. Why did Nature wrong
So much her paines, as to give you a tongue
And fluent language, if converse you hold
With oxen in the stall, and sheepe i'th' fold?
But now it's long vacation, you will say
The towne is empty, and who ever may
To th' pleasure of his country-home repaire,
Flies from th' infection of our London aire.
In this your errour. Now's the time alone
To live here, when the city dame is gone
T' her house at Brandford; for beyond that she
Imagines there's no land, but Barbary,
Where lies her husband's factor. When from hence
Rid is the country justice, whose non-sence
Corrupted had the language of the inne,
Where he and his horse litter'd: we beginne

To live in silence, when the noyse o'th' bench
Nor deafens Westminster, nor corrupt French
Walkes Fleet-street in her gowne. Ruffes of the
By the vacation's powre, translated are [barre,
To cut-worke bands: and who were busie here,
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.
The aire by this is purg'd, and the terme's strife
Thus fled the city: we the civill life
Lead happily. When in the gentle way
Of noble mirth, I have the long liv'd day
Contracted to a moment: I retire
To my Castara, and meet such a fire
Of mutual love, that if the city were
Infected, that would purifie the ayre.

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARIE.

TO THE SUNNE.

Thou art return'd (great light) to that blest houre
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Ioyn'd with Castara hearts: and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame;
Which had increast, but that by Love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me, (glorious lampe) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse? I since that have seene
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher;
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

AGAINST THEM WHO LAY

UNCHASTITY TO THE SEX OF WOMEN.

They meet but with unwholesome springs,
And summers which infectious are:
They heare but when the meremaid sings,
And only see the falling starre:
Who ever dare
Affirme no woman chaste and faire.

Goe, cure your feavers; and you'le say
The Dog-dayes scorch not all the yeare:
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones fee
And grant all gold's not alchimie.

What madman, 'cause the glow-wormes's flame
Is cold, sweares there's no warmth in fire?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire:
Shall the sex free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be?

Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere fraile,
Thy vertue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevaile,
And every woman's faith be thine;
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENTLY LEARNED

WILLIAM EARL OF ST.

MY LORD,

The laurell doth your reverend temples wreath,
As aptly now as when your youth did breath
Those tragicke raptures, which your name shall
From the black edict of a tyrant grave. [save
Nor shall your day ere set, till the Sunne shall
From the blind Heavens like a cinder fall:
And all the elements intend their strife,
To ruine what they fram'd: then your fame's life,
When desp'rate Time lies gasping, shall expire,
Attended by the world i'th' general fire.
Fame lengthens thus her selfe: and I, to tread
Your steps to glory, search among the dead,
Where Vertue lies obscur'd, that as I give
Life to her tombe, I spight of time may live.
Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
To bring great Talbot from that forren hearse,
Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
Then to sing Herbert, who so glorious rose,
With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
Yet in the faith of noblest Pembroke's line.
Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
To speak the mighty Percy, neerest heire,
In merits as in blood, to Charles the great:
Then Darbie's worth and greatnesse to repeat,
Or Morley's honour, or Monteagle's fame,
Whose valour lives eternized in his name.
But while I think to sing these of my blood,
And my Castara's, Love's unruly flood
Breakes in, and beares away whatever stands
Built by my busie fancy on the sands.

TO CASTARA.

UPON AN EMBRACE.

'Bout the husband oke the vine
Thus wreathes to kisse his heavy face:
Their streames thus rivers joyne,
And lose themselves in the embrace.
But trees want sence when they infold,
And waters, when they meet, are cold.

Thus turtles bill, and grone
Their loves into each other's eare:
Two flames thus burn in one,
When their curl'd heads to Heaven they reare;
But birds want soule, though not desire,
And flames material soone expire.

If not prophane, we'll say,
When angels close, their joyes are such;
For we no love obey
That's bastard to a fleshly touch.
Let's close, Castara, then, since thus
We pattern angels, and they us.

TO THE HONOURABLE G. T.

Let not thy grones force Eccho from her cave,
Or interrupt her weeping o're that wave,
Which last Narcissus kist: let no darke grove
Be taught to whisper stories of thy love.
What tho' the wind be turn'd? Canst thou not saile
By virtue of a cleane contrary gale,
Into some other port? Where thou wilt find
It was thy better genius chang'd the wind,
To steere thee to some island in the West,
For wealth and pleasure that transcends thy East.
Though Astrodora, like a sullen starre,
Eclipse her selfe; i'th' sky of beauty are
Ten thousand other fires, some bright as she,
And who, with milder beames, may shine on thee.

Nor yet doth this eclipse beare a portent,
That should affright the world. The firmament
Enjoys the light it did, a Sunne as cleare,
And the young Spring doth like a bride appeare,
As fairly wed to the Thessalian grove
As e're it was, though she and you not love.
And we two, who like bright stars have shin'd
I'th' heaven of friendship, are as firmly joyn'd
As blood and love first fram'd us. And to be
Lov'd, and thought worthy to be lov'd by thee,
Is to be glorious. Since fame cannot lend
An honour, equals that of Talbot's friend,
Nor envie me that my Castara's flame
Yeelds me a constant warmth: Though first I came
To marriage happy islands: Seas to thee
Will yeeld as smooth a way, and winds as free.
Which shall conduct thee (if hope may divine:)
To this delicious port: and make love thine.

TO CASTARA.

THE REWARD OF INNOCENT LOVE.

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight,
And purchase endlesse penitence,
With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay,
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent,
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content.

And though opinions often erre,
Wee'le court the modest smile of fame,
For sinne's blacke danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust:
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,

SIR I. P. KNIGHT.

SIR,

Though my deare Talbot's fate exact a sad
And heavy brow: my verse shall not be clad
For him this houre in mourning: I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or cloathes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sinne for company) was there
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meate was the least of wonder. Though the nest
O'th' Phœnix rifled seemd t' amaze the feast,
And th' ocean left so poore that it alone
Could since vaunt wretched herring and poore John.
Lucullus' surfets, were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mentioned is
In story, did but the dull zany play,
To this proud night, which rather weel'e term day,
For th' artificial lights so thicke were set,
That the bright Sun seem'd this to counterfeit.
But seven (whom whether we should sages call
Or deadly sinnes, I'le not dispute) were all
Invited to this pompe. And yet I dare
Pawne my lov'd Muse, th' Hungarian did prepare
Not halfe that quantity of victuall when
He layd his happy siege to Nortlinghen.
The mist of the perfumes was breath'd so thicke
That linx himself, though his sight fam'd so quicke,
Had there scarce spyed one sober: For the wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
Of his good majestye to celebrate,
Who'le judge them loyal subject without that:
Yet they, who some fond priviledge to maintaine,
Would have rebeld, their best freehold, their braine
Surrender'd there: and five fifteenes did pay
To drink his happy life and raigne. O day
It was thy piety to flye; th' hadst beene
Found accessory else to this fond sinne.
But I forget to speake each stratagem
By which the dishes enter'd, and in them
Each luscious miracle, as if more bookes
Had written beene o'th.' mystery of cookes
Than the philos'pher's stone, here we did see
All wonders in the kitchin alchimy:
But Ile not leave you there, before you part
You shall have something of another art.
A banquet raining down so fast, the good
Old patriarch would have thought a generall flood.
Heaven open'd and from thence a mighty showre
Of amber comfits it sweete selfe did powre
Vpon our heads, and suckets from our eye
Like thickend clouds did steale away the sky,
That it was question'd whether Heaven were
Black-fryers, and each starre a confectioner;
But I too long detaine you at a feast
You hap'ly surfet of; now every guest
Is reeld downe to his coach; I licence crave
Sir, but to kisse your hands, and take my leave.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARCHIBALD EARLE OF AR.

If your example be obey'd
The serious few will live i'th' silent shade:
And not indanger by the wind
Or sunshine, the complexion of their mind:
Whose beauty weares so cleare a skin
That it decayes with the least taint of sin.
Vice growes by custome, nor dare we
Reject it as a slave, where it breaths free,
And is no priviledge deny'd;
Nor if advanc'd to higher place envyed.
Wherefore your lordship in your selfe
(Not lancht farre in the maine, nor nigh the shelfe
Of humbler fortune) lives at ease, [seas.
Safe from the rocks o'th' shore, and stormes o'th'
Your soule's a well built city, where
There's such munition, that no war breeds feare:
No rebels wilde destractions move;
For you the heads have crusht; Rage, Envy, Love.

And therefore you defiance bid
To open enmity, or mischiefe hid
In fawning hate and supple pride,
Who are on every corner fortifide.
Your youth not rudely led by rage
Of blood, is now the story of your age,
Which without boast you may averre
'Fore blackest danger, glory did prefer:
Glory not purchast by the breath
Of sycophants, but by encountring death.
Yet wildnesse nor the feare of lawes
Did make you fight, but justice of the cause.
For but mad prodigals they are
Of fortitude, who for it selfe love warre.
When well made peace had clos'd the eyes
Of discord, sloath did not your youth surprize.
Your life as well as powre, did awe
The bad, and to the good was the best law:
When most men vertue did pursue
In hope by it to grow in fame like you.
Nor when you did to court repaire,
Did you your manners alter with the ayre.
You did your modesty retaine
Your faithfull dealing, the same tongue and braine.
Nor did all the soft flattery there
Inchant you so, but still you truth could heare.
And though your roofes were richly guilt,
The basis was on no ward's ruine built.
Nor were your vassals made a prey,
And forc't to curse the coronation day.
And though no bravery was knowne
To out-shine yours, you onely spent your owne.
For 'twas the indulgence of Fate,
To give y' a moderate minde, and bounteous state:
But I, my lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you doe end.
'Tis dang'rous to approach the fire
Of action; nor is't safe, farre to retire,
Yet better lost i'th' multitude
Of private men, than on the state t' intrude,
And hazard for a doubtfull smile,
My stocke of fame, and inward peace to spoile.
I'le therefore nigh some murm'ring brooke
That wantons through my meddowes, with a booke,
With my Castara, or some friend,
My youth not guilty of ambition spend.
To my owne shade (if fate permit)
I'le whisper some soft musique of my wit.
And flatter so my selfe, I'le see
By that, strange motion steale into the tree:
But still my first and chiefest care
Shall be t' appease offended Heaven with prayer:
And in such mold my thoughts to cast,
That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.
How ere it's sweete lust to obey,
Vertue thought rugged, is the safest way.

AN ELEGY UPON THE HONOURABLE

HENRY CAMBELL,

SONNE TO THE EARLE OF AR.

It's false arrithmaticke to say thy breath
Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth. For if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didst the old Methusalem out-live.
Though time but twenty years' account can give
Of thy abode on Earth, yet every houre
Of thy brave youth by vertue's wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare. Each well-spent day
Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodnesse: and behind
Th'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy Earth the treasure of the dead.
Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
The feavers of their surfets? Why alive
Is yet disorder'd greatnesse, and all they
Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light
Looked on by those whose breath may poyson it:
Who sold the vigour of their strength and wit
To buy diseases: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth?
But I'le not question fate. Heaven doth conveigh
Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst ta'ne degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely doth subsist
And through the cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light: And now wert so compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.
Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee.
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not. 'Twas we
Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whose increase
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did share: and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.
Each then be his owne mourner. Wee'le to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

TO CASTARA,

Why should we feare to melt away in death;
May we but dye together. When beneath
In a coole vault we sleepe, the world will prove
Religious, and call it the shrine of love.
There, when o'th' wedding eve some beautious maid,
Suspitious of the faith of man, hath paid
The tribute of her vowes: o'th' sudden shee
Two violets sprouting from the tombe will see:
And cry out, "Ye sweet emblems of their zeale
Who live below, sprang ye up to reveale
The story of our future joyes, how we
The faithfull patterns of their love shall be;
If not; hang downe your heads opprest with dew,
And I will weepe and wither hence with you."

TO CASTARA,

OF WHAT WE WERE BEFORE OUR CREATION.

When Pelion wondring saw, that raine which fell
But now from angry Heaven, to heavenward swell;
When th' Indian ocean did the wanton play,
Mingling its billowes with the Balticke sea:
And the whole earth was water: O where then
Were we Castara? In the fate of men
Lost underneath the waves? Or to beguile
Heaven's justice, lurkt we in Noah's floating isle?
We had no being then. This fleshly frame
Wed to a soule, long after, hither came

A stranger to it selfe. Those moneths that were
But the last age, no newes of us did heare.
What pompe is then in us? Who th' other day
Were nothing; and in triumph now, but clay.

TO THE MOMENT LAST PAST.

O WHITHER dost thou flye? cannot my vow
Intreat thee tarry? Thou wert here but now,
And thou art gone? like ships which plough the sea,
And leave no print for man to tracke their way.
O unseene wealth! who thee did husband, can
Out-vie the jewels of the ocean,
The mines of th' earth! One sigh well spent in thee
Had beene a purchase for eternity!
We will not loose thee then. Castara, where
Shall we finde out his hidden sepulcher;
And wee'le revive him. Not the cruell stealth
Of fate shall rob us, of so great a wealth;
Vndone in thrift! while we besought his stay,
Ten of his fellow moments fled away.

TO CASTARA.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF LOVE.

WHERE sleepes the north-wind when the south inspires
Life in the spring, and gathers into quires
The scatter'd nightingales; whose subtle eares
Heard first th' harmonious language of the spheares;
Whence hath the stone, magneticke force t'allure
Th' enamourd iron; from a seed impure
Or naturall did first the mandrake grow;
What powre i'th' ocean makes it ebbe and flow;
What strange materials is the azure skye
Compacted of; of what it's brightest eye
The ever flaming Sunne; what people are
In th' unknowne world; what worlds in every star;
Let curious fancies at this secret rove;
Castara, what we know, wee'le practise, love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESSE OF C.

MADAM,

SHOULD the cold Muscovit, whose furre and stove
Can scarse prepare him heate enough for love,
But view the wonder of your presence, he
Would scorne his winter's sharpest injury:
And trace the naked groves, till he found bayse
To write the beautious triumphs of your prayse,
As a dull poet even he would say,
Th' unclouded Sun had never showne them day
Till that bright minute; that he now admires
No more why the coy Spring so soone retires
From their unhappy clyme; it doth pursue
The Sun, and he derives his light from you.
Hee'd tell you how the fetter'd Baltick sea
Is set at freedome, while the yce away
Doth melt at your approach; how by so faire
Harmonious beauty, their rude manners are
Reduc't to order; how to them you bring
The wealthiest mines below, above the spring.
Thus would his wonder speake. For he would want
Religion to beleeve, there were a saint
Within, and all he saw was but the shrine.
But I here pay my vowes to the devine
Pure essence there inclos'd, which if it were
Not hid in a faire cloud, but might appeare
In its full lustre, would make Nature live
In a state equall to her primitive.
But sweetly that's obscur'd. Yet though our eye
Cannot the splendour of your soule descry
In true perfection, by a glimmering light,
Your language yeelds us, we can guesse how bright
The Sunne within you shines, and curse th' unkind
Eclipse, or else our selves for being blinde.
How hastily doth Nature build up man
To leave him so imperfect? For he can
See nought beyond his sence; she doth controule
So farre his sight he ne're discern'd a soule.
For had yours beene the object of his eye;
It had turn'd wonder to idolatry.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

AMPHION, O thou holy shade!
Bring Orpheus up with thee:
That wonder may you both invade,
Hearing love's harmony.
You who are soule, not rudely made
Vp, with materiall eares,
And fit to reach the musique of these spheares.

Harke! when Castara's orbs doe move
By my first moving eyes,
How great the symphony of love,
But 'tis the destinies
Will not so farre my prayer approve,
To bring you hither, here
Lest you meete heaven, for Elizium there.

'Tis no dull sublunary flame
Burnes in her heart and mine.
But some thing more, than hath a name.
So subtle and divine,
We know not why, nor how it came.
Which shall shine bright, till she
And the whole world of love, expire with me.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND

SIR ED. P. KNIGHT.

YOU'D leave the silence in which safe we are,
To listen to the noyse of warre;
And walke those rugged paths. the factious tread,
Who by the number of the dead
Reckon their glories and thinke greatnesse stood
Vnsafe, till it was built on blood.
Secure i'th' wall our seas and ships provide
(Abhorring war's so barb'rous pride,
And honour bought with slaughter) in content
Let's breath, though humble, innocent.
Folly and madnesse! Since 'tis ods we ne're
See the fresh youth of the next yeare.
Perhaps not the chast morne, her selfe disclose
Againe, t'out-blush th' aemulous rose,
Why doth ambition so the mind distresse
To make us scorne what we possesse?
And looke so farre before us? Since all we
Can hope, is varied misery?
Goe find some whispering shade neare Arne or Poe,
And gently 'mong their violets throw

Your weary'd limbs, and see if all those faire
Enchantments can charme griefe or care?
Our sorrowes still pursue us, and when you
The ruin'd capitoll shall view
And statues, a disorder'd heape; you can
Not cure yet the disease of man,
And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile
Another Sun and starres appeare, [where
And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
And yet even there your selfe youle meete.
Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
New toyes for a fantastique mind;
Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
By her aeriall quires doth sing
As sweetly to you as if you were laid
Vnder the learn'd Thessalian shade.
Direct your eye-sight inward, and you'le find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscover'd. Travell them, and be
Expert in home cosmographie.
This you may doe safe both from rocke and shelfe:
Man's a whole world within himselfe.

TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence ingage,
Nor wooed to madnesse by queint oathes,
Or the fine rhetoricke of cloathes,
Which not the softnesse of the age
To vice or folly doth decline;
Give me that heart (Castara) for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart where no new looke
Provokes new appetite:
With no fresh charme of beauty tooke,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandring here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or eare.
Aiming each beautious marke to hit;
Which vertue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

And now my heart is lodg'd with thee,
Observe but how it still
Doth listen how thine doth with me;
And guard it well, for else it will
Runne hither backe; not to be where
I am, but 'cause thy heart is here.
But without discipline, or skill.
Our hearts shall freely 'tweene us move; [love.
Should thou or I want hearts, wee'd breath by

TO CASTARA.

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

Why doth the eare so tempt the voyce,
That cunningly divides the ayre?
Why doth the pallate buy the choyce
Delights o'th' sea, to enrich her fare?

As soone as I my eare obey,
The eccho's lost even with the breath.
And when the sewer takes away
I'me left with no more taste, than death.

Be curious in pursuite of eyes
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sence despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quicke fancy, how it mockes delight?
As we conceive, things are not such,
The glow-worme is as warme as bright,
Till the deceitfull flame we touch.

When I have sold my heart to lust
And bought repentance with a kisse
I find the malice of my dust,
That told me Hell contain'd a blisse.

The rose yeelds her sweete blandishment
Lost in the fold of lovers' wreathes,
The violet enchants the sent
When earely in the spring she breaths.

But winter comes and makes each flowre
Shrinke from the pillow where it growes,
Or an intruding cold hath powre
To scorne the perfume of the rose.

Our sences like false glasses show
Smooth beauty where browes wrinkled are,
And makes the cosen'd fancy glow.
Chaste vertue's onely true and faire.

TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND,

I. C. ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I hate the countrie's durt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell.
The crosse or prosperous fate of princes, they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning or delay:
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy, did old Matchavill,
O busie folly: Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quicke designes of France? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence o'th' country ayre: [give
And neighbour thee, deare friend?- Who so dost
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme against passion with philosophie;
And by the aide of leisure, so controule,
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
We study misteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
Kind Nature's huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems who labours to inthral
The world to his great master, and youle finde
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.

Not conquest makes us great. Blood is to deare
A price for glory: Honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes o'th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied onely wise: for no respect
Indangers them to errour; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, nor bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth: and arme against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O'th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O'th' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time here forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

TO CASTARA.

WHAT LOVERS WILL SAY WHEN SHE AND HE ARE DEAD.

I WONDER when w'are dead, what men will say;
Will not poore orphan lovers weepe,
The parents of their loves decay;
And envy death the treasure of our sleepe?

Will not each tremb'ling virgin bring her feares
To th' holy silence of my urne?
And chide the marble with her teares,
'Cause she so soone faith's obsequie must mourne.

For had Fate spar'd but Araphill (she'le say)
He had the great example stood,
And fore't unconstant man obey
The law of love's religion, not of blood.

And youth by female perjury betraid,
Will to Castara's shrine deplore
His injuries, and death obrayd,
That woman lives more guilty, than before.

For while thy breathing purified the ayre
Thy sex (heele say) did onely move
By the chaste influence of a faire,
Whose vertue shin'd in the bright orbe of love.

Now woman like a meteor vapour'd forth
From dunghills, doth amaze our eyes;
Not shining with a reall worth,
But subtile her blacke errours to disguise.

This will they talke, Castara, while our dust
In one darke vault shall mingled be.
The world will fall a prey to lust,
When love is dead, which hath one fate with me.

TO HIS MUSE.

HERE virgin fix thy pillars, and command
They sacred may to after ages stand
In witnesse of love's triumph. Yet will we,
Castara, find new worlds in poetry,
And conquer them. Not dully following those
Tame lovers, who dare cloth their thoughts in prose.
But we will henceforth more religious prove,
Concealing the high mysteries of love
From the prophane. Harmonious like the spheares,
Our soules shall move, not reacht by humane eares.
That musicke to the angels, this to fame,
I here commit. That when their holy flame,
True lovers to pure beauties would rehearse,
They may invoke the genius of my verse.

A FRIEND

Is a man. For the free and open discovery of thoughts to woman can not passe without an over licentious familiarity, or a justly occasion'd suspition; and friendship can neither stand with vice or infamie. He is vertuous, for love begot in sin is a mishapen monster, and seldome out-lives his birth. He is noble, and inherits the vertues of all his progenitors; though happily unskilfull to blazon his paternall coate; so little should nobility serve for story, but when it encourageth to action. He is so valiant, feare could never be listned to, when she whispered danger; and yet fights not, unlesse religion confirmes the quarrel lawfull. He submits his actions to the government of vertue, not to the wilde decrees of popular opinion; and when his conscience is fully satisfied, he cares not how mistake and ignorance interpret him. He hath so much fortitude he can forgive an injurie; and when hee hath overthrowne his opposer, not insult upon his weakenesse. Hee is an absolute governor; no destroyer of his passions, which he employes to the noble increase of vertue. He is wise, for who hopes to reape a harvest from the sands, may expect the perfect offices of friendship from a foole. He hath by a liberall education beene softened to civility; for that rugged honesty some rude men professe, is an indigested chaos; which may containe the seedes of goodnesse, but it wants forme and order.

He is no flatterer; but when he findes his friend any way imperfect, he freely but gently informes him, nor yet shall some few errours cancell the bond of friendship; because he remembers no endeavours can raise man above his frailety. He is as slow to enter into that title, as he is to forsake it; a monstrous vice must disobliege, because an extraordinary vertue did first unite; and when he parts, he doth it without a duell. He is neither effeminate, nor a common courtier; the first is so passionate a doater upon himselfe, hee cannot spare love enough to bee justly named friendship: the latter hath his love so diffusive among the beauties, that man is not considerable. He is not accustomed to any sordid way of gaine, for who is any way mechanicke, will sell his friend upon more profitable termes. He is bountifull, and thinkes no treasure of fortune equall to the preservation of him he loves; yet not so lavish, as to buy friendship and perhaps afterward finde himselfe overscene in the purchase. He is not exceptious, for jealousie proceedes from weakenesse, and his vertues quit him from suspitions. He freely gives advice, but so little peremptory is his opinion that he ingenuously submits it to an abler judgement. He is open in expression of his thoughts and easeth his melancholy by inlarging it; and no sanctuary preserves so safely, as he his friend afflicted.

He makes use of no engines of his friendship to extort a secret; but if committed to his charge, his heart receives it, and that and it come both to light together. In life he is the most amiable object to the soule, in death the most deplorable.

THE FUNERALS OF THE HONOURABLE, MY BEST FRIEND AND KINSMAN,

GEORGE TALBOT[1], ESQUIRE.

ELEGIE I.

'Twere malice to thy fame, to weepe alone:
And not enforce an universall groane
From ruinous man, and make the world complaine:
Yet I'le forbid my griefe to be prophane
In mention of thy prayse; I'le speake but truth
Yet write more honour than ere shin'd in youth.
I can relate thy businesse here on Earth,
Thy mystery of life, thy noblest birth
Out-shin'd by nobler vertue; but how farre
Th' hast tane thy journey 'bove the highest star,
I cannot speake, nor whether thou art in
Commission with a throne, or cherubin.
Passe on triumphant in thy glorious way,
Till thou hast reacht the place assign'd: we may
Without disturbing the harmonious spheares,
Bathe here below thy memory in our teares.
Ten dayes are past, since a dull wonder seis'd
My active soule: loud stormes of sighes are rais'd
By emoty griefes, they who can utter it,
Doe not vent forth their sorrow, but their wit,
I stood like Niobe without a groane,
Congeal'd into that monumentall stone
That doth lye over thee: I had no roome
For witty griefes, fit onely for thy tombe.
And friendship's monument, thus had I stood;
But that the flame, I beare thee, warm'd my blood
With a new life. I'le like a funerall fire
Burne a while to thee, and then expire.

ELEGIE II.

Talbot is dead. Like lightning which no part
O'th' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me. Ther's not in al
The stocke of sorrow, any charme can call
Death sooner up. For musique's in the breath
Of thunder, and a sweetnesse even i'th' death
That brings with it, if you with this compare
All the loude noyses, which torment the ayre.
They cure (physitians say) the element
Sicke with dull vapours, and to banishment
Confine infections; but this fatall shreeke,
Without the least redress, is utter'd like
The last daye's summons, when Earth's trophies lye
A scatter'd heape, and time it selfe must dye.
What now hath life to boast of? Can I have
A thought lesse darke than th' horrour of the grave
Now thou dost dwell below? Wer't not a fault
Past pardon, to raise fancie 'bove thy vault?
Hayle sacred house in which his reliques sleep!
Blest marble give me leave t' approach and weepe,
These vowes to thee! for since great Talbot's gone
Downe to thy silence, I commerce with none
But thy pale people; and in that confute
Mistaking man, that dead men are not mute.
Delicious beauty, lend thy flatter'd eare
Accustom'd to warme whispers, and thou'lt heare
How their cold language tels thee, that thy skin
Is but a beautious shrine, in which black sin
Is idoliz'd; thy eyes but spheares where lust
Hath its loose motion; and thy end is dust.
Great Atlas of the state, descend with me.
But hither, and this vault shall furnish thee
With more avisos, than thy costly spyes,
And show how false are all those mysteries
Thy sect receives, and though thy pallace swell
With envied pride, 'tis here that thou must dwell.
It will instruct you, courtier, that your art
Of outward smoothnesse and a rugged heart
But cheates your selfe, and all those subtill wayes
You tread to greatnesse, is a fatall maze [breath
Where you your selfe shall loose, for though you
Vpward to pride, your center is beneath.
And 'twill thy rhetorick false flesh confound;
Which flatters my fraile thoughts, no time can
This unarm'd frame, here is true eloquence [wound
Will teach my soule to triumph over sence,
Which hath its period in a grave, and there
Showes what are all our pompous surfets here.
Great orator! deare Talbot! Still, to thee
May I an auditor attentive be:
And piously maintaine the same commerce
We held in life! and if in my rude verse
I to the world may thy sad precepts read;
I will on Earth interpret for the dead.

ELEGIE III.

Let me contemplate thee (faire soule) and though
I cannot tracke the way, which thou didst goe
In thy ecclestiall journey, and my heart
Expanssion wants, to thinke what now thou art,
How bright and wide thy glories; yet I may
Remember thee, as thou wert in thy clay.
Best object to my heart! what vertues he
Inherent even to the least thought of thee! [feare
Death which to th' vig'rous heate of youth brings
In its leane looke; doth like a prince appeare,
Now glorious to my eye, since it possest
The wealthy empyre of that happie chest
Which harbours thy rich dust; for how can he
Be thought a bank'rout that embraces thee?
Sad midnight whispers with a greedy eare
I catch from lonely graves, in hope to heare
Newes from the dead, nor can pale visions fright
His eye, who since thy death feeles no delight
In man's acquaintance. Mem'ry of thy fate
Doth in me a sublimer soule create.
And now my sorrow followes thee, I tread
The milkie way, and see the snowie head
Of Atlas, farre below, while all the high
Swolne buildings seeme but atoms to my eye.
I'me heighten'd by my ruine; and while I
Weepe ore the vault where thy sad ashes lye,
My soule with thine doth hold commerce above;
Where we discerne the stratagems, which love,
Hate, and ambition, use, to cozen man;
So fraile that every blast of honour can
Swell him above himselfe, each adverse gust,
Him and his glories shiver into dust.
How small seemes greatnesse here! How not a span
His empire, who commands the Ocean.

[1] Probably one of the three younger sons of John Talbot of Longford. See Collins' Peerage, vol. 3. p. 27. *C.*

Both that, which boasts so much it's mighty ore,
And th' other, which with pearle, hath pav'd its shore.
Nor can it greater seeme, when this great All
For which men quarrell so, is but a ball
Cast downe into the ayre to sport the starres.
And all our generall ruines, mortall warres,
Depopulated states, caus'd by their sway;
And man's so reverend wisedome but their play.
From thee, deare Talbot, living I did learne
The arts of life, and by thy light discerne
The truth which men dispute. But by thee dead
I'me taught, upon the world's gay pride to tread:
And that way sooner master it, than he
To whom both th' Indies tributary be.

ELEGIE IV.

My name, deare friend, even thy expiring breath
Did call upon: affirming that thy death
Would wound my poor sad heart. Sad it must be
Indeed, lost to all thoughts of mirth in thee.
My lord, if I with licence of your teares, [weares
(Which your great brother's hearse as diamonds
T' enrich death's glory) may but speake my owne:
I'le prove it, that no sorrow e're was knowne
Reall as mine. All other mourners keepe
In griefe a method: without forme I weepe.
The sonne (rich in his father's fate) hath eyes
Wet just as long as are the obsequies.
The widow formerly a yeare doth spend
In her so courtly blackes. But for a friend
We weepe an age, and more than th' anchorit, have
Our very thoughts confin'd within a grave.
Chast love who hadst thy tryumph in my flame
And thou Castara who had hadst a name,
But for this sorrow glorious: Now my verse
Is lost to you, and onely on Talbot's herse
Sadly attends. And till Time's fatal hand
Ruines, what's left of churches, there shall stand.
There to thy selfe, deare Talbot, I'le repeate
Thy owne brave story; tell thy selfe how great
Thou wert in thy minde's empire, and how all
Who out-live thee, see but the funerall
Of glory: and if yet some vertuous be,
They but weake apparitions are of thee.
So settled were thy thoughts, each action so
Discretely ordered, that nor ebbe nor flow
Was e're perceiv'd in thee, each word mature
And every sceane of life from sinne so pure
That scarce in its whole history, we can
Finde vice enough, to say thou wert but man.
Horrour to say thou wert! Curst that we must
Addresse our language to a little dust,
And seeke for Talbot there. Injurious fate,
To lay my life's ambition desolate.
Yet thus much comfort have I, that I know
Not how it can give such another blow.

ELEGIE V.

Chast as the nun's first vow, as fairely bright
As when by death her soul shines in full light
Freed from th' eclipse of Earth, each word that came
From thee (deare Talbot) did beget a flame
T' enkindle vertue: which so faire by thee
Became, man that blind mole her face did see,
But now to our eye she's lost, and if she dwell
Yet on the Earth; she's confin'd in the cell
Of some cold hermit, whoso keeps her there,
As if of her the old man jealous were.
Nor ever showes her beauty, but to some
Carthusian, who even by his vow, is dumbe!
So 'mid the yce of the farre northren sea,
A starre about the articke circle, may
Than ours yeeld clearer light; yet that but shall
Serve at the frozen pilot's funerall.
Thou (brightest constellation) to this maine
Which all we sinners traffique on, didst daigne,
The bounty of thy fire, which with so cleare
And constant beames did our frayle vessels steere,
That safely we, what storm so e're bore sway,
Past o're the rugged Alpes of th' angry sea.
But now we sayle at randome. Every rocke
The folly doth of our ambition mocke
And splits our hopes: to every syren's breath
We listen and even court the face of death,
If painted o're by pleasure: every wave
If't hath delight w' embrace though 't prove a grave.
So ruinous is the defect of thee,
To th' undone world in gen'rall. But to me
Who liv'd one life with thine, drew but one breath,
Possest with th' same mind and thoughts, 'twas death.
And now by fate, I but my selfe survive,
To keepe his mem'ry, and my griefes alive.
Where shall I then begin to weepe? No grove
Silent and darke, but is prophan'd by love:
With his warme whispers, and faint idle feares,
His busie hopes, loud sighes, and caselesse teares
Each eare is so enchanted; that no breath
Is list'ned to, which mockes report of death.
I'le turne my griefe then inward and deplore
My ruine to my selfe, repeating ore
The story of his virtues; until I
Not write, but am my selfe his elegie.

ELEGIE VI.

Goe stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire east of some bright beutie's eyes:
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no power. For mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not Talbot, who cold as the breath
Of winter, coffin'd lyes; silent as death,
Stealing on th' anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breathe into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy vertues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the world's great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o're death, inspir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in, is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by death thou owest no debt
T' exacting Nature: live, freed from the sport
Of time and fortune in yand' starry court
A glorious potentate, while we below
But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propose
Th' insulting victor; not remembr'ing those
Dismembred trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: we covetous merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treasure and sway,
Forgetfull of the treasons of the sea.
The shootings of a wounded conscience
We patiently sustaine to serve our sence

With a short pleasure; so we empire gaine
And rule the fate of businesse, the sad paine
Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale visions still attends our night.
Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
Are certaine prophecies. And till our ears
Reach that cælestiall musique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we must allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

ELEGIE VII.

THERE is no peace in sinne. Æternall warr
Doth rage 'mong vices. But all vertues are
Friends 'mong themselves, and choisest accents be
Harsh ecchos of their heavenly harmonie.
While thou didst live we did that union finde
In the so faire republick of thy mind,
Where discord never swel'd. And as we dare
Affirme those goodly structures, temples are
Where well-tun'd quires strike zeale into the eare:
The musique of thy soule made us say, there
God had his altars; every breath a spice
And each religious act a sacrifice.
But death hath that demolisht. All our eye
Of thee now sees doth like a cittie lye
Ras'd by the cannon. Where is then that flame
That added warmth and beauty to thy frame?
Fled heaven-ward to repaire, with its pure fire,
The losses of some maim'd seraphick quire?
Or hovers it beneath, the world t' uphold
From generall ruine, and expel that cold
Dull humour weakens it? If so it be;
My sorrow yet must prayse Fate's charity.
But thy example (if kinde Heaven had daign'd
Frailty that favour) had mankind regain'd
To his first purity. For that the wit
Of vice, might not except 'gainst th' ancherit
As too to strict; thou didst uncloyster'd live:
Teaching the soule by what preservative,
She may from sinnes contagion live secure,
Though all the ayre she suckt in, were impure.
In this darke mist of errour with a cleare
Vnspotted light, thy vertue did appeare
T' obrayd corrupted man. How could the rage
Of untam'd lust have scorcht decrepit age;
Had it seene thy chast youth? Who could the
Of time have spent in riot, or his health [wealth
By surfeits forfeited; if he had seene
What temperance had in thy dyet beene?
What glorious foole had vaunted honours bought
By gold or practise, or by rapin brought
From his fore-fathers, had he understood
How Talbot valued not his own great blood!
Had politicians seene him scorning more
The unsafe pompe of greatnesse, then the poore
Thatcht roofes of shepheards, where th' unruly wind
(A gentler storme than pride) uncheckt doth find
Still free admittance: their pale labours had
Beene to be good, not to be great and bad.
But he is lost in a blind vault, and we
Must not admire though sinnes now frequent be
And uncontrol'd: since those faire tables where
The law was writ by death now broken are,
By death extinguisht is that star, whose light
Did shine so faithfull, that each ship sayl'd right
Which steer'd by that. Nor marvell then if we,
(That failing) lost in this world's tempest be.
But to what orbe so e're thou dost retyre,
Far from our ken: 'tis blest, while by thy fire
Enlighten'd. And since thou must never here
Be seene againe: may I o're take thee there.

ELEGIE VIII.

BOAST not the rev'rend Vatican, nor all
The cunning pompe of the Escuriall.
Though there both th' Indies met in each smal room
Th' are short in treasure of this precious tombe.
Here is th' epitome of wealth, this chest
Is Nature's chief exchequer, hence the East
When it is purified by th' generall fire
Shall see these now pale ashes sparkle higher
Than all the gems she vants: transcending far
In fragrant lustre the bright morning star.
'Tis true, they now seeme darke. But rather we
Have by a cataract lost sight, than he
Though dead his glory. So to us blacke night
Brings darkenesse, when the Sun retains his light.
Thou eclips'd dust! expecting breake of day
From the thicke mists about thy tombe, I'le pay
Like the just larke, the tribute of my verse:
I will invite thee, from thy envious herse
To rise, and 'bout the world thy beames to spread,
That we may see, there's brightnesse in the dead.
My zeal deludes me not. What perfumes come
From th' happy vault? In her sweet martyrdome
The nard breathes never so, nor so the rose
When the enamour'd Spring by kissing blowes
Soft blushes on her cheeke, nor th' early East
Vying with Paradice, i'th' phœnix nest.
These gentle perfumes usher in the day
Which from the night of his discolour'd clay
Breakes on the sudden: for a soule so bright
Of force must to her earth contribute light.
But if w' are so far blind, we cannot see
The wonder of this truth; yet let us be
Not infidels; nor like dull atheists give
Our selves so long to lust, till we believe
(T' allay the griefe of sinne) that we shall fall
To a loath'd nothing in our funerall.
The bad man's death is horrour. But the just
Keepes something of his glory in his dust.

CASTARA.

THE THIRD PART.

A HOLY MAN

Is onely happie. For infelicity and sinne were borne twinnes; or rather like some prodigie with two bodies, both draw and expire the same breath. Catholique faith is the foundation on which he erects religion; knowing it a ruinous madnesse to build in the ayre of a private spirit, or on the sands of any new schisme. His impietie is not so bold to bring divinity downe to the mistake of reason, or to deny those misteries his apprehension reacheth not. His obedience moves still by direction of the magistrate: and should conscience informe him that the command is unjust; he judgeth it neverthelesse high treason by rebellion to make good his tenets; as it were the basest cowardize, by dissimulation of religion, to preserve temporall respects. Hee knowes

humane pollicie but a crooked rule of action: and therefore by a distrust of his own knowledge attaines it: confounding with supernaturall illumination, the opinionated judgment of the wise. In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth plenty: but in adversity he remaines unshaken, and like some eminent mountaine hath his head above the clouds. For his happinesse is not meteor-like exhaled from the vapours of this world; but shines a fixt starre, which when by misfortune it appears to fall, onely casts away the slimie matter. Poverty he neither feares nor covets, but cheerefully entertaines; imagining it the fire which tries vertue: nor how tyrannically soever it usurpe on him, doth he pay to it a sigh or wrinckle; for he who suffers want without reluctancie, may be poore not miserable. He sees the covetous prosper by usury, yet waxeth not leane with envie: and when the posteritie of the impious flourish, he questiones not the divine justice; for temporall rewards distinguish not ever the merits of men: and who hath beene of councel with the Æternall? Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions. Pride he disdaines, when he findes it swelling in himselfe; but easily forgiveth it in another: Nor can any man's errour in life, make him sinne in censure, since seldome the folly we condemne is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. He doth not malice the over-spreading growth of his æqualls: but pitties, not despiseth the fall of any man: esteeming yet no storme of fortune dangerous, but what is rais'd through our owne demerit. When he lookes on other's vices, he values not himselfe virtuous by comparison, but examines his owne defects, and findes matter enough at home for reprehension. In conversation his carriage is neither plausible to flattery, nor reserv'd to rigour: but so demeanes himselfe as created for societie. In solitude he remembers his better part is angelicall; and therefore his minde practiseth the best discourse without assistance of inferiour organs. Lust is the basiliske he flyes, a serpent of the most destroying venome: for it blasts al plants with the breath, and carries the most murdering artillery in the eye. He is ever merry but still modest: not dissolved into undecent laughter, or tickled with wit scurrilous or injurious. He cunningly searcheth into the vertues of others, and liberally commends them: but buries the vices of the imperfect in a charitable silence, whose manners he reformes not by invectives but example. In prayer he is frequent not apparent: yet as he labours not the opinion, so he feares not the scandall of being thought good. He every day travailes his meditations up to Heaven, and never findes himself wearied with the journey; but when the necessities of nature returne him downe to Earth, he esteemes it a place, hee is condemned to. Devotion is his mistresse on which he is passionately enamour'd: for that he hath found the most soveraigne antidote against sinne, and the onely balsome powerfull to cure those wounds hee hath receav'd through frailety. To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves, but not doates on life. Death how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates, but uncloudes the soule. He therefore stands every moment prepared to dye: and though he freely yeelds up himselfe, when age or sicknesse sommon him; yet he with more alacritie puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crownes him a martyr.

DOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

DAVID.

No monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie rust
In the same marble with my dust,
Ere I the spreading laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright starres,
Th' Almightie's mystick characters!
Ile not your beautious lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet:
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

Open my lippes, great God! and then
Ile soare above
The humble flight of carnall love.
Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulgar men.

For what can our unbounded soules
Worthy to be
Their object finde, excepting thee?
Where can I fixe? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
T' a prince's smile,
How soone may death my hopes beguile?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?

But thou, Æternall banquet! where
For ever we
May feede without satietie!
Who harmonie art to the eare,
Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
Thou dost dispence
A holy death, that murders sence,
And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall.
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM CYTHARA MEA.

IOB.

Love! I no orgies sing
Whereby thy mercies to invoke:
Nor from the East rich perfumes bring
To cloude thy altars with the precious smoake.

Nor while I did frequent
Those fanes by lovers rais'd to thee,
Did I loose heathenish rites invent,
To force a blush from injur'd chastitie.

Religious was the charme
I used affection to intice:
And thought none burnt more bright or warme,
Yet chaste as winter was the sacrifice.

But now I thee bequeath
To the soft silken youths at court:
Who may their witty passions breath,
To raise their mistresse' smile, or make her sport.

They'le smooth thee into rime,
Such as shall catch the wanton eare:
And win opinion with the time,
To make them a high sayle of honour beare.

And may a powerfull smile
Cherish their flatteries of wit!
While I my life of fame beguile,
And under my owne vine uncourted sit.

For I have seen the pine
Famed for its travels ore the sea:
Broken with stormes and age decline,
And in some creeke unpittied rot away.

I have seene cædars fall,
And in their roome a mushrome grow:
I have seene comets, threatning all,
Vanish themselves: I have seene princes so.

Vaine triviall dust! weake man!
Where is that vertue of thy breath,
That others save or ruine can,
When thou thy selfe art cal'd t' account by Death?

When I consider thee
The scorne of Time, and sport of Fate,
How can I turne to jollitie
My ill-strung harpe, and court the delicate?

How can I but disdaine
The emptie fallacies of mirth;
And in my midnight thoughts retaine,
How high so ere I spread, my root's in earth.

Fond youth! too long I play'd
The wanton with a false delight:
Which when I toucht, I found a shade,
That onely wrought on th' errour of my sight.

Then since pride doth betray
The soule to flatter'd ignorance:
I from the world will steale away,
And by humility my thoughts advance.

PERDAM SAPIENTIAM SAPIENTUM.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD WINDSOR.

MY LORD,

Forgive my envie to the world, while I
Commend those sober thoughts perswade you fly
The glorious troubles of the court. For though
The vale lyes open to each overflow,
And in the humble shade we gather ill
And aguish ayres: yet lightnings oftner kill
O'th' naked heights of mountaines, whereon we
May have more prospect, not securitie.
For when, with losse of breath, we have orecome
Some steepe ascent of power, and forc'd a roome
On the so envi'd hill, how doe our hearts
Pant with the labour, and how many arts
More subtle must we practise, to defend
Our pride from sliding, than we did t' ascend?
How doth successe delude the mysteries
And all th' involv'd designements of the wise?
How doth that power, our pollitickes call chance,
Racke them till they confesse the ignorance
Of humane wit? Which, when 'tis fortified
So strong with reason that it doth deride
All adverse force, o'th' sudden findes its head
Intangled in a spider's slender thread.
Cœlestiall Providence! how thou dost mocke
The boast of earthly wisdome! On some rocke
When man hath a structure, with such art
It doth disdaine to tremble at the dart
Of thunder, or to shrinke, oppos'd by all
The angry winds, it of it selfe doth fall,
Ev'n in a calme so gentle, that no ayre
Breaths loud enough to stirre a virgin's haire!
But misery of judgement! Though past time
Instruct us by th' ill fortune of their crimes,
And show us how we may secure our state
From pittied ruine, by another's fate;
Yet we, contemning all such sad advice,
Pursue to build, though on a precipice.
But you (my lord) prevented by foresight
To engage your selfe to such an unsafe height,
And in your selfe both great and rich enough,
Refused t' expose your vessell to the rough
Vncertaine sea of businesse: whence even they
Who make the best returne, are forc'd to say:
"The wealth we by our worldly traffique gaine
Weighs light, if ballanc'd with the feare or paine."

PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

DAVID.

Tell me, O great All-knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I
Wither away, or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre,
And perish by th' invading enemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Vncertaine fate

Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes:
And the physitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude: and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to foole.

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To checke th' ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for thee:
O'th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weakened by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well-wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be 'mong the blest,
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

DAVID.

No marble statue, nor high
Aspiring pyramid, be rais'd
To lose its head within the skie!
What claime have I to memory?
God, be thou onely prais'd!

Thou in a moment canst defeate
The mighty conquests of the proude,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glorie set
O'th' sudden in a cloude.

How can the feeble workes of art
Hold out 'gainst the assault of stormes?
Or how can brasse to him impart
Sence of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to wormes?

Blinde folly of triumphing pride!
Æternitie why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled streame in th' ocean hide,
And nere the same appeare?

That tide which did its banckes ore-flow,
As sent abroad by th' angry sea
To levell vastest buildings low,
And all our trophes overthrow,
Ebbes like a theefe away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquer'd land!
How will posterity scorne fame,
When th' idoll shall receive a maime,
And loose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy warres, when he,
Who onely for his hire did raise
Thy counterfet in stone, with thee
Shall stand competitor, and be
Perhapes thought worthier praise?

No laurell wreath about my brow!
To thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to ayre, if thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

SOLUM MIHI SUPEREST SEPULCHRUM.

IOB.

Welcome, thou safe retreate!
Where th' injured man may fortifie
'Gainst the invasions of the great:
Where the leane slave, who th' ore doth plye,
Soft as his admirall may lye.

Great statist! 'tis your doome,
Though your designes swell high and wide,
To be contracted in a tombe!
And all your happie cares provide
But for your heire authorized pride.

Nor shall your shade delight
I'th' pompe of your proud obsequies:
And should the present flatterie write
A glorious epitaph, the wise
Will say, "The poet's wit here lyes."

How reconcil'd to fate
Will grow the aged villager,
When he shall see your funerall state?
Since death will him as warme inter
As you in your gay sepulchre.

The great decree of God
Makes every path of mortals lead
To this darke common period.
For what by wayes so ere we tread,
We end our journey 'mong the dead.

Even I, while humble zeale
Makes fancie a sad truth indite,
Insensible a way doe steale:
And when I'me lost in death's cold night,
Who will remember, now I write?

ET FUGIT VELUT UMBRA.

IOB.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD KINTYRE.

MY LORD,

That shadow your faire body made
So full of sport, it still the mimick playde,
Ev'n as you mov'd and look'd but yesterday
So huge in stature, night hath stolne away.
And this is th' emblem of our life: to please
And flatter which, we sayle ore broken seas,
Vnfaithfull in their rockes and tides; we dare
All the sicke humours of a forraine ayre.
And mine so deepe in earth, as we would trie
To unlocke Hell, should gold there hoarded lie.
But when we have built up an ædifice
T' outwrastle time, we have but built on ice:
For firme however all our structures be,
Polisht with smoothest Indian ivory,

Rais'd high on marble, our unthankfull heire
Will scarce retaine in memory, that we were.
Tracke thro' the ayre the footsteps of the wind,
And search the print of ships sail'd by; then finde
Where all the glories of those monarchs be
Who bore such sway in the world's infancie.
Time hath devour'd them all: and scarce can Fame
Give an account, that ere they had a name.
How can he, then, who doth the world controle,
And strikes a terrour now in either pole,
Th' insulting Turke secure himself, that he
Shall not be lost to dull posterity?
And though the superstition of those times,
Which deified kings to warrant their owne crimes,
Translated Cæsar to a starre; yet they,
Who every region of the skie survay,
In their cœlestiall travaile, that bright coast
Could nere discover, which containes his ghost.
And after death to make that awe survive
Which subjects owe their princes yet alive,
Though they build pallaces of brasse and jet,
And keepe them living in a counterfet,
The curious looker on soone passes by,
And findes the tombe a sickenesse to his eye.
Neither, when once the soule is gone, doth all
The solemne triumph of the funerall
Adde to her glory, or her paine release:
Then all the pride of warre, and wealth of peace,
For which we toild, from us abstracted be,
And onely serve to swell the history. [fright
These are sad thoughts (my lord) and such as
The easie soule made tender with delight,
Who thinkes that he hath forfetted that houre
Which addes not to his pleasure or his powre.
But by the friendship which your lordship daignes
Your servant, I have found your judgement raignes
Above all passion in you: and that sence
Could never yet demolish that strong fence
Which vertue guards you with: by which you are
Triumphant in the best, the inward warre.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

DAVID.

When I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.

ET ALTA A LONGE COGNOSCIT.

DAVID.

To the cold humble hermitage
(Not tenanted but by discoloured age,
Or youth enfeebled by long prayer,
And tame with fasts) th' Almighty doth repaire.
But from the lofty gilded roofe,
Stain'd with some pagan fiction, keepes aloofe.
Nor the gay landlord daignes to know,
Whose buildings are like monsters but for show.
Ambition! whither wilt thee climbe,
Knowing thy art, the mockery of time?
Which by examples tells the high
Rich structures they must, as their owners, dye:
And while they stand, their tennants are
Detraction, Flatt'ry, Wantonnesse, and Care,
Pride, Envie, Arrogance, and Doubt,
Surfet, and Ease still tortured by the gout.
O rather may I patient dwell
In th' injuries of an ill cover'd cell!
'Gainst whose too weake defence the haile,
The angry winds, and frequent showres prevaile.
Where the swift measures of the day
Shall be distinguisht onely as I pray:
And some starre's solitary light
Be the sole taper to the tedious night.
The neighbo'ring fountaine (not accurst
Like wine with madnesse) shall allay my thirst:
And the wilde fruites of Nature give
Dyet enough, to let me feele I live.
You wantons! who impoverish seas,
And th' ayre dispeople, your proud taste to please!
A greedy tyrant you obey,
Who varies still its tribute with the day.
What interest doth all the vaine
Cunning of surfet to your sences gaine?
Since it obscure the spirit must,
And bow the flesh to sleepe, disease or lust.
While who, forgetting rest and fare,
Watcheth the fall and rising of each starre,

Ponders how bright the orbes doe move,
And thence how much more bright the Heav'ns
Where on the heads of cherubins [above,
Th' Almightie sits, disdaining our bold sinnes:
Who, while on th' Earth we groveling lye,
Dare in our pride of building tempt the skie.

VNIVERSUM STATUM EJUS VERSASTI IN INFIRMITATE EJUS.

DAVID.

My soule! when thou and I
Shall on our frighted death-bed lie,
Each moment watching when pale Death
Shall snatch away our latest breath,
And 'tweene two long joyn'd lovers force
An endlesse sad divorce:

How wilt thou then, that art
My rationall and nobler part,
Distort thy thoughts? How wilt thou try
To draw from weake philosophie
Some strength: and flatter thy poore state,
'Cause 'tis the common fate?

How will thy spirits pant
And tremble when they feele the want
Of th' usuall organs, and that all
The vitall powers begin to fall?
When 'tis decreed, that thou must goe,
Yet whether, who can know?

How fond and idle then
Will seeme the misteries of men?
How like some dull ill-acted part
The subtlest of proud humane art?
How shallow ev'n the deepest sea,
When thus we ebbe away?

But how shall I (that is,
My fainting earth) looke pale at this?
Disjointed on the racke of paine.
How shall I murmur, how complaine,
And craving all the ayde of skill,
Finde none, but what must kill?

Which way so ere my griefe
Doth throw my sight to court releefe,
I shall but meete despaire; for all
Will prophesie my funerall:
The very silence of the roome
Will represent a tombe.

And while my children's teares,
My wive's vaine hopes, but certaine feares,
And councells of divines advance
Death in each dolefull circumstance:
I shall even a sad mourner be
At my owne obsequie.

For by examples I
Must know that others' sorrowes dye
Soone as our selves, and none survive
To keepe our memories alive.
Even our fals tombes, as loath to say
We once had life, decay.

LAUDATE DOMINUM DE CŒLIS.

DAVID.

You spirits! who have throwne away
That enveous weight of clay,
Which your cœlestiall flight denyed:
Who by your glorious troopes supply
The winged hierarchie,
So broken in the angells' pride!

O you! whom your Creator's sight
Inebriates with delight!
Sing forth the triumphs of his name,
All you enamor'd soules! agree
In a loud symphonie:
To give expressions to your flame!

To him, his owne great workes relate,
Who daign'd to elevate
You 'bove the frailtie of your birth:
Where you stand safe from that rude warre,
With which we troubled are
By the rebellion of our earth.

While a corrupted ayre beneath
Here in this world we breath,
Each houre some passion us assailes:
Now lust casts wild-fire in the blood,
Or that it may seeme good,
It selfe in wit or beauty vailes.

Then envie circles us with hate,
And layes a siege so streight,
No heavenly succour enters in:
But if revenge admittance finde,
For ever hath the mind
Made forfeit of itselfe to sinne.

Assaulted thus, how dare we raise
Our mindes to thinke his praise,
Who is æternall and immens?
How dare we force our feeble wit
To speake him infinite,
So farre above the search of sence?

O you! who are immaculate
His name may celebrate
In your soules' bright expansion.
You whom your vertues did unite
To his perpetuall light,
That even with him you now shine one.

While we who t' earth contract our hearts,
And only studie arts
To shorten the sad length of time:
In place of joyes bring humble feares:
For hymnes, repentant teares,
And a new sigh for every crime.

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE

LADY CAT. T.

Faire madam! You
May see what's man in yond' bright rose.
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is opprest, and bends with dew.

Which showes, though fate
May promise still to warme our lippes,
And keepe our eyes from an eclips;
It will our pride with teares abate.

Poore silly flowre!
Though in thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the spring prefume;
Thou may'st be cropt this very houre.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be, to rest
O'th' pillow of some ladie's brest;
Thou'lt wither, and be throwne away.

For 'tis thy doome
However, that there shall appeare
No memory that thou grew'st heere,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
By meditation to fore see
How loath'd a nothing it must be:
Proud in the triumphes of its growth.

And tamely can
Behold this mighty world decay
And weare by th' age of time away:
Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But madam these
Are thoughts to cure sicke humane pride,
And med'cines are in vaine applyed,
To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
As th' angels in one perfect state;
Safe from the ruines of our fate,
By vertue's great preservative.

And though we see
Beautie enough to warme each heart;
Yet you by a chaste chimicke art,
Calcine fraile love to pietie.

QUID GLORIARIS IN MALICIA?

DAVID.

SWELL no more, proud man, so high!
For enthron'd where ere you sit,
Rais'd by fortune, sinne and wit:
In a vault thou dust must lye.
He who's lifted up by vice
Hath a neighb'ring precipice
Dazeling his distorted eye.

Shallow is that unsafe sea
Over which you spread your saile:
And the barke you trust to, fraile
As the winds it must obey.
Mischiefe, while it prospers, brings
Favour from the smile of kings,
Vseless soone is throwne away.

Profit, though sinne it extort,
Princes even accounted good,
Courting greatnesse nere withstood,
Since it empire doth support.
But when death makes them repent,
They condemne the instrument,
And are thought religious for't.

Pitch'd downe from that height you beare,
How distracted will you lye;
When your flattering clients flye
As your fate infectious were?
When of all th' obsequious throng
That mov'd by your eye and tongue
None shall in the storme appeare?

When that abject insolence
(Which submits to the more great,
And disdaines the weaker state,
As misfortune were offence)
Shall at court be judged a crime
Though in practise, and the time
Purchase wit at your expence.

Each small tempest shakes the proud;
Whose large branches vainely sprout
'Bove the measure of the roote.
But let stormes speake nere so loud,
And th' astonisht day benight;
Yet the just shines in a light
Faire as noone without a cloud.

DEUS DEUS MEUS.

DAVID.

WHERE is that foole philosophie,
That bedlam reason, and that beast dull sence;
Great God! when I consider thee,
Omnipotent, æternall, and imens?
Vnmov'd thou didst behold the pride
Of th' angels, when they to defection fell?
And without passion didst provide
To punish treason, rackes and death in hell.
Thy word created this great all,
I'th' lower part whereof we wage such warres:
The upper bright and sphæricall
By purer bodies tenanted, the starres.
And though sixe dayes it thee did please
To build this frame, the seventh for rest t' assigne;
Yet was it not thy paine or ease,
But to teach man the quantities of time.
This world so mighty and so faire,
So 'bove the reach of all dimension:
If to thee God we should compare,
Is not the slender'st atome to the Sun.
What then am I poore nothing man!
That elevate my voyce and speake of thee?
Since no imagination can
Distinguish part of thy immensitie?
What am I who dare call thee God!
And raise my fancie to discourse thy power?
To whom dust is the period,
Who am not sure to farme this very houre?
For how know I the latest sand
In my fraile glasse of life, doth not now fall?
And while I thus astonisht stand
I but prepare for my owne funerall?
Death doth with man no order keepe:
It reckons not by the expence of yeares.
But makes the queene and beggar weepe,
And nere distinguishes betweene their teares.
He who the victory doth gaine
Falls as he him pursues, who from him flyes,
And is by too good fortune slaine.
The lover in his amorous courtship dyes.
The states-man suddenly expires
While he for others ruine doth prepare:
And the gay lady while sh' admires
Her pride, and curles in wanton nets her haire.
No state of man is fortified
'Gainst the assault of th' universall doome:
But who th' Almighty feare, deride
Pale Death, and meet with triumph in the tombe.

QUONIAM EGO IN FLAGELLA PARATUS SUM.

DAVID.

FIX me on some bleake precipice,
Where I ten thousand yeares may stand:
Made now a statue of ice,
Then by the sommer scorcht and tan'd!

Place me alone in some fraile boate
'Mid th' horrours of an angry sea:
Where I, while time shall move, may floate,
Despairing either land or day!

Or under earth my youth confine
To th' night and silence of a cell:
Where scorpions may my limbes entwine.
O God! So thou forgive me Hell.

Æternitie! when I thinke thee,
(Which never any end must have,
Nor knew'st beginning) and fore-see
Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
My blood ebbes fearefully away:
Both guilty that they did to lust
And vanity, my youth betray.

My eyes, which from each beautious sight
Drew spider-like blacke venome in:
Close like the marigold at night
Oppress with dew to bath my sin.

My eares shut up that easie dore
Which did proud fallacies admit:
And vow to hear no follies more;
Deafe to the charmes of sinne and wit.

My hands (which when they toucht some faire
Imagin'd such an excellence,
As th' ermine's skin ungentle were)
Contract themselves, and loose all sence.

But you bold sinners! still pursue
Your valiant wickednesse, and brave
Th' Almighty iustice: hee'le subdue
And make you cowards in the grave.

Then when he as your judge appeares,
In vaine you'le tremble and lament.
And hope to soften him with teares,
To no advantage penitent.

Then will you scorne those treasures, which
So fiercely now you doate upon:
Then curse those pleasures did bewitch
You to this sad illusion.

The neigh'ring mountaines which you shall
Woo to oppresse you with their weight:
Disdainefull will deny to fall;
By a sad death to ease your fate.

In vaine some midnight storme at sea
To swallow you, you will desire:
In vaine upon the wheele youle pray
Broken with torments to expire.

Death, at the sight of which you start,
In a mad fury then you'le court:
Yet hate th' expressions of your heart,
Which onely shall be sigh'd for sport.

No sorrow then shall enter in
With pitty the great judges eares.
This moment's ours. Once dead, his sin
Man cannot expiate with teares.

MILITIA EST VITA HOMINIS.

TO SIR HEN. PER.

SIR,

WERE it your appetite of glory, (which
In noblest times, did bravest soules bewitch
To fall in love with danger), that now drawes
You to the fate of warre; it claimes applause:
And every worthy hand would plucke a bough
From the best spreading bay, to shade your brow.
Since you unforc'd part from your ladie's bed
Warme with the purest love, to lay your head
Perhaps on some rude turfe, and sadly feele
The night's cold dampes wrapt in a sheete of steele.
You leave your well grown woods; and meadows which
Our Severne doth with fruitfull streames enrich,
Your woods where we see such large heards of deere,
Your meades whereon such goodly flockes appeare.
You leave your castle, safe both for defence
And sweetly wanton with magnificence
With all the cost and cunning beautified
That addes to state, where nothing wants but pride.
These charmes might have bin pow'rful to have staid
Great mindes resolv'd for action, and betraid
You to a glorious ease: since to the warre
Men by desire of prey invited are,
Whom either sinne or want makes desperate
Or else disdaine of their own narrow fate,
But you nor hope of fame or a release
Of the most sober goverment in peace,
Did to the hazard of the armie bring
Onely a pure devotion to the king,
In whose just cause whoever fights, must be
Triumphant: since even death is victory.
And what is life, that we to wither it
To a weake wrinckled age, should torture wit
To finde out Nature's secrets; what doth length
Of time deserve, if we want heate and strength?
When a brave quarrell doth to armes provoke
Why should we feare to venter this thin smoke,
This emptie shadow, life? this which the wise
As the foole's idoll, soberly despise?
Why should we not throw willingly away
A game we cannot save, now that we may
Game honour by the gift? since haply when
We onely shall be statue of men
And our owne monuments, peace will deny
Our wretched age so brave a cause to dye.
But these are thoughts! And action tis doth give
A soule to courage, and make vertue live:
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold philosophie, but in the strong
Vndaunted spirit, which encounters those
Sad dangers, we to fancie scarce propose,
Yet 'tis the true and highest fortitude
To keepe our inward enemies subdued:
Not to permit our passions over sway
Our actions, not our wanton flesh betray
The soule's chaste empire: for however we
To th' outward shew may gaine a victory
And proudly triumph: if to conquour sinne
We combate not, we are at warre within.

VIAS TUAS DOMINE DEMONSTRA MIHI.

WHERE have I wandred? In what way
Horrid as night
Increast by stormes did I delight?
Though my sad soule did often say
T'was death and madnesse so to stray.

On that false ground I joy'd to tread
  Which seem'd most faire,
  Though every path had a new snare,
And every turning still did lead,
To the darke region of the dead.

But with the surfet of delight
  I am so tyred
  That now I loath what I admired.
And my distasted appetite
So 'bhors the meate, it hates the sight.

For should we naked sinne discry
  Not beautified
  By th' ayde of wantonnesse and pride
Like some mishapen birth 'twould lye
A torment to th' affrighted eye.

But cloath'd in beauty and respect,
  Even ore the wise,
  How powerfull doth it tyrannize!
Whose monstrous forme should they detract
They famine sooner would affect.

And since those shadowes which oppresse
  My sight begin
  To cleere, and show the shape of sinne,
A scorpion sooner be my guest,
And warme his venome in my brest.

May I before I grow so vile
  By sinne agen,
  Be throwne off as a scorne to men?
May th' angry world decree, t' excile
Me to some yet unpeopled isle.

Where while I straggle, and in vaine
  Labour to finde
  Some creature that shall have a minde,
What justice have I to complaine
If I thy inward grace retaine?

My God, if thou shalt not exclude
  Thy comfort thence:
  What place can seeme to troubled sence
So melancholly darke and rude,
To be esteem'd a solitude.

Cast me upon some naked shore
  Where I may tracke
  Onely the print of some sad wracke:
If thou be there, though the seas roare,
I shall no gentler calme implore.

Should the Cymmerians, whom no ray
  Doth ere enlight,
  But gaine thy grace, th' have lost their night:
Not sinners at high noone, but they
'Mong their blind cloudes have found the day.

ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerefully th' unpartiall Sunne
  Gilds with his beames
  The narrow streames
O'th' brooke which silently doth runne
  Without a name?
  And yet disdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye
  And lightning feare,
  Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie;
  Which in one houre
  W' have seene the opening earth devoure
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
  Like some rich vale
  Whose fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
  Nor doth complaine
  Oreflowed by an ill season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke with treasure fraught
  He the seas cleere
  Doth quiet steere:
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
  More gallantly
  He spreads his saile, and doth more high
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
  The glorious tide
  Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe; that ore his course
  (Which rudely bore
  Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride.

But from his ill-thatcht roofe he brings
  The cottager
  And doth preferre
Him to th' adored state of kings:
  He bids that hand
  Which labour hath made rough and tand
The all commanding scepter beare.

Let then the mighty cease to boast
  Their boundlesse sway:
  Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
  Let them themselves
  Beware for they are their owne shelves:
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

DOMINUS DOMINANTIUM.

SVPREAME Divinitie! Who yet
  Could ever finde
By the bold scrutinie of wit,
  The treasurie where thou lock'st up the wind?

What majesty of princes can
  A tempest awe;
When the distracted Ocean
  Swells to sedition, and obeys no law?

How wretched doth the tyrant stand
  Without a boast?
When his rich fleete even touching land
  He by some storme in his owne port sees lost?

Vaine pompe of life! what narrow bound
  Ambition
Is circled with? How false a ground
  Hath humane pride to build its triumphs on?

And Nature how dost thou delude
  Our search to know?
When the same windes which here intrude
  On us with frosts and onely winter blow:

Breath temprate on th' adjoyning earth,
  And gently bring
To the glad field a fruitfull birth
  With all the treasures of a wanton spring.

How diversly death doth assaile;
  How sporting kill?
While one is scorcht up in the vale
  The other is congeal'd o'th' neighboring hill.

While he with heates doth dying glow
  Above he sees
The other hedg'd in with his snow
  And envies him his ice, although he freeze.

Proud folly of pretending art,
  Be ever dumbe.
And humble thy aspiring heart,
  When thou findest glorious reason overcome.

And you astrologers, whose eye
  Survayes the starres!
And offer thence to prophesie
  Successe in peace, and the event of warres.

Throw downe your eyes upon that dust
  You proudly tread!
And know to that resolve you must!
  That is the scheme where all their fate may read.

COGITABO PRO PECCATO MEO.

In what darke silent grove
Profan'd by no unholy love,
Where witty melancholy nere
Did carve the trees or wound the ayre,
Shall I religious leisure winne,
To weepe away my sinne?

How fondly have I spent
My youthe's unvalued treasure, lent
To traffique for cœlestiall joyes,
My unripe yeares pursuing toyes,
Iudging things best that were most gay,
Fled unobserv'd away.

Growne elder I admired
Our poets as from Heaven inspired,
What obeliskes decreed I fit
For Spencer's art, and Sydnye's wit?
But waxing sober soone I found
Fame but an idle sound.

Then I my blood obey'd
And each bright face an idoll made:
Verse in an humble sacrifice,
I offer'd to my mistresse' eyes,
But I no sooner grace did win
But met the devill within.

But growne more polliticke
I tooke account of each state tricke:
Observ'd each motion, judg'd him wise,
Who had a conscience fit to rise.
Whom soone I found but forme and rule
And the more serious foole.

But now my soule prepare
To ponder what and where we are,
How fraile is life, how vaine a breath
Opinion, how uncertaine death:
How onely a poore stone shall beare
Witnesse that once we were.

How a shrill trumpet shall
Vs to the barre as traytors call.
Then shall we see too late that pride
Hath hope with flattery bely'd
And that the mighty in command
Pale cowards there must stand.

RECOGITABO TIBI OMNES ANNOS MEOS.

ISAY.

Time! where didst thou those yeares inter
  Which I have seene decease?
My soule's at war and truth bids her
Finde out their hidden sepulcher,
  To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the spring
  Like a late bride appeare?
Whose fether'd musicke onely bring
Caresses, and no requiem sing
  On the departed yeare?

The earth, like some rich wanton heire,
  Whose parents coffin'd lye,
Forgets it once lookt pale and bare
And doth for vanities prepare,
  As the spring nere should dye.

The present houre, flattered by all
  Reflects not on the last;
But I, like a sad factor shall
T' account my life each moment call,
  And onely weepe the past.

My mem'ry trackes each severall way
  Since reason did begin
Over my actions her first sway:
And teacheth me that each new day
  Did onely vary sin.

Poore banckrout conscience! where are those
  Rich houres but farm'd to thee?
How carelessely I some did lose,
And other to my lust dispose,
  As no rent day should be?

I have infected with impure
  Disorders my past yeares.
But ile to penitence inure
Those that succeed. There is no cure
  Nor antidote but teares.

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

PAULÆ.

The soule which doth with God unite,
Those gayities how doth she slight
  Which ore opinion sway?
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs' shrines
  How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she
From envious earth delivered be,
  Which doth her flight restraine?
How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
On fires and the so dreaded axe,
  And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health
  And fame's more precious breath.
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pompe of life advance
  At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the starres
  Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistresse' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
  And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring pilot sweates to find
The causes that produce the wind
  Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scornes all art
But what doth pride and power impart.
  And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
And 'gainst these powerfull follies arme,
  Doth soberly disdaine
All these fond humane misteries
As the deceitfull and unwise
  Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
  On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or dye,
  Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
  Wherein I breath this ayre;
My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreate
From the false favours of the great
  And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrowne
Above impure corruption;
  What should I grieve or feare,
To thinke this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust
  And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when ore is tryed;
And by that torment purified:
  Doe we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
  Shall I grieve for the drosse?

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

THE

LIFE OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS elegant poet, and accomplished courtier and scholar was the son of sir John Suckling, a native of Norwich (the son of Robert Suckling, Esq. alderman and mayor of that city); who was of Gray's Inn, and afterwards settled at Whitton in Middlesex, was made one of the principal secretaries of state, March 1622; and comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I, and a privy counsellor. [1] The poet was born at Whitton in the year 1609. His biographers have hitherto fixed the time of his birth in 1612, but according to some extracts from the parish register of Twickenham[2], it appears that he was baptised Feb. 10, 1608-9.

Lloyd, from whom we have the first account of this poet, mentions a circumstance relating to his birth from which more was presaged than followed. He was born, according to his mother's computation, in the eleventh month, and long life and health were expected from so extraordinary an occurrence. During his infancy he certainly displayed an uncommon facility of acquiring every branch of education. He spoke Latin at five years of age, and could write in that language at the age of nine. It is probable that he was taught more languages than one at the same time, and by practising frequently with men of education who kept company with his father, soon acquired an ease and elegance of address which qualified him for the court as well as for foreign travel. His father is represented as a man of a serious turn and grave manners, the son volatile, good tempered and thoughtless, characteristics which he seems to have preserved throughout life. His tutors found him particularly submissive, docile, easy to be taught, and quick in learning. It does not appear that he was sent to either university, yet a perusal of his prose works can leave

[1] Blomefield's Hist. of Norwich. He died in 1627, when his son was nineteen years old. *C.*

[2] Lyson's Environs, vol. 3. p. 588. At the same place were baptised his brother Lionel in 1610, and his sister Elizabeth in 1612. *C.*

no doubt that he laid a very solid and extensive foundation for various learning, and studied not only such authors as were suitable to the vivacity of his disposition, but made himself acquainted with those political and religious controversies which were about to involve his country in all the miseries of civil war.

After continuing for some years under his father's tutorage, he travelled over the kingdom, and then went to the continent, where, his biographer informs us, "he made an honourable collection of the virtues of each nation, without any tincture of theirs[3], unless it were a little too much of the French air, which was indeed the fault of his complexion, rather than his person." It was about this time probably, in his twentieth year[4], that he joined the standard of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, and was present at three battles and five sieges, besides lesser engagements, within the space of six months.

On his return he employed his time and expended his fortune among the wits of his age, to whom he was recommended not only by generous and social habits, but by a solid sense in argument and conversation far beyond what might be expected from his years, and apparent lightness of disposition. Among his principal associates, we find the names of lord Falkland, Davenant, Ben Jonson, Digby, Carew, sir Toby Matthews, and the "ever memorable" Hales of Eton, to whom he addresses a lively invitation to come to town. His plays, Aglaura, Brennoralt, The Goblins, and an unfinished piece entitled, The Sad One, added considerably to his fame, although they have not been able to perpetuate it. The first only was printed in his life-time. All his plays, we are told, were acted with applause, and he spared no expense in costly dresses and decorations.

While thus seemingly devoted to pleasure only, the unfortunate aspect of public affairs roused him to a sense of duty, and induced him to offer his services, and devote his life and fortune to the cause of royalty. How justly he could contemplate the unfortunate dispute between the court and nation, appears in his letter to Mr. Germain, (afterwards lord Albemarle) a composition almost unrivalled in that age for elegance of style and depth of observation. It was, however, too much the practice with those who made voluntary offers of soldiers, to equip them in an expensive and useless manner. Suckling, who was magnificent in all his expenses, was not to be outdone in an article which he had studied more than became a soldier, and which he might suppose would afford unquestionable proof of his attachment to the royal cause, and having been permitted to raise a troop of horse, consisting of an hundred, he equipped them so richly, that they are said to have cost him the sum of twelve thousand pounds.

This exposed him to some degree of ridicule, a weapon which the republicans often wielded with successful dexterity, and which in this instance was sharpened by the misconduct of his gaudy soldiers. The particulars of this affair are not recorded, but it appears that in 1639, the royal army, of which his troop formed a part, was

[3] Probably "their vices, or follies." *C.*

[4] In the Gent. Mag. vol. 66. p. 16, is a letter from him dated Leyden, Nov. 18, 1629, giving an humorous but not very favourable character of the Dutch. *C.*

defeated by the Scotch, and that sir John's men behaved remarkably ill. All this is possible, without any imputation on the courage of their commander, but it afforded his enemies an opportunity of turning the expedition into ridicule with an effect that is yet remembered. The lines from Dr. Percy's collection, at the end of these memoirs, are not the only specimen of the wit of the times at our author's expense.

This unhappy affair is said by Lloyd to have contributed to shorten his days, but Oldys, in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, attributes his death to another cause. Lord Oxford informed Oldys, on the authority of dean Chetwood, who said he had it from lord Roscommon, that sir John Suckling, in his way to France, was robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, by his valet, who gave him poison, and besides stuck the blade of a penknife into his boot in such a manner, that sir John was disabled from pursuing the villain, and was wounded incurably in the heel. Dr. Warton, in a note to his Essay on Pope, relates the story somewhat differently. "Sir John Suckling was robbed by his valet-de-chambre: the moment he discovered it, he clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry, and perceived not a large rusty nail that was concealed at the bottom, which pierced his heel, and brought on a mortification." He died May 7, 1641, in the thirty-second year of his age.—That he was on his way to France, when he met with the occasion of his death, seems to be confirmed by a ludicrous poem, lately reprinted in the Censura Literaria, entitled, "A Letter sent by sir John Suckling from France, deploring his sad estate and flight: with a discoverie of the plot and conspiracie, intended by him and his adherents against England. Imprinted at London, 1641." This poem is dated Paris, June 16, 1641, at which time the author probably had not learned that the object of his satire was beyond his reach.

As a poet, he was one of those who wrote for amusement, and was not stimulated by ambition, or anxious for fame. His pieces were sent loose about the world, and not having been collected until after his death, they are probably less correct than he left them. Many of his verses are as rugged and unharmonious as those of Donne, but his songs and ballads are elegant and graceful. He was particularly happy and original in expressing the feelings of artificial love, disdain, or disappointment. The Session of the Poets, the lines to a Rival, the Honest Lover, and the ballad upon a wedding, are sufficient to entitle him to the honours of poetry, which the author of the lives published under the name of Cibber is extremely anxious to wrest from him.

His works have been often reprinted; first in 1646, octavo; again in 1659 and 1676; very correctly by Tonson in 1719, and elegantly but incorrectly by Davies in 1770. The edition of Tonson has been followed in the present collection, with the omission of such pieces as were thought degrading to his memory, and insulting to public decency[5].

[5] There is a manuscript poem from his pen, in the British Museum, replete with humour, but the subject is of that gross kind, which delicacy will not now tolerate. *C.*

But whatever opinion may be entertained of Suckling as a poet, it may be doubted whether his prose writings are not calculated to raise a yet higher opinion of his talents. His letters, with a dash of gallantry more free than modern times will admit, are shrewd in observation and often elegant in style. That addressed to Mr. Germain has already been noticed, and his Account of Religion by Reason, is remarkable for soundness of argument, and purity of expression, far exceeding the controversial writings of that age. This piece affords a presumption that he was even now no stranger to those reflections which elevate the human character, and that if his life had been spared, it would have been probably devoted to more honourable objects than those in which he had employed his youthful days.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

"When the Scottish convenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these none where more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l.* The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, the 'Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths.' (Lloyd's memoirs.) When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

"This humorous lampoon, supposed to have been written by Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, is found in a small poetical miscellany intitled, 'Musarum deliciæ: or the Muses' recreation, conteining several pieces of poetique wit. 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. (Sir John Mennis) and Ja. S. (James Smith.) Lond. 1656. 12mo.'——See Wood's Athenæ. II. 397, 481." Percy, vol. 2. p. 322[1].

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravado, [book,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windoes to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
"Sir John, why will you go fight-a?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart-a.

For when the Scots' army came within sight,
And all prepar'd to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh—te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a;
But sir John did sweare, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his feare, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a,
Where sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a,
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
At Barwick away it went-a.

[1] See an account of the Vox Borealis, Censura Literaria, vol. 6. p. 157. et seqq. C.

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1640.

TO THE KING.

AWAKE (great sir) the Sun shines here,
Gives all your subjects a new year,
Only we stay till you appear;
For thus by us your power is understood,
He may make fair days, you must make them good.
Awake, awake!
And take
Such presents as poor men can make:
They can add little unto bliss
Who cannot wish.

May no ill vapour cloud the sky,
Bold storms invade the soveraignty;
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think Heav'n sent to try this year
What sail, or burthen, a king's mind could bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

May all the discords in your state
(Like those in musick we create)
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what would of it self sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

What conquerors from battles find,
Or lovers when their doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our master's mind,
Make such strange rapes upon the place, 't may be
No longer joy there, but an ecstasie.
Awake, awake, &c.

May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sense invite
Double this year, save those o'th' night:
For such a marriage-bed must know no more
Than repetition of what was before.
Awake, awake,
And take
Such presents as poor men can make:
They can add little unto bliss
Who cannot wish.

LOVING AND BELOVED.

THERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For kings and lovers are alike in this,
That their chief art in reign dissembling is.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good-nature now and passion strive
Which of the two should be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we false fire with art sometimes discover,
And the true fire with the same art to cover.

What rack can fancy find so high?
Here we must court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
Oh! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is, I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, god of desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the state I'm in:
Since (if the very best should now befall)
Love's triumph must be honour's funeral.

A SESSIONS OF THE POETS.

A SESSION was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it (they say:)
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And
Therefore the wits of the town came thither,
'Twas strange to see how they flocked together.
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There Selden and he sate hard by the chair;
Weniman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with Townsend, for they kept no order;
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:
And
There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God speak so big in's poetry;
Selwin and Walter, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others' were but plays.
And
Bid them remember how he had purg'd the stage
Of errours that had lasted many an age;
And he hopes they did not think the Silent Woman,
The Fox, and the Alchymist, out-done by no man.

Apolla stopt him there, and bade him not go on,
'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,
Must carry't; at which Ben turned about,
And in great choler offer'd to go out:
But
Those that were there thought it not fit
To discontent so ancient a wit;
And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
And
All that were present there did agree,
A laureat Muse should be easie and free: [grace
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Consider'd he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hoped the handsomness of's Muse
Might any deformity about him excuse.
And
Surely the company would have been content,
If they could have found any precedent;
But in all their records either in verse or prose,
There was not one laureat without a nose.

To Will Bartlet sure all the wits meant well,
But first they would see how his Snow would sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their judgments they went
That concluded of merit upon succes. [less,

Suddenly taking his place again,
He gave way to Selwin, who straight stept in;
But, alas! he had been so lately a wit,
That Apollo hardly knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whispering nothing in some body's ear,
When he had the honour to be nam'd in court:
But, sir, you may thank my lady Carlile for't:

For had not her care furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry lady Muse had been
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,
And they brought letters (forsooth) from the queen.
'Twas discreetly done too; for if th' had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the room.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear;
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i'th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;

And prized black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publickly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

Wat Montague now stood forth to his tryal,
And did not so much as suspect a denial;
But witty Apollo asked him first of all,
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any man there,
And did merit the bayes above all the rest;
But the mounsieur was modest, and silence confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid
One that Apollo soon mist, little Cid:
And having spied him call'd him out of the throng,
And advis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd; but 'twas urg'd that he
Was chief already of another company.

Hales, set by himself, most gravely did smile,
To see them about nothing keep such a coil:
Apollo had spied him; but, knowing his mind,
Past by, and call'd Faulkland, that sat just behind:
But
He was of late so gone with divinity,
That he had almost forgot his poetry;
Though, to say the truth, (and Apollo did know it)
He might have been both his priest and his poet.

At length, who but an alderman did appear,
At which Will Davenant began to swear;
But wiser Apollo bade him draw nigher,
And when he was mounted a little higher,

Openly declared, that the best sign
Of good store of wit's to have good store of coin:
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the lawrel on the alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothing but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his face.

Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing:
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his crown
When he lends any poets about the town.

LOVE'S WORLD.

In each man's heart that doth begin
To love, there's ever fram'd within
A little world, for so I found
When first my passion reason drown'd.

Instead of Earth unto this frame, Earth,
I had a faith was still the same;
For to be right, it doth behove
It be as that, fixt and not move.

Yet as the Earth may sometimes shake,
(For winds shut up will cause a quake)
So often, jealousie and fear,
Stoln into mine, cause tremblings there.

My Flora was my Sun; for as Sun,
One Sun, so but one Flora was:
All other faces borrowed hence
Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon; for they, Moon,
Inconstant still, were at no stay;
But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then,
Oh! too, too soon, decrease again!
Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twould so fall,
There would appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, 'cause infinite they be, Stars.
Must be those many Stars we see;
Of which some wandred at their will, Fixed
But most on her were fixed still. Planets.

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the element of fire, Element of fire.
Which hath as yet so secret been,
That it, as that, was never seen.

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot but in name;
A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fewel is laid on.

But as it plainly doth appear,
That fire subsists by being near
The Moon's bright orb; so I believe
Ours doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the Air, most free, Air.
And full of mutability,
Big with chimeras, vapours here
Innumerable hatcht, as there.

The Sea's my mind, which calm would be, Sea.
Were it from winds (my passions) free;
But out, alas! no sea, I find,
Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season;
Her presence then did make the day,
And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place Winter.
Creates the Winter; and the space
She tarryed with me, well I might
Call it my Summer of delight. Summer.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name;
Sometimes sh' would smile, that made it fair;
And when she laught, the Sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes sh' would frown, and sometimes weep,
So clouds and rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again sh' would be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

But soft, my Muse; the world is wide,
And all at once was not descry'd:
It may fall out some honest lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond love?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

SONNET I.

Do'st see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces!
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
And still the self same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those fires;
Oh! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes!

She every day her man does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor my will,
Can question'd be:
What is the mystery?
Sure beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

SONNET II.

Of thee (kind boy) I ask no red and white
To make up my delight,
No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love for her I court,
I ask no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cousenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from choosing new:
If I a fancy take
To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite,
Makes eating a delight,
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

SONNET III.

Oh! for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbodied post,
Sent from the shades below.
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler chaplets wear,
Those that their mistress' scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there I fear be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T' have lov'd alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again
Departs, and's thither gone,
Where each sits by his own?
Or how can that Elysium be,
Where I my mistress still must see
Circled in other's arms?

For there the judges all are just,
And Sophronisba must
Be his whom she held dear;
Not his who lov'd her here:
The sweet Philoclea, since she dy'd,
Lies by her Pirocles his side,
Not by Amphialus.

Some bays (perchance) of myrtle bough,
For difference, crowns the brow
Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here;
And if that be the only odds,
(As who can tell) ye kinder gods,
Give me the woman here.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED,

THE LORD LEPINGTON,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI HIS ROMULUS AND TARQUIN.

It is so rare and new a thing to see
Aught that belongs to young nobility
In print, (but their own clothes) that we must praise
You, as we would do those first show the ways
To arts or to new worlds: you have begun;
Taught travell'd youth what 'tis it should have done:
For't has indeed too strong a custom been,
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my lord)
The choicest things fam'd countries do afford:
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
And speaks our tongue as well now as his own.
Malvezzi, he: whom 'tis as hard to praise
To merit, as to imitate his ways.
He does not show us Rome great suddenly,
As if the empire were a tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why,
The little body grew so large and high.
Describes each thing so lively, that we are
Concern'd our selves before we are aware:
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is present still, and still engag'd.
Like a good prospective he strangely brings
Things distant to us; and in these two kings
We see what made greatness. And what 't has been
Made that greatness contemptible again.
And all this not tediously deriv'd,
But like to worlds in little maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that doth the Roman dame restore,
Makes Lucrece chaster for her being whore;
Gives her a kind revenge for Tarquin's sin;
For ravish'd first, she ravisheth again.
She says such fine things after't, that we must,
In spite of virtue, thank foul rape and lust,
Since 'twas the cause no woman would have had,
Though she's of Lucrece' side, Tarquin less bad.
But stay; like one that thinks to bring his friend
A mile or two, and sees the journey's end,
I straggle on too far: long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that would fall to.

AGAINST FRUITION.

Stay here, fond youth, and ask no more; be wise;
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise: [still
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou would'st should
Last in their pride; and would'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams (and for a toy)
Thou wert wak'd? He wakes himself that does enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys;
And while it pleaseth much the palate, cloys;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit; this once past,
What relishes? Even kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does, is so:
The world is of a vast extent we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be;
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd (what e're before they've been)
Are like romances read, or sights once seen:
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most,
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curst;
And oh! that I (fond I) should first
Of any lover [cover.
This truth at my own charge to other fools dis-

You that have promis'd to your selves
Propriety in love,
Know women's hearts like straws do move,
And what we call
Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

All mankind are alike to them;
And though we iron find
That never with a loadstone join'd,
'Tis not the iron's fault,
It is because the loadstone yet was never brought.

If where a gentle bee hath fall'n
And laboured to his power,
A new succeeds not to that flower,
But passes by; [thigh.
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his

For still the flowers ready stand,
One buzzes round about,
One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out;
All, all ways use them, [them.
Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse

SONG.

No, no, fair heretick, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last;
I would then so fall,
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,
And those more frigid ones,
It must not know:
For love, grown cold or hot,
Is lust, or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die,
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

TO MY FRIEND,

WILL. DAVENANT,

UPON HIS POEM OF MADAGASCAR.

What mighty princes poets are! those things
The great ones stick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease
Discover, conquer, what, and where they please.
Some flegmatick sea-captain would have staid
For money now, or victuals; not have weigh'd
Anchor without 'em; thou (Will.) do'st not stay
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the country; fight'st, put'st all to
Before another could be putting out! [rout,
And now the news in town is: Dav'nant's come
From Madagascar, fraught with laurel, home,
And welcome (Will.) for the first time; but pr'ythee,
In thy next voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

TO MY FRIEND,

WILL. DAVENANT.

ON HIS OTHER POEMS.

Thou hast redeem'd us, Will, and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Dearth of pure wit: since the great lord of it
(Donne) parted hence, no man has ever writ
So near him, in's own way: I would commend
Particulars; but, then, how should I end
Without a volume? Ev'ry line of thine
Would ask (to praise it right) twenty of mine.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;
Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they too hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in Hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in Hell.

SONG.

I pr'ythee, spare me, gentle boy,
Press me no more for that slight toy,
That foolish trifle of an heart;
I swear it will not do its part, [art.
Though thou do'st thine, employ'st thy power and

For through long custom it has known
The little secrets, and is grown
Sullen and wise, will have its will,
And like old hawks pursues that still
That makes least sport, flies only where't can kill.

Some youth that has not made his story,
Will think perchance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly sit out Love's feast:
I shall be carving of the best,
Rudely call for the last course 'fore the rest.

And oh! when once that course is past,
How short a time the feast doth last!
Men rise away, and scarce say grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite; but seek another place.

UPON MY

LADY CARLILE'S WALKING IN HAMPTON COURT GARDEN.

DIALOGUE.

T. C. I. S.

TOM.

Did'st thou not find the place inspir'd;
And flow'rs, as if they had desir'd
No other Sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?

Heardst thou not musick when she talk'd?
And didst not find that as she walk'd,
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossomes newly out,
Or chafed spices, give?———

J. S.

I must confesse those perfumes (Tom)
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, aught sprung up new;
The flow'rs had all their birth from you:
For I pass'd o'er the self-same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing, that was to bring
This unknown after-after-spring.

TOM.

Dull and insensible! could'st see
A thing so near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

J. S.

None, and so great, were alike strange.
I had my thoughts, but not your way:
All are not born (sir) to the bay.
Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could,
In spite of masks and hoods, descry
The parts deny'd unto the eye;
I was undoing all she wore;
And had she walk'd but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked, or more plainly seen.

TOM.

'Twas well for thee she left the place:
There is great danger in that face;
But hadst thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Search'd after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou hadst been.

TO MR. DAVENANT,

FOR ABSENCE.

Wonder not if I stay not here:
Hurt lovers (like to wounded deer)
Must shift the place; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill:
Where there is a traytour eye
That lets in from th' enemy
All that may supplant an heart,
'Tis time the chief should use some art:
Who parts the object from the sense,
Wisely cuts off intelligence.
O how quickly men must die,
Should they stand all Love's battery!
Persindaë's eyes great mischief do,
So do we know the cannon too;
But men are safe at distance still:
Where they reach not, they cannot kill.
Love is a fit, and soon is past,
Ill diet only makes it last;
Who is still looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i' th' very height o' th' fever.

AGAINST ABSENCE.

My whining lover, what needs all
These vows of life monastical;
Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtle sealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wise; return again;
A finger burnt's as great a pain;
And the same physick, self-same art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart:
Would'st thou, whilst yet the fire is in,
But hold it to the fire again.
If you (dear sir) the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every room a pest-house makes.
Absence were good, if 'twere but sense
That only holds th' intelligence;
Pure love alone no hurt would do;
But love is love, and magic too;
Brings a mistress a thousand miles,
And the sleight of looks beguiles:
Makes her entertaine thee there,
And the same time your rival here:
And (oh! the devil) that she should
Say finer things now than she would;
So nobly fancy doth supply
What the dull sense lets fall and die.
Beauty like man's old enemy's known
To tempt him most when he's alone:
The air of some wild o'er-grown wood,
Or pathless grove, is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy senses, and feast high.
Spare diet is the cause love lasts;
For surfeits sooner kill, than fasts.

A SUPPLEMENT OF AN IMPERFECT COPY OF VERSES OF

MR. WIL. SHAKESPEAR'S.

BY THE AUTHOR.

One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; [asunder,
Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blush'd, 'cause it had done the wrong.

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a dazie in a field of grass,
[1] And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight:
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o' th' body, that lay fast asleep.

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn;
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and show'd itself in scorn:
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her face.

[1] Thus far Shakespear.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) divided,
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport;
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wiselyer downwards sought; but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

That none beguiled be by time's quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;
For though time be nimble, his motions
Are quicker
And thicker
Where love hath his notions:
Hope is the main spring, on which moves desire,
And these do the less wheels, fear, joy, inspire;
The ballance is thought, evermore
Clicking
And striking,
And ne'er giving o'er.
Occasion's the hand, which still's moving round,
Till by it the critical hour may be found:
And when that falls out, it will strike
Kisses,
Strange blisses,
And what you best like.

'Tis now, since I sate down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year, and more;
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great canaon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

"March, march," (quoth I;) "the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her:
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

"To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride."

UPON

MY LORD BROHALL'S[1] *WEDDING.*

DIALOGUE.

S.—B.

S. In bed, dull man!
When Love and Hymen's revels are begun,
And the church ceremonies past and done?
B. Why who's gone mad to day?
S. Dull heretick, thou wouldst say,
He that is gone to Heav'n's gone astray;
Brohall, our gallant friend,
Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:
Who marry, differ but i'th' end,
Since both do take
The hardest way to what they most desire.
Nor staid he till the formal priest had done,
But e'er that part was finisht, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haste and eagerness men have to seal,
That long to tell the money.
A sprig of willow in his hat he wore,
(The loser's badge and liv'ry heretofore)
But now so order'd, that it might be taken
By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken.
And now and then
A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his mind,
And seem'd to say she might have been more kind.
When this (dear Jack) I saw
Thought I
How weak is lovers law?
The bonds made there (like gypsies' knots) with ease
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please.

But was the fair nymph's praise or power less,
That led him captive now to happiness;
'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise,
But enter'd breaches made by others' eyes?
The gods forbid:
There must be some to shoot and batter down,
Others to force and to take in the town.
To hawkes (good Jack) and hearts
There may
Be sev'ral ways and arts;
One watches them perchance, and makes them tame;
Another, when they're ready, shows them game.

Sir[2],

Whether these lines do find you out,
Putting or clearing of a doubt;

[1] Broghill. Roger Boyle, lord Broghill, afterwards first earl of Orrery.

[2] These lines are addressed to the celebrated John Hales of Eton, whom our author introduces in his Session of Poets. C.

(Whether predestination,
Or reconciling three in one,
Or the unriddling how men die,
And live at once eternally,
Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
You straight bestride the college steed:
Leave Socinus and the schoolmen,
(Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men)
And come to town; 'tis fit you show
Your self abroad, that men may know
(Whate'er some learned men have guest)
That oracles are not yet ceas'd:
There you shall find the wit and wine
Flowing alike, and both divine:
Dishes, with names not known in books,
And less amongst the college-cooks;
With sauce so pregnant, that you need
Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
The sweat of learned Johnson's brain,
And gentle Shakespear's eas'er strain,
A hackney coach conveys you to,
In spite of all that rain can do:
And for your eighteen pence you sit
The lord and judge of all fresh wit.
News in one day as much we've here
As serves all Windsor for a year,
And which the carrier brings to you,
After 't has here been found not true.
Then think what company's design'd
To meet you here; men so refin'd,
Their very common talk at board,
Makes wise or mad a young court-lord,
And makes him capable to be
Umpire in's father's company.
Where no disputes, nor forc'd defence
Of a man's person for his sense,
Take up the time; all strive to be
Masters of truth, as victory:
And where you come, I'd boldly swear
A synod might as easily err.

A BALLAD,

UPON A WEDDING[1].

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids-i'th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his woing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do't in sight:
And then she lookt, as who should say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisie makes comparison;
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin;
(Some bee had stung it newly.)
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the Sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been;
(She look'd that day so purely:)
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

[1] Occasioned by the marriage of lord Broghill, mentioned before, with lady Margaret Howard daughter of the earl of Suffolk. Ellis.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each servingman with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth.
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O'th' suddain up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay
Like new fal'n snow melting away,
('Twas time, I trow to part:)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
Good boy! with all my heart.

But just as Heav'ns would have to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset:
The bridegroom eat in spight;
For had he left the women to't
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out; and now
All that they had not done, they do!
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget, and with Nell.

My dearest rival, least our love
Should with excentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way,
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher flame,
Or our vainer wish, could frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And love shall only have his scope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think, what reason would condemn:
And on these grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chastly for these things we'll stay,
As if to morrow were the day.
Mean time we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare.
Thou shalt set out each part o'th' face,
While I extol each little grace:
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
And I, that she so governs it:
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore:
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea we will sit and sigh a while,
And with soft thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do, till paler Death
Come with a warrant for our breath.
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by legacy
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive;
For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve.

SONG.

Honest lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i'th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
Perswad'st thy self that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was askt thee properly;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,

And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

UPON TWO SISTERS.

Believ'r, young man, I can as eas'ly tell
How many yards and inches 'tis to Hell;
Unriddle all predestination,
Or the nice points we dispute upon.
* * * * *
Had the three goddesses been just as fair,
It had not been so easily decided,
And sure the apple must have been divided:
It must, it must; he's impudent, dares say
Which is the handsomer, till one's away.
And it was necessary it should be so;
Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
When she had fram'd the eldest, that each heart
Must at the first sight feel the blind god's dart:
And sure as can be, had she made but one,
No plague had been more sure destruction;
For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
In half the time that we are choosing now:
Variety, and equal objects, make
The busie eye still doubtful which to take;
This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
The other's body, gesture, or her grace:
And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
He sure is happy'st that has hopes of either,
Next him is he that sees them both together.

TO HIS RIVAL.

Now we have taught our love to know
That it must creep where't cannot go,
And be for once content to live,
Since here it cannot have to thrive;
It will not be amiss t' enquire
What fuel should maintain this fire:
For fires do either flame too high,
Or where they cannot flame, they die.
First then (my half but better heart)
Know this must wholly be her part;
(For thou and I, like clocks, are wound
Up to the height, and must move round)
She then, by still denying what
We fondly crave, shall such a rate
Set on each trifle, that a kiss
Shall come to be the utmost bliss.
Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,
Those sparks meer fire will still engender:
To make this good, no debt shall be
From service or fidelity;
For she shall ever pay that score,
By only bidding us do more:
So (though she still a niggard be)
In gracing, where none's due, she's free.
The favours she shall cast on us,
(Lest we should grow presumptuous)
Shall not with too much love be shown,
Nor yet the common way still done;
But ev'ry smile and little glance
Shall look half lent, and half by chance:
The ribbon, fan, or muff, that she
Would should be kept by thee or me,
Should not be giv'n before too many,
But neither thrown to's when there's any;
So that her selfe should doubtful be
Whether 'twere Fortune flung 't, or she.
She shall not like the thing we do
Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
Nor any notice take at all
Of what, we gone, she would extol:
Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish;
For where fear is, love cannot flourish;
Yet live it must, nay must and shall,
While Desdemona is at all:
But when she's gone, then love shall die,
And in her grave buried lie.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Well-shadow'd landscape, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell;
At least so well
As he that now hates more
Than e're he lov'd before.

But my dear nothings, take your leave,
No longer must you me deceive,
Since I perceive
All the deceit, and know
Whence the mistake did grow.

As he whose quicker eye doth trace
A false star shot to a mark'd place,
Does run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A gelly up does snatch:

So our dull souls tasting delight
Far off, by sense and appetite,
Think that is right
And real good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh! how I glory now! that I
Have made this new discovery!
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increase that score.

If I gaze now, 'tis but to see
What manner of death's-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that fresh upper skin;
The gazer's joy, and sin.

The gum and glist'ning, which with art
And study'd method, in each part
Hangs down the heart,
Looks (just) as if, that day
Snails there had crawl'd the hay.

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
Hang like two master-worms to me,
That (as we see)
Have tasted to the rest
Two holes, where they lik'd best.

A quick corse methinks I spy
In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
At passing by,
Checks, and is troubled, just
As if it rose from dust.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
These of my sins the glasses be:
And here I see
How I have lov'd before,
And so I love no more.

THE INVOCATION.

Ye juster powers of love and fate,
Give me the reason why
A lover crost,
And all hopes lost,
May not have leave to die.

It is but just, and love needs must
Confess it is his part,
When he does spie
One wounded lie,
To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he so cruel be
To have one breast to hate;
If I must live,
And thus survive,
How far more cruel's fate?

In this same state I find too late
I am; and here's the grief:
Cupid can cure,
Death heal, I'm sure,
Yet neither sends relief.

To live, or die, beg only I,
Just powers, some end me give;
And traitour-like,
Thus force me not
Without a heart to live.

SIR J. S.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
E'er he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least e'er this
A dozen dozen in her place.

SIR TOBY MATHEWS[1].

Say, but did you love so long?
In truth I needs must blame you:
Passion did your judgment wrong;
Or want of reason shame you.

But Time's fair and witty daughter
Shortly shall discover,
Y'are a subject fit for laughter,
And more fool than lover.

But I grant you merit praise
For your constant folly:
Since you doted three whole days,
Were you not melancholy?

She to whom you prov'd so true,
And that very very face,
Puts each minute such as you
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

LOVE TURNED TO HATRED.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
Tho' thou shoud'st court me to't, and woud'st begin.
I will not think of thee, but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
For thy sake woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse and wit,
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

THE CARELESS LOVER.

Never believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in faith I lye, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too;
She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forgo it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heat could never bear:
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat,
Nor with much gazing on her face,
Do e'er rise hungry from the place:
She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
To this and t' other friend I drink;
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
I never make it hers by stealth:
She's fair, &c.

[1] Son of the Archbishop of York. Suckling introduces him in the Session of Poets. *C.*

Black Friars to me, and old Whitehall,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of fountains on a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much my love:
She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day:
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not love, but plays the fool:
She's fair, &c.

LOVE AND DEBT ALIKE TROUBLESOME.

This one request I make to him that sits the clouds above,
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be [a shilling.
very willing;
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave
'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us of [is blest:
our rest;
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world
He sees the golden age wherein all things were free [man nor woman.
and common;
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no
Tho Crœsus compassed great wealth, yet he still [to door.
craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door
Tho' Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept him sad;
He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark [and treasure;
mad.
Our merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold
But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought [man envies;
destroys his pleasure.
Our courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom every
When love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes [betwixt them;
in his eyes.
Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just
For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not [is so brown,
which most vex him.
But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which
May satisfie his appetite, and owe no man a crown:
And he that is content with lasses cloathed in plain [be sullen,
woollen,
May cool his heat in every place, he need not to
Nor sigh for love of lady fair; for this each wise [cloaths.
man knows,
As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken

SONG.

I prythee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine:
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shou'd'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it, were in vain:
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Wou'd steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh Love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out:
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewel care, and farewel wo,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

TO A LADY THAT FORBAD TO LOVE BEFORE COMPANY.

What! no more favours, not a ribbon more,
Not fan, not muff, to hold as heretofore?
Must all the little blisses then be left,
And what was once love's gift, become our theft?
May we not look our selves into a trance,
Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,
Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing there,
Whisper a love, that only yes can hear?
Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
Dear, must I love you, and not love you too?
Be wise, nice fair: for sooner shall they trace
The feather'd choristers from place to place,
By prints they make in th' air, and sooner say
By what right line the last star made his way
That fled from Heav'n to Earth, than guess to know
How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.
Love is all spirit: Fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
Than we; we are too dull and lumpish rather:
Would they cou'd find us both in bed together.

THE GUILTLESS INCONSTANT.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn,
Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice,
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire;
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to woman kind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face;
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And where that none of all these things I find,
I choose her by the kernel, not the rhind:
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray;
He needs must wander that has lost his way:
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke,
And made that charcoal, which to her was oak.
And as a looking-glass from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, does but one face reflect,
But being crackt or broken, there are grown
Many less faces, where there was but one:
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her place are born.

LOVE'S REPRESENTATION.

Leaning her hand upon my breast,
There on Love's bed she lay to rest;
My panting heart rock'd her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep;
Then Love by me being harbour'd there,
Chose Hope to be his harbinger;
Desire, his rival, kept the door;
For this of him I begg'd no more,
But that, our mistress t' entertain,
Some pretty fancy he wou'd frame,
And represent it in a dream,
Of which my self shou'd give the theam.
Then first these thoughts I bid him show,
Which only he and I did know,
Array'd in duty and respect,
And not in fancies that reflect;
Then those of value next present,
Approv'd by all the world's consent;
But to distinguish mine asunder,
Apparell'd they must be in wonder.
Such a device then I wou'd have,
As service, not reward, shou'd crave,
Attir'd in spotless innocence,
Not self-respect, nor no pretence:
Then such a faith I wou'd have shown,
As heretofore was never known,
Cloth'd with a constant clear intent,
Professing always as it meant.
And if Love no such garments have,
My mind a wardrobe is so brave,
That there sufficient he may see
To clothe impossibility.
Then beamy fetters he shall find,
By admiration subt'ly twin'd,
That will keep fast the wanton'st thought,
That e'er imagination wrought:
There he shall find of joy a chain,
Fram'd by despair of her disdain,
So curiously, that it can't tie
The smallest hopes that thoughts now spy.
There acts as glorious as the Sun,
Are by her veneration spun,
In one of which I wou'd have brought
A pure unspotted abstract thought.
Considering her as she is good,
Not in her frame of flesh and blood.
These attoms then, all in her sight,
I bad him join, that so he might
Discern between true Love's creation,
And that Love's form that's now in fashion.
Love granting unto my request,
Began to labour in my breast;
But with the motion he did make,
It heav'd so high that she did wake;
Blush'd at the favour she had done,
Then smil'd, and then away did run.

SONG.

The crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,
Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,
Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me where his ambush lay,
Secure, and careless to a stranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this beauty stand.
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess
The blind lad's pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I'll fly to hers as to a sanctuary.

UPON THE

BLACK SPOTS WORN BY MY LADY D. E.

Madam,

I know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity;
Or as your beauty's trophies, put on one
For every murther which your eyes have done;
No, they're your mourning-weeds for hearts forlorn,
Which tho' you must not love, you cou'd not scorn;
To whom since cruel honour do's deny
Those joys cou'd only cure their misery,
Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal;
For if to every common funeral,
By your sad martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,
Your face would wear not patches, but a cloud.

SONG.

If you refuse me once, and think again
I will complain,
You are deceiv'd; love is no work of art,
It must be got and born,
Not made and worn,
By every one that has a heart.

Or do you think they more than once can dye,
Whom you deny?
Who tell you of a thousand deaths a-day,
Like the old poets feign
And tell the pain
They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
And quit the field?
Nor is that right they yield that first intreat;
Once one may crave for love,
But more wou'd prove
This heart too little, that too great.

Oh that I were all soul, that I might prove
For you as fit a love,
As you are for an angel; for I know
None but pure spirits are fit loves for you

You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,
Nor any part that's gross:
Your coarsest part is like a curious lawn,
The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire
That e'er Heav'n did inspire,
Make every thought that is refin'd by it,
A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your raptures reach'd to that degree
In Love's philosophy,
That you can figure to your self a fire
Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you go less,
You think, and you profess,
That souls may have a plenitude of joy,
Altho' their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find
The motions of my mind
So purify'd as yet, but at the best
My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
As joyful as our hearts.
Our senses tell us, if we please not them,
Our love is but a dotage or a dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,
But will not, to my end.
I fain wou'd tune my fancy to your key,
But cannot reach to that abstracted way.

There rests but this; that whilst we sorrow here,
Our bodies may draw near:
And when no more their joys they can extend,
Then let our souls begin where they did end.

PROFFERED LOVE REJECTED.

It is not four years ago,
I offer'd forty crowns,
To lie with her a night or so;
She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
Did whisper in my ear,
That she wou'd at my service be,
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
And had no great desire;
But shou'd be well content to go
To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since, or thereabout,
She that so coy had been,
Bethought her self, and found me out,
And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
Did think it something late:
And that I'd not repentance buy
At above half the rate.

This present morning early she,
Forsooth, came to my bed,
And gratis there she offer'd me
Her high-priz'd maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the forty crowns
For one night's lodging bid.

DISDAIN.

A quoy servent d'artifices
Et serments aux vents jettez,
Si vos amours & vos services
Me sont des importunitez?

L'amour a d'autres vœux m'appelle,
Entendez jamais rein de moy,
Ne pensez nous rendre infidele,
A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

L' amant qui mon amour possede
Est trop plein de perfection,
Et doublement il vous excede
De merit & d' affection.

Je ne puis estre refroidie,
Ni rompre un cordage si doux,
Ni le rompre sans perfidie,
En d' estre perfidi pour vous.

Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,
Le vous dire est nous obliger,
Pour vous faire epergner vos peines
Du vous & du temps mesnager.

ENGLISHED THUS BY THE AUTHOR.

To what end serve the promises
And oaths lost in the air?
Since all your proffer'd services
To me but tortures are.

Another now enjoys my love.
Set you your heart at rest:
Think not me from my faith to move,
Because you faith protest.

The man that does possess my heart,
Has twice as much perfection,
And does excel you in desert,
As much as in affection.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,
Unless I prove untrue:
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

Your attempts are but in vain,
To tell you is a favour:
For things that may be, rack your brain;
Then lose not thus your labour.

PERJURY EXCUSED.

Alas it is too late! I can no more
Love now, than I have lov'd before:
My Flora, 'tis my fate, not I;
And what you call contempt, is destiny.
I am no monster sure, I cannot show
Two hearts; one I already owe:
And I have bound myself with oaths, and vow'd
Oftner, I fear, than Heaven has e'er allow'd,

That faces now shou'd work no more on me,
That if they cou'd not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break 'em? shall I think you can
Love, if I cou'd, so foul a perjur'd man?
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Shou'd love again, or you love perjury.

A SONG.

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodile's weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his leachery?
Oh! so fickle, oh! so vain, oh! so false, so false is she!

UPON

THE FIRST SIGHT OF MY LADY SEIMOUR.

Wonder not much if thus amaz'd I look:
Since I saw you, I have been planet-strook:
A beauty, and so rare, I did descry,
As shou'd I set her forth, you all, as I,
Wou'd lose your hearts likewise; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.
An apparition of so sweet a creature,
That, credit me, she had not any feature
That did not speak her angel. But no more:
Such heav'nly things as these we must adore,
Not prattle of; lest when we do but touch
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

UPON L. M. WEEPING.

Whoever was the cause your tears were shed,
May these my curses light upon his head:
May he be first in love, and let it be
With a most known and black deformity,
Nay, far surpass all witches that have been
Since our first parents taught us how to sin!
Then let this hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no man else wou'd e'er have had:
And in this fit may he commit the thing,
May him impenitent to th' gallows bring!
Then might he for one tear his pardon have,
But want that single grief his life to save!
And being dead, may he at Heav'n venture,
But for the guilt of this one fact ne'er enter.

NON EST MORTALE QUOD OPTO.

UPON MRS. A. L.

Thou think'st I flatter, when thy praise I tell.
But thou dost all hyperboles excel:
For I am sure thou art no mortal creature,
But a divine one thron'd in human feature.
Thy piety is such, that Heav'n by merit,
If ever any did, thou shou'd'st inherit;
Thy modesty is such, that hadst thou been
Tempted as Eve, thou wou'd'st have shunn'd her sin.
So lovely fair thou art, that sure dame Nature
Meant thee the pattern of the female creature:
Besides all this, thy flowing wit is such,
That were it not in thee, 't had been too much
For woman-kind: shou'd envy look thee o'er,
It wou'd confess thus much, if not much more.
I love thee well, yet wish some bad in thee,
For, sure I am, thou art too good for me.

HIS DREAM.

On a still silent night, scarce cou'd I number
One of the clock, but that a golden slumber
Had lock'd my senses fast, and carry'd me
Into a world of blest felicity,
I know not how: First to a garden, where
The apricock, the cherry, and the pear,
The strawberry, and plumb, were fairer far
Than that eye-pleasing fruit that caus'd the jar
Betwixt the goddesses, and tempted more
Than fair Atlanta's ball, tho' gilded o'er:
I gaz'd a while on these, and presently
A silver stream ran softly gliding by;
Upon whose banks, lillies more white than snow
New fall'n from Heav'n, with violets mix'd, did grow;
Whose scent so chaf'd the neighbour-air, that you
Wou'd surely swear Arabic spices grew
Not far from thence, or that the place had been
With musk prepar'd to entertain love's queen.
Whilst I admir'd, the river past away,
And up a grove did spring, green as in May,
When April had been moist; upon whose bushes
The pretty robins, nightingals, and thrushes
Warbled their notes so sweetly, that my ears
Did judge at least the musick of the spheres.
But here my gentle dream conveyed me
Into the place which I most long'd to see,
My mistress' bed; who, some few blushes past,
And smiling frowns, contented was at last
To let me touch her neck; I not content
With that slipt to her breast, thence lower went,
And then——I awak'd.

UPON A. M.

Yield all, my love; but be withal as coy,
As if thou knew'st not how to sport and toy:
The fort resign'd with ease, men cowards prove,
And lazy grow. Let me besiege my love,
Let me despair at least three times a day,
And take repulses upon each essay:
If I but ask a kiss, straight blush as red
As if I tempted for thy maidenhead:
Contract thy smiles, if that they go too far;
And let thy frowns be such as threaten war.
That face which Nature sure never intended
Shou'd e'er be marr'd, because 't could ne'er be mended,
Take no corruption from thy grandame Eve;
Rather want faith to save thee, than believe
Too soon: for, credit me, 'tis true,
Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

The little boy, to show his might and pow'r,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable; but by th' mass
H' as metamorphos'd me into an ass.

TO B. C.

When first, fair mistress, I did see your face,
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place:
And since that time god Cupid has me led,
In hope that once I shall enjoy your bed.
But I despair; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, the blind does lead the blind.

UPON

SIR JOHN LAURENCE'S

BRINGING WATER OVER THE HILLS TO MY LORD MIDDLESEX'S HOUSE AT WITTEN.

And is the water come? sure't cannot be;
It runs too much against philosophy;
For heavy bodies to the centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally ascend.
How comes this then to pass? The good knight's [skill
Cou'd nothing do without the water's will:
Then 'twas the water's love that made it flow,
For love will creep where well it cannot go.

A BARBER.

I am a barber, and I'd have you know,
A shaver too sometimes, no mad one tho'.
The reason why you see me now thus bare,
Is 'cause I always trade against the hair:
But yet I keep a state, who comes to me,
Who e'er he is, he must uncover'd be.
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse
To no great purpose, of great Sweden's force,
Of Witel, and the burse, and what 'twill cost
To get that back which was this summer lost.
So fall to praising of his lordship's hair,
Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis sans compare:
I tell him that the king's does sit no fuller,
And yet his is not half so good a colour:
Then reach a pleasing glass, that's made to lye
Like to its master, most notoriously:
And if he must his mistress see that day,
I with a powder send him straight away.

A SOLDIER.

I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
devoutly.
No woman under Heav'n I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brains will bear
most stoutly.
I cannot speak, but I can do
As much as any of our crew;
And if you doubt it, some of you
may prove me.
I dare be bold thus much to say,
If that my bullets do but play,
You wou'd be hurt so night and day,
yet love me.

TO MY LADY E. C.

AT HER GOING OUT OF ENGLAND.

I must confess, when I did part from you,
I cou'd not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms across
In discontented garbs set forth my loss:
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb;
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still;
Numbers of painted words may show much skill,
But little anguish; and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place:
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long: true sorrow's like to wine,
That which is good does never need a sign.
My eyes were channels far too small to be
Conveyors of such floods of misery:
And so pray think; or if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain
Of sad repentance had, not long before,
Quite empty'd, for my sins, that watry store.
So shall you him oblige that still will be
Your servant to his best ability.

AN

ANSWER TO SOME VERSES MADE IN HIS PRAISE.

The ancient poets and their learned rhimes,
We still admire in these our latter times,
And celebrate their fames. Thus tho' they die,
Their names can never taste mortality:
Blind Homer's Muse, and Virgil's stately verse,
While any live, shall never need a herse.
Since then to these such praise was justly due
For what they did, what shall be said to you?
These had their helps; they wrote of gods and
kings,
Of temples, battles, and such gallant things:
But you of nothing; how cou'd you have writ,
Had you but chose a subject to your wit?
To praise Achilles, or the Trojan crew,
Show'd little art, for praise was but their due.
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains:
He shows himself most poet, that most feigns:
To find out virtues strangely hid in me;
Ay there's the art, and learned poetry!

To make one striding of a barbed steed,
Prancing a stately round: I use indeed
To ride Bat Jewel's jade; this is the skill,
This shows the poet wants not wit at will.
I must admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, since you do't with art.

LOVE'S BURNING-GLASS.

Wondering long how I cou'd harmless see
Men gazing on those beames that fired me;
At last I found, it was the crystal love
Before my heart, that did the heat improve:
Which by contracting of those scatter'd rays
Into it self, did so produce my blaze.
Now lighted by my love, I see the same
Beams dazzle those, that me are wont t' inflame.
And now I bless my love, when I do think
By how much I had rather burn than wink.
But how much happier were it thus to burn,
If I had liberty to choose my urn?
But since those beams do promise only fire,
This flame shall purge me of the dross, desire.

THE MIRACLE.

If thou be'st ice, I do admire
How thou cou'dst set my heart on fire;
Or how thy fire cou'd kindle me,
Thou being ice, and not melt thee;
But even my flames, light at thy own,
Have hardned thee into a stone!
Wonder of love! that canst fulfil,
Inverting nature thus, thy will;
Making ice one another burn,
Whilst it self does harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν μαθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ παθεῖν
Καὶ μὴ παθεῖν,
Καλὸν ἦν τὸ μαθεῖν.
Εἰ καὶ δεῖ παθεῖν
Ἃ δεῖ μαθεῖν,
Τί δεῖ μαθεῖν;
Χρῆ γαρ παθεῖν.

Scire si liceret quæ debes subire,
Et non subire, pulchrum est scire:
Sed si subire debes quæ debes scire,
Quorsum vis scire? nam debes subire.

ENGLISHED THUS.

If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know:
But if he undergo it,
Tho' he know it,
What boots him know it?
He must undergo it.

SONG.

When, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, tho' unsighted.

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,
'Till night's black wings do overtake me,
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleepy men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can subsist with loves
That do partake of fair perfection;
Since in the darkest night they may,
By love's quick motion, find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with each flood
Bath some high promont, that has stood
Far from the main up in the river:
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an ocean too,
Which flows not every day, but ever.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

Tell me, ye juster deities,
That pity lovers' miseries,
Why shou'd my own unworthiness
Light me to seek my happiness?
It is as natural, as just,
Him for to love whom needs I must:
All men confess that love's a fire,
Then who denies it to aspire?

Tell me, if thou wert fortune's thrall,
Wou'd'st thou not raise thee from the fall?
Seek only to o'erlook thy state
Whereto thou art condemn'd by fate?
Then let me love my Corydon,
And by love's leave, him love alone:
For I have read in stories oft,
That love has wings, and soars aloft.

Then let me grow in my desire,
Though I be martyr'd in that fire:
For grace it is enough for me
But only to love such as he:
For never shall my thoughts be base,
Though luckless, yet without disgrace:
Then let him that my love shall blame,
Or clip love's wings, or quench love's flame.

DETRACTION EXECRATED.

Thou vermin Slander, bred in abject minds
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of conversation! cou'dst thou find
Nought but our love, whereon to show thy hate?
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canst thou witness then? thy base dull aid
Was useless in our conversation,
Where each meant more than cou'd by both be said.

Whence hadst thou thy intelligence, from earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love:
Or from the air? Our gentle sighs had birth
From such sweet raptures as to joy did move:
Our thoughts, as pure as the chast morning's
breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Were cloth'd in words; and maiden's blush that
More purity, more innocence than they. [hath
Nor from the water cou'd'st thou have this tale,
No briny tear has furrow'd her smooth cheek;
And I was pleas'd, I pray what shou'd he ail
That had her love, for what else could he seek?
We shortned days to moments by love's art,
Whilst our two souls in amorous ecstasy
Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
Our love had been of still eternity.
Much less cou'd have it from the purer fire;
Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire;
Our mutual love it self did recompence,
Thou hast no correspondence had in Heav'n,
And th' elemental world, thou seest, is free:
Whence hadst thou then this, talking monster? even
From Hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.
Curst be th' officious tongue that did address
Thee to her ears, to ruin my content:
May it one minute taste such happiness,
Deserving loos'd unpitied it lament!
I must forbear her sight, and so repay
In grief, those hours joy shortned to a dram:
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year out-live Methusalem.

SONG.

Unjust decrees, that do at once exact
From such a love as worthy hearts shou'd own,
So wild a passion,
And yet so tame a presence
As holding no proportion,
Changes into impossible obedience.

Let it suffice, that neither I do love
In such a calm observance, as to weigh
Each word I say,
And each examin'd look t' approve
That towards her does move,
Without so much of fire
As might, in time, kindle into desire.

Or give me leave to burst into a flame,
And at the scope of my unbounded will
Love her my fill,
No superscriptions of fame,
Of honour or good name,
No thought but to improve
The gentle and quick approaches of my love.

But thus to throng and overlade a soul
With love, and then to have a room for fear,
That shall all that controul,
What is it but to rear
Our passions and our hopes on high,
That thence they may descrie
The noblest way how to despair and die?

A PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR'S

TO A MASQUE AT WITTEN.

Expect not here a curious river fine,
Our wits are short of that: alas the time
The neat refined language of the court
We know not; if we did, our country sport
Must not be too ambitious; 'tis for kings,
Not for their subjects, to have such rare things,
Besides tho', I confess, Parnassus hardly,
Yet Helicon this summer-time is dry:
Our wits were at an ebb, or very low,
And to say truth, I think they cannot flow,
But yet a gracious influence from you
May alter nature in our brow-sick crew;
Have patience then, we pray, and sit a while
And, if a laugh be too much, lend a smile.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet was born at Northway, near Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire, September, 1611. His father, after spending a good estate, was reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester, at the free school of which town his son was educated under Mr. William Topp. Being chosen a king's scholar, he was removed to Westminster school, under Dr. Osbaldiston, and thence elected a student of Christ-church, Oxford, in 1628. After pursuing his studies, with the reputation of an extraordinary scholar and genius, he took his master's degree in 1635; and in 1638 went into holy orders, becoming "a most florid and seraphical preacher in the university." One sermon only of his is in print, from which we are not able to form a very high notion of his eloquence: but when Mr. Abraham Wright, of St. John's, Oxford, compiled that scarce little book, entitled Five Sermons in Five several Styles, or Ways of Preaching, it appears that Dr. Maine and Mr. Cartwright were of consequence enough to be admitted as specimens of university preaching. The others are bishop Andrews', bishop Hall's, and the presbyterian and independent "ways of preaching."

In 1642, bishop Duppa, with whom he lived in the strictest intimacy, bestowed on him the place of succentor of the church of Salisbury. In the same year he was one of the council of war, or delegacy, appointed by the university of Oxford, for providing for the troops sent by the king to protect the colleges. His zeal in this office occasioned his being imprisoned by the parliamentary forces when they arrived at Oxford; but he was bailed soon after [1]. In 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics. "The exposition of them," says Wood, "was never better performed than by him and his predecessor Thomas Barlow, of Queen's College." Lloyd asserts, that he studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day. From such diligence and talents much might have been expected; but

[1] Wood's Annals, vol. II. 447. C

he survived the last mentioned appointment a very short time, dying December 23, 1643, in the thirty-second year of his age, of a malignant fever, called the camp disease, which then prevailed at Oxford. He was honourably interred towards the upper end of the south isle of the cathedral of Christ-church.

Few men have ever been so praised and regretted by their contemporaries, who have left so little to perpetuate their fame. During his sickness, the king and queen, who were then at Oxford, made anxious inquiries about the progress of his disorder. His majesty wore black on the day of his funeral, and being asked the reason, answered that since the Muses had so much mourned for the loss of such a son, it had been a shame that he should not appear in mourning for the loss of such a subject[2]. His poems and plays which were published in 1651, are preceded by fifty copies of verses by all the wits of the time, and all in a most laboured style of panegyric. His other encomiasts inform us that his person was as handsome as his mind, and that he not only understood Greek and Latin, but French and Italian as perfectly as his mother tongue. Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, said of him, "Cartwright is the utmost man can come to," and Ben Jonson used to say, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man."

Although it must be confessed that his works, particularly his dramas, afford little justification of this high character, his poems may perhaps deserve a place among those of his contemporaries. Many of them exhibit tenderness and harmony, a copious, but sometimes, fanciful imagery, and a familiar easy humour which, connected with his amiable disposition as a man, probably led to those encomiums which, without this consideration, we should find it difficult to allow. "That," says Wood, "which is most remarkable is, that these his high parts and abilities were accompanied with so much sweetness and candour, that they made him equally beloved and admired by all persons, especially those of the gown and court; who esteemed also his life a fair copy of practic piety, a rare example of heroic worth, and in whom arts, learning and language, made up the true complement of perfection." The same biographer informs us that he wrote Poemata Græca & Latina.

[2] Oldys' MSS. notes on Langbaine. *C.*

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

A PANEGYRICK TO THE MOST NOBLE

LUCY, COUNTESSE OF CARLISLE.

MADAM,

SINCE jewels by yourself are worn,
Which can but darken what they should adorn;
And that aspiring incense still presumes
To cloud those Heavens towards which it fumes;
Permit the injury of these rites, I pray,
Whose darkness is increas'd by your full day;
A day would make you goddess, did you wear,
As they of old, a quiver, or a spear:
For you but want their trifles, and dissent
Nothing in shape, but meerly ornament;
Your limbs leave tracks of light, still as you go;
Your gate's illumination, and for you
Only to move a step is to dispence
Brightness, and force, splendour, and influence;
Masses of ivory blushing here and there
With purple shedding, if compared, were
Blots only cast on blots, resembling you
No more than Monogram's rich temples do,
For being your organs would inform and be,
Not instruments, but acts, in others, we
What elsewhere is call'd beauty, in you hold,
But so much lustre, cast into a mould:
Such a serene, soft, rigorous, pleasing, fierce,
Lovely, self-arm'd, naked, majestickness,
Compos'd of friendly contraries, do young
Poetique princes shape, when they do long
To strik out heroes from a mortal wombe,
And mint fair conquerors for the age to come.
But beauty is not all that makes you so
Ador'd, by those who either see or know;
'Tis your proportion'd soul, for who ere set
A common useless weed in chrystall yet?
Or who with pitch doth amber boxes fill?
Balsom and odours there inhabite still:
As jewels then have inward vertues, so
Proportion'd to that outward light they show,
That, by their lustre which appears, they bid
Us turn our sense to that which does lye hid;
So 'tis in you: for that light which we find
Streams in your eye, is knowledge in your mind;
That mixture of bright colours in your face,
Is equall temperance in another place;
That vigour of your limbs, appears within
True perfect valour, if we look but in;
And that proportion which doth each part fill,
Is but dispencing justice in your will.
Thus you redeem us from our errour, who
Thought it a ladie's fame, neither to know
Nor be her self known much; and would not grant
Them reputation, unless ignorant:
An Heroïna heretofore did pass
With the same faith as Centaures, and it was
A tenet, that as women only were
Nature's digressions, who did thence appear
At best but fair mistakes, if they did do
Heroic acts, th' were faults of custome too:
But you who've gain'd the apex of your kind,
Shew that there are no sexes in the mind,
Being so candid, that we must confess
That goodness is your fashion, or your dress.
That you, more truly valorous, do support
Virtue by daring to be good at court;
Who, beyond all pretenders, are alone
So much a friend to't, that with it y' are one;
And when we men, the weaker vessels, do
Offend, we think we did it against you.
And can the thought be less, when that we see
Grace powrs forth grace, good good, in one pure, free,
And following stream, that we no more can tell
What 'tis you shew, than what true tinctures dwel
Upon the dove's bright neck, which are so one,
And divers, that we think them all, and none.
And this is your quick prudence, which conveys
One grace into another, that who saies,
You now are courteous, when you change the light,
Will say you're just, and think it a new sight;
And this is your peculiar art, we know
Others may do like actions, but not so:
The agents alter things, and what does come
Powerfull from these, flows weaker far from some.

Thus the Sun's light makes day, if it appear,
And casts true lustre round the hemisphere;
When if projected from the Moon, that light
Makes not a day, but only colours night;
But you we may still full, still perfect call,
As what's still great, is equall still in all.
And from this largeness of your mind, you come
To some just wonder, worship unto some,
Whiles you appear a court, and are no less
Than a whole presence, or throng'd glorious press:
No one can ere mistake you. 'Tis alone
Your lot, where e'r you come to be still known.
Your power's its own witness: you appeare,
By some new conquest, still that you are there.
But sure the shafts your vertues shoot, are tipt
With consecrated gold, which too was dipt
In purer nectar, for where e'r they do
Print love, they print joy, and religion too:
Hence in your great endowments church and court
Find what t' admire; all wishes thus resort
To you as to their center, and are then
Sent back, as centers send back lines agen.
Nor can you say you learnt this hence, or thence,
That this you gain'd by knowledge, this by sence;
All is your own, and native: for as pure
Fire lends it self to all, and will endure
Nothing from others; so what you impart
Comes not from others' principles, or art,
But is ingenite all, and still your owne,
Your self sufficing to your self alone.
Thus your extraction is desert, to whom
Vertue and life by the same gift did come.
Your cradle's thus a trophe, and with us
'Tis thought a praise confess'd to be born thus.
And though your father's glorious name will be
Full and majestique in great history
For high designs; yet after times will boast
You are his chiefest act, and fame him most.
Being then you're th' elixar, whose least grain
Cast into any other, would maintain
All for true worth, and make the piece commence
Saint, nymph, or goddess, or what not, from thence;
If when your valorous brother rules the maine,
And makes the flouds confess his powerfull raign,
You should but take the aire by in your shell,
You would be thought sea-born, and we might well
Conclude you such, but that your deitie
Would have no winged issue to set bye.
O! had you of-spring to resemble you,
As you have vertues, then—But oh! I do
Complain of our misfortunes, not your own,
For are bless'd spirits, for less happy known,
Because they have not receiv'd such a fate
Of imperfection, as to procreate?
Eternall things supply themselves; so we
Think this your mark of immortalitie.
I now, as those of old, who once had met
A deity in a shape, did nothing set
By lower and less formes, securely do
Neglect all else, and having once seen you,
Count others only Nature's pesantry,
And out of reverence seeing will not see.
Hail your own riches then, and your own store,
Who thus rule others, but your self far more!
Hail your own glass and object, who alone
Deserve to see your own reflection!
Persist you still the faction of all vowes,
A shape that makes oft perjuries, and allows
Even broken faiths a pardon, whiles men do [you.
Swear, and reclaim what they have sworn, seeing
May you live long the painters' fault and strife,
Who, for their oft not drawing you to life,
Must, when their glass is almost run out, long
To purchase absolution for the wrong;
But poets, who dare still as much, and take
An equal licence, the same errours make,
I then put in with them, who as I do
Sue for release, so I may claime it too.
For since your worth and modesty is such,
None will think this enough, but you too much.

ON THE IMPERFECTION OF

CHRIST-CHURCH BUILDINGS.

Arise, thou sacred heap, and show a frame
Perfect at last, and glorious as thy name:
Space, and torn majesty, as yet are all
Thou hast: we view thy cradle, as thy fall.
Our dwelling lyes half desert; the whole space
Unmeeted and unbounded, bears the face
Of the first age's fields, and we, as they
That stand on hills, have prospect every way:
Like Theseus' sonne, curst by mistake, the frame,
Scattred and torn, hath parts without a name,
Which in a landskip some mischance, not meant,
As dropping of the spunge, would represent;
And (if no succour come) the time's not far
When 'twill be thought no college, but a quar.
Send then Amphion to these Thebes, (O Fates!)
W' have here as many breaches, though not gates.
When any stranger comes, 'tis shewn by us,
As once the face was of Antigonus,
With an half-visage onely: so that all
We boast is but a kitchin, or an hall.
Men thence admire, but help not, 't hath the luck
Of heathen places that were thunder-strook,
To be ador'd, not toucht; tho' the mind and will
Be in the pale, the purse is pagan still:
Alas! th'are tow'rs that thunder do provoke,
We ne'r had height or glory for a stroke:
Time, and king Henry too, did spare us; we
Stood in those dayes both sythe and scepter-free;
Our ruines then were licenc'd, and we were
Pass'd by untouch'd, that hand was open here.
Blesse we our throne then! That which did avoid
The fury of those times, seems yet destroy'd:
So this, breath'd on by no full influence,
Hath hung e'r since unminded in suspence,
As doubtfull whether 't should escheated be
To ruine, or redeem'd to majesty.
But great intents stop seconds, and we owe
To larger wants, that bounty is so slow.
A lordship here, like Curtius, might be cast
Into one hole, and yet not seen at last.
Two sacred things were thought (by judging souls)
Beyond the kingdome's pow'r, Christ-church and Pauls,
Till, by a light from Heaven shown, the one
Did gain his second renovation,
And some good star ere long, we do not fear,
Will guide the wise to offer some gifts here.
But ruines yet stand ruines, as if none
Durst be so good, as first to cast a stone.
Alas! we ask not prodigies: wee'd boast,
Had we but what is at one horse-race lost;
Nor is our house (as Nature in the fall
Is thought by some) void and bereft of all

But what's new giv'n: unto our selves we owe
That sculs are not our churches' pavement now;
That that's made yet good way; that to his cup
And table Christ may come, and not ride up;
That no one stumbling fears a worse event,
Nor, when he bows, falls lower than he meant;
That now our windows may for doctrine pass,
And we (as Paul) see mysteries in a glass;
That something elsewhere is perform'd, whereby
'Tis seen we can adorn, though not supply.
But if to all great buildings (as to Troy)
A god must needs be sent, and we enjoy
No help but miracle; if so it stand
Decreed by Heaven, that the same gracious hand
That perfected our statutes, must be sent
To finish Christ-church too, we are content;
Knowing that he who in the mount did give
Those laws, by which his people were to live,
If they had needed then, as now we do,
Would have bestow'd the stone for tables too.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

But turn we hence to you, as some there be
Who in the coppy wooe the Deity;
Who think then most successfull steps are trod
When they approach the image for the god.
Our king hath shewn his bounty, sir, in you,
By giving whom, h' hath giv'n us buildings too.
For we see harvests in a showre, and when
Heav'n drops a dew, say it drops flowers then,
Whiles all that blessed fatness doth not fall
To fill that basket, or this barn, but all.
We know y' have vertues in you now, which stand
Eager for action, and expect command;
Vertues now ripe, train'd up, and nurtur'd so,
That they wait only when you'l bid them flow.
Indulge you, then, our rising Sun, we may
Say, your first rayes broke here to make a day:
For though the light, when grown, powrs fuller streams,
'Tis yet more precious in its virgin beams;
And though the third or fourth may do the cure,
The eldest tear of balsam's still most pure.
'Tis only then our pride that we may dwell
As vertues do in you, compleat and well;
That when a college finish'd, is the sport
And pastime only of your yonger court,
An act, to which some could not well arive
After their fifty, done by you at five,
The late and tardy stock of nephews may,
Reading your story, think you were born gray.
This is the thread weaves all our hopes: for since
All better vertues now are call'd the Prince,
(As smaller rivers lose their words, and beare
No name but ocean when they come in there)
Thence we expect them, as these streams, we know,
Can from no other womb or bosome flow.
Limne you our Venus then throughout, be she
Christned, some part at least, your deity;
That when to take you painters go about,
They be compell'd to leave some of you out;
Whiles you shew something here that won't admit
Colours and shape, something that cannot fit.
Thus shall you nourish future writers, who
May give Fame back those things you do bestow:
Where merits too will be your work, and then
That age will think you gave not stones, but men.

ON

HIS MAJESTIE'S RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL POX 1633.

I do confess the over-forward tongue
Of publick duty turns into a wrong,
And after-ages, which could ne'r conceive
Our happy Charles so frail as to receive
Such a disease, will know it by the noyse
Which we have made, in showting forth our joyes;
And our informing duty only be
A well-meant spight, or loyall injury.
Let then the name be alter'd, let us say
They were small stars fixt in a milky-way,
Or faithfull turquoises, which Heaven sent
For a discovery, not a punishment;
To show the ill, not make it; and to tell
By their pale looks the bearer was not well.
Let the disease forgotten be, but may
The joy return as yearly as the day;
Let there be new computes, let reckoning be
Solemnly made from his recovery;
Let not the kingdom's acts hereafter run
From his (though happy) coronation,
But from his health, as in a better strain;
That plac'd him in his throne, this makes him raign.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS MAJESTIE'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

1633.

We are a people now again, and may
Stile our selves subjects: your prolong'd delay
Had almost made our jealousy engross
New fears, and raise your absence into loss.
'Tis true, the kingdom's manners and the law
Retain'd their wonted rigour, the same awe
And love still kept us loyall: but 'twas so
As clocks once set in motion do yet go,
The hand being absent; or as when the quill
Ceaseth to strike, the string yet trembles still.
O count our sighs and fears! there shall not be
Again such absence, though sure victory
Would waite on every step, and would repay
A severall conquest for each severall day.
We do not crown your welcome with a name
Coyn'd from the journey; nor shall soothing Fame
Call't an adventure: heretofore, when rude
And haughty power was known by solitude;
When all that subjects felt of majesty,
Was the oppressing yoke and tyranny;
Then it had pass'd for valour, and had been
Thought prowesse to have dar'd to have been seen;
And the approaching to a neighbour region
No progresse but an expedition.
But here's no cause of a triumphant dance,
'Tis a return, not a deliverance.
Your pious faith secur'd your throne; your life
Was guard unto your scepter; no rude strife,
No violence there disturb'd the pomp, unless
Their eager love and loyalty did press
To see and know, whiles lawfull majesty
Spread forth its presence, and its piety.
So hath the God, that lay hid in the voice
Of his directing oracle, made choice
To come in person, and untouch'd hath crown'd
The supplicant with his glory, not his sound.

Whiles that this pomp was moving, whiles a fre
Shot out from you, did but provoke desire,
Not satisfie, how in loyalty did they
Wish an eternall solstice, or a day
That might make Nature stand, striving to bring
Ev'n by her wrong more homage to a king;
But mayst thou dwell with us, just Charles, and show
A beam sometimes to them: so shall we ow
To constant light, they to posterity
Shall boast of this, that they were seen by thee.

TO THE QUEEN, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

We do presume our duty to no eare
Will better sound, than yours, who most did fear.
We know your busie eye perus'd the glass,
And chid the lazy sands as they did pass;
We know no hour stole by with present wing,
But heard one sigh dispatch'd unto your king:
We know his faith too; how that other faces
Were view'd as pictures only; how their graces
Did in this only call his eye, that seen
They might present some parcell of his queen.
You were both maim'd whiles sever'd: none could find
Whole maj'sty; y'are perfect, when thus joyn'd.
We do not think this absence can add more
Flames, but call forth those that lay hid before:
As when in thirsty flowers a gentle dew
Awakes the sent which slept, not gives a new.
As for our joy, 'tis not a sudden heat
Starts into noise; but 'tis as true as great;
We will be tri'd by yours; for we dare strive
Here, and acknowledge no prerogative.
We then proclaime this triumph be as bright
And large to all, as was your marriage-night.
Cry we a second Hymen then; and sing,
Whiles you receive the husband, we the king.

TO THE LADY PAWLET,

UPON HER PRESENT SENT TO THE VNIVERSITY,

BEING THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY AND PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR,

WROUGHT BY HER SELF IN NEEDLE-WORK.

Could we judge here, (most vertuous madam) then
Your needle might receive praise from the pen:
But this our want bereaves it of that part,
Whiles to admire and thank is all our art.
The work deserves a shrine, I should rehearse
Its glories in a story, not a verse:
Colours are mixt so subt'ly, that thereby
The stealth of art both takes and cheates the eye;
At once a thousand we can gaze upon,
But are deceiv'd by their transition;
What toucheth is the same; beam takes from beam,
The next still like, yet diff'ring in th' extreme:
Here runs this track we see, thither that tends,
But cann't say here this rose, or there that ends.
Thus while they creep insensibly, we doubt
Whether the one powres not the other out.
Faces so quick and lively, that we may
Fear, if we turn aside, they'l steal away.
Postures of grief so true, that we may swear,
Your artful fingers have wrought passion there:
View we the manger and the babe, we thence
Beleeve the very threeds have innocence;
Then on the cross such love and grief we find,
As 'twere a transcript of our Saviour's mind;
Each parcell so expressive, and so fit,
That the whole seems not so much wrought, as writ.
'Tis sacred text all, we may quoat, and thence
Extract what may be press'd in our defence.
Blest mother of the church, be in the list
Reckon'd from hence the she evangelist:
Nor can the style be profanation, when
The needle may convert more than the pen.
When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf
Rightly perus'd prove gospell to the deaf.
Had not Saint Hellen happ'ly found the cross,
By this your work you had repair'd that loss.
Tell me not of Penelope, we do
See a web here more chaste, and sacred too.
Where are ye now, O women! you that sow
Temptations, labouring to express the bow
And the blind archer, you that rarely set,
To please your loves, a Venus in a net?
Turn your skill hither: then we shall (no doubt)
See the king's daughter glorious too without.
Women sew'd idle fig-leaves hithertoo,
Eve's nakedness is truly cloath'd by you.

ON

THE BIRTH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

The state is now past fear, and all that we
Need wish besides is perpetuity.
No gaudy traine of flames, no darkned Sun,
No change inverting order did forerun
This birth: no hurtless natalitious fire
Playing about him made the nurse admire,
And prophesie. Fond nature shews these things
When thraldom swels, when bondmaids bring forth kings.
And 'tis no favour: for she straight gives o'r
Paying these trifles, that she ow no more.
Here shee's reserv'd, and quiet, as if he
Were her design, her plot, her policy:
Here the enquiring, busie, common eye,
Only intent upon new majesty,
Ne'r looks for further wonder, this alone
Being sufficient, that hee's silent shown.
What's her intent I know not: let it be
My pray'r, that shee'l be modest, and that he
Have but the second honour, be still neer;
No imitation of the father here.
Yet let him, like to him, make power as free
From blot or scandall as from poverty:
Count blood and birth no parts, but something lent
Meerly for outward grace and complement;
Get safety by good life, and raise defence
By better forces, love and conscience.
This likewise we expect; the nurse may find
Something in shape, wee'l look unto his mind.
The forehead, eye, and lip, poor humble parts,
Too shallow for resemblance, shew the arts
Of private guessings: action still hath been
The royall mark. Those parts, which are not seen,
Present the throne and scepter; and the right
Discoverie's made by judgment, not by sight.
I cannot to this cradle promise make
Of actions fit for growth. A strangled snake

Kill'd before known, perhaps, 'mongst heathen hath
Been thought the deed and valour of the swath.
Far be such monsters hence; the buckler here
Is not the cradle, nor the dart and spear
The infant's rattles; 'tis a son of mirth,
Of peace and friendship, 'tis a quiet birth;
Yet if hereafter unfil'd people shall
Call on his sword, and so provoke their fall,
Let him look bak on that admired name,
That spirit of dispatch, that soul of fame,
His grandsire Henry, tread his steps, in all
Be fully like to him, except his fall.
Although in royall births, the subject's lot
Be to enjoy what's by the prince begot;
Yet fasten, Charles, fasten those eyes you ow
Unto a people, on this son, to show
You can be tender too, in this one thing
Suffer the father to depose the king.
See what delight your queen takes to peruse
Those fair unspotted volumes, when she views
In him that glance, in her that decent grace,
In this sweet innocence, in all the face
Of both the parents. May this blessing prove
A welcome trouble, puzzling equal love
How to dispence embraces, whiles that she
Strives to divide the mother 'twixt all three.

TO DR. DUPPA,

THEN DEAN OF CHRIST-CHURCH, AND TUTOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Will you not stay, then, and vouchsafe to be
Honour'd a little more contractedly?
The reverence here's as much, tho' not the prease;
Our love as tender, though the tumult less;
And your great vertues in the narrow sphere,
Tho' not so bright, shine yet as strong as there:
As sun-beams drawn into a point, do flow
With greater force by being fettred so.
Things may a while in this same order run,
As wheeles once turn'd continue motion;
And we enjoy a light, as when the eye
O'th' world is set, all lustre doth not dye:
But yet this course, this light, will so appear,
As only to convince you have been here.
He's ours you ask, (great soveraign) ours, whom
Will gladly ransome with a subsidy. [we
Ask of us lands, our college, all; we do
Profer what's built, nay, what's intended too:
For he being absent, 'tis an heap, and we
Only a number, no society.
Hard rival! for we dare contest, and use
Such language, now w' have nothing left to lose.
Y' are only ours, as some great ship, that's gone
A voyage i'th' king's service, doth still run
Under the name o'th' company: but we
Think it th' indulgence of his majesty,
That y' are not whole engross'd, that yet you are
Permitted to be something that we dare
Call ours, being honour'd to retain you thus,
That one rule may direct the prince, and us.
Go, then, another nature to him; go,
A genius wisht by all, except the foe:
Fashion those ductile manners, and inspire
That ample breast with clean and active fire;
That when his limbs shall write him man, his deeds
May write him yours; that from those richer seeds
Thus sprouting, we dividedly may ow
The son unto our king, the prince to you.
'Tis in the power of your great influence,
What England shall be fifty harvests hence;
You'l do good to our nephews now, and be
A patron unto those you will not see;
Y' instruct a future common-wealth, and give
Laws to those people, that as yet don't live.
We see him full already; there's no fear
Of subtle poyson, for good axiomes, here,
All will be health and antidote, and one
Name will combine state and religion;
Heaven and we be look'd on with one eye,
And the same rules guide faith and policy:
The court shall hence become a church, and you,
In one, be tutour to a people too.
He shall not now, like other princes, hear
Some morall lecture when the dinner's neer,
Learn nothing fresh and fasting, but upon
This or that dish read an instruction;
Hear Livy told, admire some general's force
And stratagem, 'twixt first and second course;
Then eloze his stomach with a rule, and stay
'Mong books perhaps to pass a rainy day;
Or his charg'd memory with a maxime task
To take up time before a tilt or masque:
No, you will dictate wholesome grounds, and sow
Seeds in his mind, as pure as that is now; [true
Breath in your thoughts, your soul, make him the
Resemblance of your worth, speak and live you:
That no old granted sutour may still fear,
When 't shall be one, to promise, and to swear.
That those huge bulks, his guard, may only be
Like the great statues in the gallery
For ornament, not use; not to affright
Th' approacher's boldness, but afford a sight;
Whiles he, defended by a better art,
Shall have a stronger guard in every heart,
And carrying your vertues to the throne,
Find that his best defence, t' have need of none.
May he come forth your work, and thence appear
Sacred and pious, whom our love may fear;
Discover you in all his actions, be
'Bove envy great, good above flattery,
And by a perfect fulness of each part,
Banish from court that torment, and this art.
Go, O my wishes, with you! may they keep
Noise off, and make your journey as your sleep,
Rather repose than travell: may you meet
No rough way, but in these unequall feet.
Good fates take charge of you; and let this be
Your sole ill-luck, that good is wisht by me.

TO THE SAME,

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PUBLICK ACT AT OXON. 1634.

And now (most worthy sir) I've time to show
Some parcell of that duty that I ow,
Which like late fruit, grows vigorous by delay,
Gaining a force more lasting by its stay.
Had I presented you with aught, whiles here,
'T had been to sacrifise the priest not neer;
Forme rather than devotion, and a free
Expression of a custome, not of me:
I was not then my self; then not to err
Had been a trespass 'gainst the Miniver;
For when our pumps are on, we do dispence
With every slip, nay, every crime, but sense:

And we're encourag'd in't, the statutes do't,
Which bind some men, to shew they cann't dispute.
Suffer me, sir, to tell you that we do
Owe these few dáies' solemnity to you;
For had you not among our gowns been seen
Enlivening all, Oxford had only been
A peopled village, and our Act at best
A learned wake, or glorious shepheards' feast:
Where (in my judgement) the best thing to see
Had been Jerusalem or Nineveh.
Where, for true exercise, none could surpass
The puppets, and Great Britaine's looking-glass.
Nor are those names unusuall: July here
Doth put forth all th' inventions of the year:
Rare works, and rarer beasts do meet; we see
In the same street Africk and Germany.
Trumpets 'gainst trumpets blow, the faction's much,
These cry the monster-masters, those the Dutch:
All arts find welcome, all men come to do
Their tricks and slights; juglers, and curats too,
Curats that threaten markets with their looks,
Arm'd with two weapons, knives and table-books;
Men that do itch (when they have eate) to note
The chief distinction 'twixt the sheep and goat;
That do no questions relish, but what be
Bord'ring upon the absolute decree,
And then haste home, lest they should miss the lot
Of venting reprobation, whiles 'tis hot.
But, above all good sports, give me the sight
Of the lay exercise on Monday night.
Where a reserved stomach doth profess
A zeal-prepared hunger, of no less
Than ten days' laying up, where we may see
How they repaire, how ev'ry man comes three,
Where, to the envy of our townsmen, some
Among the rest do by prescription come,
Men that themselves do victuall twice a year,
At Christmas with their landlords, and once here.
None praise the Act more, and say less; they do
Make all wine good by drinking, all beer too;
This was their Christian freedom here: nay, we
Our selves too, then, durst plead a liberty:
We reform'd nature, and awak'd the night,
Making it spring as glorious as the light;
That, like the day did dawn, and break forth here,
Though in a lower, yet as bright a sphere:
Sleep was a thing unheard of, unless 'twere
At sermon after dinner, all wink'd there;
No brother then known by the rowling white,
Ev'n they sate there as children of the night;
None come to see and to be seen; none heares,
My lord's fee-buck closeth both eyes and eares;
No health did single, but our chancellors pass,
Viscounts and earles throng'd seven in a glass.
Manners and language ne'r more free; some meant
Scarce one thing, and did yet all idioms vent;
Spoke Minshew in a breath; the inceptor's wine
Made Latine native: gray coats then spoke fine,
And thought that wiser statute had done wrong
T' allot us four years yet to learn the tongue.
But Oxford, tho' throng'd with such people, was
A court where e'r you only pleas'd to pass;
We reckon'd this your gift, and that this way
Part of the progress, not your journey lay.
I could relate you more, but that I fear
You'l find the dregs o'th' time surviving here;
And that gets some excuse: think then you see
Some reliques of the Act move yet in me.

ON THE GREAT FROST. 1634.

Shew me the flames you brag of, you that be
Arm'd with those two fires, wine and poetry:
Y' are now benumb'd, spight of your gods and verse;
And may your metaphors for prayers rehearse;
Whiles you that call'd snow, fleece and feathers, do
Wish for true fleeces, and true feathers too.
Waters have bound themselves, and cannot run,
Suff'ring what Xerxes' fetters would have done;
Our rivers are one chrystall; shoares are fit
Mirrours, being now, not like to glass, but it:
Our ships stand all as planted, we may swear
They are not born up only, but grow there.
Whiles waters thus are pavements, firm as stone,
And without faith are each day walk'd upon,
What parables call'd folly heretofore,
Were wisedome now, "to build upon the shoare."
There's no one dines among us with washt hands,
Water's as scarce here, as in Africk sands;
And we expect it not but from some god
Opening a fountain, or some prophet's rod,
Who need not seek out where he may unlock
A stream, what e'r he strook would be true rock.
When Heaven drops some smaller showers, our sense
Of griefe's encreas'd, being but deluded thence;
For whiles we think those drops to entertain,
They fall down pearl, which came down half way rain.
Green land's removall, now the poor man fears,
Seeing all waters frozen, but his tears.
We suffer day continuall, and the snow
Doth make our little night become noon now.
We hear of some enchristal'd, such as have
That, which procur'd their death, become their grave.
Bodies, that destitute of soul yet stood,
Dead, and not faln; drown'd, and without a flood;
Nay we, who breath still, are almost as they,
And only may be stil'd a softer clay;
We stand like statues, as if cast, and fit
For life, not having, but expecting it;
Each man's become the Stoick's wise one hence;
For can you look for passion, where's no sense?
Which we have not, resolv'd to our first stone,
Unless it be one sense to feel w' have none.
Our very smiths now work not, nay, what's more,
Our Dutchmen write but five hours, and give o'er.
We dare provoke fate now: we know what is
That last cold, death, only by suff'ring this.
All fires are vestall now, and we, as they,
Do in our chimneys keep a lasting day;
Boasting within doores this domestique sun,
Adored too with our religion.
We laugh at fire-briefs now, although they be
Commended to us by his majesty;
And 'tis no treason, for we cannot guess
Why we should pay them for their happiness.
Each hand would be a Scævola's: let Rome
Call that a pleasure henceforth, not a doom.
A feaver is become a wish: we sit
And think fall'n angels have one benefit,
Nor can the thought be impious, when we see
Weather, that Bowker durst not prophesie;
Such as may give new epochaes, and make
Another since in his bold almanack;
Weather may save his doom, and by his foe
Be thought enough for him to undergo.

We now think Alabaster true, and look
A suddain trump should antedate his book;
For whiles we suffer this, ought we not fear
The world shall not survive to a fourth year?
And sure we may conclude weak Nature old
And crazed now, being shee's grown so cold.
But frost's not all our grief: we that so sore
Suffer its stay, fear its departure more:
For when that leaves us, which so long hath stood,
'Twill make a new accompt from th' second Floud.

TO MR. W. B.

AT THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Y'are now transcrib'd, and publike view
Perusing finds the copy true,
Without erratas new crept in,
Fully compleat and genuine:
And nothing wanting can espy,
But only bulk and quantity:
The text in letters small we see,
And the arts in one epitome.
O what pleasure do you take
To hear the nurse discovery make,
How the nose, the lip, the eye,
The forehead full of majesty,
Shews the father? how to this
The mother's beauty added is:
And after all with gentle numbers
To wooe the infant into slumbers.
And these delights he yields you now,
The swath, and cradle, this doth show:
But hereafter when his force
Shall wield the rattle, and the horse;
When his ventring tongue shall speak
All synalæphaes [1], and shall break
This word short off, and make that two,
Pratling as obligations do;
'Twill ravish the delighted sense
To view these sports of innocence,
And make the wisest dote upon
Such pretty imperfection.
These hopeful cradles promise such
Future goodness, and so much,
That they prevent my prayers, and I
Must wish but for formality.
I wish religion timely he
Taught him with his A B C.
I wish him good and constant health,
His father's learning, but more wealth;
And that to use, not hoard; a purse
Open to bless, not shut to curse.
May he have many, and fast friends,
Meaning good-will, not private ends,
Such as scorn to understand,
When they name love, a peece of land.
May the swath and whistle be
The hardest of his bonds. May he
Have no sad cares to break his sleep,
Nor other cause, than now, to weep.
May he ne'r live to be again,
What he is now, a child: may pain
If it do visit, as a guest
Only call in, not dare to rest.

[1] A collision of a vowel left out in scanning.

FOR A YOUNG LORD TO HIS MISTRIS,

WHO HAD TAUGHT HIM A SONG.

Taught from your artfull strains, my fair,
I've only liv'd e'r since by air;
Whose sounds do make me wish I were
Either all voice, or else all eare.
If souls (as some say) musick be
I've learnt from you there's one in me;
From you, whose accents make us know
That sweeter spheres move here below;
From you, whose limbs are so well met
That we may swear your bodie's set:
Whose parts are with such graces crown'd,
That th'are that musick without sound.
I had this love perhaps before,
But you awak'd and made it more:
As when a gentle ev'ning showre
Calls forth, and adds sent to the flower;
Henceforth I'l think my breath is due
No more to nature, but to you.
Sing I to pleasure then, or fame,
I'l know no antheme, but your name;
This shall joy life, this sweeten death:
You that have taught, may claim my breath.

ON MR. STOKES

HIS BOOK ON THE ART OF VAULTING.

OR,

IN LIBRUM VERE CABALISTICUM DE ASCENSU CORPORUM GRAVIUM H. E. IN TRACTATU DE ARTE SALIENDI EDITUM A GUIL. STOKES ALMÆ ACADEMIÆ HIPPARCHO, ET SOLO TEMPORUM HORUM EPHIALTE,
CARMEN DE SULTORIUM.

Reader, here is such a book,
Will make you leap before you look,
And shift, without being thought a rook.

The author's airy, light, and thin;
Whom no man saw e'r break a shin,
Or ever yet leap out of's skin.

When e'r he strain'd at horse, or bell,
Tom Charles himself who came to smell
His faults, still swore 'twas clean and well.

His tricks are here in figures dim,
Each line is heavier than his limb,
And shadows weighty are to him.

Were Dee alive, or Billingsly,
We shortly should each passage see
Demonstrated by A. B. C.

How would they vex their mathematicks,
Their ponderations, and their staticks,
To shew the art of these volaticks?

Be A the horse, and the man B.
Parts from the girdle upwards C.
And from the girdle downward D.

If the parts D. proportion'd weigh
To the parts C. neither will sway,
But B lye equall upon A.

Thus would his horse and all his vectures,
Reduc'd to figures, and to sectures,
Produce new diagrams and lectures

And justly too, for the pomado,
And the most intricate strapado,
He'l do for naught in a bravado.

The Herculean leap he can with slight,
And that twice fifty times a night,
To please the ladies: Will is right.

The Angelica ne'r put him too't,
Then for the Pegasus, he'l do't,
And strike a fountain with his foot.

When he the stag-leap does, you'd swear
The stag himself, if he were there,
Would like the unwieldy oxe appear.

He'l fit his strength, if you desire,
Just as his horse, lower or higher,
And twist his limbs like nealed wyer.

Had you, as I, but seen him once,
You'd swear that Nature for the nonce,
Had made his body without bones.

For arms, sometimes hee'l lye on one,
Sometimes on both, sometimes on none,
And like a meteor hang alone.

Let none henceforth our eares abuse,
How Dædalus 'scap'd the twining stewes,
Alas that is but flying news.

He us'd wax plumes, as Ovid sings,
Will scorns to tamper with such things,
He is a Dædalus without wings.

Good faith, the Mewes had best look to't,
Lest they go down, and Sheen to boot,
Will and his wooden horse will do't.

The Troian steed let souldiers scan,
And praise th' invention you that can,
Will puts 'em down both horse and man.

At once six horses Theutobocchus
Leap'd o'r, if Florus[1] do not mock us,
'Twas well, but let him not provoke us;

For were the matter to be tri'd,
'Twere gold to silver on Will's side,
He'd quell that Theutobocchus' pride.

I'l say but this to end the brawle,
Let Theutobocchus in the fall
Cut Will's cross caper, and take all.

Then go thy ways, brave Will, for one,
By Jove 'tis thou must leap, or none,
To pull bright honour from the Moon.

Philippus Stoicus e Societate
Portæ Borealis Oxon.

THE DREAME.

I DREAM'D I saw my self lye dead,
And that my bed my coffin grew;
Silence and sleep this strange sight bred,
But wak'd, I found I liv'd anew.
Looking next morn on your bright face,
Mine eyes bequeath'd mine heart fresh pain;
A dart rush'd in with every grace,
And so I kill'd my self again:
O eyes, what shall distressed lovers do,
If open you can kill, if shut you view.

[1] Lib. 3. c. 3.

LOVE INCONCEALABLE.

STIG. ITAL.

WHO can hide fire? If't be uncover'd, light,
If cover'd, smoake betraies it to the sight:
Love is that fire, which still some sign affords,
If hid, the'are sighs; if open, they are words.

THE TEARES.

IF souls consist of water, I
May swear yours glides out of your eye:
If they may wounds receive, and prove
Festred through grief, or ancient love,
Then fairest, through these christall doores
Teares flow as purgings of your sores.
And now the certain cause I know
Whence the rose and lilly grow,
In your fair cheeks: the often showres
Which you thus weep, do breed these flowers.
If that the floods could Venus bring,
And warlike Mars from flowers spring,
Why may not hence two gods arise,
This from your cheeks, that from your eyes?

PARCHMENT.

PLAIN shepheards' wear was only gray,
And all sheep then were cloath'd as they,
When shepherds 'gan to write and think,
Some sheep stole blackness from the ink,
And we from thence found out the skill
To make their parchment do so still.

FALSHOOD.

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travell in the night;
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the diall stand;
The streames still glide and constant are:
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelesly
Neglects to be
Like stream, or shadow, hand, or star.

Fool that I am; I do recall
My words, and swear thou'rt like them all:
Thou seem'st like stars to nourish fire,
But O how cold is thy desire?
And like the hand upon the brass,
Thou point'st at me
In mockery,
If I come nigh,
Shade-like thou'lt fly,
And as the stream with murmur pass.

Thrice didst thou vow, thrice didst thou swear,
Whispring those oaths into mine eare,
And 'tween each one, as seal of bliss,
Didst interpose a sweeter kiss:

Alas that also came from art,
For it did smell
So fresh and wel,
That I presume
'Twas thy perfume
That made thee swear, and not thy heart.

Tell me who taught thy subtile eyes
To cheat true hearts with fallacies?
Who did instruct thy sighs to lie?
Who taught thy kisses sophistry?
Believe 't 'tis far from honest rigour;
O how I loath
A tutour'd oath!
I'l ne'r come nigh
A learned sigh,
Nor credit vows in mood and figure.

'Twas Venus to me whisper'd this,
Swear and embrace, protest and kiss,
Such oaths and vows are fickle things,
My wanton son does lend them wings:
The kiss must stay, the oath must fly:
Heav'n is the schoole
That gives this rule:
I cann't prove true
To that and you,
The goddess is in fault, not I.

Who for my wrong would thus much do,
For my revenge may something too;
She, O she make thee true to all,
Marry an army, and then fall
Through scornfull hatred and disdain:
But mayst thou be
Still false to me;
For if thy mind
Once more prove kind
Thou'lt swear thine oaths all o'r again.

BEAUTIE AND DENIALL.

No, no, it cannot be! for who e'r set
A blockhouse to defend a garden yet?
Roses ne'r chide my boldness when I go
To crop their blush; why should your checks do so?
The lillies ne'r deny their silk to men; [then?
Why should your hands push off, and draw back
The Sun forbids me not his heat; then why
Comes there to Earth an edict from your eye?
I smell perfumes, and they ne'r think it sin;
Why should your breath not let me take it in?
A dragon kept the golden apples; true;
But must your breasts be therefore kept so too?
All fountaines else flow freely, and ne'r shrink;
And must yours cheat my thirst when I would
Where nature knows no prohibition, [drink?
Shall art prove anti-nature, and make one?
But O! we scorn the profer'd lip and face;
And angry frowns sometimes add quicker grace
Than quiet beauty: 'tis that melting kiss
That truly doth distil immortall bliss,
Which the fierce struggling youth by force at length
Doth make the purchase of his eager strength;
Which, from the rifled weeping virgin scant
Snatch'd, proves a conquest, rather than a grant.
Beleeve't not: 'tis the paradox of some one,
That in old time did love an Amazon,
One of so stiff a temper, that she might
Have call'd him spouse upon the marriage night;
Whose flames consum'd him, lest some one might
Seduc'd hereafter by his heresie: [be
That you are fair and spotless, makes you prove
Fitter to fall a sacrifice to Love:
On towards his altar then, vex not the priest;
'Tis ominous if the sacrifice resist.
Who conquers still, and ransacks, we may say
Doth not affect, but rather is in pay.
But if there must be reall lists of love,
And our embracing a true wrestling prove,
Bare, and anoint you then: for, if you'l do
As wrestlers use, you must be naked too.

WOMEN.

Give me a girle (if one I needs must meet)
Or in her nuptiall, or her winding sheet:
I know but two good houres that women have,
One in the bed, another in the grave.
Thus of the whole sex all I would desire,
Is to enjoy their ashes, or their fire.

TO CUPID.

Thou, who didst never see the light,
Nor knowst the pleasure of the sight,
But alwaies blinded, canst not say
Now it is night, or now 'tis day,
So captivate her sense, so blind her eye,
That still she love me, yet she ne'r know why.

Thou, who dost wound us with such art,
We see no bloud drop from the heart,
And subt'ly cruell leav'st no sign
To tell the blow or hand was thine.
O gently, gently wound my fair, that shee
May thence beleeve the wound did come from thee.

TO VENUS.

Venus, redress a wrong that's done,
By that young sprightfull boy, thy son,
He wounds, and then laughs at the sore,
Hatred it self can do no more.
If I pursue, hee's small, and light,
Both seen at once, and out of sight:
If I do flie, hee's wing'd, and then,
At the third step, I'm caught agen:
Lest one day thou thy self mayst suffer so,
Or clip the wanton's wings or break his bow.

A SIGH SENT TO HIS ABSENT LOVE.

I sent a sigh unto my blest one's eare,
Which lost it's way, and never did come there;
I hastened after, lest some other fair
Should mildly entertain this travelling aire:
Each flowry garden I did search, for fear
It might mistake a lilly for her eare;
And having there took lodging, might still dwell
Hous'd in the concave of a christall bell.

At last, one frosty morning I did spy
This subtile wand'rer journeying in the sky;
At sight of me it trembled, then drew neer,
Then grieving fell, and dropt into a tear:
I bore it to my saint, and pray'd her take
This new born of-spring for the master's sake:
She took it, and prefer'd it to her eare,
And now it hears each thing that's whisper'd there.
O how I envy grief, when that I see
My sorrow makes a gem, more blest than me!
Yet, little pendant, porter to the eare,
Let not my rivall have admittance there;
But if by chance a mild access he gain,
Upon her lip inflict a gentle pain
Only for admonition: so when she
Gives eare to him, at least shee'l think of me.

SADNESS.

WHILES I this standing lake,
Swath'd up with ewe and cypress boughs,
Do move by sighs and vows,
Let sadness only wake;
That whiles thick darkness blots the light,
My thoughts may cast another night:
In which double shade,
By heav'n, and me made,
O let me weep,
And fall asleep,
And forgotten fade.

Heark! from yond' hollow tree
Sadly sing two anchoret owles,
Whiles the hermit wolf howls,
And all bewailing me,
The raven hovers o'r my bier,
The bittern on a reed I hear
Pipes my elegy,
And warns me to dye;
Whiles from yond' graves
My wrong'd love craves
My sad company.

Cease, Hylas, cease thy call;
Such, O such was thy parting groan,
Breath'd out to me alone
When thou disdain'd didst fall.
Loe thus unto thy silent tomb,
In my sad winding sheet, I come,
Creeping o'r dead bones,
And cold marble stones,
That I may mourn
Over thy urn,
And appease thy groans.

CORINNA'S TOMB.

HERE fair Corinna buri'd lay,
Cloath'd and lock'd up in silent clay;
But neighb'ring shepheards every morn
With constant tears bedew'd her urn,
Until with quickning moysture, she
At length grew up into this tree:
Here now unhappy lovers meet,
And changing sighs (for so they greet)
Each one unto some conscious bough
Relates this oath, and tels that vow,
Thinking that she with pittying sounds
Whispers soft comfort to their wounds:
When 'tis perhaps some wanton wind,
That striving passage there to find,
Doth softly move the trembling leaves
Into a voice, and so deceives.
Hither sad lutes they nightly bring,
And gently touch each querulous string,
Till that with soft harmonious numbers
They think th' have woo'd her into slumbers;
As if, the grave having an eare,
When dead things speak the dead should hear.
Here no sad lover, though of fame,
Is suff'red to engrave his name,
Lest that the wounding letters may
Make her thence fade, and pine away:
And so she withering through the pain
May sink into her grave again.
O why did Fates the groves uneare?
Why did they envy wood should hear?
Why, since Dodona's holy oake,
Have trees been dumb, and never spoke;
Now lovers' wounds uncured lye,
And they wax old in misery;
When, if true sense did quicken wood,
Perhaps shee'd sweat a balsom floud,
And knowing what the world endures,
Would weep her moysture into cures.

TO THE

MEMORY OF A SHIPWRACKT VIRGIN.

WHETHER thy well-shap'd parts now scattered far
Asunder into treasure parted are;
Whether thy tresses, now to amber grown,
Still cast a softer day where they are shown;
Whether those eyes be diamonds now, or make
The carefull goddess of the flouds mistake,
Chiding their ling'ring stay, as if they were
Stars that forgot t' ascend unto their sphere;
Whether thy lips do into corall grow,
Making her wonder how 't came red below;
Whether those orders of thy teeth, now sown
In several pearls, enrich each channell one;
Whether thy gentle breath in easie gales
Now flies, and chastly fils the pregnant sailes;
Or whether whole, turn'd syren, thou dost joy
Only to sing, unwilling to destroy;
Or else a nymph far fairer dost encrease
The virgin train of the Nereides;
If that all sense departed not with breath,
And there is yet some memory in death,
Accept this labour, sacred to thy fame,
Swelling with thee, made poem by thy name.
Hearken O winds (if that ye yet have eares
Who were thus deaf unto my fair one's tears)
Fly with this curse; may cavernes you contain
Sitll strugling for release, but still in vain.
Listen O flouds; black night upon you dwell,
Thick darkness still enwrap you; may you swell
Only with grief; may ye to every thirst
Flow bitter still, and so of all be curst.
And thou unfaithfull, ill-compacted pine,
That in her nuptials didst refuse to shine,
Blaze in her pile. Whiles thus her death I weep,
Swim down, my murmuring lute; move thou the [deep
Into soft numbers, as thou passest by,
And make her fate become her elegy.

TO

A PAINTER'S HANDSOME DAUGHTER.

Such are your father's pictures, that we do
Beleeve they are not counterfeits, but true;
So lively, and so fresh, that we may swear
Instead of draughts, he hath plac'd creatures there;
People, not shadows; which in time will be
Not a dead number, but a colony: [arts,
Nay, more yet, some think they have skill and
That th' are well-bred, and pictures of good parts;
And you your self, faire Julia, do disclose
Such beauties, that you may seem one of those;
That having motion gain'd at last, and sense,
Began to know it self, and stole out thence.
Whiles thus his æmulous art with Nature strives,
Some think h' hath none, others he hath two wives.
If you love none, fair maid, but look on all,
You then among his set of pictures fall;
If that you look on all, and love all men,
The pictures too will be your sisters then,
For they as they have life, so th' have this fate,
In the whole lump either to love or hate;
Your choice must shew you're of another fleece,
And tell you are his daughter, not his piece:
All other proofs are vain; go not about;
We two'l embrace, and love, and clear the doubt.
When you've brought forth your like, the world will know
You are his child; what picture can do so.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy: there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you
Would toy and wooe,
He would chirp and flatter me,
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord how sullen he would be?

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go agen,
He from my lip
Would moysture sip,
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry Philip when h' had done,
O whose heart can choose but bleed?

O how eager would he fight?
And ne'r hurt though he did bite:
No morn did pass
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did, now ruffle all
His feathers o'r, now let 'em fall,
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to peirce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love conveigh,
Now this faithfull bird is gone,
O let mournfull turtles joyn
With loving red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'r his stone.

THE GNAT.

A gnat mistaking her bright eye
For that which makes, and rules the day,
Did in the rayes disporting fly,
Wont in the sun-beams so to play.

Her eye whose vigour all things draws,
Did suck this little creature in,
As warmer jet doth ravish straws,
And thence ev'n forc'd embraces win.

Inviting heat stream'd in the rayes,
But hungry fire work'd in the eye;
Whose force this captive gnat obeys,
And doth through it her martyr dye.

The wings went into air; the fire
Did turn the rest to ashes there:
But ere death, strugling to retire,
She thence enforc'd an easie teare.

Happy, O gnat, though thus made nought,
We wretched lovers suffer more,
Our sonnets are thy buzzings thought,
And we destroy'd by what w' adore.

Perhaps would she but our deaths mourn,
We should revive to dye agen:
Thou gain'd'st a tear, but we have scorn;
She weeps for flies, but laught at men.

LOVE - TEARES.

Brag not a golden rain O Jove; we see
Cupid descends in showers as well as thee.

AT A DRY DINNER.

Call for what wine you please, which likes you best;
Some you must drink your venison to digest.
Why rise you, sir, so soon: you need not doubt,
He that I do invite sits my meal out;
Most true: but yet your servants are gay men,
I'l but step home, and drink, and come agen.

A BILL OF FARE.

Expect no strange, or puzzling meat, no pye
Built by confusion, or adultery,
Of forced nature; no mysterious dish
Requiring an interpreter, no fish
Found out by modern luxury: our corse board
Press'd with no spoyls of elements, doth afford
Meat, like our hunger, without art, each mess
Thus differing from it only, that 'tis less.
Imprimis, some rice porredge, sweet, and hot,
Three knobs of sugar season the whole pot.
Item, one pair of eggs in a great dish,
So ordered that they cover all the fish.
Item, one gaping haddock's head, which will
At least afright the stomach, if not fill.
Item, one thing in circles, which we take
Some for an eele, but th' wiser for a snake.
We have not still the same, sometimes we may
Eat muddy plaise, or wheate; perhaps next day

Red, or white herrings, or an apple pye:
There's some variety in misery.
To this come twenty men, and though apace,
We bless these gifts, the meal's as short as grace.
Nor eat we yet in tumult; but the meat
Is broke in order; hunger here is neat;
Division, subdivision, yet two more
Members, and they divided as before.
O what a fury would your stomach feel
To see us vent our logick on an eele?
And in one herring to revive the art
Of Keckerman, and shew the eleventh part?
Hunger in armes is no great wonder, we
Suffer a siege without an enemy.
On Midlent Sunday, when the preacher told
The prodigal's return, and did unfold
His tender welcome, how the good old man
Sent for new rayment, how the servant ran
To kill the fatling calf, O how each ear
List'ned unto him, greedy ev'n to hear
The bare relation; how was every eye
Fixt on the pulpit; how did each man pry,
And watch, if, whiles he did this word dispence,
A capon, or a hen would fly out thence?
Happy the Jews cry we, when quailes came down
In dry and wholsome showers, though from the frown
Of Heaven sent, though bought at such a rate;
To perish full is not the worst of fate;
We fear we shall dye empty, and enforce
The grave to take a shaddow for a corse:
For, if this fasting hold, we do despair
Of life; all needs must vanish into air;
Air, which now only feeds us, and so be
Exhal'd, like vapours to eternity.
W' are much refin'd already, that dull house
Of clay (our body) is diaphanous;
And if the doctor would but take the pains
To read upon us, sinnews, bones, guts, veines,
All would appear, and he might shew each one,
Without the help of a dissection.
In the aboundance of this want, you will
Wonder perhaps how I can use my quill?
Troth I am like small birds, which now in spring,
When they have nought to eat do sit and sing.

THE CHAMBERMAID'S POSSET.

My ladie's young chaplain could never arrive
More than to four points, or thereabout:
He propos'd fifteen, but was gravell'd at five,
My lady stood up and still preach'd 'em out.

The red-hatted vertues in number but four,
With grief he rememb'red, for one was not:
The habits divine, not yet in our power,
Were faith, hope, and (brethren) the third I ha' forgot.

Sir John was resolved to suffer a drench,
To furnish his spirit with better provision
A posset was made by a leviticall wench,
It was of the chambermaid's own composition.

The milk it came hot from an orthodox cow
Ne'r rid by the pope, nor yet the pope's bull;
The heat of zeal boyled it, God knows how:
'Twas the milk of the word; beleeve it who will.

The ingredients were divers, and most of them new,
No vertue was judg'd in an antient thing:
In the garden of Leyden some part of them grew,
And some did our own universities bring.

Imprimis, two handfull of long digressions,
Well squeezed and press'd at Amsterdam,
They cured Buchanan's dangerous passions,
Each grocer's shop now will afford you the same.

Two ounces of Calvinisme not yet refin'd,
By the better physicians not thought to be good;
But 'twas with the seal of a conventicle sign'd,
And approv'd by the simpling brotherhood.

One quarter of practicall piety next,
With an ounce and a half of histrio-mastrix,
Three sponfull of T. C's confuted text, [Styx.
Whose close-noated ghost hath long ago past

Next stript whipt abuses were cast in the pot,
With the worm eaten motto not now in fashion,
All these in the mouth are wondrous hot,
But approvedly cold in operation.

Next Clever and Doddisme both mixed and fine,
With five or six scruples of conscience cases,
Three drams of Geneva's strict discipline,
All steept in the sweat of the silenc'd faces.

One handfull of doctrines, and uses, or more,
With the utmost branch of the fifteenth point,
Then duties enjoyn'd and motives good store,
All boyl'd to a spoonfull, though from a siz'd pint.

These all have astringent and hard qualities,
And for notable binders received be,
To avoid the costiveness thence might arise,
She allay'd them with Christian liberty.

The crumbs of comfort did thicken the mess,
'Twas turn'd by the frown of a sowre fac'd brother,
But that you will say converts wickedness,
'Twill serve for the one as well as the other.

An ell London-measure of tedious grace,
Was at the same time conceiv'd, and said,
'Twas eat with a spoon defil'd with no face,
Nor the imag'ry of an apostle's head.

Sir John after this could have stood down the Sun,
Dividing the pulpit and text with one fist,
The glass was compell'd still rubbers to run,
And he counted the fift Evangelist.

The pig that for haste, much like a devout
Entranced brother, was wont to come in
With white staring eyes, not quite roasted out,
Came now in a black persecution skin.

Stale mistris Priscilla her apron-strings straite
Let down for a line just after his cure:
Sir John did not nibble, but pouch'd the deceit:
An advouzon did bait him to make all sure.

ON A GENTLEWOMAN'S SILK-HOOD.

Is there a sanctity in love begun
That every woman veils, and turns lay-nun?
Alas your guilt appears still through the dress;
You do not so much cover as confess:

To me 'tis a memoriall, I begin
Forthwith to think on Venus and the gin,
Discovering in these veyls, so subt'ly set,
At least her upper parts caught in the net.
Tell me who taught you to give so much light
As may entice, not satisfie the sight,
Betraying what may cause us to admire,
And kindle only, but not quench desire?
Among your other subtilties, 'tis one
That you see all, and yet are seen of none;
'Tis the dark-lanthorn to the face; O then
May we not think there's treason against men?
Whiles thus you only do expose the lips,
'Tis but a fair and wantonner eclipse.
Mean't how you will, at once to show, and hide,
At best is but the modesty of pride;
Either unveil you then, or veil quite o'r,
Beauty deserves not so much foulness more.
But I prophane, like one whose strange desires
Bring to Love's altar foul and drossie fires:
Sink O those words t' your cradles; for I know,
Mixt as you are, your birth came from below:
My fancy's now all hallow'd, and I find
Pure vestals in my thoughts, priests in my mind.
So Love appear'd, when, breaking out his way
From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
Newly awak'd out of the bud so shows
The half seen, half hid glory of the rose,
As you do through your veyls; and I may swear,
Viewing you so, that beauty doth bud there.
So truth lay under fables, that the eye
Might reverence the mystery, not descry;
Light being so proportion'd, that no more
Was seen, but what might cause 'em to adore:
Thus is your dress so ord'red, so contriv'd,
As 'tis but only poetry reviv'd.
Such doubtfull light had sacred groves, where rods
And twigs, at last did shoot up into gods;
Where then a shade darkneth the beautuous face,
May not I pay a reverence to the place?
So under-water glimmering stars appear,
As those (but nearer stars) your eyes do here,
So deities dark'ned sit, that we may find
A better way to see them in our mind.
No bold Ixion then be here allow'd,
Where Juno dares her self be in the cloud.
Methinks the first age comes again, and we
See a retrivall of simplicity;
Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
Hoods her, and makes her shew even veil'd as you.
Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our
Whiles all doth not lye hid, nor all appear: [fear,
O fear ye no assaults from bolder men;
When they assaile be this your armour then.
A silken helmet may defend those parts,
Where softer kisses are the only darts.

A DREAM BROKE.

As Nilus sudden ebbing, here
Doth leave a scale, and a scale there,
And somewhere else perhaps a fin,
Which by his stay had fishes been:
So dreams, which overflowing he,
Departing leave half things, which we
For their imperfectness can call
But joyes i'th' fin, or in the scale.
If when her teares I haste to kiss,
They dry up, and deceive my bliss,
May not I say the waters sink,
And cheat my thirst when I would drink?
If when her breasts I go to press,
Instead of them I grasp her dress,
May not I say the apples then
Are set down, and snatch'd up agen?
Sleep was not thus Death's brother meant;
'Twas made an ease, no punishment.
As then that's finish'd by the Sun,
Which Nile did only leave begun,
My fancy shall run o'r sleep's themes,
And so make up the web of dreams:
In vain fleet shades, ye do contest:
Awak'd howe'r I'l think the rest.

LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veyl'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I dye
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head:
I will annoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heale the harm.

Fond that I am to aske! who ere
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of humane eye
These arrows (as their waies are) flie:
The flights of angels part
Not aire with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
A subt'le taking smile
From passion, or from guile;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face;
These misconceits entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing,
Unblemish'd are and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
So lights of flowing graces
Sparkling in severall places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till we that make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quils:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beautie's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore;
Like heathen we the image crown,
And undiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;

But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires.
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poysons make.

PARTHENIA FOR HER SLAIN ARGALUS.

See thy Parthenia stands
Here to receive thy last commands.
Say quickly, say, for fear
Grief ere thou speaks, make me not hear.
Alas, as well I may
Call to flowers wither'd yesterday.
His beauties, O th'are gone;
His thousand graces none.
This, O ye gods, is this the due
Ye pay to men more just than you?
O dye Parthenia, nothing now remains
Of all thy Argalus, but his wounds and stains.

Too late, I now recall,
The gods foretold me this thy fall;
I grasp'd thee in my dream,
And loe thou meltd'st into a stream;
But when they will surprise,
They shew the fate, and blind the eyes.
Which wound shall I first kiss?
Here? there? or that? or this?
Why gave he not the like to me,
That wound by wound might answer'd be?
We would have joyntly bled, by griefs ally'd,
And drank each other's soul, and so have dy'd.

In silent groves below
Thy bleeding wounds thou now dost show;
And there perhaps to fame
Deliver'st up Parthenia's name;
Nor do thy loves abate.
O gods! O stars! O death! O fate!
But thy proud spoyler here
Doth thy snatch'd glories wear;
And big with undeserv'd success
Swels up his acts, and thinks fame less;
And counts my groans not worthy of relief,
O hate! O anger! O revenge! O grief!

Parthenia then shall live,
And something to thy story give.
Revenge inflame my breast
To send thy wand'ring spirit rest.
By our last tye, our trust,
Our one mind, our one faith I must:
By my past hopes and fears,
My passions, and my tears;
By these thy wounds (my wounds) I vow,
And by thy ghost, my griefe's god now,
I'l not revoke a thought. Or to thy tomb
My off'ring he, or I his crime will come.

ARIADNE DESERTED BY THESEUS,

AS SHE SITS UPON A ROCK IN THE ISLAND NAXOS, THUS COMPLAINS.

Theseus! O Theseus heark! but yet in vain,
Alas deserted I complain,
It was some neighbouring rock, more soft than he,
Whose hollow bowels pittied me,
And beating back that false, and cruell name,
Did comfort and revenge my flame.
Then faithless whither wilt thou fly?
Stones dare not harbour cruelty.

Tell me, you gods, who e'r you are,
Why, O why made you him so fair?
And tell me, wretch, why thou
Mad'st not thy self more true?
Beauty from him may copies take,
And more majestique heroes make,
And falshood learn a wile,
From him too, to beguile.
Restore my clew
'Tis here most due,
For 'tis a labyrinth of more subtile art,
To have so fair a face, so foul a heart.

The ravenous vulture tear his breast,
The rowling stone disturb his rest,
Let him next feel
Ixion's wheel,
And add one fable more
To cursing poets' store;
And then—yet rather let him live, and twine
His woof of daies, with some thred stoln from mine;
But if you'l torture him, how e'r,
Torture my heart, you'l find him there.

Till my eyes drank up his,
And his drank mine,
I ne'r thought souls might kiss,
And spirits joyn:
Pictures till then
Took me as much as men,
Nature and art
Moving alike my heart,
But his fair visage made me find
Pleasures and fears,
Hopes, sighs, and tears,
As severall seasons of the mind.
Should thine eye, Venus, on his dwell,
Thou wouldst invite him to thy shell,
And caught by that live jet
Venture the second net,
And after all thy dangers, faithless he,
Shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee.

The streames so court the yeelding banks,
And gliding thence ne'r pay their thanks;
The winds so wooe the flow'rs,
Whisp'ring among fresh bow'rs,
And having rob'd them of their smels,
Fly thence perfum'd to other cels.
This is familiar hate to smile and kill,
Though nothing please thee yet my ruine will.
Death, hover, hover o'r me then,
Waves, let your christall womb
Be both my fate, and tomb,
I'l sooner trust the sea, than men.

Yet for revenge to Heaven I'l call
And breath one curse before I fall,
Proud of two conquests Minotaure, and me,
That by thy faith, this by thy perjury,
Mayst thou forget to wing thy ships with white,
That the black sayl may to the longing sight
Of thy gray father, tell thy fate, and he
Bequeath the sea his name, falling like me:
Nature and love thus brand thee, whiles I dye
'Cause thou forsak'st, Ægeus 'cause thou drawest nigh.

And yet, O nymphs below who sit,
In whose swift flouds his vows he writ;
Snatch a sharp diamond from the richer mines,
And in some mirrour grave these sadder lines,
Which let some god convey
To him, that so he may
In that both read at once, and see
Those looks that caus'd my destiny.
In Thetis' arms I Ariadne sleep,
Drown'd first by my own tears, then in the deep;
Twice banished, first by love, and then by hate,
The life that I preserv'd became my fate;
Who leaving all, was by him left alone,
That from a monster freed himself prov'd one.

That then I——But look! O mine eyes
Be now true spies,
Yonder, yonder,
Comes my dear,
Now my wonder,
Once my fear,
See satyrs dance along
In a confused throng,
Whiles horns' and pipes' rude noise
Do mad their lusty joyes,
Roses his forehead crown,
And that recrowns the flow'rs,
Where he walks up and down
He makes the desarts bow'rs,
The ivy, and the grape
Hide, not adorn his shape.
And green leaves cloath his waving rod,
'Tis either Theseus, or some god.

NO DRAWING OF VALENTINES.

Cast not in Chloe's name among
The common undistinguish'd throng,
I'l neither so advance
The foolish raign of chance,
Nor so depress the throne
Whereon love sits alone:
If I must serve my passions, I'l not owe
Them to my fortune; ere I love, I'l know.

Tell me what god lurks in the lap
To make that councel, we call hap?
What power conveighs the name?
Who to it adds the flame?
Can he raise mutuall fires,
And answering desires?
None can assure me that I shall approve
Her whom I draw, or draw her whom I love.

No longer then this feast abuse.
You choose and like, I like and choose;
My flame is try'd and just,
Yours taken up on trust.
Hail thus blest Valentine,
And may my Chloe shine
To me and none but me, as I beleeve
We ought to make the whole year but thy eve.

TO LYDIA,

WHOM MEN OBSERV'D TO MAKE TOO MUCH OF ME.

I told you, Lydia, how 'twould be,
Though Love be blind, his priests can see;
Your wisdom that doth rule the wise,
And conquers more than your black eyes,
That like a planet doth dispense,
And govern by its influence
(Though to all else discreet you be)
Is blemish'd 'cause y'are fond of me.

Your manners like a fortress bar
The rough approach of men of war;
The king's and prince's servants you
Do use as they their scrivenors do;
The learned gown, the city ruffe,
Your husband too, scurvy enough:
But still with me you meet and close,
As if that I were king of those.

You say you ought howe'r to do
The same thing still; I say so too;
Let tongues be free, speak what they will,
Say our love's loud, but let's love still.
I hate a secret stifled flame,
Let yours and mine have voice, and name;
Who censure what twixt us they see
Condemn not you, but envy me.

Go bid the eager flame congeal
To sober ice, bid the Sun steal
The temper of the frozen zone
Till christall say, that cold's its own.
Bid Jove himself, whiles the grave state
Of Heaven doth our lots debate,
But think of Leda, and be wise,
And bid love have equall eyes.

View others Lydia as you would
View pictures, I'l be flesh and bloud;
Fondness, like beauty that's admir'd,
At once is censur'd and desir'd;
And they that do it will confess,
Your soul in this doth but digress;
But when you thus in passions rise,
Y' are fond to them, to me y'are wise.

TO CHLOE,

WHO WISH'D HER SELF YOUNG ENOUGH FOR ME.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they meet mine,
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine?
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births, the one when light
First strikes the new awak'ned sense;
The other when two souls unite;
And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in those souls did plant new pow'rs;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breath is his, not ours;
Love makes those young, whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that angell that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all,
None too much, none too little have;

Nay, that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do (like our souls) in one combine;
So by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor show'rs
Do make or cherish flow'rs;
Where discontented things in sadness lye,
And Nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes,
From which my better day doth rise,
Though some propitious pow'r
Should plant me in a bow'r,
Where amongst happy lovers I might see
How showers and sun-beams bring
One everlasting spring,
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me;
Nature her self to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honour's most.
Then fairest to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'l snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view agen:
So by this art fancy shall fortune cross;
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

NO PLATONIQUE LOVE.

Tell me no more of minds embracing minds,
And hearts exchang'd for hearts;
That spirits spirits meet, as winds do winds,
And mix their subt'lest parts;
That two unbodi'd essences may kiss,
And then, like angels, twist and feel one bliss.

I was that silly thing that once was wrought
To practise this thin love;
I climb'd from sex to soul, from soul to thought;
But thinking there to move,
Headlong I rowl'd from thought to soul, and then
From soul I lighted at the sex agen.

As some strict down-look'd men pretend to fast,
Who yet in closets eat;
So lovers who profess they spirits taste,
Feed yet on grosser meat;
I know they boast they soules to souls convey,
How e'r they meet, the body is the way.

Come, I will undeceive thee, they that tread
Those vain aëriall waies,
Are like young heyrs, and alchymists misled
To waste their wealth and daies,
For searching thus to be for ever rich,
They only find a med'cine for the itch.

LOVE BUT ONE.

See these two little brooks that slowly creep
In snaky windings through the plains,
I knew them once one river, swift and deep,
Blessing and blest by poets' strains.

Then touch'd with aw, we thought some god did
Those flouds from out his sacred jar, [powr
Transforming every weed into a flow'r,
And every flower into a star.

But since it broke it self, and double glides,
The naked banks no dress have worn,
And yon dry barren mountain now derides
These valleys, which lost glories mourn.

O Chloris! think how this presents thy love,
Which when it ran but in one streame,
We happy shepheards thence did thrive and prove,
And thou wast mine and all men's theme.

But since 't hath been imparted to one more,
And in two streams doth weakly creep,
Our common Muse is thence grown low, and poor,
And mine as lean as these my sheep.

But think withall what honour thou hast lost,
Which we did to thy full stream pay,
Whiles now that swain that swears he loves thee
Slakes but his thirst, and goes away? [most,

O! in what narrow waies our minds must move!
We may not hate, nor yet diffuse our love!

ABSENCE.

Fly, O fly, sad sigh! and bear
These few words into his ear;
"Blest where e'r thou dost remain,
Worthier of a softer chain,
Still I live, if it be true
The turtle lives that's cleft in two:
Tears and sorrows I have store,
But O! thine do grieve me more!
Dye I would, but that I do
Fear my fate would kill thee too."

CONSIDERATION.

Fool that I was, that little of my span
Which I have sinn'd until it stiles me man,
I counted life till now, henceforth I'l say,
'Twas but a drowzy lingring, or delay:
Let it forgotten perish, let none tell
That I then was, to live is to live well.
Off, then, thou old man, and give place unto
The ancient of daies! Let him renew
Mine age like to the eagle's, and endow
My breast with innocence, that he whom thou
Hast made a man of sin, and subt'ly sworn
A vassall to thy tyranny, may turn
Infant again, and having all of child,
Want wit hereafter to be so beguild;
O thou that art the way, direct me still
In this long tedious pilgrimage, and till
Thy voice be born, lock up my looser tongue,
He only is best grown that's thus turn'd young.

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF CHAUCER'S TROILUS AND CRESEIDE,

BY SIR FRANCIS KINASTON.

Pardon me, sir, this injury to your bayes,
That I who only should admire dare praise.
In this great acclamation to your name
I add unto the noise, though not the fame.
'Tis to your happy cares we ow, that we
Read Chaucer now without a dictionary;
Whose faithfull quill such constant light affords,
That we now read his thoughts, who read his words,
And though we know't done in our age by you,
May doubt which is the coppy of the two:
Rome in her language here begins to know
Laws yet untri'd proud to be fetter'd so;
And taught our numbers now at last, is thus
Grown Britaine yet, and owes one charge to us.
The good is common, he, that hetherto
Was dumb to strangers, and's own country too,
Speaks plainly now to all; being more our own,
Ev'n hence, in that thus made to aliens known.

A TRANSLATION OF

HUGO GROTIUS'S ELEGY ON ARMINIUS.

Arminius, searcher of truth's deepest part,
High soaring mind, pattern of quick-ey'd art;
Soul big with learning, taken from this blind
And dusky age, where ignorant mankind
Doth tremble hoodwink'd with uncertain night;
Thou now enjoy'st clear fields of blessed light,
And whether that the truth ows much to thee,
Or as by Nature's lot man cannot see [they
All things, in some part thou didst slip, (judge
Who have that knowing pow'r, that holy key)
Surely a frequent reader of that high
Mysterious book, engaged by no tye
To man's decrees, Heav'n knows thou gain'st from
A wary and a quiet conscience. [thence
Full both of rest and joy, in that blest seat
Thou find'st what here thou sought'st, and seest how great
A cloud doth muffle mortals, what a small,
A vain and empty nothing is that all
We here call knowledge, puff'd with which we men
Stalk high, oppress, and are oppress'd agen.
Hence do these greater wars of Mars arise,
Hence lower hatreds, mean while truth far flies,
And that good friend of holy peace disdains
To show her self where strife and tumult raigns:
Whence is this fury, whence this eager lust
And itch of fighting settled in us? Must
Our God become the subject of our war?
Why sides, so new, so many? Hath the tare
Of the mischievous enemy by night
Been scatter'd in Christ's fields? Or doth the spight
Of our depraved nature, prone to rage,
Suck in all kind of fuell, and engage
Man as a party in God's cause? Or ought
The curious world, whiles that it suffers nought
To lye obscure, and ransakes every room,
Block'd up from knowledge, justly feel this doom?
As that proud number when they thought to raise
Insolent buildings, and to reach new waies,
Spread into thousand languages, and flung
Off the old concord of their single tongue.
Alas! what's our intent, poor little flock,
Cull'd out of all the world? We bear the stock
Of new distractions daily, daily new,
Scoft by the Turk, not pittied by the Jew;
Happy sincere religion, set apart
As far from common faction, as from art;
Which being sure all staines are wash'd away
By Christ's large passion, boldly here doth lay
All hope and faith, believing that Just One
Bestoweth life, but payes confusion;
Whose practice being love, cares not to pry
Into the secrets of a mystery;
Not by an over-anxious search to know
If future things do come to pass or no
By a defined law; how God *wills* too,
Void of't himself, how not, how far our will
Is sweyed by its Mover, what strict laws
Exercis'd on it by the highest Cause:
And happy he, who free from all by-ends,
Gapes not for filthy lucre, nor intends
The noise of empty armour, but rais'd high
To better cares, minds Heaven; and doth try
To see and know the Deity only there
Where he himself discloseth; and with fear
Takes wary steps in narrow waies, led by
The clew of that good book that cannot ly;
Who in the midst of jars walks equall by
An even freedom mix'd with charity:
Whose pure refined moderation
Condemn'd of all, it self condemneth none;
Who keeping modest limits, now doth please
To speak for truth, now holds his tongue for peace;
These things in publike, these in private too,
These neer thine end, thou counsail'd'st still to do,
Arminius, when ev'n suffering decay
Under long cares, weary of further stay
In an unthankfull froward age, when found
Broke in that slighter part, i'th' better sound;
Thou wert enflam'd, and wholly bent to see
Those kingdoms unto thousands shewn by thee;
And thou a star now added to the seat
Of that thy Father's temple, dost entreat
God that he give us as much light as is fit
Unto his flock, and grant content with it;
That he give teachers, such as do not vent
Their private fancies; give a full consent
Of hearts, if not of tongues, and do away
By powerfull fire all dim and base alay
Of mixt dissentions, that Christ's city be
Link'd and united in one amity;
Breath all alike, and being free from strife,
To Heav'n make good their faith, to Earth their life.

MARTIAL, LIB. I. EPIG. LXVII.

AD FUREM DE LIBRO SUO.

Th'art out, vile plagiary, that dost think
A poet may be made at th' rate of ink,
And cheap-priz'd paper; none e'r purchas'd yet
Six or ten penniworth of fame or wit:
Get verse unpublish'd, new-stamp'd fancies look,
Which th' only father of the virgin book
Knows, and keeps seal'd in his close desk within,
Not slubber'd yet by any ruffer chin;

A book, once known, ne'r quits the author; if
Any lies yet impolish'd, any stiff,
Wanting its bosses, and its cover, do
Get that; I've such, and can be secret too.
He that repeats stoln verse, and for fame looks,
Must purchase silence too as well as books.

MARTIAL, LIB. VII. EPIG. LIX.

AD IOVEM CAPITOLINUM.

Thou swayer of the capitoll, whom we,
Whiles Cæsar's safe, believe a deity,
Whiles thee with wishes for themselves all tire,
And to be given, what gods can give, require,
Think me not proud, O Jove! 'cause 'mongst the rest
I only for my self make no request;
To thee I ought for Cæsar's wants alone
To make my sute, to Cæsar for my own.

IN POMPEIOS JUVENES.

Europe and Asia doth th' young Pompeys hold,
He lyes, if any where, in Lybian mould:
No wonder if in all the world they dwell;
So great a ruine ne'r in one place fell.

SI MEMINI FUERUNT.

Thou hadst four teeth, good Elia, heretofore,
But one cough spit out two, and one two more:
Now thou mayst cough all day, and safely too;
There's nothing left for the third cough to do.

MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. V.

IN MALEDICUM POETAM.

Who e'r vile slighter of the state, in more
Vile verse, hath libell'd those he should adore,
May he quite banish'd from the bridge and hill
Walk through the streets, and 'mongst hoarse beggars still
Reserv'd to the last even then entreat
Those mouldy harder crusts that dogs won't eat.
A long and wet December, nay, what's more,
Stewes shut against him, keep him cold and poor.
May he proclame those blest, and wish he were
One of the happy ones, upon the beer;
And when his slow houre comes, whiles yet alive,
May he perceive dogs for his carcass strive;
And moving's rags fright eager birds away:
Nor let his single torments in death stay;
But deep gash'd now by Æacus' whips, anon
Task'd with the restless Sisyphus his stone,
Then 'mongst the old blabbers waters standing dry,
Weary all fables, tire all poetry,
And when a fury bids him on truth hit,
Conscience betraying him, cry out, I writ.

MARTIAL LIB. II. EP. XIX.

IN LUPUM.

You gave m' a mannour, Lupus, but I till
A larger mannour in my window still.
A mannour call you this? where I can prove
One sprig of rew doth make Diana's grove?
Which a grashopper's wing hides? and a small
Emmet in one day only eats down all?
An half-blown rose-leaf circles it quite round,
In which our common grass is no more found,
Than Cosmus' leaf? or unripe pepper? where
At the full length cann't lye a cucumber,
Nor a whole snake inhabit? I'm afraid
'Tis with one worm, one earewick overlaid;
The sallow spent the gnat yet dies, the whole
Plot without charge is tilled by the mole,
A mushroome cannot open, nor fig grow,
A violet doth find no room to blow,
A mouse laies waste the bounds, my bayliff more
Doth fear him than the Caledonian bore;
The swallow in one claw takes as she flies
The crop entire, and in her nest it lies;
No place for half Priapus, though he do
Stand without syth, and t'other weapon too;
The harvest in a cockleshell is put,
And the whole vintage turn'd up in a nut:
Truly but in one letter, Lupus, thou
Mistaken wert, for when thou didst bestow
This mead confirm'd unto me by thy seal,
I'd rather far th'hadst given me a meal.

HORAT. CARM. LIB. IV. ODE XIII.

AUDIVERE LYCE.

My prayers are heard, O Lyce, now
They're heard; years write thee ag'd, yet thou,
Youthfull and green in will,
Putt'st in for handsome still,
And shameless dost intrude among
The sports and feastings of the young.

There, thaw'd with wine, thy ragged throat
To Cupid shakes some feeble note,
To move unwilling fires,
And rouse our lodg'd desires,
When he still wakes in Chia's face,
Chia, that's fresh, and sings with grace.

For he (choice god) doth, in his flight
Skip sapless oaks, and will not light
Upon thy cheek, or brow,
Because deep wrinkles now,
Gray hairs, and teeth decayed and worn,
Present thee fowl, and fit for scorn.

Neither thy Coan purples lay,
Nor that thy jewels native day
Can make thee backwards live,
And those lost years retrive
Which winged time unto our known
And publike annals once hath thrown.

Whither is now that softness flown?
Whither that blush, that motion gone?
Alas, what now in thee
Is left of all that she,

That she that loves did breath and deal?
That Horace from himself did steal?

Thou wert a while the cry'd-up face,
Of taking arts, and catching grace,
My Cynara being dead;
But my fair Cynara's thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw
Till thou contest with th' aged daw.

That those young lovers, once thy prey,
Thy zealous eager servants, may
Make thee their common sport,
And to thy house resort
To see a torch that proudly burn'd
Now into colder ashes turn'd.

TO MR. THOMAS KILLEGREW,

ON HIS TWO PLAYES, THE PRISONERS, AND CLARACILLA.

WORTHY SIR,

Manners and men transcrib'd, customes express'd,
The rules and laws dramatique not transgress'd,
The points of place and time observ'd and hit,
The words to things, and things to persons fit,
The persons constant to themselves throughout,
The machin turning fire not forc'd about,
As wheels by wheels, part mov'd and urg'd by part;
And choice materials work'd with choicer art;
Those though at last begg'd from long sweat and toyl,
Fruits of the forge, the anvill, and the file,
Snatch reverence from our judgements; and we do
Admire those raptures with new raptures too.
But you whose thoughts are extasies; who know
No other mould but that you'l cast it so;
Who in an even web rich fancies twist,
Your self th' Appollo, to your self the priest;
Whose first unvext conceptions do come forth,
Like flowers with kings' names, stamp'd with native worth;
By art unpurchas'd make the same things thought
Far greater when begot, than when they're taught,
So the ingenuous fountain clearer flows,
And yet no food besides it's own spring knows.
Others great gathering wits there are, who, like
Rude scholers, steal this posture from Van Dick,
That hand or eye from Titian, and do than
Draw that a blemish was design'd a man;
(As that which goes in spoyl and theft we see
For the most part comes out impropriety)
But here no small stoln parcels slyly lurk,
Nor are your tablets such Mosaique work,
The web, and woof, are both your own, the peece
One, and no sailing for the art, or fleece;
All's from your self, unchalleng'd all, all so,
That breathing spices do not freer flow;
No thrifty spare or manage of dispence,
But things hurl'd out with gracefull negligence;
A generous cariage of unwrested wit;
Expressions like your manners freely fit;
No lines that wrack the reader with such guess,
That some interpret oracles with less;
Your writings are all crystall, such as do
Please criticks' palats without criticks too;
You have not what diverts some men from sense,
Those two mysterious things Greek and pretence;
And happily you want those shadows, where
Their absence makes your graces seem more clear.
Nor are you he whose vow wears out a quill,
In writing to the stage, and then sits still;
Or as the elephant breeds (once in ten years,
And those ten years but once) with labour bears
A secular play. But you go on, and show,
Your vein is rich, and full, and can still flow:
That this doth open, not exhaust your store;
And you can give yet two, and yet two more:
Those great eruptions of your beams do say
When other's suns are set you'le have a day;
And if men's approbations be not lot,
And my prophetique bayes seduce me not;
Whiles he who strains for swelling scenes, lyes dead,
Or only prais'd, you shall live prais'd and read.
Thus trusting to your self you raign; and do
Prescribe to others, because none to you.

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE KING'S FOURTH CHILD.

1636.

Now that your princely birth, great queen, 's so shown,
That both years may well claim it as their own,
That by this early budding we must hate
Times past, and think the spring fell out too late,
Corrected now by you; We æmulous too [you.
Bring forth, and with more pangs perhaps than
Our birth takes life and speech at once, whom we
Have charged here to want no dictionary:
The former tongue's as harty, and as true:
But that's your court's, this only meant to you.

TO THE QUEEN ON THE SAME;

BEING THE PREFACE BEFORE THE ENGLISH VERSES SENT THEN FROM OXFORD.

Blest lady, you, whose mantle doth divide
The flouds of time swelling on either side,
Your birth so clos'd the past, yet came so true
A ciment to that year that did ensue,
That Janus did suspect Lucina, lest
She might entrench, and his become her feast;
Whiles you may challenge one day, and we do
Make time have now two daughters, truth and you. [saw
You bring forth now, great queen, as you fore-
An antiquation of the salique law;
Y' have shewn once more a child, whose ev'ry part
May gain unto our realm a severall heart,
So given unto your king, so fitly sent,
As we may justly call't your complement.
O for an angell here to sing, we do
Want such a voice, nay such a ditty too:
This cradle too's an altar, whiles that one
Birth-time combines the manger and the throne;
The very nurse turns priestess, and we fear
Will better sing than some grave poets here.
For now that royall births do come so fast,
That we may fear they'l commons be at last,
And yet no plague to cease, no star to rise,
But those two twin-fires only of her eyes;
Wits will no more compose, but just rehearse,
And turn the pray'r of thanks into a verse;

Some, their own plagiaries, will be read
In th' elder statue with a younger head[1];
Or, to bear up perhaps a yeelding fame,
New torture old words into chronogram:
And there may be much concourse to this quill,
For silenc'd preachers have most hearers still.
But what dares now be barren, when our queen
Transcrib'd is in her second coppy seen?
Nor is the father left out there; we may
Say those small glasses snatch him ev'ry way;
Which to doo mutually-represent
Themselves, as element doth element;
Whiles here, there, yonder, all in all are shown,
Casting each other's beauties, and their own.
Your sons, great sir, may fix your scepter here,
But 'tis this sex must make you raign elsewhere;
And though they all be shafts, 'twill yet be found
These, though the weaker, make the deeper wound.
Come shee-munition then, and thus appease
All claim, and be the Venus of your seas:
And henceforth look we not t' espy from far
A guiding light; this be your navie's star.

THE CONCLUSION TO THE QUEEN.

And now perhaps you'l think a book more fit,
That like your infant's soul, shows nothing writ.
Yet deem not all our heart spred in this noise;
The book would swell should we but print blank joyes:
For we have some that only can rehearse
In prose, whom age, and christmas weans from [verse;
All cannot enter these poetique lists;
This swath's above the fillets of some priests,
And you're so wholly happy, that our wreath
Must proclame blessings only, not bequeath.

TO MRS. DUPPA,

SENT WITH THE PICTURE OF THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER (HER HUSBAND) IN A SMALL PIECE OF GLASS.

A shape for temple windows fit,
Y' have in half a quarrell writ,
As temples are themselves in spots,
And fairer cities throng'd in blots.
Though't fill the world as it doth run,
One drop of light presents the Sun;
And angels, that whole nations guide,
Have but a point where they reside.
Such wrongs redeem themselves, thus we confess
That all expressions of him must be less.

Though in those spots the bounded sense
Cannot deny magnificence,
Yet reaching minds in them may guess
Statues, and altars, pyles and press;
And fancy seeing more than sight,
May powre that drop to floods of light,
And make that point of th' compass foot
Round, round into a center shoot;
The piece may hit to you then, though't be small,
True love doth find resemblances in all.

[1] Marcellus was accused for taking off Augustus his head, and putting the head of Tiberius upon the same statue.

By conquer'd pencils 'tis confess'd
His actions only draw him best,
Actions that, like these colours, from
The trying fire more beamy come.
Yet may he still like this appear
At one just stand: Let not the year
Imprint his brow as it doth run,
Nor known when out, nor when begun;
How ere the shade be, may the substance long
Confirm't, if right, confute it, if't be wrong.

I was about to say,
Ill omens be away,
All beasts that age and art unlucky stile
Keep from his sight a while;
Let no sad bird from hollow trees dare preach,
Nor men, that know less, teach;
And to my self; do you not write,
The whole year breaks in this daie's light;
But I am bid blame fancy, free the thing,
To solid minds these trifles no fears bring.

I was about to pray,
The year's good in this day;
That fewer laws were made, and more were kept,
The church by church men swept;
No reall innovations brought about,
To root the seeming out;
And justice giv'n, not forc'd by those
Who know not what they do oppose,
But I am taught firme minds have firmly stood,
And good-wils work for good unto the good.

I was about to chide
The people's raging tide,
And bid them cease to cry the bishops down
When aught did thwart the town,
Wish 'em think prelates men, till we did know
How it with saints would go;
But I conceiv'd that pious minds
Drew deepest sleeps in storms and winds;
And could from tempests gain as quiet dreams
As shepheards from the murmur of small streams.

And you, my lord, are he
Who can all wishes free,
Whose round and solid mind knows to create
And fashion your own fate;
Whose firmness can from ills assure success
Where others do but guess;
Whose conscience holy calms enjoys
'Midst the loud tumults of state-noise;
Thus gather'd in your self, you stand your own,
Nor rais'd, by giddy changes, nor cast down.

And though your church do boast
Such (once thought pious) cost,
That for each month it shows a severall door,
You yet do open't more;
Though windows equal weeks, you giv't a day
More bright, more clear than they;
And though the pillers which stand there
Sum up the many hours of th' year,
The strength yet, and the beauty of that frame
Lies not in them so much as in your name.

A name that shall in story
Out-shine even Jewel's glory,
A name allowed by all as soon as heard,
At once both lov'd and fear'd,
A name above all praise, that will stand high
When fame it self shall dye,

Whiles thus your mind, pen, shape, and fit,
Times to your vertues will submit,
And manners unto times, may Heaven bless thus
All seasons unto you, and you to us.

TO THE KING, ON THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

MARCH 17, 1636.

GREAT SIR,

SUCCESS to your royal self, and us.
We're happy too, in that you're happy thus.
For where a link'd dependence doth states bless,
The greater fortune doth still name the less.
Can we be losers thought, when, for a ray
Or two substracted, we've receiv'd a day?
When Heaven, for those few peeces of our ore
It took, sends in the elixar to our store?
And (mighty sir) one grain of yours cast in
Turns all our drossie copper and our tin,
Hatching to gold those metals which the Sun
It self despair'd and only left begun.
'Tis then disloyall envy to repine,
W'ave lost some bullion, but have gain'd a mine.
If scepters may have eyes (as 'tis not much
Amiss to grant them eyes whose fore-sight's such)
This birth so soveraign, scattering health each where,
May well be stil'd your scepter's balsom tear:
Witness that grief your queen did late endure,
Blest be that pitty which doth weep and cure.
Your issue shews you now as in due space
Five glasses justly distant would your face,
Where one still flowing beam illustrates all,
Though by degress the light doth weaker fall;
And we thus seeing them shall think we've spi'd
Your majesty but five times multiplyed;
And this proportion'd order makes each one
Only a severall step unto your throne;
Link thus receiving link, may not we men
Say that the golden chain's let down agen?
Which by a still succeeding growth doth guide
Unto that chair where the chain's head is ty'd?
The're than your self less coppi'd; for as some
By pass, as 'twere, do send each vertue home
Unto the cause, and call it that; so we
Reducing brooks to seas, fruit to the tree,
Conclude that these are you; who, when they grow
Up to a ripeness, with such vertues show,
That they'l be our example, our rule too;
For they hereafter must do still as you.
Be they then so receiv'd: tis others' lot
To have laws made, yours (great sir) are begot.

TO THE QUEEN.

AND something too (great queen) I was about
For you, but as it stuck and would not out
(For we, who have not wit propitious, do
Travell with verse, and feel our brain-pangs too)
A nest of Cupids hov'ring in one bright
Cloud did surprise my fancy, and my sight;
This flock hedg'd in her cradle, and she lay
More gratious, more divine, more fresh than they;
Each view'd her eyes, and in her eyes were shown
Darts far more pow'rfull, though less, than their own.
"These Venus' eyes (saies one) these are
Our mother's sparkes, but chaster far;
And Thetis' silver feet are these,
The father sure is lord o'th' seas."
" Fair one (saith this) we bring you flowers,
The garden one day shall be yours;
Wear on your cheeks these, when you do
Venture at words you'l speak 'em too."
" That veyl that hides great Cupid's eyes
(Saith that) must swath her as she lies:
For certain 'tis that this is she
Who destin'd is to make Love see.
Let's pull our wings, that we may drown
Her gracefull limbs in heavenly down;
But they so soft are, that I fear
Feathers will make impressions there.
May she with love and aw be seen,
Whiles every part presents a queen,
And think when first shee sees her face,
Her mother's got behind the glass."

This said, a stately maid appear'd, whose light
Did put the little archers all to flight;
Her shape was more than humane, such I use
To fancy the most fair, the most chaste Muse;
And now by one swift motion being neer
My side, she gently thus did pull mine ear,
" The emerit ancient warbling priests, and you
Nothing beyond collect, or ballad do,
Dare you salute a star without tri'd fire?
Or welcome harmony with an harsher quire?
Raptures are due." Great goddess, I leave then:
This subject only doth befit your pen.

UPON THE DRAMATICK POEMS OF

MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

THOUGH when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont e'r it did come forth,
Working again, untill he said 'twas fit,
And made him the sobriety of his wit;
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name,
"Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the spunge and pencill were his own;
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too;
Else we had lost his Shepheardess, a peece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece,
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as flouds of balsam meet.
Where dress'd in white expressions, sit bright Loves,
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves;
A piece, which Johnson in a rapture bid
Come up a glorifi'd work, and so it did.
Else had his Muse set with his friend; the stage
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age;
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where
Art, learning, wit, sit ruling in one sphere;
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;

Where in a worthy scorn he dares refuse
All other gods, and makes the thing his Muse;
Where he calls passions forth, and layes them so,
As spirits aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free author did what e'r he would,
And nothing will'd, but what a poet should.
No vast uncivill bulk swels any scene,
The strength's ingenuous, and the vigour clean;
None can prevent the fancy, and see through
At the first opening; all stand wondring how
The thing will be, until it is, which thence [sense;
With fresh delights still cheats, still takes the
The whole design, the shaddows, the lights such
That none can say he shews or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripened by just encrease,
And by as just degrees again doth cease.
The heats and minutes of affairs are watcht,
And the nice points of time are met, and snatcht;
Nought later than it should, nought comes before,
Chymists, and calculators do err more;
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,
The inward substance, and the outward face,
All kept precisely, all exactly fit,
What he would write, he was before he writ.
'Twixt Johnson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound, [found,
His Muse, so steer'd that something still was
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known.
Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And listning to them wish they were his own.
Thus welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit
Durst yet produce, that is, what Fletcher writ.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

FLETCHER, though some call it thy fault, that wit
So overflow'd thy scenes, that ere 'twas fit
To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull, that's write again,
And bate some of thy fire, which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame;
And after all (finding thy genius such)
That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much;
Added his sober spunge, and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit to make't exact:
Yet we through his corrections could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity,
Which was so fil'd away, as when we do
Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewell too;
Or as men use to wash gold, which we know
By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works severely sit,
And call thy store the over-births of wit,
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert superfluous that thy fruitfull pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one scene what might well serve a play;
And hence do grant, that what they call excess
Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide;
Much did inrich the stage, much flow'd beside.
For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd
As to observe the rules of art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born play, [tir'd
These works proclame, which thou didst write re-
From Beaumont, by none but thy self inspir'd;
Where we see 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy playes the lotteries of wit,
But like to Durer's pencill, which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew;
Thou know'st the air, the colour, and the place,
The symetry, which gives the poem grace:
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit, and mathematicks too;
Know'st were by line to spare, where to dispence,
And didst beget just comedies from thence;
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,
That they (their own Black-friers) unacted breath.
Johnson hath writ things lasting, and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,
Which burn, and reign in noble lovers' hearts,
Hast cloath'd affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their own true fires,
Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,
Such charms of language, such hopes mixt with fears,
Such grants after denials, such pursutes
After despair, such amorous recruits,
That some who sat spectators have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest,
And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd sense,
As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy stile wholly compos'd of groves,
Or the soft strains of shepheards and their loves;
When thou wouldst comick be, each smiling birth
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightfull wit,
Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which scene we laught most two shillings out.
Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I'th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,
Old fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In turn'd hose, which our fathers call'd the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceaness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comicall:
Nature was all his art, thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jest perplex'd,
But without labour clean, chaste and unvext.
Thou wert not like some, our small poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whose wit is pilfring, and whose vein and wealth
In poetry lies meerly in their stealth;
Nor did'st thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms,
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aspires.
Nor hadst thou the sly trick, thy self to praise
Under thy friends' names, or to purchase bayes
Didst write stale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Johnson's took:
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

BRIAN LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,

TUTOR TO THE PRINCE HIS HIGHNESS, MY MOST GRACIOUS PATRON,

many, and happy daies.

SYRINGUS, ERGASTUS.

SYRINGUS.

WHETHER so fast Ergastus! say
Doth Nysa, or Myrtilla stay,
To meet thee now at break of day?

ERGASTUS.

With love, Syringus, I have done,
'Tis duty now that makes me run,
To prevent the rising Sun.

SYRINGUS.

What star hath chill'd thy flames?
What cross hath made thy fires take others' names?

ERGASTUS.

Didst thou not last night hear
The dirge we sung to the departed year?
'Tis the daie's early prime
That gives new feet, and wings to aged time,
And I run to provide
Some rurall present to design the tide:

SYRINGUS.

But to whom this pious fear?
To whom this opening of the year?

ERGASTUS.

To him, that by Thames' flowry side,
Three kingdoms' eldest hopes doth guide,
Who his soft mind and manners twines,
Gently, as we do tender vines.
'Tis he that sings to him the course
Of light, and of the Sun's great force,
How his beams meet, and joyn with showers,
To awake the sleeping flowers;
Where hail and snow have each their treasures;
How wandring stars tread equall measures,
Ordered as ours upon the plain,
And how sad clouds drop down in rain;
He tels from whence the loud wind blows,
And how the bow of wonder shows
Colours mixt, as in a loome,
And where doth hang the thunder's womb;
How Nature then cloaths field and woods,
Heaps the high hills, and powrs out flouds;
And from thence doth make him run,
To what his ancesters have done,
Then gives some lesson, which doth say,
What 'tis to shear, and what to flea,
And shews at last, in holy song,
What to the temple doth belong;
What offering suits with every feast,
And how the altar's to be drest.

SYRINGUS.

Now violets prop his head,
And soft flowers make his bed,
These blessings he for us prepares,
The joyes of harvest crown his cares.

ERGASTUS.

He labours that we may
Not cast our pipes away;
That swords to plowsheares may be turn'd,
And neither folds, nor sheep-coats burn'd;
That no rude barbarous hands
May reap our well grown lands,
And that, sweet liberty being barr'd,
We not our selves become the heard;
Heaven bless him, and his books,
'Tis he must gild our hooks,
And for his charg's birth-sake, May
Shall be to me one holy day.

SYRINGUS.

Come, I'l along with thee, and joyn,
Some hasty gift to thine;
But we do pearls, and amber want,
And pretious stones are scant.
And how then shall we enter, where
Wealth ushers in the year?

ERGASTUS.

The berries of the misseltoe,
To him will orient show;
And the bee's bag as amber come
From the deep Ocean's womb;
And stones which murmuring waters chide,
Stopt by them as they glide,
If giv'n to him, will pretious grow;
Touch him, they must be so.

SYRINGUS.

I know a stream, that to the sight
Betraies smooth pebbles, black, and white;
These I'l present, with which he may
Design each cross and happy day.

ERGASTUS.

None, none at all of blacker hue,
Only the white to him are due,
For Heaven, among the reverend store
Of learned men, loves no one more.

SYRINGUS.

Two days ago
My deep-fleec'd ewe, should have her lamb let fall,
Which if 't be so,
I mean to offer't to him dam and all;
And humbly say
I bring a gift as tender as the day.

ERGASTUS.

Name not a gift,
Who e'r bestows, he still returns him more;
That's but our thrift
When he receives, he adds unto our store:
Let's altars trim,
Wishes are lambs, and kids, and flocks to him.

SYRINGUS.

Let's then the Sun arrest,
And so prolong our duties' feast,
Time will stay till he be blest.

ERGASTUS.

Wish thou to his charge, and then
I'l wish t' himself, and both agen,
Holy things to holy men.

SYRINGUS.

The unvext earth flowers to him bring,
And make the year but one great spring;

Let Nature stand, and serve, and wooe,
And make him prince of seasons too.

ERGASTUS.

And his learn'd guide, no difference know,
But find it one, to reap, and sow;
Be harvest all, and he appear
As soon i'th' soul, as in the ear.

SYRINGUS.

When his high charge shall rule the state
(Which Heaven saies shall be, but late)
Let him no thorns in manners find,
And in the many but one mind;
And plenty pay him so much bliss,
That's brother's sheafs bow all to his.

ERGASTUS.

And he that fits him for that seat,
May he figs from thistles[1] eat;
Like ears of corn let men obey,
And when he breaths, bend all one way;
And if that any dare contest,
Let his rod still devour the rest.

SYRINGUS.

Let rams change colour, and behold
Their fleeces purple dy'd, or gold;
For this the holy augur sayes,
Bodes unto kingdoms happy daies.

ERGASTUS.

And his blest guide like fortune win,
And die his flock too, but within;
And, where of scarlet they be full,
Wash he their souls as white as wooll.

SYRINGUS.

Let his great scepter discords part,
As once the staff made flouds forbear,
And let him by diviner art,
Those tempests into bulwarks rear;
As he who lead men through the deep,
As shepheards use to lead their sheep.

ERGASTUS.

And his rod sign the easie flocks,
By being plac'd but in their sight,
That all their young ones show their locks
Ringstreak'd, speck'd and mark'd with white;
As that learn'd man, who hazell pill'd,
And so by art his own flock fill'd.

SYRINGUS.

May his rich fleece drink dew, and lye
Well drench'd, though all the earth be dry.

ERGASTUS.

May his rod bud, and almonds show,
Though all the rest do barren grow.

SYRINGUS.

May he not have a subject look,
To please with murmuring, as the brook,
And let the serpent of the year
Not dare to fix his sharp teeth here.

ERGASTUS.

May his guide pull them out and so
Sow them that they never grow,

[1] Scotland.

Or if in furrows arm'd they spring,
Death to themselves their weapons bring.

SYRINGUS.

May he more lawrels bring to us,
Than he that set the calender thus,
New deeds of glory will appear,
And make his deeds round as the year.

ERGASTUS.

And may his blessed guide out-live
Years, and himself a new thread give;
And so his days still fresh transmit,
Doing as time, and conquering it.

SYRINGUS.

May vintage joys swell both their bowrs,

ERGASTUS.

And if they o'rflow, o'rflow on ours.

SYRINGUS.

O would that we, that we, such prophets were,
As he that slew the lyon and the bear.

ERGASTUS.

Credit thy self, our wishes must prove true,
Far meaner shepheards have ben prophets too.

The most faithfull honourer of
your lordship's vertues,
W. C.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

ALTHOUGH propriety be crost,
By those that cry't up most,
No vote hath yet pass'd to put down
The pious fires
Of good desires,
Our wishes are as yet our own.

Bless'd be the day then, 'tis new year's,
Nature's knows no such fears
As those which do our hearts divide,
In spight of force
Times keep their course,
The seasons run not on their side.

I send my (Muse) to one that knows
What each relation ows,
One who keeps waking in his breast
No other sense
But conscience,
That only is his interest.

Though to be moderate, in this time,
Be thought almost a crime,
That vertue yet is his so much,
That they who make
All whom they take
Guilty, durst never call him such.

He wishes peace, that publike good,
Dry peace, not bought with bloud,
Yet such as honour may maintain,
And such the crown
Would gladly own.
Wish o'er that wish to him again.

He wishes that this storm subside,
Hush'd by a turn of tide,
That one fix'd calm would smooth the main,
As winds relent
When furie's spent.
O wish that wish to him again.

The joys that solemn victories crown,
When we not slay our own,
Joys that deserve a generall song
When the day's gain'd
And no sword stain'd,
Press on and round him in a throng.

Thoughts rescue, and his danger kiss'd,
Being found as soon as miss'd,
Wish him not taken as before,
Hazard can ne'r
Make him more dear.
We must not fear so long once more.

Twist then in one most glorious wreath
All joys you can bequeath,
And see them on the kingdom thrown,
When there they dwell
He's pleas'd as well,
As if they sate on him alone.

Go, and return, and for his sake
Less noise and tumult make,
Than stars when they do run their rounds;
Though swords and spears
Late fill'd his eares,
He silence loves, or gentle sounds.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT TO A NOBLE LORD,

1640.

MY LORD,

THOUGH the distemp'red many cry they see
The missall in our liturgie:
The almanack that is before it set
Goes true, and is not popish yet.
Whiles therefore none indites
This feast of Roman rites,
Whiles as yet New-year in red paint,
Is not cry'd out on for a saint;
Presents will be no offrings, and I may
Season my duty safely with the day.

Now an impartiall court, deaf to pretence,
Sits like the kingdom's conscience,
While actions now are touch'd, and men are try'd,
Whether they can the day abide,
Though they should go about
To track offences out,
In deeds, in thoughts, without, within,
As casuists, when they search out sin;
When others shake, how safe do you appear,
And a just patriot know no private fear?

This you have gain'd from an unbiass'd breast,
Discharg'd of all self interest;
From square, and solid actions without flaw,
That will in time themselves grow law,
Actions that shew you mean
Nought to the common scene,
That you'l ne'r lengthen power by lust,
But shape and size it by your trust,
That you do make the church the main, no bye,
And chiefly mean what others but apply.

Were every light thus regular as you,
And to it's destin'd motions true,
Did some not shine too short, but reach about,
And throw their wholsome lustre out,
What danger then or fear,
Would seize this sacred sphere?
Who would impute that thriving art
That turns a charge into a mart?
We would enjoy, like you, a state confess'd
Happy by all, still blessing, and still bless'd.

But whether false suspicion, or true crimes
Provoke the sowreness of the times;
Whether't be pride, or glory call'd pride, all
Expect at least some sudden fall;
And seeing as vices, so
Their cures may too far go,
And want of moderation be
Both in the ill, and remedy,
So that perhaps to bar th' abuse of wine,
Their zeal may lead them to cut up the vine.

Pray'rs are our arms; and the time affords
On a good day be said good words;
Could I shape things to votes, I'd wish a calm
Soveraign, and soft as flouds of balm;
But as it is, I square
The vote to the affair,
And wish this storm may shake the vine,
Only to make it faster twine;
That hence the early type may be made good,
And our ark too, rise higher with the floud.

As then sick manners call forth wholsome laws,
The good effect of a bad cause,
So all I wish must settle in this sum,
That more strength from laxations come.
But how can this appear
To humour the new year?
When proper wishes, fitly meant,
Should breath his good to whom they're sent.
Y' have a large mind (my lord) and that assures,
To wish the publike good, is to wish yours.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT TO

BRIAN LORD BISHOP OF SARUM,

UPON THE AUTHOR'S ENTRING INTO HOLY ORDERS,

1638.

Now that the village-reverence doth lye hid,
As Ægypt's wisdom did,
In birds, and beasts, and that the tenant's soul,
Goes with his new-year's fowl:
So that the cock, and hen, speak more
Now than in fables heretofore;
And that the feather'd things,
Truly make love have wings;
Though we no flying present have to pay,
A quill yet snatch'd from thence may sign the day.

But being the canon bars me wit and wine,
Enjoyning the true vine,
Being the bayes must yeeld unto the cross,
And all be now one loss,
So that my raptures are to steal
And knit themselves in one pure zeal,

And that my each day's breath
Must be a dayly death;
Without all strain or fury, I must than
Tell you this new-year brings you a new man.

New, not as th' year, to run the same course o'r
Which it hath run before,
Lest in the man himself there be a round,
As in his humour's found,
And that return seem to make good
Circling of actions, as of bloud;
Motion as in a mill
Is busie standing still;
And by such wheeling we but thus prevaile,
To make the serpent swallow his own taile.

Nor new by solemnising looser toyes,
And erring with less noyse,
Taking the flag and trumpet from the sin,
So to offend within:
As some men silence loud perfumes,
And draw them into shorter rooms,
This will be understood
More wary, not more good.
Sins too may be severe, and so no doubt
The vice but only sowr'd, not rooted out.

But new, by th' using of each part aright,
Changing both step and sight,
That false direction come not from the eye,
Nor the foot tread awry,
That neither that the way aver,
Which doth tow'rd fame, or profit err,
Nor this tread that path, which
Is not the right, but rich;
That thus the foot being fixt, thus lead the eye,
I pitch my walk low, but my prospect high.

New too, to teach my opinions not t' submit
To favour, or to wit;
Nor yet to walk on edges, where they may
Run safe in broader way;
Nor to search out for new paths, where
Nor tracks nor footsteps doth appear,
Knowing that deeps are waies,
Where no impression staies,
Nor servile thus, nor curious, may I then
Approve my faith to Heaven, my life to men.

But I who thus present my self as new,
Am thus made new by you:
Had not your rayes dwelt on me, one long night
Had shut me up from sight;
Your beams exhale me from among
Things tumbling in the common throng,
Who thus with your fire burns
Now gives not, but returns;
To others then be this a day of thrift
They do receive, but you, sir, make the gift.

TO THE QUEEN,

AFTER HER DANGEROUS DELIVERY, 1638.

Though we could wish your issue so throng'd stood
That all the court were but one royall bloud;
Though your young jewels be of so much cost
That your least spark of light must not be lost,
But when t' your burthens Heaven not permits
Quiet, as husht as when the halcyon sits,
And that y'are thought so stored that you may spare
Some glories and allow blest saints a share;
Contentedly we suffer such a cross,
To endear the tablet by a copie's loss;
And (as in urgent tempests 'tis a taught
Thrift to redeem the vessell with a fraught)
We do half willing with the elixar part
To keep th' ælembick safe for future art;
Our treasure thus is shared by the birth.
Half unto Heaven, th' other half to Earth.
Came your escape as issue then, whiles we
Receive your safety as new progeny:
Be you from henceforth to us a new vow,
By vertues dear before, by danger now;
Well giv'n, and yet no narrowness of thrift,
What he is great, may be a second gift;
Thus when the best act's done, there doth remain
This only, to perform that act again.
See how your great just consort bears the cross,
Your safetie's gain makes him ore-see the loss;
So that although this cloud stand at the door,
His great designs go on as still before:
Thus stout Horatius being ready now
To dedicate a temple, and by vow
Settle religion to his God, although
'Twas told his child was dead, would not let go
The post o'th' temple, but unmov'd alone,
Bid them take care o'th' funerall, and went on.

UPON THE

BIRTH OF THE KING'S SIXTH CHILD,

1640.

GREAT MINT OF BEAUTIES,

Though all your royall burthens should come
Discharg'd by emanation, not by birth; [forth
Though you could so prove mother as the soul
When it doth most conceive without controule;
Though princes should so frequent from you flow
That we might thence say sun-beams issue slow;
Nay though those royal plants as oft should spring
From you as great examples from your king,
None would repine or murmur 'midst such store,
Think the throne's blessing made the kingdom poor;
Graines, which are singly rich, become not cheap
Because th' are many: such grow from the heap
Where five would each for number pass alone,
The sixth comes their improvement and its own.
We see the brothers' vertues, growing ripe
By just degrees, aspire to their great type;
We see the father thrive in them, and find
W'have heires, as to his throne, so to his mind;
This makes us call for more: The parent's bloud
Is great security they will be good.
And these your constant tributes to the state
Might make us stand up high, and trample fate;
We might grow bold from conscience of just good,
Had it the fortune to be understood;
But some that would see, dazzled with much light,
View only that which doth confound their sight:
Others, dark by design, do veyl their eyes,
For fear by their own fault they should grow wise,
And what they cannot miss, by chance should find,
In justice is, what justice should be, blind.
Yet our great guide, careless of common voice,
As good by nature, rather than by choice,

Sheds the same fruitfull influence still on all,
As constant show'rs on thankless desarts fall:
And like the unmov'd rock, though it doth hear
The murmurs of rude waves, whose rage breaks there;
He still gives living gems, and doth present
To froward nations wealth and ornament:
Some stones there are whose colours do betray
The face of Heaven, and that scene of day
That Nature shap'd them in, and thence come forth
Themselves th' ingenious records of their birth.
May then this pearl (great queen) now bred from you,
Congeal'd and fash'on'd of more heavenly dew,
Shew forth the temper of the present state,
And himself be to his own birth the date:
That as the solemn trumpet's publike blast
At the same time proclaim'd both war and fast,
He may devoutly valiant praying stand,
As th' ancient heroes, with a spear in's hand:
And mixing vows and fights in one consent,
Divide himself between the church and tent.
But if he be by milder influence born,
The son of peace; the rose without a thorne;
What once his grandsire's ripe designs did boast,
And now his serious father labours most,
He as a pledge sent to both nations, do;
And cement kingdoms now again call'd two.
And here some genius prompts me I shall see
Him make Greek fables British history;
And view now such a goddess that brought forth,
This floating island setled by the birth.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

THE LADY MARY TO THE PRINCE OF AURANGE HIS SON, 1641.

Amids such heat of business, such state throng,
Disputing right and wrong,
And the fierce justle of unclos'd affairs,
What mean those glorious pairs?
That youth? that virgin? those all drest?
The whole, and every face a feast?
Great omen, O ye powers,
May this your knot be ours;
Thus where cold things with hot did jar,
And dry with moyst made mutuall war,
Love from that mass did leap,
And what was but an heap,
Rude and ungather'd; swift as thought was hurl'd
Into the beauty of an ord'red world.

Go then into his arms, new as the morn,
Tender as blades of corn,
Soft as the wooll that nuptiall posts did crown,
Or the hallow'd quince's down,
That rituall quince which brides did eat
When with their bridegrooms they would treat;
Though you are young as th' hours,
Or this fresh month's first flowers,
Yet if love's priests can aught discern,
Fairest, you are not now to learn
What hopes, what sighs, what tears,
What joys are, or what fears;
Ere time to lower souls doth motion bring
The great break out, and of themselves take wing.
And you (great sir) 'mongst spears and bucklers
And by your father sworn [born,
To work the web of his designs compleat,
Yeeld to this milder heat,
Upon the same rich stock we know
Valour and love doth planted grow;
But love doth first inspire
The soul with his soft fire,
Chafing the breast for noble deeds,
Then in that seat true valour breeds;
So rocks first yeeld a tear,
Then gems that will not wear;
So oft the Grecian swords did first divide
The bridall cake, then pierce the enemy's side.

D' you see (or am I false) yond tender vine
Methinks on every twine
Tyaras, scepters, crowns, spoiles, trophies wears,
And such rich burdens bears;
Which hanging in their beautious shapes,
Adorn her boughs like swelling grapes.
But time forbids the rites
Of gath'ring these delights,
And only sighs allows till he
Hath better knit, and spread your tree;
Where union would last long
She fixeth in the yong;
And so grows up; great spirits with more love
Defer their joyes, than others do them prove.

But when her zone shall come to be untide,
And she be twice your bride,
When she shall blush, and straight wax pale, and
By turns do both agen; [then
When her own bashfulness shall prove
The second nonage to her love;
Then you will know what bliss
Angels both have and miss;
How souls do mix and take fresh growth,
In neither whole, and whole in both;
Pleasures that none can know
But such as have stay'd so;
We from long loves at last to Hymen send,
But princes' fires begin, where subjects' end.

TO THE CHANCELLOUR[1] *OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,*

THEN NEWLY CHOSEN, 1641.

When studies now are blasted, and the times
Place us in false lights, and see acts, as crimes:
When to heap knowledge, is but thought to fill
The mind with more advantage to do ill;
When all your honour'd brother's choice and store
Of learn'd remains, with sweat and charge fetch'd
Are thought but useless pieces; and some trust [o'r,
To see our schooles mingled with Alby-dust:
That now you dare receive us, and profess
Your self our patron; makes you come no less
Than a new founder; whiles we all alow,
What was defence before, is building now.
And this you were reserv'd for, set apart
For times of hazard, as the shield and dart
Laid up in store to be extracted thence,
When serious need shall ask some tri'd defence.

[1] Philip Herbert, earl Pembroke and Montgomery, chosen in room of Laud.

And who more fit to manage the gown's cause,
Than you whose even life may dare the laws?
And the law-makers too? in whom the great
Is twisted with the good, as light with heat?
What though your sadder cares do not profess,
To find the circle's squaring, or to guess
How many sands within a grain or two
Will fill the world? These speculations do
Steal man from man, you're he, that can suggest
True rules, and fashion manners to the best:
You can preserve our charters, from the wrong
Of th' untaught town, as far as now the tongue
Doth from their understanding; you can give
Freedome to men, and make that freedome live,
And divest hate, now, from the hated arts;
These are your great endowments, these your parts,
And 'tis our honest boast, when this we scan,
We give a title, but receive a man.

ON THE LADY NEWBURGH,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL POX.

I now beleeve that Heaven once shall shrink
Up like a shrivell'd scrole, and what we think,
Spread like a larger curtain, doth involve
The world's great fabric, shall at length dissolve
Into a sparing handfull, and to be
Only a shrowd for its mortality:
For her disease, blest soul, was but the same
Which alwaies raigneth in that upper frame;
And hearing of her fate, we boldly dare
Conclude that stars, sphears' thicker portions, are
Only some angry pimples, which foretel
That which at length must fall, now is not well.
But why think we on Heav'n, when she is gone,
Almost as rich and fair a mansion?
One who was good so young, that we from her
Against philosophy may well infer
That vertues are from Nature; that the mind
Like the first Paradise may unrefin'd
Boast native glories, and to art not ow
That aught by her it doth receive and show.
I may not call her woman, for she ne'r
Study'd the glass and pencill, could not swear
Faith to the lover, and when he was gone
The same unto the next, and yet keep none;
She could not draw ill vapours like the Sun,
And drop them down upon some yonger one.
Alas her mind was plac'd above these foul
Corruptions, still as high as now our soul:
Nor had she any thought that e'r did fear
The open test of the austerest ear:
For all of them were such as wretches we
May wish, not hope, for this felicity;
That when we think on Heaven we may find
Thoughts, like the worst of hers, burn in our mind.
Let not the ancient glory that they found
The chain of virtues, how they all were bound,
How met in one; we happier far did see
What they did either dream or prophesie:
For since that she is gone, where can we find
A pair of vertues met in all mankind?
Some one perhaps is chaste, another just,
A third is valiant, but we may not trust
To see them throng'd again, but still alone
As in a ring one spark, one precious stone.
I know some little beauty, and one grain
Of any vertue doth to others gain
The name of saint or goddess: but the grace
Of every limb in her, bright as the face,
Presenting chaster beauties, did conspire
Only to stile her woman: 'twas the fire
Of a religious mind that made her soar
So high above the sex. Her faith was more
Than others' stumbling blindness; only here
She was immodest, only bold to fear,
And thence adore: for she I must confess
'Mongst all her vertues had this one excess.
Forgive, thou all of goodness, if that I
By praising blemish, too much majesty
Injures it self: where art cannot express,
It veyls and leaves the rest unto a guess.
So where weak imitation failes, enshrowd
The awful Deity in an envious cloud;
Hadst thou not been so good, so vertuous,
Heaven had never been so covetous;
Each parcell of thee must away, and we
Not have a child left to resemble thee;
Nothing to shew thou wert, but what alone
Adds to our grief, thy ashes, or thy stone:
And all our glory only can boast thus,
That we had one made Heaven envy us;
I now begin to doubt whether it were
A true disease or no; we well may fear
We did mistake: the gods whom they'l bereave
Do blindfold first, then plausibly deceive;
The errour's now found out, we are beguil'd,
Thou wert enammel'd rather than defil'd.

ON MRS. ABIGALL LONG,

WHO DYED OF TWO IMPOSTUMES.

So to a stronger guarded fort we use
More batt'ring engines. Lest that death should lose
A nobler conquest, fates conspiring come
Like friendship payr'd into an union.
Tell me, you fatal sisters, what rich spoil,
What worthy honour, is it to beguile
One maid by two fates? while you thus bereave
Of life, you do not conquer, but deceive:
Methinks an old decay'd and worn-out face,
A thing that once was woman, and in grace,
One who each night in twenty boxes lies
All took asunder: one w' hath sent her eyes,
Her nose, and teeth, as earnests unto death,
Pawns to the grave till she resign her breath
And come her self, me thinks this ruine might
Suffice and glut the envy of you spight;
Why aim you at the fair? must you have one
Whose every limb doth show perfection?
Whose well compacted members' harmony
Speaks her to be Nature's orthography?
Must she appease your rage? Why then farewel,
All, all the vertue that on Earth did dwell.
Why do I call it vertue? 'tis dishonour
Thus to bestow that mortall little on her;
Something she had more sacred, more refin'd
Than vertue is, something above the mind
And low conceit of man, something which lame
Expression cannot reach, which wants a name
'Cause 'twas ne'r known before; which I express
Fittest by leaving it unto a guess;
She was that one, lent to the Earth to show
That Heaven's bounty did not only ow
Endowments unto age, that vertues were
Not to the staff confin'd, or the gray-hair;

One that was fit ev'n in her youth to be
An hearer of the best philosophy;
One that did teach by carriage; one whose looks
Instructed more effectually than books.
She was not taught like others how to place
A loose disordered hair: the comb and glass,
As curious trifles, rather made for loose
And wanton softness than for honest use,
She did neglect: no place left for the checks
Of carefull kindred; nothing but the sex
Was womanish in her; she drest her mind
As others do their bodies, and refin'd
That better part with care, and still did wear
More jewels in her manners than her ear;
The world she past through, as the brighter Sun
Doth through unhallowed stews and brothels run,
Untouch'd, and uncorrupted; sin she knew
As honest men do cheating, to eschew
Rather than practice; she might well have drest
All minds, have dealt her vertues to each brest,
Enrich'd her sex, and yet have still been one
Fit for th' amazed gods to gaze upon.
Pardon, thou soul of goodness, if I wrong
Thine ample vertues with a sparing tongue,
Alas. I am compell'd, speaking of thee,
To use one of thy vertues, modesty.
Blest virgin, but that very name which cals
Thee blest into an accusation fals;
Virgin is imperfection, and we do
Conceive increase to so much beauty due;
And alas beauty is no phœnix; why,
O why then would'st thou not vouchsafe to try
Those bonds of freedom, that when death did strike,
The world might show, though not the same, the like?
Why wert not thou stamp'd in another face,
That whom we now lament we might embrace?
That after thou hadst been long hid in clay
Thou might'st appear fresh as the early day,
And seem unto thy wond'ring kindred more
Young, although not more vertuous than before?
But I disturb thy peace, sleep then among
Thy ancestors deceas'd, who have been long
Lockt up in silence, whom thy carefull love
Doth visit in their urns, as if thou'dst prove
Friendship in the forgetfull dust, and have
A family united in the grave.
Enjoy thy death, blest maid, nay further do
Enjoy that name, that very little too;
Some use there is in ill; we not repine
Or grudge at thy disease; it did refine
Rather than kill; and thou art upwards gone,
Made purer even by corruption.
Whiles thus to fate thou dost resign thy breath,
To thee a birth-day 'tis, to us a death.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. POULTNEY.

True to himself and others, with whom both
Did bind alike a promise and an oath:
Free without art, or project; giving still
With no more snare, or hope, than in his will:
Whose mast'ring even mind so ballanc'd all
His thoughts, that they could neither rise nor fall:
Whose train'd desires ne'r tempted simple health,
Taught not to vex but manage compos'd wealth;
A season'd friend not tainted with design,
Who made these words grow useless Mine and Thine;
An equall master, whose sincere intents
Ne'r chang'd good servants to bad instruments:
A constant husband not divorc'd by fate,
Loving, and lov'd, happy in either state,
To whom the gratefull wife hath sadly drest
One monument here, another in her brest;
Poultney in both doth lye, who hitherto
To others liv'd, to himself only now.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST VERTUOUS

MRS. URSULA SADLEIR,

WHO DYED OF A FEVER.

Thou whitest soul, thou thine own day,
Not sully'd by the bodie's clay,
Fly to thy native seat,
Surrounded with this heat,
Make thy disease which would destroy thee
Thy chariot only to conveigh thee;
And while thou soar'st and leav'st us here beneath,
Wee'l think it thy translation, not thy death.

But with this empty feign'd relief
We do but flatter our just grief,
And we as well may say
That martyr dy'd that day,
Ride up in flames, whom we saw burn,
And into paler ashes turn;
Who's he that such a fate translation calls,
Where the whole body like the mantle falls?

But we beguile our sorrows so
By a false scene of specious woe;
Wee'l weigh, and count, and rate
Our loss, then grieve the fate.
Wee'l know the measure of her worth,
Then mete and deal our sadness forth:
And when the sum's made up, and all is clos'd,
Say Death undid what Love himself compos'd.

What morns did from her smiling rise?
What day was gather'd in her eyes?
What air? what truth? what art?
What musick in each part?
What grace? what motion? and what skil?
How all by manage doubled still?
Thus 'twixt her self and Nature was a strife,
Nature materials brought, but she the life.

The rose when't only pleas'd the sence,
Arm'd with no thorns to give offence,
That rose, as yet curse-free,
Was not more mild than she,
Clear as the tears that did bedew her,
Fresh as the flowers that bestrew her,
Fair while she was, and when she was not, fair;
Some ruines more than other buildings are.

Gardens parch'd up with heat do so
Her fate as fainter emblems show.
Thus incense doth expire;
Thus perfumes dye in fire;
Thus did Diana's temple-burn
And all her shrines to ashes turn.
As she a fairer temple far did waste
She that was far more goddess, and more chaste.

Returning thus as innocent
To Heav'n as she to Earth was lent,

Snatch'd hence e're she drank in
The taint of age and sin,
Her mind being yet a Paradise,
Free from all weeds of spreading vice,
We may conclude her feaver, without doubt
Was but the flaming sword to keep Eve out.

ON THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM THE LOW COUNTRIES.

Hallow the threshold, crown the posts anew,
The day shall have its due;
Twist all our victories into one bright wreath,
On which let honour breath;
Then throw it round the temples of our queen,
'Tis she that must preserve those glories green.

When greater tempests, than on sea before,
Receiv'd her on the shore,
When she was shot at *for the king's own good*,
By legions hir'd to bloud;
How bravely did she do, how bravely bear! [fear.
And shew'd, though they durst rage, she durst not

Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness;
A gather'd mind, and an untroubled face,
Did give her dangers grace;
Thus arm'd with innocence, secure they move,
Whose highest treason is but highest love.

As some bright star that runs a direct course,
Yet with another's force
Mixeth it's vertue in a full dispence
Of one joynt influence,
Such was her mind to th' king's, in all was done;
The agents diverse, but the action one.

Look on her enemies, on their godly lies,
Their holy perjuries,
Their curs'd encrease of much ill gotten wealth,
By rapine or by stealth,
Their crafty friendship knit by equall guilt,
And the crown-martyr's bloud so lately spilt.

Look then upon her self, beautious in mind,
Scarce angels more refin'd;
Her actions blanch'd, her conscience still her sway,
And that not fearing day;
Then you'l confess she casts a double beam,
Much shining by herself, but more by them.

Receive her then as the new springing light
After a tedious night:
As holy hermits do revealed truth,
Or Æson did his youth;
Her presence is our guard, our strength, our store,
The cold snatch some flames thence, the valiant more.

But something yet our holy priests will say
Is wanting to the day;
'Twere sin to let so blest a feast arise
Without a sacrifice:
True, if our flocks were full; but being all
Are gone, the many-headed beast must fall.

VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT VALIANT

SIR BEVILL GRENVILL, KNIGHT.

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side;
Not to take arms for love of change, or spight,
But only to maintain afflicted right,
Not to dye vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversly seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, dye, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, souldier and martyr too.

He might (like some reserved men of state,
Who look not to the cause, but to its fate)
Have stood aloof, engag'd on neither side,
Prepar'd at last to strike in with the tide:
But well-weigh'd reason told him, that when law
Either's renounc'd, or misapply'd by th' awe
Of false-nam'd patriots, that when the right
Of king and subject is suppress'd by might;
When all religion either is refus'd
As mere pretence, or meerly as that us'd;
When thus the fury of ambition swells,
Who is not active, modestly rebels.
Whence in a just esteem to church and crown,
He offered all, and nothing thought his own:
This thrust him into action, whole and free,
Knowing no interest but loyalty;
Not loving arms as arms, or strife for strife;
Nor wastfull, nor yet sparing of his life;
A great exactor of himself, and then,
By fair commands, no less of other men;
Courage and judgement had their equal part,
Counsell was added to a generous heart;
Affairs were justly tim'd, nor did he catch
At an affected fame of quick dispatch;
Things were prepar'd, debated, and then done,
Not rashly broke, or vainly overspun;
False periods no where by design were made,
As are by those that make the war their trade;
The building still was suited to the ground,
Whence ev'ry action issu'd full and round.
We know who blind their men with specious lyes,
With revelations and with prophesies,
Who promise two things to obtain a third,
And are themselves by the like motives stirr'd.
By no such engins he his souldiers draws,
He knew no arts but courage, and the cause:
With these he brought them on as well train'd men,
And with those two he brought them off agen.

I should I know track him through all the course
Of his great actions, show their worth and force;
But although all are handsome, yet we cast
A more intentive eye still on the last.

When now th' incensed legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:
When undeserv'd success urg'd on their force;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Greenvill must step in; then Greenvill stood,
And with himself oppos'd, and check'd the floud.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'rcomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work't like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Souldier encourag'd souldier, man urg'd man,
And he urg'd all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the but, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul this while retir'd from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, ply'd hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yeeld,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the field.

Thus he being fall'n, his action fought anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living slew.
This was not nature's courage, not that thing
We valour call, which time and reason bring;
But a diviner fury fierce and high,
Valour transported into extasie,
Which angels looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.
You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Shew us his second, and wee'l give the day:
We know your politique axiom, lurk, or fly;
Ye cannot conquer, 'cause you dare not dye:
And though you thank God that you lost none there,
'Cause they were such who liv'd not when they were;
Yet your great generall (who doth rise and fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispence,
Either a ——— or his excellence)
Howe'r he reigns now by unheard of laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name.
Whose life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoyls, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done, retreat:
And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my fall.

ON A VERTUOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN THAT DYED SUDDENLY.

When the old flaming prophet climb'd the sky,
Who, at one glympse, did vanish, and not dye,
He made more preface to a death, than this,
So far from sick, she did not breath amiss:
She who to Heaven more Heaven doth annex:
Whose lowest thought was above all our sex,
Accounted nothing death, but t' be reprieve'd,
And dyed as free from sickness as she liv'd.
Others are dragg'd away, or must be driven,
She only saw her time and stept to Heaven;
Where seraphims view all her glories o'r
As one return'd, that had been there before.
For while she did this lower world adorn,
Her body seem'd rather assum'd than born;
So rarifi'd, advanc'd, so pure and whole,
That body might have been another's soul;
And equally a miracle it were
That she could dye, or that she could live here.

ON

THE DEATH OF THE MOST VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS. ASHFORD,

WHO DYED IN CHILD-BED.

So when the great elixar (which a chast
And even heat hath ripened) doth at last
Stand ready for the birth, th' alembick's womb
Not able to discharge, becomes its tomb;
So that that studied stone is still art's cross,
Not known by its vertue so much as his loss,
And we may think some envious fates combine
In that one ounce to rob us of a mine;
And can our grief be less, whiles here we do
Lose not the stone, but the alembick too?
When death converts that hatching heat to cold,
And makes that dust, which should make all else gold.
If souls from souls be kindled as some sing,
That to be born and light'ned is one thing;
And that our life is but a tender ray
Snatch'd by the infant from the mother's day;
And if the soul thus kindled must have been
The framer of the body, the soul's inn;
Our loss is doubled then, for that young flame
Flowing from hers, must have been for the same,
As to have cast such glories, show'n such seeds,
Spread forth such matchless vertues, done such deeds,
Moulded such beautious limbs, that we might see
The mother in each grace, and think that she
Was but reflected, whiles her shape did pass
As the snatch'd likeness doth into a glass,
Which now in vain we look for, for our streams
Of light are but the dawning of her beams;
'Twas not her lot to lay up deeds, and then
Twist them into one vertue as some men
Do hoord up smaller gains, and when they grow
Up to a sum, into one purchase throw;
Her mind came furnish'd in, did charg'd appear,
As trees in the creation, vertues were
Meer natures unto her; nor did she know
Those signs of our defects, to bud and grow;
Goodness her soul, not action, was; and she
Found it the same to do well and to be;
So perfect that her speculation might
Have made her self the bound of her own sight;
And her mind thus her mind contemplating
In brief at once have been the eye and thing.
Her body was so pure that Nature might
Have broke it into forms: that buriall rite
Was here unfit, for it could not be said
"Earth unto earth, dust unto dust was laid;"
All being so simple that the quickest sight
Did judge her limbs but so much fashion'd light;
Her eyes so beamy, you'ld have said the Sun
Lodg'd in those orbs when that the day was done;
Her mouth that treasure hid, that pearls were blots
And darkness, if compar'd, no gems but spots.
Her lips did like the cherub's flames appear,
Set to keep off the bold for coming there.
Her bosome such that you would guess 'twas this
Way that departed souls pass to their bliss.
Her body thus perspicuous, and her mind
So undefil'd, so beautious, so refin'd,
We may conclude the lilly in the glass
An emblem, though a faint one, of her was.
What others now count qualities and parts
She thought but complements, and meer by-arts,
Yet did perform them with as perfect grace
As they who do arts among vertues place.
She dancing in a cross perplexed thread
Could make such labyrinths, that the guiding thread
Would be it selfe at loss, and yet you'ld swear
A star mov'd not so even in its sphere;
No looser flames but raptures came from thence,
Her steps stirr'd meditations up, and sense
Resign'd delights to reason, which were wrought
Not to enchant the eye, but catch the thought.
Had she but pleas'd to tune her breath, the winds
Would have been hush'd and list'ned, and those minds

Whose passions are their blasts, would have been
As when the halcyon sits: so that her skill [still,
Gave credit unto fables, whiles we see,
Passions like wilder beasts thus tamed be.
Her very looks were tune, we might descry
Consort, and judge of music by the eye:
So that in others that which we call fair,
In her was composition and good air.
When this I tell, will you not hence surmise
Death hath got leave to enter Paradise?
But why do I name death? for as a star
Which e'rewhile darted out a light from far,
Shines not when neer the brighter Sun; she thus
Is not extinct, but does lie hid to us.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD BAYNING.

So where an hasty vigour doth disclose
An early flame in the more froward rose,
That rareness doth destroy it: wonders owe
This to themselves still, that they cannot grow.
Such ripeness was his fate: thus to appear
At first, was not hereafter to stay here.
Who thither first steps, whither others tend,
When he sets forth is at the journie's end.
But as short things most vigour have, and we
Find force the recompence of brevity;
So was it here: compactedness gave strength,
The like was close, though not spun out at length.
Nothing lay idle in't: experience rules,
Men strengthened books, and cities season'd schools.
Nor did he issue forth to come home thence,
(As some) less man, than they go out from hence;
Who think new air new vices may create,
And stamp sin lawful in another state;
Who make exotick customes native arts,
And loose Italian vices English parts:
He naturaliz'd perfections only; gain'd
A square and solid mind; severely train'd
And manag'd his desires, brought oft checkt sense
Unto the sway of reason, coming thence
His own acquaintance, morgag'd unto none,
But was himself his own possession.
Thus stars by journeying still, gain, and dispence,
Drawing at once, and shedding influence;
Thus spheres by regular motion do encrease
Their tunes, and bring their discords into peace.
Hence knew he his own value, ne'r put forth
Honour for merit; pow'r instead of worth,
Nor, when he poyz'd himself, would he prevaile
By wealth, and make his mannors turn the scale:
Desert was only ballanc'd, nor could we
Say my lord's rents were only weight, not he.
Only one slight he had, from being small
Unto himself, he came great unto all.
But great by no man's ruine; for who will
Say that his seat e'r made the next seat ill?
No neighb'ring village was unpeopled here
'Cause it durst bound a noble eye too near.
Who could e'r say my lord and the next marsh
Made frequent heriots? or that any harsh
Oppressive usage made young lives soon fall?
Or who could his seven thousand bad air call?
He blessings shed: men knew not to whom more,
The Sun, or him, they might impute their store.
No rude exaction, or licentious times,
Made his revenues others, or his crimes;
Nor are his legacies poor-men's present tears,
Or do they for the future raise their fears:
No such contrivance here, as to profess
Bounty, and with large miseries feed the less;
Fat some with their own alms; bestow, and pill;
And common hungers with great famine fill,
Making an hundred wretches endow ten,
Taking the field, and giving a sheaf then;
As robbers whom they've spoyl'd perhaps will lend
Small sums to help them to their journies end.
All was untainted here, and th' author such
That every gift from him grew twice as much.
We, who e're while did boast his presence, do
Now boast a second grace, his bounty too;
Bounty was judgement here: for he bestows,
Not who disperseth, but who gives and knows.
And what more wise design, than to renew,
And dress the brest from whence he knowledge drew;
Thus pious men, e're their departure, first [thirst.
Would crown the fountain that had quench'd their
Hence strive we all his memory to engross,
Our common love before, but now our loss.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST HOPEFULL,

THE LORD STAFFORD. 1640.

Must then our loves be short still? must we choose
Not to enjoy, only admire and lose?
Must axioms hence grow sadly understood,
And we thus see 'tis "dangerous to be good?"
So books begun are broken off, and we
Receive a fragment for an history:
And as 'twere present wealth, which was but debt,
Lose that of which we were not owners yet.
But as in books that want the closing line,
We only can conjecture and repine:
So we must here too only grieve, and guess,
And by our fancy make what's wanting less.
Thus when rich webs are left unfinished,
The spider doth supply them with his thread;
For tell me, what addition can be wrought
To him whose youth was ev'n the bound of thought?
Whose buddings did deserve the robe, whiles we
In smoothness did the deeds of wrinkles see?
When his state nonage might have been thought fit
To break the custome, and allow'd to sit;
His actions veil'd his age, and could not stay,
For that which we call ripeness and just day.
Others may wait the staff and the gray hair,
And call that wisdom which is only fear;
Christen a coldness, temp'rance, and then boast
Full and ripe vertues when all action's lost:
This is not to be noble, but be slack,
And to be good only by th' almanack;
He who thus staies the season and expects,
Doth not gain habits, but disguise defects.
Here Nature outstrip'd culture, he came try'd,
Streight of himself at first, not rectifi'd;
Manners so pleasing and so handsome cast,
That still that overcame which was seen last;
All minds were captiv'd thence, as if 't had been
The same to him to have been lov'd and seen;
Had he not been snatch'd thus, what drove hearts
Into his nets would have driv'n cities too: [now
For these his essays which began to win
Were but bright sparks that show the mine within;

Rude draughts unto the picture, things we may
Stile the first beams of the encreasing day;
Which did but only great discoveries bring,
As outward coolness shows the inward spring;
Had he then liv'd; pow'r ne'r had been thought
That could not crush, taught only to support. [short
No poor-man's sighs had been the lord's perfumes,
No tenants nakedness had hung his rooms,
No tears had sow'rd his wines, no tedious-long-
Festivall-service been the countri's wrong;
A wretch's famine had been no dish then,
Nor greatness thought to eat no beasts, but men;
Nor had that been esteem'd a politic grace
When sutors came to show a serious face;
Or when an humble cosen did pass by,
Put saving bus'ness in his frugall eye;
Things of injustice then and potent hate
Had not been done for th' profit of the state;
Nor had it been the privilege of high bloud
To back their injuries with the kingdoms good:
Servants and engines had been two things then,
And difference made 'twixt instruments and men.
Nor were his actions to content the sight,
Like artist's pieces plac'd in a good light
That they might take at distance, and obtrude
Something unto the eye that might delude;
His deeds did all most perfect then appear
When you observ'd, view'd close, and did stand neer.
For could there aught else spring from him whose line
From whence he sprung was rule and discipline?
Whose vertues were as books before him set,
So that they did instruct who did beget;
Taught thence not to be powerfull but know,
Showing he was their bloud by living so;
For whereas some are by their big lip known,
Others b' imprinted burning swords were shown,
So they by great deeds are, from which bright fame
Engraves free reputation on their name.
These are their native marks, and it hath been
The Stafford's lot to have their signs within.
And though this firm hæreditary good
Might boasted be as flowing with the bloud,
Yet he ne'r grasp'd this stay, but as those, who
Carry perfumes about them still, scarce do
Themselves perceive 'em, though another's sense
Suck in th' exaling odours: so he thence
Ne'r did perceive he carried this good smell,
But made new still by doing himself well.
T' embalm him then were vain, where spreading
Supplies the want of spices, where the name, [fame
It self preserving, may for oyntment pass,
And he still seen lie coffin'd as in glass.
Whiles thus his bud is full flower, and his sole
Beginning doth reproach another's whole;
Coming so perfect up, that there must needs
Have been found out new titles for new deeds;
Though youth and laws forbid, which will not let
Statues be rais'd, or he stand brazen yet,
Our minds retaine this royalty of kings,
"Not to be bound to time," but judge of things,
And worship as they merit; there we do
Place him at height, and he stands golden too.
A comfort, but not equall to the cross;
A fair remander, but not like the loss:
For he the last pledge being gone, we do
Not only lose the heir, but th' honour too.
Set we up then this boast against our wrong,
He left no other sign that he was young:
And spite of fate his living vertues will,
Though he be dead, keep up the barr'nny still.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST WORTHY

SIR HENRY SPELMAN.

Though now the times perhaps be such that nought
Was left thee but to dye, and 'twill be thought
An exprobration to rehearse thy deeds,
Thriving as flowers among these courser weeds,
I cannot yet forbear to grieve, and tell
Thy skill to know, thy valour to do well.
And what can we do less, when thou art gone
Whose tenents as thy manners were thine own;
In not the same times both the same; not mixt
With th' age's torrent, but still clear and fixt;
As gentle oyl upon the streams doth glide
Not mingling with them, though it smooth the tide?
What can we less when thou art gone, whom we
Thought only so much living history?
Thou sifted'st long-hid dust to find lost ore,
And searchedst rubbish to encrease our store.
Things of that age thou shew'dst, that they seem'd
And stand admir'd as if they now first grew; [new
Time in thy learned pages, as the Sun
On Ahaz' diall, does thus backward run.
Nor did'st thou this affectedly, as they
Whom humour leads to know out of the way:
Thy aim was publike in't; thy lamp and night
Search'd untrod paths only to set us right;
Thou didst consult the ancients and their writ,
To guard the truth, not exercise the wit;
Taking but what they said; not, as some do,
To find out what they may be wrested to;
Nor hope, nor faction, bought thy mind to side,
Conscience depos'd all parts, and was sole guide.
So 'tis when authors are not slaves, but men,
And do themselves maintain their own free pen.
This 'twas that made the priest in every line,
This 'twas that made the church's cause be thine;
Who perhaps hence hath suffer'd the less wrong,
And ows thee much because sh' hath stood so long;
That though her dress, her discipline now faints,
Yet her endowments fall not with her saints.
This 'twas that made thee ransack all thy store
To shew our mother what she was before;
What laws past, what decrees; the where, and when
Her tares were sow'n, and how pull'd up agen;
A body of that building, and that dress,
That councels may conspire and yet do less.
Nor doth late practise take thee, but old rights,
Witness that charitable piece that lights
Our corps to unbought graves, though custome led
So against nature, as to tax the dead.
Though use had made the land oft purchas'd be,
And though oft purchas'd keep propriety;
So that the well prepared did yet fear,
Though not to dye, yet to undo the heyr.
Had we what else thy taper saw thee glean,
'Twould teach our days perhaps a safer mean;
Though what we see be much, it may be guess'd,
As great was shewn, so greater was suppress'd.
Go then, go up, rich soul; while we here grieve,
Climb till thou see what we do but believe;
W' have not time to rate thee; thy fate's such,
We know we've lost; our sons will say how much.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JOHNSON,

LAUREAT.

Father of poets, though thine own great day
Struck from thy selfe, scorns that a weaker ray

Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame
Kindled from thine, flies upward towards thy name:
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access:
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those
Who hide and cover what they should disclose,
Yet where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some that draws the veyl between.
And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Free filling spirit takes it's flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now,
Like witches charm, yet not know whence, or how,
And through distemper grown not strong, but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse;
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possest.
Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present, and show man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custome, and not custome thee;
Manners were themes, and to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now;
These times thus living o'r thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecie;
And though we know the character, may and swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busie there. [known
Things common thou speak'st proper, which though
For publike, stamp'd by thee, grow thence thine own;
Thy thoughts so ord'red, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou did'st not discourse, but see;
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet
Laden with genuine words do alwaies meet
Each in his art, nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wise men, all.
Thine equall skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write, as trade.
That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or show, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scatt'red in thee here or there,
But like the soul is wholly every where;
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou alwaies dost unty, not cut the knot:
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread
Which tyes and runs through all that's done or said;
No power comes down with learned hat or rod,
Wit only and contrivance is thy god.
'Tis easie to gild gold, there's small skill spent
Where ev'n the first rude mass is ornament;
Thy Muse took harder metals, purg'd and boyl'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat, and toyl'd,
Sifted the dross, fyl'd roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness;
Be it thy glory then that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hind'red by the way.
Nor dost thou powre out, but dispence thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain;
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say and their friends too;
Pumping themselves for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wils in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age;
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shown,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not so fram'd as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
No name on any basis; 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still:
As he who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shoot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive;
So dost thou aime thy darts, which ev'n when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too, for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wise man's wound.
No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No barganing line there; no provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser Muse;
No woman rul'd thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye;
Thy star was judgement only and right sense,
Thy self being to thy self an influence:
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrours too:
Thy Muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry thy lamp did drink
More oyl than th' author wine while he did think?
We do embrace their slander; thou hast writ,
Not for dispatch, but fame; no market wit;
'Twas not thy care that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well;
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Untill the file would not make smooth, but wear:
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges rose a strife,
To make thee read a classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day;
There's difference 'tween fame and sudden pay;
These men sing kingdoms false, as if that fate
Us'd the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyeste's bloudy supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been;
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battell, but of prize.
But thou still puts true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tri'd captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair:
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching Muse did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwracks from the deep as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the sea's hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling Muse did rob the store
Of Greek and Latin gardens, to bring o'r
Plants to thy native soyl? their vertues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here:
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine? [grace
Thefts thus become just works; they and their
Are wholly thine; thus doth the stamp and face

Make that the king's that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis oare, in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors, unto whom we ow
Those that we have, and those that we want too;
Th'art all so good that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse;
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependance upon fate;
Success thou ne'r thought'st vertue, nor that fit
Which chance, or th' age's fashion did make hit;
Excluding those from life in after time,
Who into po'try first brought luck and rime;
Who thought the people's breath good air, stil'd name
What was but noise, and getting briefs for fame
Gathered the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence:
Thy thoughts were their own lawrell, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs, [they
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause
Ne'r by thy writing knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungratefull, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
Thine art was thine act's blur, and they'l confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less:
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill;
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasie
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage, [age
Will come up porcelane wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners and more sense;
'Twas judgement yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame as once thy word;
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Was food before, and now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast,
Like curing gold, most valu'd now thou'rt lost;
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to akorns turn agen;
Then shall we see that these two names are one;
Johnson and poetry, which now are gone.

ON THE NATIVITY.

For the king's musick.

OMNES. HARK,
1. 'Tis the nuptiall day of Heav'n and Earth;
2. The Father's marriage, and the Son's blest birth: [bliss,
3. The spheres are giv'n us as a ring; that
Which we call grace is but the Deitie's kiss,
CH. And what we now do hear blest spirits sing,
Is but the happy po'sie of that ring.
1. Whiles Glory thus takes flesh, and th' Heav'ns are bow'd,
May we not say God comes down in a cloud?
2. Peace dropping thus on Earth, good will on men,
May we not say that manna fals agen?
CH. All wonders we confess are only his:
But of these wonders, he the greatest is.
1. The mother felt no pangs; for he did pass
As subtle sun-beams do through purer glass.
2. The virgin no more loss of name did find,
Than when her vertues issu'd from her mind.
CH. The lilly of the valleys thus did ow
Unto no gard'ner's hands that he did grow.
1. Blest babe, thy birth makes Heaven in the stall;
2. And we the manger may thy altar call:
3. Thine and thy mother's eyes as stars appear;
The bull no beast, but constellation here.
CH. Thus both were born, the gospel and the law,
Moses in flags did lie, thou in the straw.
Open O hearts,
1. These gates lift up will win
2. The King of Glory here to enter in;
3. Flesh is his veyl, and house: whiles thus we wooe,
The world will dwell among, and in us too.
CH. Flesh is his veyl, &c.

ON THE CIRCUMCISION.

For the king's musick.

1. GENTLY, O gently, Father, do not bruise
That tender vine that hath no branch to lose;
2. Be not too cruel, see the child doth smile,
His bloud was but his mother's milk e're while.
1 LEV. Fear not the pruning of your vine,
Hee'l turn your water into wine;
2 LEV. The mother's milk that's now his bloud,
Hereafter will become her food.
CHOR. 'Tis done; so doth the balsam tree endure
The cruel wounds of those whom it must cure.
1 LEV. 'Tis but the passion's essay: this young loss
Only preludes unto his riper cross.
1. Avert, good Heav'n, avert that fate
To so much beauty so much hate.
2 LEV. Where so great good is meant
The bloud's not lost, but spent.
CHOR. Thus princes feel what people do amise;
The swelling's ours, although the lancing his.
2. When ye, fair Heavens, white food bled,
The rose, say they, from thence grew red,
O then what more miraculous good
Must spring from this diviner flood?
2 LEV. When that the rose it self doth bleed,
That bloud will be the churches seed.
CHO. When that the rose, &c.

ON THE EPIPHANY.

For the king's musick.

1 MAG. SEE this is he, whose star
Did becken us from far;
2 MAG. And this the mother whom the Heavens do
Honour, and like her, bring forth new stars too.

2 MAG. I know not which my thoughts ought first admire:
Here show, O Heav'n, another guiding fire.
CHO. Alas, this wonder's so above our skill,
That though w' have found him, we may seek him still. [be
1 MAG. Since that our own are silenc'd, this mouth
A more inspired oracle to me.
2 MAG. And these eyes be my stars, my light,
3 MAG. And this hand wash an Ethiop white.
CHO. Wisdom commands the stars (we say)
But it was ours thus to obey.
1 MAG. He makes our gold seem pebble stone;
2 MAG. Sure 'tis their greater Solomon;
1 MAG. Our myrrh and frankinsence must not contest;
3 MAG. Diviner perfumes breath from off her breast.
2 MAG. Blest babe, receive our now disparag'd store;
3 MAG. And where we can't express, let us adore.
CHO. Who against policy will hence convince,
That land is blest, that hath so young a prince.
TO THE KING. But as those wise enrich'd his stable, you, [too,
Great soveraign, have enrich'd his temple
The inn by you hath not the church beguil'd;
The manger to the altar's reconcil'd:
Since then their wisdom is by yours out-gone,
Instead of three kings, fame shall speak of one.
CHO. Since then, &c.

CONFESSION.

I DO confess, O God, my wand'ring fires
Are kindled not from zeal, but loose desires;
My ready tears, shed from instructed eyes,
Have not been pious griefs, but subtleties;
And only sorry that sins miss, I ow
To thwarted wishes al the sighs I blow:
My fires thus merit fire; my tears the fall
Of showers provoke; my sighs for blasts do call.
O then descend in fire; but let it be
Such as snatch'd up the prophet; such as we
Read of in Moses' bush, a fire of joy,
Sent to enlighten, rather than destroy.
O then descend in showers: but let them be
Showers only and not tempests; such as we
Feel from the morning's eye-lids; such as feed,
Not choak the sprouting of the tender seed.
O then descend in blasts: but let them be
Blasts only, and not whirlwinds; such as we
Take in for health's sake, soft and easie breaths,
Taught to conveigh refreshments, and not deaths.
So shall the fury of my fires asswage,
And that turn fervour which was brutish rage;
So shall my tears be then untaught to feign,
And the diseased waters heal'd again;
So shall my sighs not be as clouds t' invest
My sins with night, but winds to purge my brest.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

THE

LIFE OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

RICHARD CRASHAW was the son of the rev. William Crashaw, a divine of some note in his day, and preacher at the Temple church, London. He published several volumes on points controverted between the Roman catholics and protestants, either original or translated; and in 1608, a translation of the Life of Galeacius Caracciolos, marquis of Vico, an Italian nobleman who was converted by the celebrated reformer, Peter Martyr, and forsook all that rank, family and wealth could yield, for the quiet enjoyment of the reformed religion. Mr. Crashaw also translated a supposed poem of St. Bernard's, entitled "The Complaint, or Dialogue between the Soule and the Bodie of a damned man, 1616," and in the same year published a "Manual for true Catholics, or a handfull, or rather a heartfull of holy Meditations and Prayers[1]". All these show him to have been a zealous protestant, but, like his son, somewhat tinctured with a love of mystic poetry and personification.

Our poet was born in London, but in what year is uncertain. In his infancy, sir Henry Yelverton and sir Randolph Crew undertook the charge of his education, and afterwards procured him to be placed in the Charterhouse on the foundation, where he improved in an extraordinary degree under Brooks, a very celebrated master. He was thence admitted of Pembroke Hall, March, 1632, and took his bachelor's degree in the same college, in 1634. He then removed to Peterhouse, of which he was a fellow in 1637, and took his master's degree in 1638[2]. In 1634, he published a volume of Latin poems, mostly of the devotional kind, dedicated to Benjamin Lany, master of Pembroke Hall. This contained the well-known line, which has sometimes been ascribed to Dryden and others, on the miracle of turning water into wine:

> Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.
>
> The modest water saw its God, and blushed.

[1] Cens. Lit. vol. 10, p. 105.

[2] Cole's MSS. Athenæ in Brit. Mus. and Mr. Reed's MSS. notes to his copy of Crashaw, which I purchased at his sale. Some of Reed's dates appear to have been communicated by his friend Dr. Farmer. *C.*

In 1641, Mr. Wood informs us, he took degrees at Oxford. At what time he was admitted into holy orders is uncertain, but he soon became a popular preacher, full of energy and enthusiasm. In 1644, when the parliamentary army expelled those members of the university who refused to take the covenant, Crashaw was among the number; and being unable to contemplate, with resignation or indifference, the ruins of the church-establishment, went over to France, where his sufferings and their peculiar influence on his mind prepared him to embrace the Roman catholic religion. Before he left England, he appears to have practised many of the austerities of a mistaken piety, and the poems entitled Steps to the Temple were so called in allusion to his passing his time almost constantly in St. Mary's church, Cambridge. "There," says the author of the preface to his poems, "he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels: there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the house of God; where like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day; there he penned these poems, Steps for happy Souls to climb Heaven by." The same writer informs us that he understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish, and was skilled in poetry, music, drawing, painting and engraving, which last he represents as "recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul."

It is certain, however, that soon after his arrival in France, he embraced the religion of the country with a sincerity, which may be respected while it is pitied, but which has rather uncharitably been imputed to motives of interest. He seems to have thought, with Dr. Johnson, that "to be of no church was dangerous," and the church of England he had witnessed in ruins. If in this Crashaw did what was wrong, he did what was not uncommon in his time, and what perhaps may account for the otherwise extraordinary leaning of some eminent and pious men to the catholic religion of the continent, when that, and our own church, seemed in equal danger a few years ago.

In 1646, the poet Cowley found Crashaw in France in great distress, and introduced him to the patronage of Charles the First's queen, who gave him letters of recommendation to Italy. There he became secretary to one of the cardinals at Rome, and was made canon in the church of Loretto, where he died of a fever, soon after this last promotion, about the year 1650. Cowley's very elegant and affectionate lines may be seen in the works of that poet. Mr. Hayley remarks, that "fine as they are, Cowley has sometimes fallen into the principal defect of the poet whom he is praising. He now and then speaks of sacred things with a vulgar and ludicrous familiarity of language, by which (to use a happy expression of Dr. Johnson's), 'readers far short of sanctity, may be offended in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.' Let us add, that if the poetical character of Crashaw seem not to answer this glowing panegyrick; yet in his higher character of *saint*, he appears to have had the purest title to this affectionate eulogy[3]."

It appears by a passage in Selden's Table Talk, that Crashaw had at one time an intention of writing against the stage, and that Selden succeeded in diverting him

[3] Life of Crashaw, in the Biog. Britannica, contributed by Mr. Hayley. *C.*

from his purpose. He had not, however, to regret that the stage outlived the church.

Crashaw's poems were first published in 1646, under the title of, 1. Steps to the Temple. 2. The Delights of the Muses. 3. Sacred Poems presented to the Countess of Denbigh. But Mr. Hayley is of opinion that this third class only was published at that time, and that the two others were added to the subsequent editions of 1648-1649, that printed at Paris in 1652[4], and another in 1670. So many republications within a short period, and that period not very favourable to poetry, sufficiently mark the estimation in which this devotional enthusiast was held, notwithstanding his having relinquished the church in which he had been educated.

His poems prove him to have been of the school which produced Herbert and Quarles. Herbert was his model, and Granger attributes the anonymous poems, at the end of Herbert's volume, to Crashaw, but however partial Crashaw might be to Herbert, it is impossible he could have been the author of these anonymous poems, which did not appear until after his death, and were written by a clergyman of the church of England known to Walton, who subjoins some commendatory lines dated 1654[5].

In 1785, the late Mr. Peregrine Phillips published a selection from Crashaw's poems, with an address, in which he attacks Pope, for having availed himself of the beauties of Crashaw, while he endeavoured to injure his fame. Against this accusation, Mr. Hayley has amply vindicated Pope. That he has borrowed from him is undeniable, and not unacknowledged by himself, but that it should be his intention to injure the fame of a writer whose writings were unknown unless to poetical antiquaries, and that in a confidential letter to a friend whom he advised to read the poems as well as his opinion of them, is an absurdity scarcely worthy of refutation.

A part of Pope's observations on Crashaw's poetry deserves a place here, not as being in all respects applicable to that writer, but as forming an excellent character of a class of minor poets of the seventeenth century, some of which have preceded, and many will follow in the present collection. It was written by Pope in a letter to his friend Cromwell; and more just notions of poetical distinctions than he now entertained in his twenty-second year, will probably not be found expressed or realized in any of his subsequent performances.

" I take this poet (Crashaw) to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out of idleness, than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable (which is the soul of poetry) all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body)

[4] This, I find, is not strictly true. By a letter from Mr. Park, in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. 63. p. 1166, it appears that this is a volume of religious poems, with vignettes executed by Crashaw himself: Mr. Park thinks they are included in the edition of 1670. But it must be remarked that the date of this book is two years beyond the death of the author. *C.*

[5] See more on this subject in Zouch's excellent edition of Walton's Lives, Art. Herbert. *C.*

will probably be wanting: only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry) may be found in these verses. This is indeed the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies: nor can it well be otherwise, since no man can be a true poet, who writes for diversion only. These authors should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets: and under this head only will fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. These are only the pleasing part of poetry, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly."

Pope enumerates among Crashaw's best pieces, the paraphrase on Psalm XXIII, the verses on Lessius, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Wishes to his supposed Mistress, and the Dies Iræ. Dr. Warton recommends the translation from Moschus and another from Catullus, and amply acknowledges the obligations of Pope and Roscommon to Crashaw. Mr. Hayley, after specifying some of Pope's imitations of our author, conjectures that the Elegies on St. Alexis suggested to him the idea of his Eloisa, but, adds this excellent Biographer, "if Pope borrowed any thing from Crashaw in this article, it was only as the Sun borrows from the Earth, when drawing from thence a mere vapour, he makes it the delight of every eye, by giving it all the tender and gorgeous colouring of Heaven."

Some of Crashaw's translations are esteemed superior to his original poetry, and that of the Sospetto d'Herode, from Marino, is executed with Miltonic grace and spirit. It has been regretted that he translated only the first book of a poem by which Milton condescended to profit in his immortal Epic. The whole was, however, afterwards translated and published in 1675, by a writer whose initials only are known, T. R[6].

Of modern critics, Mr. Headley and Mr. Ellis have selected recommendatory specimens from Crashaw. In Mr. Headley's opinion, "he has originality in many parts, and as a translator is entitled to the highest applause." Mr. Ellis, with his accustomed judgment and moderation, pronounces that, "his translations have considerable merit, but that his original poetry is full of conceit. His Latin poems were first printed in 1634, and have been much admired, though liable to the same objections as his English."—Some of these are included in the present collection, but a fuller account, with specimens, was given some years ago by Mr. Nichols, in the Gentleman's Magazine[7].

[6] An anonymous correspondent sent an account of this translation, with specimens, to Mr. Maty's Review, vol. 7. 251. *C.*

[7] Vol. 63. p. 1001. *C.*

POEMS

OF

RICHARD CRASHAW.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE.

THE WEEPER.

Hail sister springs,
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever bubbling things!
Thawing chrystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent; I mean
Thy fair eyes sweet Magdalen.

Heavens thy fair eyes be,
Heavens of ever-falling stars,
'Tis seed-time still with thee,
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to countershine
What ever makes Heaven's fore-head fine.

But we 're deceived all,
Stars they 're indeed too true,
For they but seem to fall
As Heaven's other spangles do;
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream,
Where the milky rivers meet,
Thine crawls above and is the cream.
Heaven of such fair floods as this,
Heaven the chrystal ocean is.

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose soft influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips.
Then to his music and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come;
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their master's water, their own wine.

The dew no more will weep,
The primros's pale cheek to deck,
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzel'd in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold, which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distill'd from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty,
(For she is a queen)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, and only then she wears
Her richest pearls, I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair,
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

Sadness, all the while
She sits in such a throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she sadness is:
Gladness itself would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

There is no need at all
That the balsam-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall,
His med'cinable tears; for now
Nature hath learn'd t' extract a dew,
More sovereign and sweet from you.

Yet let the poor drops weep,
Weeping is the case of woe,
Softly let them creep
Sad that they are vanquisht so,
They, though to others no relief,
May balsam be for their own grief.

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though,
Might he flow from thee,
Content and quiet would he go;
Richer far does he esteem
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess,
The April in thine eyes,
Mutual sweetness they express.
No April e'er lent softer showers,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.

Thus dost thou melt the year
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth here;
Takes his tear and gets him gone;
By thine eyes' tinct enobled thus
Time lays him up: he's precious.

Time as by thee he passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His hour-glasses;
By them his steps he rectifies.
The sands he us'd no longer please,
For his own sands he'l use thy seas.

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy tears' just cadence still keeps time.
Does thy sweet breath'd prayer
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is each stop,
A bead, that is a tear, doth drop.

Does the night arise?
Still thy tears do fall, and fall.
Does night lose her eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task, thou weepest still.

Not, so long she liv'd,
Will thy tomb report of thee,
But, so long she griev'd,
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by days, by months, by years
Measure their ages, thou by tears.

Say, wat'ry brothers,
Ye simpering sons of those fair eyes,
Your fertile mothers,
What hath our world that can entice
You to be born? what is't can borrow
You from her eyes, swoln wombs of sorrow.

Whither away so fast?
O whither? for the sluttish Earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Whither haste ye then? O say,
Why ye trip so fast away?

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
No such thing; we go to meet
A worthier object, our Lord's feet.

THE TEAR.

What bright soft thing is this?
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes' expence?
A moist spark it is,
A wat'ry diamond; from whence
The very term, I think, was found
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere;
The Sun will stoop and take it up.
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,
Too true a tear; for no sad eyne,
How sad so e'ere,
Rain so true a tear as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for it self, is its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is,
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose-bud's sweet lip kisses;
And such the rose its self, when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the wat'ry Sun:
This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no:
The dust shall never be thy bed:
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing.

Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie,
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe;
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thy self shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whither th' hadst rather there have shone
An eye of Heaven; or still shine here,
In th' heaven of Mary's eye, a teare.

DIVINE EPIGRAMS.

ON THE WATER OF OUR LORD'S BAPTISME.

Each blest drop on each blest limb,
Is washt it self, in washing him:
'Tis a gem while it stays here;
While it falls hence 'tis a tear.

ACT. 8.

ON THE BAPTIZED ÆTHIOPIAN.

Let it not longer be a forlorn-hope
To wash an Ethiope:

He's washt, his gloomy skin a peaceful shade
For his white soul is made:
And now, I doubt not, the eternal dove,
A black-fac'd house will love.

ON THE MIRACLE OF MULTIPLIED LOAVES.

See here an easy feast that knows no wound,
That under hunger's teeth will needs be found;
A subtle harvest of unbounded bread:
What would ye more? here food itself is fed.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR LORD.

Here, where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, (yet all her house and land)
Falls from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.

LUKE 15.

ON THE PRODIGAL.

Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in council? all thy state?
Are husks so deer? troth, 'tis a mighty rate.

ON THE STILL SURVIVING MARKS OF OUR SAVIOUR'S WOUNDS.

What ever story of their cruelty,
Or nail, or thorn, or spear have writ in thee,
Are in another sense
Still legible;
Sweet is the difference:
Once I did spell
Every red letter
A wound of thine,
Now, (what is better)
Balsam for mine.

ACT. 5.

THE SICK IMPLORE ST. PETER'S SHADOW.

Under thy shadow may I lurk a while,
Death's busy search I'll easily beguile:
Thy shadow Peter, must show me the Sun,
My light's thy shadow's shadow, or 'tis done.

MAR. 7.

THE DUMB HEALED, AND THE PEOPLE ENJOYNED SILENCE.

Christ bids the dumb tongue speak, it speaks; the [sound
He charges to be quiet, it runs round,
If in the first he us'd his finger's touch: [much.
His hand's whole strength here, could not be too

MAT. 28.

COME SEE THE PLACE WHERE THE LORD LAY.

Show me himself, himself (bright sir) O show
Which way my poor tears to himself may go,
Were it enough to show the place, and say, [lay."
"Look, Mary, here, see, where thy Lord once
Then could I show these arms of mine, and say,
"Look, Mary, here, see, where thy Lord once lay."

TO PONTIUS WASHING HIS HANDS.

Thy hands are wash'd, but O the water's spilt,
That labour'd to have wash'd thy guilt:
The flood, if any be that can suffice,
Must have its fountain in thine eyes.

TO THE INFANT MARTYRS.

Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In Heav'n you'll learn to sing ere here to speak,
Nor let the milky fonts that bath your thirst,
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence, is, at the worst,
Milk all the way.

ON THE MIRACLE OF LOAVES.

Now Lord, or never, they'll beleeve on thee.
Thou to their teeth hast prov'd thy Deity.

MARK 4.

WHY ARE YE AFRAID, O YE OF LITTLE FAITH?

As if the storm meant him;
Or 'cause Heaven's face is dim,
His needs a cloud:
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind,
Or wave so proud?
The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty Neptune's self dare threaten wrack.

There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out;
You are the storm that mocks
Your selves; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:
Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here,
And he that here fears danger, does deserve his fear.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S BASHFULNESS.

That on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humility.
The fair star is well fix'd, for where, O where
Could she have fix'd it on a fairer sphere? [lies,
'Tis Heav'n, 'tis Heav'n she sees, Heav'n's God there
She can see Heaven, and ne'er lift up her eyes:
This new guest to her eyes new laws hath given,
'Twas once look up, 'tis now look down to Heaven.

UPON LAZARUS HIS TEARS.

Rich Lazarus! richer in those gems, thy tears,
Than Dives in the robes he wears:
He scorns them now, but O they'll suit full well
With th' purple he must wear in Hell.

TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray? O rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

UPON THE ASS THAT BORE OUR SAVIOUR.

Hath only anger an omnipotence
In eloquence?

Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
No miracle?
Why else had Balaam's ass a tongue to chide
His master's pride?
And thou (heaven-burthen'd beast) hast ne'er a word
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a tongue and vocal thunder,
Was a great wonder.
But O me-thinks 'tis a far greater one
That thou find'st none.

MATT. 8.

I AM NOT WORTHY THAT THOU SHOULD'ST COME UNDER MY ROOF.

THY God was making haste into thy roof,
Thy humble faith and fear keeps him aloof:
He'll be thy guest, because he may not be,
He'll come——into thy house? no, into thee.

UPON THE POWDER-DAY.

How fit our well-rank'd feasts do follow,
All mischief comes after All-hallow.

I AM THE DOOR.

AND now thou'rt set wide ope, the spear's sad art,
Lo! hath unlock'd thee at the very heart:
He to himself (I fear the worst)
And his own hope
Hath shut these doors of Heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope.

MATT. 10.

THE BLIND CURED BY THE WORD OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THOU speak'st the word (thy word's a law)
Thou speak'st, and straight the blind man saw.

To speak and make the blind man see,
"Was never man Lord spake like thee."

To speak thus, was to speak (say I)
Not to his ear, but to his eye.

MATTHEW 27.

AND HE ANSWERED THEM NOTHING.

O MIGHTY nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be,
God spake once when he all things made,
He say'd all when he nothing said.
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.

TO OUR LORD, UPON THE WATER MADE WINE.

THOU water turn'st to wine (fair friend of life)
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.

MATTHEW 22.

NEITHER DURST ANY MAN FROM THAT DAY ASK HIM ANY MORE QUESTIONS.

MIDST all the dark and knotty snares,
Black wit or malice can or dares,
Thy glorious wisdom breaks the nets,
And treads with uncontrouled steps.
Thy quell'd foes are not only now
Thy triumphs, but thy trophies too:
They both at once thy conquests be,
And thy conquests' memory.
Stony amazement makes them stand
Waiting on thy victorious hand,
Like statues fixed to the fame
Of thy renown, and their own shame:
As if they only meant to breath,
To be the life of their own death.
'Twas time to hold their peace when they
Had ne'er another word to say:
Yet is their silence unto thee
The full sound of thy victory:
Their silence speaks aloud, and is
Thy well pronounc'd panegyris.
While they speak nothing, they speak all
Their share, in thy memorial.
While they speak nothing, they proclaim
Thee, with the shrillest trump of fame.
To hold their peace is all the ways
These wretches have to speak thy praise.

UPON OUR SAVIOUR'S TOMB WHEREIN NEVER MAN WAS LAID.

How life and death in thee
Agree?
Thou hadst a virgin womb
And tomb.
A Joseph did betroth
Them both.

IT IS BETTER TO GO INTO HEAVEN WITH ONE EYE, &c.

ONE eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
To fix those full-fac'd glories, O he's poor
Of eyes that has but Argus' store. [thee,
Yet if thou'lt fill one poor eye, with thy heaven and
O grant (sweet goodness) that one eye may be
All, and every whit of me.

LUKE 11.

UPON THE DUMB DEVIL CAST OUT, AND THE SLANDEROUS JEWS PUT TO SILENCE.

Two devils at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A speaking devil this, a dumb one that;
Was't thy full victories' fairer increase, [peace?
That th' one spake, or that th' other held his

LUKE 10.

AND A CERTAIN PRIEST COMING THAT WAY LOOKED ON HIM AND PASSED BY.

WHY dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by,
Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine, for O!
Unmov'd to see one wretched, is to make him so.

LUKE 11.

BLESSED BE THE PAPS WHICH THOU HAST SUCKED.

SUPPOSE he had been tabled at thy teats,
Thy hunger feels not what he eats:
He'll have his teat ere long (a bloody one)
The mother then must suck the son.

TO PONTIUS WASHING HIS BLOODSTAINED HANDS.

Is murther no sin? or a sin so cheap,
That thou need'st heap

A rape upon't? Till thy adult'rous touch [face,
Taught her these sulled cheeks, this blubber'd
She was a nymph, the meadows knew none such,
Of honest parentage, of unstain'd race,
The daughter of a fair and well-fam'd fountain
As ever silver tipt the side of shady mountain.
See how she weeps, and weeps, that she appears
Nothing but tears;
Each drop's a tear that weeps for her own waste;
Hark how at every touch she does complain her.
Hark how she bids her frighted drops make haste;
And with sad murmurs, chides the hands that stain her.
Leave, leave, for shame, or else (good judge) decree
What water shall wash this, when this hath washed thee.

MATTHEW 23.

YE BUILD THE SEPULCHRES OF THE PROPHETS.

Thou trim'st a prophet's tomb, and dost bequeath
The life thou took'st from him unto his death.
Vain man! the stones that on his tomb do lie,
Keep but the score of them that made him die.

UPON THE INFANT MARTYRS.

To see both blended in one flood,
The mother's milk, the children's blood,
Makes me doubt if Heaven will gather
Roses hence, or lillies rather.

JOHN 16.

VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU, YE SHALL WEEP AND LAMENT.

Welcome my grief, my joy; how dear's
To me my legacy of tears!
I'll weep, and weep, and will therefore
Weep, 'cause I can weep no more:
Thou, thou (dear Lord) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none.

JOHN 15.

UPON OUR LORD'S LAST COMFORTABLE DISCOURSE WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

All Hybla's honey, all that sweetness can
Flows in thy song (O fair, O dying swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none;
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one.

LUKE 16.

DIVES ASKING A DROP.

A drop, one drop, how swectly one fair drop
Would tremble on my pearl-tipt finger's top?
My wealth is gone, O go it where it will,
Spare this one jewel; I'll be Dives still.

MARK 12.

(Give to Cæsar————)
(And to God————)

All we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are;
All is God's; and yet 'tis true,
All we have is Cæsar's too;
All is Cæsar's; and what odds
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

BUT NOW THEY HAVE SEEN AND HATED.

Seen? and yet hated thee? they did not see,
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee:
No, no, they saw thee not, O life, O love,
Who saw aught in thee that their hate could move?

UPON THE CROWN OF THORNS TAKEN FROM OUR BLESSED LORD'S HEAD ALL BLOODY.

Know'st thou this soldier? 'tis a much chang'd
plant, which yet Thy self did'st set,
'Tis chang'd indeed, did Autumn e'er such beauties
bring To shame his spring?
O! who so hard an husbandman cou'd ever find
A soil so kind?
Is not the soil a kind one (think ye) that returns
Roses for thorns?

SHE BEGAN TO WASH HIS FEET WITH TEARS AND WIPE THEM WITH THE HAIRS OF HER HEAD.

Her eyes' flood licks his feet's fair stain,
Her hair's flame licks up that again.
This flame thus quench'd hath brighter beams:
This flood thus stained fairer streams.

ON ST. PETER CUTTING OFF MALCHUS HIS EAR.

Well Peter dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thy self (I mean) not for thy Lord.
To strike at ears, is to take heed there be
No witness, Peter, of thy perjury.

JOHN 3.

BUT MEN LOVED DARKNESS RATHER THAN LIGHT.

The world's light shines, shine as it will,
The world will love its darkness still;
I doubt though, when the world's in Hell,
It will not love its darkness half so well.

ACT. 21.

I AM READY NOT ONELY TO BE BOUND BUT TO DYE.

Come Death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my
ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears,
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
Nor other death than this; the fear to die.

ON ST. PETER CASTING AWAY HIS NETS AT OUR SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Thou hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy nets on all occasions well. [stay,
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

OUR LORD IN HIS CIRCUMCISION TO HIS FATHER.

To thee these first fruits of my growing death,
(For what else is my life?) lo, I bequeath.
Taste this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a sea, my heart shall make it good.
Thy wrath that wades here now, e'er long shall swim,
The flood-gate shall be set wide ope for him.
Then let him drink, and drink, and do his worst,
To drown the wantonness of his wild thirst.
Now's but the nonage of my pains, my fears
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to years.
The day of my dark woes is yet but morn,
My tears but tender, and my death new-born.
Yet may these unfledg'd griefs give fate some guess,
These cradle torments have their towardness.

These purple buds of blooming death may be,
Erst the full stature of a fatal tree.
And till my riper woes to age are come,
This knife may be the spear's præludium.

ON THE WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.

O these wakeful wounds of thine!
Are they mouths? or are they eyes?
Be they mouths, or be they eyn,
Each bleeding part some one supplies.

Lo! a mouth, whose full-bloom'd lips
At too dear a rate are roses.
Lo! a blood-shot eye! that weeps
And many a cruel tear discloses.

O thou, that on this foot hast laid
Many a kiss, and many a tear,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
Whatsoe'er thy charges were.

This foot hath got a mouth and lips,
To pay the sweet sum of thy kisses:
To pay thy tears, an eye that weeps,
Instead of tears, such gems as this is.

The difference onely this appears,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in ruby-tears,
Which thou in pearls didst lend.

ON OUR CRUCIFIED LORD NAKED AND BLOODY.

Th' have left thee naked Lord, O that they had;
This garment too I would they had deny'd.
Thee with thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side.
O never could be found garments too good
For thee to wear, but these, of thine own blood.

EASTER-DAY.

Rise, heir of fresh eternity,
From thy virgin-tomb: [thee,
Rise, mighty man of wonders, and thy world with
Thy tomb, the universal east,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair immortality's perfumed nest.

Of all the glories make noon gay
This is the morn. [day.
This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of
In joy's white annals live this hour,
When life was born,
No cloud scoul on his radiant lids, no tempest lowre.

Life, by this light's nativity
All creatures have.
Death only by this day's just doom is forc'd to die,
Nor is death forc't; for may he lie
Thron'd in thy grave;
Death will on this condition be content to die.

ON THE BLEEDING WOUNDS OF OUR CRUCIFIED LORD.

Jesu, no more, it is full tide;
From thy hands and from thy feet,
From thy head, and from thy side,
All thy purple rivers meet.

Thy restless feet, they cannot go,
For us and our eternal good
As they are wont, what though?
They swim, alas, in their own flood.

Thy hand to give, thou canst not lift;
Yet will thy hand still giving be;
It gives, but O itself's the gift,
It drops though bound, though bound 'tis free.

But O thy side! thy deep digg'd side
That hath a double Nilus going,
Nor ever was the Pharian tide
Half so fruitful, half so flowing.

What need thy fair head bear a part
In tears, as if thine eyes had none?
What need they help to drown thine heart,
That strives in torrents of its own?

Water'd by the showers they bring,
The thorns that thy blest brows encloses
(A cruel and a costly spring)
Conceive proud hopes of proving roses.

Not a hair but pays his river
To this Red Sea of thy blood,
Their little channels can deliver
Something to the general flood.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong; there is but one,
But O that one is one all o'er.

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud
Threatning all to overflow,
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too.

This thy blood's deluge (a dire chance
Dear Lord to thee) to us is found
A deluge of deliverance,
A deluge lest we should be drown'd.

Ne'er wast thou in a sense so sadly true,
The well of living waters, Lord, till now.

SAMPSON TO HIS DALILAH.

Could not once blinding me, cruel, suffice?
When first I look't on thee, I lost mine eyes.

PSALM 23.

Happy me! O happy sheep!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss;
On whose pastures cheerful Spring,
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoycing, smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery:
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet the blubb'ring mountain
Weeping, melts into a fountain,
Whose soft silver-sweating streams
Make high noon forget his beams:

When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life:
When my simple weakness strays,
(Tangled in forbidden ways)
He (my Shepherd) is my guide,
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me, he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles:
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path clear as the day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet,
Whilst they gladly go to meet
Grace and peace, to meet new lays
Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now, all ye terrours, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horrour. Come, thou Death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade,
And make darkness self afraid;
There my feet, even there shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still my Shepherd, still my God
Thou art with me, still thy rod,
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board:
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice, not their need,
So that with the self-same bread
They are starv'd, and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims!
How my cup o'er-looks her brims!
So, even so still may I move
By the line of thy dear love;
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths, so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lighting to eternity.
There I'll dwell for ever, there
Will I find a purer air.
To feed my life with, there I'll sup
Balm and nectar in my cup,
And thence my ripe soul will I breath
Warm into the arms of death.

PSALM 137.

On the proud banks of great Euphrates flood,
There we sate, and there we wept:
Our harps that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows slept,
While unhappy captiv'd we
Lovely Sion thought on thee.

They, they that snatcht us from our country's brest
Would have a song carv'd to their ears
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drown'd in tears:
"Come," they cry'd, "come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to day."

Sing? play? to whom (ah)shall we sing or play
If not Jerusalem to thee?
Ah thee Jerusalem? ah sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory.

Which when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy speaking art
Unparch'd, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest.

No, no, thy good, Sion, alone must crown
The head of all my hope-nurst joys.
But Edom, cruel thou! thou cryd'st, "Down, down
Sink Sion, down and never rise,"
Her falling thou didst urge and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust.

Dost laugh? proud Babel's daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruin teach thee tears,
Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes too late doe rouse thy fears.
Laugh, till thy children's bleeding bones
Weep precious tears upon the stones.

QUEM VIDISTIS PASTORES, &c.

A HYMN OF THE NATIVITY,

SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

CHORUS.

Come, we shepherds, who have seen
Day's king deposed by night's queen,
Come, lift we up our lofty song,
To wake the Sun that sleeps too long.

He, in this our general joy,
Slept, and dreamt of no such thing,
While we found out the fair-ey'd boy,
And kiss'd the cradle of our King;
Tell him he rises now too late,
To show us aught worth looking at.

Tell him we now can show him more
Than he e'er show'd to mortal sight,
Than he himself e'er saw before,
Which to be seen needs not his light:
Tell him, Tityrus, where th' hast been,
Tell him, Thyrsis, what th' hast seen.

TITYRUS.

Gloomy night, embrac'd the place
Where the noble infant lay:
The babe look'd up, and show'd his face,
In spight of darkness it was day.
It was thy day, sweet, and did rise,
Not from the East, but from thy eyes.

THYRSIS.

Winter chid the world, and sent
The angry North to wage his wars:
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars:
By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frosts, he scattered flowers.

BOTH.

We saw thee in thy balmy-nest,
  Bright dawn of our eternal day;
We saw thine eyes break from the East,
  And chase the trembling shades away:
We saw thee (and we blest the sight)
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

TITYRUS.

I saw the curl'd drops, soft and slow
  Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow,
  To furnish the fair infant's bed.
"Forbear," said I, "be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

THYRSIS.

I saw th' officious angels bring
  The down that their soft breasts did strow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
  When Heaven itself lies here below,
"Fair youth," said I, "be not too rough,
Your down though soft 's not soft enough.

TITYRUS.

The babe no sooner 'gan to seek,
  Where to lay his lovely head,
But straight his eyes advis'd his cheek,
  'Twixt mother's brests to go to bed.
"Sweet choice," said I, "no way but so,
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

ALL.

Welcome to our wond'ring sight
  Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in winter! day in night!

CHORUS.

  Heaven in Earth! and God in man!
Great little one, whose glorious birth,
Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Welcome, though not to gold, nor silk,
  To more than Cesar's birth-right is.
Two sister-seas of virgin's milk,
  With many a rarely-temper'd kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother,
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips
  Her kisses in thy weeping eye,
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,
  That in their buds yet blushing lie.
She 'gainst those mother-diamonds tries
The points of her young eagle's eyes.

Welcome, (though not to those gay flies
  Gilded i' th' beams of earthly kings,
Slippery souls in smiling eyes)
  But to poor shepherds, simple things,
That use no varnish, no oil'd arts,
But lift clean hands full of clear hearts.

Yet when young April's husband showers,
  Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,
  To kiss thy feet and crown thy head.
To thee (dread Lamb) whose love must keep
The shepherds, while they feed their sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty, soft King
  Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
  Each his pair of silver doves.
At last, in fire of thy fair eyes,
We'l burn our own best sacrifice.

SOSPETTO D' HEROD:

LIBRO PRIMO.

ARGOMENTO.

Casting the times with their strong signs,
Death's master his own death divines;
Strugling for help, his best hope is,
Herod's suspicion may heal his;
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping tyrant's fond mistake,
Who fears (in vain) that he whose birth
Means Heav'n, should meddle with his earth.

Muse, now the servant of soft loves no more,
Hate is thy theam, and Herod, whose unblest
Hand (O what dares not jealous greatness?) tore
A thousand sweet babes from their mothers' breast,
The blooms of martyrdom. O be a door
Of language to my infant lips, ye best
  Of confessors: whose throats, answering his swords,
  Gave forth your blood for breath, spoke souls for words.

Great Anthony! Spain's well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of emperors and kings,
The beauties of whose dawn what eye can bide,
Which with the Sun himself weighs equal wings,
Map of heroic worth! whom far and wide
To the believing world fame boldly sings:
  Deign thou to wear this humble wreath that bows,
  To be the sacred honour of thy brows.

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright flow'rs
Other than what their own blest beauties bring,
They were the smiling sons of those sweet bow'rs,
That drink the dew of life, whose deathless spring,
Nor Syrian flame, nor Borean frost deflow'rs:
From whence heav'n-labouring bees with busy wing,
  Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves
  Immortal honey for the hive of loves.

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth
Holds high the rein of fair Parthenope,
That neither Rome, nor Athens can bring forth
A name in noble deeds rival to thee! [Earth,
Thy fame's full noise makes proud the patient
Far more than matter for my Muse and me.
  The Tyrrhene seas and shores sound all the same,
  And in their murmurs keep thy mighty name.

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks: these loathsome strings
  Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
  Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

The judge of torments, and the king of tears:
He fills a burnish'd throne of quenchless fire:
And for his old fair robes of light, he wears
A gloomy mantle of dark flames, the tire
That crowns his hated head on high appears;
Where sev'n tall horns (his empire's pride) aspire

And to make up Hell's majesty, each horn
Sev'n crested hydras horribly adorn.

His eyes the sullen dens of death and night,
Startle the dull air with a dismal red:
Such his fell glances as the fatal light
Of staring comets, that look kingdoms dead.
From his black nostrils, and blue lips, in spight
Of Hell's own stink, a worser stench is spread.
His breath Hell's lightning is: and each deep groan
Disdains to think that Heav'n thunders alone.

His flaming eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadful pile gives fiery breath;
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
The never-dying life, of a long death.
In this sad house of slow destruction
(His shop of flames) he fries himself, beneath
A mass of woes, his teeth for torment gnash,
While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.

Three rigorous virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the throne of th' iron-sceptered king:
With whips of thorns and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his rank thoughts need a sting:
Their locks are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady brows in wanton rings.
Thus reigns the wrathful king, and while he reigns,
His sceptre and himself both he disdains.

Disdainful wretch! how hath one bold sin cost
Thee all the beauties of thy once bright eyes?
How hath one black eclipse cancell'd and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy rise?
Proud morning of a perverse day! how lost
Art thou unto thy self, thou too self-wise
Narcissus? foolish Phaeton? who for all
Thy high-aim'd hopes, gain'd'st but a flaming fall.

From death's sad shades to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his chrystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,
There does he fix his eyes: and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybil's divining leaves: he does 'nquire
Into th' old prophesies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire,
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flow'rs to her fair hand present.
He saw th' old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth, by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of th' icy North, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks and Libian sands.
He saw a vernal smile, sweetly difigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flow'ry lands
Of fair Engaddi honey-sweating fountains
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The Heav'n rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spight
He markt how the poor shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of Heav'n and Earth.

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the ruby portals of the East.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols, all confess
A coming deity. He saw the nest
Of pois'nous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heav'n blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gaz'd
The golden eyes of night: whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor ask'd leave of the Sun) by day as night.
By whom (as Heav'n's illustrious hand-maid) rais'd
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men
Westward to find the world's true Orient. [went

Struck with these great concurrences of things,
Symptoms so deadly, unto death and him;
Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb.
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings:
Which like two bosom'd sails embrace the dim
Air, with a dismal shade, but all in vain,
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heav'n's highest counsels, by the low
Foot-steps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a gastly shreek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of night,
The while his twisted tail he gnaw'd for spight.

Yet on the other side fain would he start
Above his fears, and think it cannot be:
He studies scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feel the pulse of every prophecy,
He knows (but knows not how, or by what art)
The Heav'n expecting ages hope to see
A mighty babe, whose pure, unspotted birth
From a chaste virgin womb should bless the Earth.

But these vast mysteries his senses smother,
And reason (for what's faith to him?) devour,
How she that is a maid should prove a mother,
Yet keep inviolate her virgin flow'r;
How God's eternal son should be man's brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectual pow'r;
How a pure spirit should incarnate be,
And life it self wear Death's frail livery.

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye;

That the unmeasur'd God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie;
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heav'n's fair family;
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above;

That he whom the Sun serves should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he, the old
Eternal Word, should be a child, and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heav'n's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd:
That Glory's self should serve our griefs and fears:
And free Eternity submit to years:

And further, that the law's eternal giver,
Should bleed in his own law's obedience:
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slaves' offence.
That the unblemish'd lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense:
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Intangles his lost thoughts, past getting out.

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged brest,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character,
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest
The face's lightning, or a smile, is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
A desperate, "Oh me," drew from his deep brest.

"Oh me!" (thus bellow'd he) "Oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frown I; and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance?
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

"He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear:
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here,
To this dark house of shades, horrour, and night,
To draw a long-liv'd death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

"Dark, dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we pow'rs of Heav'n, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clomb the North,
Where never wing of Angel yet made way.
What though I miss'd my blow? yet I strook high,
And to dare something is some victory.

"Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not 't invest
(O my despight!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of Heav'n rebuk these
Mock me, and dazle my dark mysteries? [eyes?

"Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that guild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first-born smile of Heav'n?
Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine
Opprest the common-people of the skies. [eyes,

"Ah wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys,
Renders thee double to thy present woes;
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grow.
If Hell must mourn, Heav'n sure shall sympathise;
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

"And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
My self? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, Heav'n, Earth, what e'er dost boast
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence:
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths:
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight."

Thus spoke th' impatient prince, and made a pause,
His foul hags rais'd their heads, and clapp'd their hands;
And all the powers of Hell in full applause [brands.
Flourish'd their snakes and toss'd their flaming
"We" (said the horrid sisters) "wait thy laws,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands,
Be it thy part, Hell's mighty lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey.

"What thy Alecto, what these hands can do,
Thou mad'st bold proof upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty kingdoms thou art driven:
Let Heav'n's lord chide above louder than thou
In language of his thunder, thou art even
With him below: here thou art lord alone
Boundless and absolute: Hell is thine own.

"If usual wit and strength will do no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbs: use stronger charms,
Anger, and love, best hooks of human blood:
If all fail, we'll put on our proudest arms,
And pouring on Heav'ns face the sea's huge flood,
Quench his curl'd fires, we'll wake with our alarms
Ruin, where e'er she sleeps at Nature's feet;
And crush the world till his wide corners meet."

Reply'd the proud king, "O my crown's defence?
Stay of whose strong hopes, you, of whose brave
The frighted stars took faint experience, [worth
When 'gainst the thunder's mouth we marched forth:
Still you are prodigal of your love's expense
In our great projects, both 'gainst Heav'n and Earth:
I thank you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt."

Fourth of the cursed knot of hags is she,
Or rather all the other three in one;
Hell's shop of slaughter she does oversee,
And still assist the execution:
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hell's capacious cauldron is set on:

And while the black souls boil in their own gore,
To hold them down, and look that none seeth
o'er.

Thrice howl'd the caves of night, and thrice the
sound,
Thundring upon the banks of those black lakes,
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound:
At last her list'ning ears the noise o'ertakes,
She lifts her sooty lamps, and looking round
A gen'ral hiss, from the whole tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hell's inmost caverns came,
In answer to her formidable name.

'Mongst all the palaces in Hell's command,
No one so merciless as this of hers.
The adamantine doors for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prayers and tears,
The walls' inexorable steel, no hand
Of time or teeth of hungry ruin fears.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody stains,
Of ragged limbs, torn sculls, and dash'd out
brains.

There has the purple Vengeance a proud seat,
Whose ever-brandisht sword is sheath'd in blood:
About her Hate, Wrath, War, and Slaughter
sweat,
Bathing their hot limbs in life's precious flood.
There rude impetuous rage does storm, and fret:
And there, as master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge scythe, stands impartial Death,
With endless business almost out of breath.

For hangings and for curtains, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tools of wrath, anvils of torments hung;
Fell executioners of foul intents,
Nails, hammers, hatchets sharp, and halters strong,
Swords, spears, with all the fatal instruments
Of Sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire stains
Of brothers' mutual blood, and fathers' brains.

The tables furnish'd with a cursed feast,
Which harpies, with lean Famine, feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever. Here among the rest,
Inhumane Erisicthon too makes one,
Tantalus, Atreus, Progne, here are guests;
Wolvish Lycaon here a place hath won.
The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull, [full.
Which mixt with gall and blood they quaff brim

The foul queen's most abhorred maids of honour,
Medæa, Jezabel, many a meagre witch
With Circe, Scylla, stand to wait upon her;
But her best huswives are the Parcæ, which
Still work for her, and have their wages from her;
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
Her cruel clothes of costly threds they weave,
Which short-cut lives of murdered infants leave.

The house is hers'd about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree:
Each flower's a pregnant poison, try'd and good:
Each herb a plague: the winds' sighs timed be
By a black fount, which weeps into a flood.
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
Minotaures, Cyclopses, with a dark drove
Of dragons, hydras, sphinxes, fill the grove.

Here Diomed's horses, Phereus' dogs appear,
With the fierce lions of Therodamas;
Busiris has his bloody altar here,
Here Sylla his severest prison has;
The Lestrigonians here their table rear;
Here strong Procrustes plants his bed of brass;
Here cruel Sciron boasts his bloody rocks,
And hateful Schinis his so feared oaks.

What ever schemes of blood, fantastic frames
Of death Mezentius, or Geryon drew;
Phalaris, Ochus, Ezelinus, names
Mighty in mischief, with dread Nero too,
Here are they all, here all the swords or flames
Assyrian tyrants, or Egyptian knew.
Such was the house, so furnish'd was the hall,
Whence the fourth Fury answer'd Pluto's call.

Scarce to this monster could the shady king,
The horrid sum of his intentions tell;
But she (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell:
She rose, and with her to our world did bring
Pale proof of her fell presence, th' air too well
With a chang'd countenance witness'd the fight
And poor fowls intercepted in their flight.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight;
The fields' fair eyes saw her, and saw no more
But shut their flowry lids for ever; night
And winter strow her way; yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a general fright,
An universal palsie spreading o'er
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick snakes hid them from the
Sun.

Now had the night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day she close doth lie,
With her soft wing, wip'd from the brows of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all breasts in a Lethean band.

When the Erynnis her black pineons spread,
And came to Bethlem where the cruel king
Had now retir'd himself, and borrowed
His breast a while from Care's unquiet sting.
Such as at Thebes' dire feast she show'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed torches brandishing,
Such to the frighted palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent rooms.

By proud usurping Herod now was born
The sceptre, which of old great David sway'd.
Whose right by David's lineage so long worn,
Himself a stranger to, his own had made;
And from the head of Judah's house quite torn
The crown, for which upon their necks he laid
A sad yoke, under which they sigh'd in vain,
And looking on their lost state sigh'd again.

Up through the spacious palace passed she,
To where the king's proudly-reposed head
(If any can be soft to tyranny
And self-tormenting sin) had a soft bed.
She thinks not fit such he her face should see,
As it is seen by Hell; and seen with dread:
To change her face's style she doth devise,
And in a pale ghost's shape to spare his eyes

Her self a while she lays aside, and makes
Ready to personate a mortal part.

Joseph the king's dead brother's shape she takes,
What he by nature was, is she by art.
She comes to th' king, and with her cold hand slakes
His spirits, the sparks of life, and chills his heart,
Life's forge: feign'd is her voice, and false too be
Her words, "Sleep'st thou, fond man? sleep'st thou?" said she.

So sleeps a pilot whose poor bark is prest
With many a mercyless o'er-mastring wave;
For whom (as dead) the wrathful winds contest,
Which of them deep'st shall dig her watry grave.
Why dost thou let thy brave soul lie suppress
In death-like slumbers; while thy dangers crave
A waking eye and hand? look up and see
The Fates ripe, in their great conspiracy.

"Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrew's royal stem
(That old dry stock) a despair'd branch is sprung
A most strange babe! who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw: already is the stream
Quite turn'd: th' ingrateful rebels this their young
Master (with voice free as the trump of Fame)
Their new king, and thy successor proclaim.

"What busy motions, what wild engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy brains? th' have fire
Already in their bosoms; and their hand
Already reaches at a sword: they hire
Poisons to speed thee; yet through all the land
What one comes to reveal what they conspire?
Go now, make much of these; wage still their wars,
And bring home on thy breast more thankless scars.

"Why did I spend my life, and spill my blood,
That thy firm hand for ever might sustain
A well-pois'd sceptre? does it now seem good
Thy brother's blood be spilt, life spent in vain?
'Gainst thy own sons and brothers thou hast stood
In arms, when lesser cause was to complain:
And now cross Fates a watch about thee keep,
Can'st thou be careless now, now can'st thou sleep?

"Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great self, hath stol'n king Herod from thee?
O call thy self home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee:
Redeem a worthy wrath, rouse thee, and shake
Thy self into a shape that may become thee.
Be Herod, and thou shalt not miss from me
Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee."

So said, her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeming bracelet she had ty'd,
(A special worm it was as ever kiss'd
The foamy lips of Cerberus) she apply'd
To the king's heart; the snake no sooner hiss'd,
But Vertue heard it, and away she hy'd,
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every vein,
This done, home to her Hell she hy'd amain.

He wakes, and with him (ne'er to sleep) new fears:
His sweat-bedewed bed had now betray'd him,
To a vast field of thorns, ten thousand spears
All pointed in his heart seem'd to invade him:
So mighty were th' amazing characters
With which his feeling dream had thus dismay'd him,
He his own fancy-framed foes defies:
In rage, "My arms, give me my arms," he cries,

As when a pile of food-preparing fire
The breath of artificial lungs embraves,
The caldron-prison'd waters straight conspire,
And beat the hot brass with rebellious waves?
He murmurs and rebukes their bold desire;
Th' impatient liquor, frets, and foams, and raves;
Till his o'erflowing pride suppress the flame,
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came.

So boils the fired Herod's blood-swoln brest,
Not to be slak'd but by a sea of blood.
His faithless crown he feels loose on his crest,
Which on false tyrant's head ne'er firmly stood.
The worm of jealous envy and unrest,
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food,
Makes him impatient of the ling'ring light,
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing night.

A thousand prophecies that talk strange things,
Had sown of old these doubts in his deep breast;
And now of late came tributary kings,
Bringing him nothing but new fears from th' East,
More deep suspicions, and more deadly stings.
With which his fev'rous cares their cold increas'd
And now his dream (Hell's firebrand) still more bright,
Show'd him his fears, and kill'd him with the sight.

No sooner therefore shall the morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of day)
But all his counsellors must summon'd be,
To meet their troubled lord: without delay
Heralds and messengers immediately
Are sent about, who posting every way
To th' heads and officers of every band;
Declare who sends, and what is his command.

Why art thou troubled Herod? what vain fear
Thy blood-revolving breast to rage doth move?
Heav'n's King, who doffs himself weak flesh to wear,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love:
Nor would he this thy fear'd crown from thee tear,
But give thee a better with himself above.
Poor jealousie! why should he wish to prey
Upon thy crown, who gives his own away.

Make to thy reason man; and mock thy doubts,
Look how below thy fears their causes are;
Thou art a soldier Herod; send thy scouts;
See how he's furnish'd for so fear'd a war.
What armour does he wear? a few thin clouts.
His trumpets? tender cries. His men to dare
So much? rude shepherds. What his steeds? alas
Poor beasts! a slow ox, and a simple ass

Il fine del libro primo.

ON

A PRAYER BOOK SENT TO MRS. M. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but great book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite)
Much larger in it self, than in its look.

It is in one rich handful, Heaven, and all
Heaven's royal hosts incamp'd, thus small;
To prove that true schools use to tell
A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts it self, and comes to lie
Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from thence
As from a snowy fortress of defence
Against the ghostly foe to take your part:
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light,
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.

Only be sure,
The hands be pure,
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
Wakeful and wise.
Here is a friend shall fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part.

But O! the heart
That studies this high art,
Must be a sure house-keeper,
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come e'er long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings,
Flowers of never fading graces;
To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for him, who is alone
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when he comes,
Shall find the wand'ring heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode,
To gad abroad:
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play
And keep the Devil's holy day;
To dance in the sun-shine of some smiling
But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies,
Some slipery pair,
Of false, perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes.

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets and holy joys,
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul it self more feels than hears.

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
Sights which are not seen with eyes,
Spiritual and soul piercing glances:
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire;
And melts it down in sweet desire:
Yet doth not stay
To ask the windows leave to pass that way.

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul! dear and divine annihilations!
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarified delights.

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing,
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame,
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store
Of blessings, and ten thousand more;
If, when he come,
He find the heart from home,
Doubtless he will unload
Himself some otherwhere,
And pour abroad
His precious sweets
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!
O happy and thrice happy she,
Dear silver-breasted dove,
Who e'er she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse:
And close with his immortal kisses,
Happy soul, who never misses,
To improve that precious hour:
And every day
Seize her sweet prey;
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,
Dropping with a balmy show'r
A delicious dew of spices.

O! let that happy soul hold fast
Her heavenly armful, she shall taste
At once ten thousand paradises,
She shall have power
To rifle and deflower
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,
Which with a swelling bosom there she meets,
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures.
Happy soul, she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many Heavens at once it is,
To have a God become her lover.

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK,

ENTITULED, THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS, SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

Know, you fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book:
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to Heaven will send you:
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-face'd kindred there.
And though Herbert's name do owe
These devotions, fairest; know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOUR OF THE ADMIRABLE

SAINT TERESA,

FOUNDRESS OF THE REFORMATION OF THE DISCALCED CARMELITES, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN; A WOMAN FOR ANGELICAL HEIGHT OF SPECULATION, FOR MASCULINE COURAGE OF PERFORMANCE, MORE THAN A WOMAN; WHO, YET A CHILD, OUT RAN MATURITY, AND DURST PLOT A MARTYRDOM.

Love, thou art absolute, sole lord
Of life and death!—To prove the word,
We need to go to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, stout and tall,
Ripe and full grown, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown:
Such as could, with lusty breath,
Speak loud unto the face of Death
Their great lord's glorious name; to none
Of those whose large breasts built a throne
For Love, their lord, glorious and great;
We'll see him take a private seat,
And make his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce had she learnt to lisp a name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath,
Which spent can buy so brave a death.

She never undertook to know,
What Death with Love should have to doe.
Nor hath she e'er yet understood,
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why
She can love, and she can die.
Scarce had she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove,
How much less strong is Death than Love.

Be Love but there, let poor six years
Be pos'd with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, we straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind.
'Tis love, not years, or limbs, that can
Make the martyr or the man.
Love toucht her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats:
Such thirst to die, as dare drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup:
Good reason, for she breathes all fire,
Her weak breast heaves with strong desire,
Of what she may with fruitless wishes
Seek for, amongst her mother's kisses.

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
She'll travel to a martyrdom.
No home for her confesses she,
But where she may a martyr be.
She'll to the Moors, and trade with them,
For this unvalued diadem;
She offers them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't in change for death:
She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God, and teach them how to live
In him, or if they this deny,
For him, she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown,
Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewel then all the world, adieu,
Teresa is no more for you:
Farewel all pleasures, sports, and joys,
Never till now esteemed toys:
Farewel, whatever dear may be,
Mother's arms, or father's knee:
Farewel house, and farewel home;
She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Sweet not so fast, lo thy fair spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows
Calls thee back, and bids thee come,
T' embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest pow'rs forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife.
Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet; and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet; O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so:
Thou art love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into love's hand thou shalt let fall,
A still surviving funeral.

He is the dart must make the death,
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath;
A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame,
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name:
Upon the roof of Heaven, where ay,
It shines, and with a sovereign ray,
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls, which in that name's sweet graces.

Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure and fair,
Must be the immortal instrument,
Upon whose choice point shall be spent
A life so lov'd, and that there be
Fit executioners for thee.
The fairest, and the first-born loves of fire,
Blest seraphims shall leave their quire,
And turn love's soldiers upon thee,
To exercise their archery.

O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtile pain?
Of intollerable joys?
Of a death in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain!
And lives and dies, and knows not why
To live, but that he still may die.

How kindly will thy gentle heart,
Kisse the sweetly —— killing dart:
And close in his embraces keep,
Those delicious wounds that weep
Balsam, to heal themselves with thus;
When these thy deaths so numerous,
Shall all at once die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion:
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last,
In a dissolving sigh, and then,
O what! ask not the tongues of men!

Angels cannot tell: suffice,
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there,
So soon as thou shalt first appear

The Moon of maiden stars; thy white
Mistress attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room.
Where 'mongst her snowy family,
Immortal welcomes wait on thee.
O what delight when she shall stand,
And teach thy lips Heaven, with her hand,
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses!
What joy shall seize thy soul when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee,
Those second smiles of Heaven, shall dart
Her mild rays through thy melting heart:

Angels thy old friends there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before
And waited for thee at the door
Shall own thee there: and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the king thy spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains set bright upon thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul, which late they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars,
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.

Those rare works, where thou shalt leave writ,
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows; and be
Both fire to us, and flame to thee:
Whose light shall live bright, in thy face.
By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
Themselves thy crown, sons of thy vows:
The virgin births with which thy spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul; go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To him, "Put on" (he'll say) "put on,
My rosy love, that thy rich zone,
Sparkling with the sacred flames,
Of thousand souls whose happy names,
Heaven keeps upon thy score, thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light."
That kindled them to stars." And so
Thou with the Lamb thy lord shall 't go,
And where soe'er he sets his white
Steps, walk with him those ways of light.
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to dye like thee.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PRECEDENT HYMN,

AS HAVING BEEN WRIT WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS YET A PROTESTANT.

Thus have I back again to thy bright name,
Fair sea of holy fires, transfus'd the flame
I took from reading thee, 'tis to thy wrong
I know that in my weak and worthless song
Thou here art set to shine, where thy full day
Scarce dawns, O pardon, if I dare to say
Thine own dear books are guilty, for from thence
I learnt to know that love is eloquence:
That heavenly maxim gave me heart to try
If what to other tongues is tun'd so high
Thy praise might not speak English too. Forbid
(By all thy mysteries that there lie hid;)
Forbid it mighty Love, let no fond hate
Of names and words so far prejudicate;
Souls are not Spaniards too, one friendly flood
Of baptism, blends them all into one blood.
Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,
And loves that body's soul; no law controuls
Our free trafic for Heaven, we may maintain
Peace sure with piety, though it dwell in Spain.
What soul soe'er in any language can
Speak Heav'n like hers, is my soul's country-man.
O 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks,
'Tis Heaven that lies in ambush there, and breaks
From thence into the wond'ring reader's breast,
Who finds his warm heart hatch into a nest
Of little eagles and young loves, whose high
Flight scorn the lazy dust, and things that die.
There are enow whose draughts as deep as Hell
Drink up all Spain in sack, let my soul swell
With thee, strong wine of love! let others swim
In puddles, we will pledge this seraphim
Bowls full of richer blood than blush of grape
Was ever guilty of. Change we our shape,
My soul; some drink from men to beasts; O then,
Drink we till we prove more, not less than men:
And turn not beasts, but angels. Let the king,
Me ever into these his cellars bring;
Where flows such wine as we can have of none
But him who trode the wine-press all alone:
Wine of youth's life, and the sweet deaths of love,
Wine of immortal mixture, which can prove
Its tincture from the rosy nectar, wine
That can exalt weak earth, and so refine
Our dust, that in one draught, mortality
May drink it self up, and forget to die.

ON A TREATISE OF CHARITY.

Rise then, immortal maid! Religion rise!
Put on thy self in thine own looks: t' our eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots, have made thee,
Such as (ere our dark sins to dust betray'd thee)
Heav'n set thee down new drest; when thy bright birth
Shot thee like lightning to th' astonish'd Ea
From th' dawn of thy fair eye-lids wipe away
Dull mists and melancholy clouds: take day
And thine own beams about thee: bring the best
Of whatsoe'er perfum'd thy eastern nest.
Girt all thy glories to thee: then sit down,
Open this book, fair queen, and take thy crown.
These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee
Thy holiest, humblest, handmaid, Charity;
She'll dress thee like thy self, set thee on high
Where thou shalt reach all hearts, command each eye.
Lo, where I see thy off'rings wake, and rise
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
Which they themselves were; each one putting on
A majesty that may beseem thy throne.

The holy youth of Heav'n whose golden rings,
Girt round thy awful altars, with bright wings
Fanning thy fair locks (which the world believes
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garb shall go
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho.
———Be it enacted then
By the fair laws of thy firm-pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
A sluttishness, for pure religion:
No longer shall our churches' frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead devotion; nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruines; nor religion keep
A melancholly mansion in those cold
Urns. Like God's sanctuaries they look'd of old;
Now seem they temples consecrate to none,
Or to a new god Desolation.
No more the hypocrite shall th' upright be,
Because he's stiff, and will confess no knee:
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainful dust and ashes) bend thy brow;
Nor on God's altar cast two scorching eyes.
Bak'd in hot scorn, for a burnt sacrifice:
But (for a lamb) thy tame and tender heart
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart;
Or (for two turtle doves) it shall suffice
To bring a pair of meek and humble eyes.
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in; to redeem
Vertue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keeps religion warm: not swell a name
Of faith, a mountain word, made up of air,
With those dear spoils that wont to dress the fair
And fruitful Charity's full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold.
What can the poor hope from us, when we be
Uncharitable ev'n to Charity?

ON THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Hark she is call'd, the parting hour is come,
Take thy farewell poor world, Heaven must go home.
A piece of heavenly light purer and brighter
Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come to light her,
While through the christal orbs, clearer than they,
She climbs and makes a far more milky way;
She's call'd again, hark how th' immortal dove
Sighs to his silver mate: "Rise up, my love,
Rise up my fair, my spotless one,
The winter's past, the rain is gone:
The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets, since thou art wanting here.

"Come away, my love,
Come away, my dove,
Cast off delay:
The court of Heav'n is come,
To wait upon thee home;
Come away, come away."

She's call'd again, and will she go;
When Heaven bids come, who can say no?
Heav'n calls her, and she must away,
Heaven will not, and she cannot stay.
Go then, go (glorious) on the golden wings
Of the bright youth of Heav'n, that sings
Under so sweet a burden: go,
Since thy great Son will have it so:
And while thou goest, our song and we
Will, as we may, reach after thee.
Hail, holy queen of humble hearts,
We in thy praise will have our parts;
And though thy dearest looks must now be light
To none but the blest Heavens, whose bright
Beholders lost in sweet delight
Feed for ever their fair sight
With those divinest eyes, which we
And our dark world no more shall see.
Though our poor joys are parted so,
Yet shall our lips never let go
Thy gracious name, but to the last,
Our loving song shall hold it fast.

Thy sacred name shall be
Thy self to us, and we
With holy cares will keep it by us,
We to the last
Will hold it fast,
And no assumption shall deny us.
All the sweetest showers
Of our fairest flowers
Will we strow upon it:
Though our sweetness cannot make
It sweeter, they may take
Themselves new sweetness from it.

Maria, men and angels sing,
Maria, mother of our king.
Live, rarest princess! and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light
Embrace thy radiant brows! O may the best
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast!
Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth
Of Heaven, and humble pride of Earth!
Live, crown of women, queen of men:
Live, mistress of our song, and when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest.

AN HYMN,

ON THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

Rise, thou best and brightest morning,
Rosy with a double red;
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride of laces,
The crimson curtains of thy bed;
Gild thee not with so sweet graces,
Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
None so fair thy bosom strows,
As this modest maiden lilly
Our sins have sham'd into a rose.

Bid the golden god, the Sun,
Burnish'd in his glorious beams,
Put all his red eyed rubies on,
These rubies shall put out his eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
Rob the rich store her cabinets keep,
The pure birth of each sparkling nest,
That flaming in their fair bed sleep.

Let him embrace his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gems;
And wear in them his wealthy dresses,
Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness, to the day
That breaks from one of these fair eyes.

And soon the sweet truth shall appear,
Dear babe, ere many days be done:
The Moon shall come to meet thee here,
And leave the long adored Sun.

Thy nobler beauty shall bereave him,
Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to thy sweeter powers.

Nor while they leave him shall they lose the Sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.

ON HOPE.

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER, BETWEEN A. COWLEY AND R. CRASHAW.

COWLEY.

Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss.
Whom ill and good doth equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound.
Vain shadow! that doth vanish quite
Both at full noon, and perfect night.
The Fates have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.
If things then from their ends we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

CRASHAW.

Dear Hope! Earth's dowry, and Heaven's debt,
The entity of things that are not yet.
Subt'lest, but surest being! thou by whom
Our nothing hath a definition.
Fair cloud of fire, both shade and light,
Our life in death, our day in night.
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee.
From thee their thin dilemma with blunt horn
Shrinks, like the sick Moon at the wholesome morn.

COWLEY.

Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, instead of doing so, devour'st it quite.
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before.
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflour'd virgins to our bed:
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
So mighty custom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close, doth better taste:
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

CRASHAW.

Thou art loves legacy under lock
Of faith: the steward of our growing stock.
Our crown-lands lie above, yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sons of kings.
Nor will the virgin-joys we wed
Come less unbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridal cheek of bliss,
Thou thus steal'st down a distant kiss; [head,
Hope's chaste kiss wrongs no more joy's maiden-
Than spousal rites prejudge the marriage-bed.

COWLEY.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lottery,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be.
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thine aim so far,
That still, or short, or wide, thine arrows are.
Thine empty cloud the eye it self deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives:
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears.
When thy false beams o'er reason's light prevail,
By ignes fatui, not north stars, we sail.

CRASHAW.

Fair Hope! our earlier Heaven, by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity. [sower;
The generous wine with age grows strong, not
Nor need we kill thy fruit to smell thy flower.
Thy golden head never hangs down,
Till in the lap of Love's full noon
It falls and dies: Oh no, it melts away
As doth the dawn into the day:
As lumps of sugar lose themselves, and twine
Their subtle essence with the soul of wine.

COWLEY.

Brother of Fear! more gayly clad,
The merrier fool o'th' two, yet quite as mad,
Sire of Repentance! shield of fond Desire,
That blows the chymic's, and the lover's fire,
Still leading them insensibly on,
With the strange witchcraft of anon:
By thee the one doth changing Nature through
Her endless labyrinths pursue,
And th' other chases woman, while she goes
More ways, and turns, than hunted Nature knows.

CRASHAW.

Fortune, alas! above the world's law wars:
Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars.
Her keel cuts not the waves, where our winds stir,
And Fate's whole lottery is one blank to her.
Her shafts and she fly far above,
And forrage in the fields of light, and love.
Sweet Hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy! by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what, and where we would: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now.

CRASHAW.

Faith's sister! nurse of fair Desire!
Fear's antidote! a wise, and well stay'd fire,
Temper'd 'twixt cold despair and torrid joy:
Queen regent in young Love's minority.
Though the vext chymic vainly chases
His fugitive gold through all her faces,
And love's more fierce, more fruitless fires assay
One face more fugitive than all they,
True Hope's a glorious huntress, and her chase-
The God of Nature in the field of grace.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES:

OR,

OTHER POEMS WRITTEN ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas. Mart.

MUSICK'S DUEL[1].

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak; there sat
A sweet lute's-master: in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood:
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren, harmless Syren she)
There stood she listning and did entertain
The music's soft report; and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet preludium
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes; to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm and with a long drawn dash
Blends all together, then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat:
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
Most kindly do fall out, the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands; this lesson too
She gives him back, her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roul themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Preferr soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their mattens sing:
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest;
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild ecchoes, pratling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs; she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd; and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is plac'd
Above her self, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; "Yet once again
(Mistress) I come; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy;"
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lip'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres and make Heaven's self look higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries,
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,

[1] From Strada. See also Phillips' Pastorals. *R.*

Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humourous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongu'd accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,
Gives life to some new grace: thus doth h' invoke
Sweetness by all her names; thus, bravely thus,
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoln rapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wilde airs,
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatcht out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length, (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note;
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities,
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, rais'd in a natural tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute; O fit to have,
(That liv'd so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

UPON THE DEATH OF A GENTLEMAN.

Faithless and fond mortality,
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithless thing! that thus,
In our best hopes, beguilest us:
What a reckoning hast thou made
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For life by volumes lengthened,
A line or two, to speak him dead.
For the laurel in his verse,
The sullen cypress o'er his herse.
For a silver-crowned head,
A dirty pillow in death's bed.
For so dear, so deep a trust,
Sad requital, thus much dust!
Now though the blow that snatch'd him hence,
Stopp'd the mouth of Eloquence,
Though she be dumb e'er since his death,
Not us'd to speak but in his breath;
Yet if at least she not denies
The sad language of our eyes,
We are contented: for than this
Language none more fluent is.
Nothing speaks our grief so well
As to speak nothing: come, then, tell
Thy mind in tears, who e'er thou be,
That ow'st a name to misery:
Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs;
Sententious showers, O let them fall!
Their cadence is rhetorical.
Here's a theme will drink th' expense
Of all thy watry eloquence;
Weep, then, onely be exprest
Thus much, "He's dead!" and weep the rest.

UPON THE DEATH OF MR. HERRYS.

A plant of noble stem, forward and fair,
As ever whisper'd to the morning air,
Thriv'd in these happy grounds, the Earth's just [pride,
Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
His head in clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught motion
To start from time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and seize upon maturity:
Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade
The Sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
Among his branches, yea, and vow'd to bring
His own delicious Phenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
To hatch her self in 'mongst his leaves: the day
Fresh from the rosy East rejoyc'd to play.
To them she gave the first and fairest beam
That waited on her birth, she gave to them
The purest pearls, that wept her evening death,
The balmy Zephirus got so sweet a breath
By often kissing them, and now begun
Glad time to ripen expectation:
The timerous maiden-blossoms on each bough,
Peep'd forth from their first blushes: so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
Fix'd in delight, as if already there
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden year
His crown expected, when (O Fate! O Time!
That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime
Hide his hot beams in shade of silver age;
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage
Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,
Ravish'dthe maiden blossoms, and down bore
The trunk; yet in this ground his precious root
Still lives, which when weak time shall be pour'd
Into eternity, and circular joys [out
Dance in an endless round, again shall rise
The fair son of an ever-youthful spring,
To be a shade for angels while they sing.
Mean while, who e'er thou art that passest here,
O do thou water it with one kind tear!

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST DESIRED MR. HERRYS.

Death, what dost? O hold thy blow!
What thou dost, thou dost not know.
Death, thou must not here be cruel,
This is Nature's choicest jewel.

This is he, in whose rare frame
Nature labour'd for a name,
And meant to leave his precious feature,
The pattern of a perfect creature.
Joy of goodness, love of art,
Vertue wears him next her heart:
Him the Muses love to follow,
Him they call their Vice-Apollo.
Apollo, golden though thou be,
Th' art not fairer than is he.
Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,
Blushing from thine eastern bed,
The glories of thy youth ne'er knew
Brighter hopes than he can shew;
Why then should it e'er be seen,
That his should fade while thine is green?
And wilt thou (O cruel boast!)
Put poor Nature to such cost?
O 'twill undo our common mother,
To be at charge of such another.
What! think we to no other end,
Gracious Heavens do use to send
Earth her best perfection,
But to vanish and be gone?
Therefore only give to day,
To morrow to be snatch'd away?
I 've seen indeed the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new saluted day,
(His tender top not fully spread)
The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when, lo!
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
Cruel Auster thither hy'd him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not spitefully to waste
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I 've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings so richly bright,
As if he scorn'd to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scoul
Made Heaven's radiant face look foul;
Call'd for an untimely night,
To blot the newly blossom'd light.
But were the rose's blush so rare,
Were the morning's smile so fair,
As is he, nor cloud nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.
Spare him, Death! O spare him then,
Spare the sweetest among men!
Let not Pity, with her tears,
Keep such distance from thine ears;
But O! thou wilt not, can'st not spare,
Haste hath never time to hear;
Therefore if he needs must go,
And the Fates will have it so,
Softly may he be possest
Of his monumental rest.
Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
Safe, O! hide his loved head.
For pity's sake, O hide him quite
From his mother Nature's sight!
Lest, for the grief his loss may move,
All her births abortive prove.

ANOTHER.

If ever Pity were acquainted
With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigour
Of an adamantine rigour,
Here, O here we should have known it,
Here, or no where, he'd have shown it.
For he whose precious memory
Bathes in tears of every eye:
He to whom our sorrow brings
All the streams of all her springs,
Was so rich in grace and nature,
In all the gifts that bless a creature,
The fresh hopes of his lovely youth
Flourish'd in so fair a growth.
So sweet the temple was, that shrin'd
The sacred sweetness of his mind.
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant;
Or had ever learn'd to bear
The soft tincture of a tear:
Tears would now have flow'd so deep,
As might have taught Grief how to weep:
Now all their steely operation
Would quite have lost the cruel fashion:
Sickness would have gladly been
Sick himself to have sav'd him:
And his fever wish'd to prove
Burning only in his love;
Him when Wrath it self had seen,
Wrath its self had lost his spleen;
Grim Destruction, here amaz'd,
Instead of striking, would have gaz'd;
Even the iron-pointed pen,
That notes the tragic dooms of men,
Wet with tears still'd from the eyes
Of the flinty Destinies,
Would have learn'd a softer style,
And have been asham'd to spoile
His live's sweet story, by the haste
Of a cruel stop ill plac'd
In the dark volume of our fate,
Whence each leaf of life hath date,
Where, in sad particulars,
The total sum of man appears;
And the short clause of mortal breath
Bound in the period of death:
In all the book, if any where
Such a term as this, "Spare here,"
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
Writ in white letters o'er his head:
Or close unto his name annex'd,
The fair gloss of a fairer text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and only he.
But he, alas! even he is dead
And our hopes' fair harvest spread
In the dust! Pity, now spend
All the tears that grief can lend:
Sad Mortality may hide,
In his ashes, all her pride,
With this inscription o'er his head:
"All hope of never dying here lies dead."

HIS EPITAPH.

Passenger, who e'er thou art,
Stay a while, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on:

This stone will tell thee, that beneath
Is entomb'd the crime of Death;
The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his years so much behind,
That numbring of his virtues' praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his days;
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old:
In him perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth;
Him, his wisdom's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the centre of his breast
(Sweet as is the phœnix' nest)
Every reconciled grace
Had their general meeting place;
In him goodness joy'd to see
Learning learn humility:
The splendour of his birth and blood
Was but the gloss of his own good;
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth:
In composure of his face
Liv'd a fair, but manly grace;
His mouth was rhetoric's best mold,
His tongue the touchstone of her gold;
What word so e'r his breath kept warm,
Was no word now, but a charm:
For all persuasive graces thence
Suck'd their sweetest influence;
His virtue that within had root,
Could not choose but shine without;
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own rays:
That to his sweetness all men's eyes
Were vow'd love's flaming sacrifice.
Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherish'd in his golden prime;
Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade;
The rush of Death's unruly wave
Swept him off into his grave.
Enough now, (if thou can'st) pass on,
For now (alas!) not in this stone
(Passenger, who e'er thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE,

WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce:
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep!
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
In the last knot that love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

AN EPITAPH UPON DOCTOR BROOK.

A BROOK whose stream so great, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood,
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their own Helicon,
Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground:
Mean while his loved banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

UPON MR. STANINOUGH'S DEATH.

DEAR relics of a dislodg'd soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black;
O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thy self up close in thy cold bed!
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons, worthy of thy funeral. [powers,
Come then, youth, beauty, and blood, all ye soft
Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false eternity; come, man,
(Hyperbolized nothing!) know thy span;
Take thine own measure here, down, down, and bow
Before thy self in thy idea, thou
Huge emptiness, contract thy bulk, and shrink
All thy wild circle to a point! O sink
Lower, and lower yet; till thy small size
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes:
Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
To show a face fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbour-hood to nothing! here put on
Thy self in this unfeign'd reflection;
Here, gallant ladies, this impartial glass
(Thro' all your painting) shows you your own face.
These death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the proud hopes of poor mortality.
These curtain'd windows, this self-prison'd eye,
Out-stares the lids of large-look'd tyranny:
This posture is the brave one; this that lies
Thus low, stands up (me thinks) thus, and defies
The world—All daring dust and ashes, only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

UPON THE DUKE OF YORK'S BIRTH.

A PANEGYRICK.

BRITAIN, the mighty Ocean's lovely bride,
Now stretch thy self (fair isle) and grow, spread wide
Thy bosom, and make room; thou art opprest
With thine own glories: and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self: for, lo! the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee, and those glorious odds
Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high,
As sits above thy best capacity.
Are they not odds? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an age's labour, that thy days
Are guilded with the union of those rays,
Whose each divided beam would be a sun,
To glad the sphere of any nation.
O! if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain! to be truly great.
And so thou art, their presence makes thee so,
They are thy greatness: gods, where e'er they go,
Bring their Heaven with them, their great foot-
An everlasting smile upon the face [steps place

Of the glad Earth they tread on, while with thee
Those beams that ampliate mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majesty and fulness deign to dwell;
Thou by thy self may'st sit, (blest isle) and see
How thy great mother, Nature, doats on thee:
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an isle, but made a world.
Great Charles! thou sweet dawn of a glorious [day,
Centre of those thy grandsires, shall I say,
Henry and James, or Mars and Phœbus rather?
If this were Wisdom's god, that War's stern father,
'Tis but the same is said, Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under divers names.
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls,
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the poles
Of peace and war; thou for whose manly brow
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland; see, (sweet prince) O see
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Are ta'en out, and transcrib'd by thy great mother.
See, see thy real shadow, see thy brother,
Thy little self in less, read in these eyne
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
These hands and thine were hewn, these cherries
The coral of thy lips. Thou art of all [mock
This well-wrought copy the fair principal.
Justly, great Nature, may'st thou brag and tell
How ev'n th' hast drawn this faithful parallel,
And match'd thy master-peece! O then, go on!
Make such another sweet comparison.
See'st thou that Mary there? O teach her mother
To show her to her self in such another:
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone, light such another star, and twine
Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one
Venus may have a constellation.
So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)
Two silken sister flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful cheeks together, newly they
Peep'd from their buds, show'd like the garden's eyes
Scarce wak'd: like was the crimson of their joys,
Like were the pearls they wept, so like, that one
Seem'd but the other's kind reflection. [the day?
But stay, what glimpse was that? Why blush'd
Why ran the started air trembling away?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? What second morn
At mid-day opes a presence which Heaven's eye
Stands off and points at? Is 't some deity,
Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen?
Is it some deity? or is't our queen?
'Tis she, 'tis she! her awful beauties chase
The day's abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine! O thou bright
Mistress of wonders! Cynthia's is the night,
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does the Sun deny 't) our Cynthia.
Illustrious sweetness! in thy faithful womb,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room;
Thou art the mother phœnix, and thy breast
Chaste as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitful is; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty love a deity;
Then let the eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy phœnix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phœnixes, and still the mother:
And may we long; long may'st thou live, t' increase
The house and family of phœnixes.
Nor may the light, that gives their eye-lids light,
E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night:
Ne'er, may a birth of thine be bought so dear,
To make his costly cradle of thy bier.
O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month; and when that's done,
Mayest in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royal elm, (fair vine!) and when
The Heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story.
Pardon (bright excellence!) an untun'd string,
That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring;
O! speak a lowly Muse's pardon; speak
Her pardon or her sentence; only break
Thy silence; speak; and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetness, and an influence,
Confessing thee; or (if too long I stay)
O speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say:
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.
But gods are gracious: and their altars make
Precious their offerings that their altars take;
Give them this rural wreath, fire from thine eyes.
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

VPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE AND THE BROKEN HEART.

Thou cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by art.
What is Love's sacrifice, but the Broken Heart?

ON A FOUL MORNING,

BEING THEN TO TAKE A JOURNEY.

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way,
Stumbling on night? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choke the light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams, O glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks!
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appere
Full glory, flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the Earth, we will enstile
The face of things, an universal smile:
Say to the sullen Morn, thou com'st to court her;
And wilt demand proud Zephirus to sport her
With wanton gales; his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet harvest, which discloses
To every blushing bed of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd meanders: he will throw
A fragrant breath, suck'd from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phœnix, warm upon her breast:
He, with a dainty and soft hand, will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes; wheresoe'er she'll tread,
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.
Rise, then, (fair blew-ey'd maid) rise, and dis-
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover. [cover

See how he runs! with what a hasty flight
Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light!
Fly, fly, prophane fogs! far hence fly away!
Taint not the pure streams of the springing day.
With your dull influence, it is for you
To sit and scoul upon Night's heavy brow;
Not on the fresh checks of the virgin Morn,
Where nought but smiles and ruddy joys are worn:
Fly, then, and do not think with her to stay;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to day.

UPON THE FAIR

ETHIOPIAN SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

Lo! here the fair Chariclia! in whom strove
So false a fortune, and so true a love.
Now, after all her toils by sea and land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand!
Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then
She shall appear true Ethiopian.

ON MARRIAGE.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life.

TO THE MORNING.

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP.

What succour can I hope the Muse will send
Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muse's friend?
What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
Unless the Muse sing my apology?
O in that morning of my shame! when I
Lay folded up in Sleep's captivity;
How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyes
Into thy modest veil? How didst thou rise
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
To draw the curtains, and awake the Sun?
Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
Me from his patronage: I pray, he chides:
And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon: and see
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis my humble fancy finds no wings,
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madness of a Muse,
Whose feet can walk the milky way, and choose
Her starry throne; whose holy heats can warm
The grave and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, and climb
Upon the stopped shoulders of old Time;
And trace eternity——But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them: but, O thou
Bright lady of the morn! pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die:
Have mercy, then, and when he next shall rise,
O meet the angry god, invade his eyes,
And stroke his radiant cheeks! one timely kiss
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
My grief is; so my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates, and duely mock
The early lark's shrill orizons, to be
An anthem at the Day's nativity.
And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.
But thou, faint god of sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
My self a melting sacrifice: I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn.
Heir of the Sun's first beams, why threat'st thou so?
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre? Go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful Woe,
Sickness and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears; shut out their miseries.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

Love, brave Vertue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother;
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks, if sad or saving pow'rs
Gave omen to his infant hours;
She asks each star that then stood by,
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah! my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face, in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate.
Ah! my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
How e'er Love's native hours were set,
What ever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
Points of death bid Love begone,
(Though the Heavens in council sate,
To crown an uncontroled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood)
Love has no plea against her eye,
Beauty frowns, and Love must dye.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love:
Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fixt his forehead to a frown)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O! if Love shall live, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life aught else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O! where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?
While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live, although he die.

OUT OF VIRGIL,

IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING.

All trees, all leafy groves, confess the Spring
Their gentlest friend: then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
To generation: Heaven's almighty sire
Melts on the bosom of his love, and pours
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers,
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With Earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
Her weak conceptions: no lone shade, but rings
With chatting birds' delicious murmurings.
Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warm Zephyr's lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture: no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosom to the Sun,
(Grown lusty now): no vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
But hastes her forward blossoms, and lays out,
Freely lays out her leaves; nor do I doubt
But when the world first out of Chaos sprang,
So smil'd the days, and so the tenour ran
Of their felicity. A spring was there,
An everlasting spring the jolly year
Led round in his great circle: no wind's breath
As then did smell of winter, or of death; [when
When life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and
From their hard mother Earth sprang hardy men;
When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
Stars in their higher chambers: never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sense
Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns' indulgence
Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mold
A sweetly-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

WITH A PICTURE SENT TO A FRIEND.

I paint so ill, my piece had need to be
Painted again by some good poesy,
I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th' picture of a well-limn'd verse:
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send not true picture nor true poesy:
Both which away, I should not need to fear,
My love, or feign'd, or painted, should appear.

IN PRAISE OF LESSIUS,

HIS RULE OF HEALTH.

Go, now, with some daring drug,
Bait the disease, and while they tug,
Thou, to maintain their cruel strife,
Spend the dear treasure of thy life:
Go, take physic, doat upon
Some big-nam'd composition,
The oraculous doctor's mystic bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at length shalt get by these?
Only a costlier disease.
Go, poor man, think what shall be
Remedy against thy remedy.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark hither, reader, would'st thou see
Nature her own physician be;
Would'st see a man, all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well?
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit?
A well-cloth'd soul that's not opprest,
Nor chok'd with what she should be drest?
A soul sheath'd in a chrystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aereal veil is drawn
O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams?
A happy soul, that all the way
To Heaven hath a summer's day?
Would'st thou see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man, whose tuned humours be
A set of rarest harmony?
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age, would'st see December smile?
Would'st see a nest of roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

The smiling morn had newly wak'd the day,
And tipt the mountains in a tender ray:
When on a hill (whose high imperious brow
Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas
Thro' the great mouth that's nam'd from Hercules)
A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,
Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore.
The shore, that show'd them what the sea deny'd,
Hope of a prey. There, to the main land ty'd,
A ship they saw, no men she had: yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third ring; o'er the shore was spread

Death's purple triumph; on the blushing ground
Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
In their own blood's dear deluge, some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled:
While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light,
Those yet fresh streams, which crawled every where, [there:
Show'd, that stern War had newly bath'd him
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too,
A miserable and a monstrous feast,
Where hungry War had made himself a guest;
And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,
Who prov'd the feast to their own funeral, &c.

OUT OF THE GREEK.

CUPID'S CRIER.

Love is lost, nor can his mother
Her little fugitive discover:
She seeks, she sighs, but no where spies him;
Love is lost; and thus she cries him:
"O yes! if any happy eye
This roving wanton shall descry:
Let the finder surely know.
Mine is the wag; 'tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer, and that none
May think his labour vainly gone,
The glad descrier shall not miss
To taste the nectar of a kiss
From Venus' lips; but as for him
That brings him to me, he shall swim
In riper joys; more shall be his
(Venus assures him) than a kiss:
But lest your eye discerning slide,
These marks may be your judgment's guide:
His skin as with a fiery blushing
High-colour'd is; his eyes still flushing
With nimble flames; and though his mind
Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind:
For never were his words in aught
Found the pure issue of his thought.
The working bees' soft melting gold,
That which their waxen mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as do the tones
Of his tun'd accents; but if once
His anger kindle, presently
It boils out into cruelty,
And fraud: he makes poor mortals' hurts
The objects of his cruel sports;
With dainty curls his froward face
Is crown'd about; but O! what place,
What farthest nook of lowest Hell,
Feels not the strength, the reaching spell,
Of his small hand? Yet not so small
As 'tis powerful therewithal.
Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
And like a saucy bird he hovers
With wanton wing, now here, now there,
'Bout men and women; nor will spare,
Till at length he perching rest,
In the closet of their breast.
His weapon is a little bow,
Yet such a one as (Jove knows how)
Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow
Of Heav'n's high'st arches to fall narrow.
The gold that on his quiver smiles,
Deceives men's fears with flattering wiles:
But O! (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter shafts 'tis sauced too well.
He is all cruel, cruel all;
His torch imperious, though but small,
Makes the Sun (of flames the sire)
Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
Wheresoe'er you chance to find him,
Seize him, bring him, (but first bind him.)
Pity not him, but fear thy self,
Though thou see the crafty elf,
Tell down his silver drops unto thee,
They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.
With baited smiles if he display
His fawning cheeks, look not that way;
If he offer sugar'd kisses,
Start, and say, 'The serpent hisses:'
Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
Woo, entreat, and crying say,
'Pr'ythee, sweet, now let me go,
Here's my quiver, shafts, and bow,
I'll give thee all, take all,' take heed,
Lest his kindness make thee bleed.
What e'er it be Love offers, still presume
That tho' it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume."

High mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall:
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn: with much ado yet ere he dies,
He strains these words: "Base Envy, do laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon."

UPON VENUS

PUTTING ON MARS HIS ARMS.

What! Mars his sword? fair Cytherea, say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and O! then
What needst thou put on arms against poor men?

UPON THE SAME.

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd,
"Come, if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd."
"Why, fool!" says Venus, "thus provok'st thou me, [thee?"
That being nak'd, thou know'st could conquer

UPON

BISHOP ANDREWS HIS PICTURE BEFORE HIS SERMONS.

This reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,
Whose glorious course thro' our horizon run,
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere,
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear;
Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought
Thro' learning's universe, and (vainly) sought
Room for her spacious self, until at length
She found the way home with an holy strength,
Snatch'd her self hence to Heaven: fill'd a bright place
'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face

Of her great Maker fix'd her flaming eye,
There still to read true pure divinity.
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance: if you think
'Tis but a dead face, Art doth here bequeath;
Look on the following leaves, and see him breath.

OUT OF MARTIAL.

Four teeth thou had'st, that, rank'd in goodly state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none.

This last cough, Ælia, cough'd out all thy fear,
Thou'st left the third cough now no business here.

OUT OF ITALIAN.

A SONG.

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine, that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air,
Flow thy hair;
That no more summer's best dresses
Be beholden
For their golden
Locks, to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
Love his quiver,
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow;
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips, whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven,
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once fly from out thee;
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow:
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me
All his terrours to affright me;
Thine eyes' graces
Guild their faces,
And those terrours shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying;
Those sweet airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Love now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it.
Your eyes the light hath reft him;
The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.
O! that poor Love be not for ever spoiled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lies,
(Drest in those beams) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames,
(I care not whether)
And so in mutual names,
O Love! burn both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came nak'd, a boy, and blind?
'Tis this: listning one day too long
To th' syrens in my mistress' song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'er-mastring all his might,
To that one sense, made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart and all.

ON THE

FRONTISPIECE OF ISAACSON'S CHRONOLOGY EXPLAINED.

If with distinctive eye and mind you look
Upon the front, you see more than one book.
Creation is God's book, wherein he writ
Each creature, as a letter filling it.
History is Creation's book, which shows
To what effects the series of it goes.
Chronology's the book of History, and bears
The just account of days, of months, and years.
But Resurrection in a later press,
And New Edition is the sum of these:
The language of these books had all been one,
Had not th' aspiring tow'r of Babylon
Confus'd the tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
As far the speech, as men, o' th' new fill'd world.
Set then your eyes in method, and behold
Time's emblem, Saturn; who, when store of gold
Coin'd the first age, devour'd that birth he fear'd;
Till History, Time's eldest child, appear'd;
And, phœnix-like, in spite of Saturn's rage,
Forc'd from her ashes, heirs in every age.

From th' rising Sun, obtaining by just suit
A Spring's engender, and an Autumn's fruit.
Who in those volumes, at her motion pen'd,
Unto Creation's Alpha doth extend.
Again ascend, and view Chronology,
By optic skill pulling far History
Nearer; whose hand the piercing eagle's eye
Strengthens to bring remotest objects nigh.
Under whose feet, you see the setting Sun,
From the dark gnomon, o'er her volumes run,
Drown'd in eternal night, never to rise;
Till Resurrection show it to the eyes
Of earth-worn men; and her shrill trumpet's sound
Affright the bones of mortals from the ground:
The columns both are crown'd with either sphere,
To show Chronology and History bear
No other culmen than the double art,
Astronomy, Geography impart.

OR THUS.

Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave
To what his bowels' birth and being gave:
Let Nature die, and (phœnix-like) from death
Revived Nature take a second breath:
If on Time's right hand sit fair History;
If, from the seed of empty ruin, she
Can raise so fair an harvest: let her be
Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology
(Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd day's meridian)
Will have a perspicil to find her out,
And, thro' the night of error and dark doubt,
Discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,
As when the rosy morn buds into day.
Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build
Ruin a temple; on whose fruitful fall
History rears her pyramids more tall
Than were th' Ægyptian (by the life, these give,
The Egyptian pyramids themselves must live:)
On these she lifts the world; and on their base
Shows the two terms and limits of Time's race:
That, the Creation is; the Judgement this;
That, the world's morning; this her midnight is.

AN EPITAPH UPON MR. ASHTON,

A CONFORMABLE CITIZEN.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
"Here lies a truly honest man:"
One whose conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither church nor king.
One of those few that in this town
Honour all preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practice preach'd them o'er again.
His parlour-sermons rather were
Those to the eye, than to the ear.
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home,
Not only in despite of Rome.
He lov'd his father, yet his zeal
Tore not off his mother's veil.
To th' church he did allow her dress,
True beauty to true holiness.
Peace, which he lov'd in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end:
When Age and Death call'd for the score,
No surfeits were to reckon for;
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwin'd his thread of life.
What remains, then, but that thou
Write these lines, reader, in thy brow,
And by his fair example's light,
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So while these lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death,
His better epitaph shall be,
His life still kept alive in thee.

OUT OF CATULLUS.

Come, and let us live, my dear,
Let us love, and never fear
What the sourest fathers say:
Brightest Sol, that dies to day,
Lives again as blithe to morrow;
But if we, dark sons of sorrow
Set; O! then how long a night
Shuts the eyes of our short light!
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thousand and a hundred score,
An hundred and a thousand more,
Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe of another.
Thus, at last, when we have numbred
Many a thousand, many a hundred;
We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose our selves in wild delight:
While our joys so multiply,
As shall mock the envious eye.

WISHES,

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS.

Who e'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me;
Where e'er she lye,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny:
Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our Earth;
Till that divine
Idæa take a shrine
Of chrystal flesh, through which to shine:
Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.
I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistring shoe-tie.
Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face made up
Out of no other shop,
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

A cheek where youth,
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write, what the reader sweetly ru'th.

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose:
Which to no box his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dresse
And clothe their simplest nakedness.

Eyes, that displaces
The neighbour diamond, and out-faces
That sun-shine by their own sweet graces.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play.

Each ruby there,
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear.

A well-tam'd heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow;
Yet pay less arrows than they owe.

Smiles, that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within.

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress.

Fears, fond and flight,
As the coy bride's, when night
First does the longing lover right.

Tears, quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Days, that in spight
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by th' absence of the day.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose pow'rs
Can crown old Winter's head with flow'rs.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bow'rs,
'Bove all, nothing within that low'rs.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy:
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

Now if Time knows
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise,
A trophy to her present praise;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here,
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; but her story.

IN PICTURAM REVERENDISSIMI EPISCOPI,

D. ANDREWS.

Hæc charta monstrat, fama quem monstrat magis,
Sed & ipsa nec dum fama quem monstrat satis,
Ille, ille totam solus implevit tubam,
Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
Fecit modestam: mentis igneæ pater
Agiliq; radio lucis æternæ vigil,
Per alta rerum pondera indomito vagus
Cucurrit animo, quippe naturam ferox
Exhausit ipsam mille fœtus artibus,
Et mille linguis ipse se in gentes procul
Variavit omnes, fuitq; toti simul
Cognatus orbi, sic sacrum & solidum jubar
Saturumq; cœlo pectus ad patrios libens
Porrexit ignes: hac eum (lector) vides
Hæc (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quoque.

EPITAPHIUM IN DOMINUM HERRISIUM.

SISTE te paulum (viator) ubi longum sisti
Necesse erit, huc nempe properare te scias
quocunque properas.
Moræ prætium erit
Et lachrymæ,
Si jacere hic scias
Gulielmum
Splendidæ Herrisiorum familiæ
Splendorem maximum:
Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,
Et vixisse tantum;
Discas licet
In quantas spes possit
Assurgere mortalitas,
De quantis cadere.

Quem { Infantem, Essexia——
Juvenem, Catabrigia } vidit

Senem, ah infelix utraque
Quod non vidit.
Qui
Collegii Christi Alumnus
Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,
Utrique, ingens amoris certamen fuit,
Donec
Dulciss. Lites elusit Deus,
Eumque cœlestis Collegii,
Cujus semper alumnus fuit
socium fecit;
Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes & Gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præside religione,
In tenacissimum sodalitium coalucre.

Quem { Oratoria / Poetica / Vtraque / Christianum — Oratorem / Poetam / Philosophum / Omnes } Agnovere.

Qui { Fide / Spe / Charitate / Humilitate — Mundum / Cœlum / Proximum / Seipsum } Superavit.

Cujus
Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum facilitate, severitas virtutis;
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni;
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem:
Imo vero & mortem,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulare se passus est,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo nimirum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo.
Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia
Anglicana ad vesperas legit,
Raptus est ne malitia mutaret intellectum ejus;
Scilicet Id: Octobris, Anno S. 1631.

PRINCIPI RECENS NATÆ OMEN MATERNÆ INDOLIS.

CRESCE, O dulcibus imputanda divis,
O cresce, & propera, puella princeps,
In matris propera venire partes.
Et cum par breve fulminum minorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris;
Cum terror sacer, Angliciq; magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Late Bosporon, Ottomanicasque
Non pieto quatiet tremore lunas;
Te tunc altera nec timenda paci,
Poscent prælia. Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Late dulcia fata dissipabis.
O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
Pressus sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aureum per ignes;
Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim;
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido;
O quam certæ superbiore penna
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc et inde turmis,
Quoquo jusseris, impigre volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, O puella princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetra.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiasque centum,
Et centum Veneres: adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines; manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

IN SERENISSIMÆ REGINÆ PARTUM HYEMALEM.

SERTA puer: (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)
Texe mihi facili pollice serta, puer.
Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres
Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi serta, puer.
Nix? & hyems? non est nostras quid tale per oras;
Non est: vel si sit, non tamen esse potest.
Ver agitur: quecunque trucem dat larva Decembrem,
Quid fera cunque fremant frigora, ver agitur.
Nonne vides quali se palmite regia vitis
Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis?
Tam lætis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?
Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?
O Maria! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum!
Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?
Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ
Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?
Siccine sub media poterunt tua surgere bruma,
Atq; suas solum lilia nosse nives?
Ergo vel invitis nivibus, frendentibus Austris,
Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosis?
O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto
Tempora sub signis non sinis ire suis!
O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristia mundi
Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!
Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis
Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos.

Perge intempestiva atque importuna videri;
Inque uteri titulos sic rape cuncta tui.
Sit nobis sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras
Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis.
Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Majosq; Decembres,
Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives.
Altera gens varium per sydera computet annum,
Atq; suos ducant per vaga signa dies.
Nos deceat nimiis tantum permittere nimbis?
Temporatam tetricas ferre Britanna vices?
Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum:
In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos.
Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni:
Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuos.
Namque alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis?
Aut qua tam posset candidus ire toga?
Hanc laurum Junus sibi vertice vellet utroque;
Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Majus emet.
Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum
Reginam cuperent te, sobolemve tuam.
O bona sors anni, cum cuncti ex ordine menses
Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit!

AD REGINAM.

Et vero jam tempus erat tibi, maxima mater,
Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem:
Tempus erat, ne qua tibi basia blanda vacarent;
Sarcina ne collo sit minus apta tuo.
Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
Quo primum es felix pignore facta parens,
Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses,
Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus.
Indolis O stimulos! vix dum illi transiit infans;
Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum.
Improbus ille suis adeo negat ire sub annis:
Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero.
Si quis in aulæis pictas animatus in iras
Stat leo, quem docta cuspide lusit acus,
Hostis (io!) est; neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hostem;
Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
Tunc hasta gravis adversum furit; hasta bacillum
Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat. [est:
Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste;
Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
Tam torvum, tam dulce micant: nescire fatetur
Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor.
Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari;
Est & Amor certe, sed metuendus Amor:
Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere; qualis
Seu puer hic esset, sive vir ille deus.
Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos.
Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva;
Jam quocunque tuus murmure ludat amor.
En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est:
Hic ad blanditias est tibi cera satis.
Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,
Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius est oculus.

IN FACIEM AUGUSTISS. REGIS A MORBILLIS INTEGRAM.

Musa redi; vocat alma parens Academia: Noster
En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives.
Tune illas violare genas? tune illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ire per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostra
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas.
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur;
Ipsa sedet radiis O bene tuta suis:
Quippe illic deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum;
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis.
Quod facie rex tutus erat, quod cætera tactus:
Hinc hominem rex est fassus, & inde deum.

REX REDUX.

Ille redit, redit. Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt;
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert:
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum;
Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies.
Rex noster, lux nostra redit; redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia læta genis;
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis;
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem.
Forte roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quosve metus:
Anne perrerati male fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris pene negare suis:
Hospitis an nimii rursus sibii conscia tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera caput.
Nil horum; nec enim male fida volumina ponti
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput.
Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit:
(Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret:
(Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)
Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
Non solum est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor.
Interea nostri satis ille est causa triumphi:
Et satis (ah!) nostri causa doloris erat.
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licet esset;
Anglia quod saltem discere posset, Abest.
Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphi:
Dicere quod saltem possumus, Ille redit.

AD PRINCIPEM NONDUM NATUM.

Nascere nunc; O nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit dulcior hora diem.
Ergone tot tardos (O lente!) morabere menses?
Rex redit, ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades.
Nam quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba
Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo. [triumphi?
At maneas tamen: & nobis nova causa triumphi
Sic demum fueris; nec nova causa tamen:
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur infans,
Revera toties Carolus ipse redit.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO,

TE DECET HYMNUS.

SACRED POEMS,

COLLECTED, CORRECTED, AUGMENTED, MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED, TO MY LADY,

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

By her most devoted servant,

RICHARD CRASHAW.

In hearty acknowledgment of his immortal obligation to her goodness and charity.

CRASHAWE,

THE ANAGRAM

HE WAS CAR.

WAS Car then Crashaw, or was Crashaw Car,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, Car's Crashaw, he Car; 'tis love alone
Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
So Crashaw's still the same: so much desired
By strongest wits; so honour'd, so admired;
Car was but he that enter'd as a friend
With whom he shar'd his thoughts, and did commend [other:
(While yet he liv'd) this work; they lov'd each
Sweet Crashaw was his friend; he Crashaw's brother:
So Car hath title then; 'twas his intent
That what his riches pen'd, poor Car should print;
Nor fears he check, praising that happy one
Who was belov'd by all, disprais'd by none.
To wit, being pleas'd with all things, he pleas'd all;
Nor would he give, nor take offence; befal
What might, he would possess himself; and live
As dead (devoid of interest) t' all might give
Disease t' his well composed mind; forestall'd
With heavenly riches; which had wholly call'd
His thoughts from Earth, to live above in th' air,
A very bird of paradise. No care
Had he of earthly trash. What might suffice
To fit his soul to heavenly exercise,
Sufficed him; and may we guess his heart
By what his lips bring forth, his only part
Is God and godly thoughts. Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all; all's one.
What he might eat or wear he took no thought,
His needful food he rather found than sought.
He seeks no downs; no sheets, his bed's still made;
If he can find a chair or stool, he's laid;
When day peeps in, he quits his restless rest;
And still, poor soul, before he's up he's drest.
Thus dying did he live, yet liv'd to die
In th' virgin's lap, to whom he did apply
His virgin thoughts and words, and thence was styl'd
By foes, the chaplain of the virgin mild,
While yet he liv'd without: his modesty
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happy then, dear soul; enjoy thy rest
Eternally by pains thou purchasedst,
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend;
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee;
And sit and sing more skilful songs eternally.

THOMAS CAR.

TO THE NOBLEST AND BEST OF LADIES,

THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH.

PERSUADING HER TO RESOLUTION IN RELIGION, AND TO RENDER HER SELF WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY INTO THE COMMUNION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT Heaven-entreated heart is this?
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss;
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it and enter,
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, lingering fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (O you strong
In weakness) why you choose so long
In labour of your self to lie,
Nor daring quite to live nor die:
Ah linger not, lov'd soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no,
Who grants at last, long time try'd
And did his best to have deny'd,
What magic bolts, what mystic bars
Maintain the will in these strange wars!
What fatal, what fantastic bands,
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be,
Fetter'd, and lock'd up fast they lie
In a sad self-captivity, [plore
Th' astonisht nymphs their floods' strange fate de-
To see themselves their own severer shore.
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its strong hold;
Almighty Love! end this long war,
And of a meteor make a star.
O fix this fair indefinite,
And mongst thy shafts of soveraign light
Choose out that sure decisive dart
Which has the key of this close heart,
Knows all the corners of 't, and can control
The self-shut cabinet of an unsearcht soul.
O let it be at last, love's hour;
Raise this tall trophy of thy pow'r;
Come once the conquering way; not to confute
But kill this rebel-word, irresolute,
That so, in spight of all this peevish strength
Of weakness, she may write "Resolv'd at length."
Unfold at length, unfold fair flow'r,
And use the season of Love's show'r,
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart!
And haste to drink the wholsome dart;

That healing shaft, which Heav'n till now
Has in Love's quiver hid for you.
O dart of Love! arrow of light!
O happy you, if it hit right;
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry regardless dust.
Fair one, it is your fate; and brings
Eternal words upon its wings.
Meet it with wide-spread arms; and see
It's seat your soul's just centre be.
Disband dull fears; giue faith the day,
To save your life, kill your delay;
It is Love's siege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his victory.
'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,
And want of courage not to yield.
Yield then, O yield, that Love may win
The fort at last, and let life in.
Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
Death's prey, before the prize of Love.
This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
He is repuls'd indeed, but you're undone.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME,

THE NAME OF JESUS.

A HYMN.

I SING the name which none can say
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace; our good:
Our bliss, and supernatural blood:
The name of all our lives and loves.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves,
The high-born brood of day, you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory, soul, (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee)
Awake and sing,
And be all wing;
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see,
What of thy parent Heav'n yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble pow'rs, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me,
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two
(Alas) will never do;
We must have store.
Go, soul, out of thy self, and seek for more,
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of Heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
(Which dull mortality more feels then hears)
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind,
Or answer artful touch,
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that
Illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my soul? we'll do't and bring
No other note for't, but the name we sing.
Wake, lute and harp,
And every sweet-lipp'd thing
That talks with tuneful string,
Start into life, and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tun'd harmony.
Nor must you think it much
T' obey my bolder touch;
I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of love this morning wake you;
Wake; in the name
Of him who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musical;
Answer my call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your houshold-stuff of Heav'n on Earth;
O you, my soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store [no more.
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have
Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and art!
Come, and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the pow'rs of praise
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of Heav'n and Earth;
What e'er cooperates to the common mirth,
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of Heav'n, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call;
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Your selves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;
Mix all your many worlds, above,
And loose them into one of love.
Cheer thee, my heart!
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng
Of this unbounded all-embracing song.
Pow'rs of my soul, be proud!
And speak loud
To all the dear-bought nations this redeeming name,
And in the wealth of one rich word proclaim
New similies to Nature.
May it be no wrong
Blest Heav'ns, to you, and you superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your delights and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty orbs, as well as you,
Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of love,
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
And we, low worms, have leave to do [you
The same bright business (ye third Heav'ns) with

Gentle spirits, do not complain;
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely name! appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light;
Look from thine own illustrious home,
Fair king of names, and come:
Leave all thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give thy self a while the gracious guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When thou art master of the mind.
Come, lovely name; life of our hope!
Lo we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden showrs! with long stretch'd
Lo how the labouring Earth [hands.
That hopes to be
All Heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth.
Th' attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name; and pay th' expense
Of all this precious patience.
O come away,
And kill the death of this delay.
O see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears.
O see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of thy dawn.
O dawn, at last, long-look'd for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
O they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou
Womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys.
O thou compacted
Body of blessings, spirit of souls extracted!
O dissipate thy spicy powr's
(Cloud of condensed sweets) and break upon us
In balmy showrs;
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so prophane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of
Fair, flowry name; in none but thee [thee.
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus,
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove it self some kin (sweet name) to thee.
Sweet name, in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell:
A thousand hills of frankincense,
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old friends of fire, all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious
To persecutions; and against the face [chase
Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach
Little, alas, thought they [thee.
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee; and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming breasted lovers
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For thee: fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which inrich'd the East
Of thy so oft repeated rising?
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning;
And reinthron'd thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these
Welcome, dear, all-adored name! [wounds.
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee.
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of night
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread
They that by love's mild dictate now [majesty?
Will not adore the,
Shall then with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

IN THE GLORIOUS EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD GOD,

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE THREE KINGS.

I. KING.

Bright babe, whose awful beauties make
The morn incur a sweet mistake;

2. For whom th' officious Heav'ns devise
To disinherit the Sun's rise,
3. Delicately to displace
The day, and plant it fairer in thy face;
1. O thou born king of loves,
2. Of lights,
3. Of joys.
CHO. Look up, sweet babe, look up and see
For love of thee
Thus far from home
The East is come
To seek her self in thy sweet eyes.
1. We, who strangely went astray,
Lost in a bright
Meridian night
2. A darkness made of too much day,
3. Beckon'd from far
By thy fair star,
Lo at last have found our way.
CHO. To thee, thou day of night; thou East of West!
Lo we at last have found the way
To thee, the world's great universal East;
The general and indifferent day.
1. All-circling point, all-centring sphere,
The world's one, round, eternal year,
2. Whose full and all-unwrinkled face
Nor sinks nor swells with time or place;
3. But every where, and every while,
Is one consistent solid smile;
1. Not vext and tost
2. 'Twixt spring and frost,
3. Nor by alternate shreds of light
Sordidly shifting hands with shades and night.
CHO. O little all, in thy embrace
The world lies warm, and likes his place;
Nor does his full globe fail to be
Kiss'd on both his cheeks by thee:
Time is too narrow for thy year
Nor makes the whole world thy half sphere.
1. To thee, to thee
From him we flee.
2. From him, whom by a more illustrious lie,
The blindness of the world did call the eye;
3. To him, who by these mortal clouds hast made
Thy self our Sun, though thine own shade.
1. Farewel, the world's false light;
Farewel, the white
Egypt, a long farewel to thee
Bright idol, black idolatry.
The dire face of inferior darkness, kist
And courted in the pompous mask of a more specious mist.
2. Farewel, farewel
The proud and misplac'd gates of Hell,
Perch'd in the morning's way,
And double-gilded as the doors of day;
The deep hypocrisy of death and night
More desperately dark, because more bright.
3. Welcome, the world's sure way;
Heav'n's wholsome ray.
CHO. Welcome to us; and we
(Sweet) to our selves, in thee.
1. The deathless heir of all thy father's day;
2. Decently born,
Embosom'd in a much more rosy morn,
The blushes of thy all-unblemish'd mother.
3. No more that other
Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope
From mortal eyes
To meet religious welcomes at her rise.
CHO. We (precious ones) in you have won
A gentler morn, a juster sun.
1. His superficial beams sun-burnt our skin;
2. But left within
3. The night and winter still of death and sin.
CHO. Thy softer yet more certain darts
Spare our eyes, but pierce our hearts.
1. Therefore with his proud Persian spoils
2. We court thy more concerning smiles.
3. Therefore with his disgrace
We gild the humble cheek of this chaste place;
CHO. And at thy feet pour forth his face.
1. The doating nations now no more
Shall any day but thine adore.
2. Nor (much less) shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Egyptian deities.
3. In whatsoe'er more sacred shape
Of ram, he-goat, or reverend ape,
Those beautious ravishers opprest so sore
The too-hard-tempted nations:
1. Never more
By wanton heifer shall be worn
A garland, or a gilded horn.
2. The altar-stall'd ox, fat Osyris now
With his fair sister cow, tame,
3. Shall kick the clouds no more; but lean and
CHO. See his horn'd face, and die for shame,
And Mithra now shall be no name.
1. No longer shall the immodest lust
Of adulterous godless dust
2. Fly in the face of Heav'n; as if it were
The poor world's fault that he is fair.
3. Nor with perverse loves and religious rapes
Revenge thy bounties in their beauteous shapes;
And punish best things worst; because they stood
Guilty of being much for them too good.
1. Proud sons of death that durst compel
Heav'n it self to find them Hell;
2. And by strange wit of madness wrest
From this world's East the other's West.
3. All idolizing worms, that thus could crowd
And urge their Sun into thy cloud;
Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be
A long deliquium to the light of thee.
CHO. Alas with how much heavier shade
The shamefac'd lamp hung down his head,
For that one eclipse he made,
Than all those he suffered!
1. For this he look'd so big, and every morn
With a red face confest this scorn;
Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hir'd mist
Kept them from being so unkindly kist.
2. It was for this the day did rise
So oft with blubber'd eyes.
For this the evening wept; and we ne'er knew
But call'd it dew.
3. This daily wrong
Silenc'd the morning sons, and dampt their song.
CHO. Nor was't our deafness, but our sins, that thus
Long made th' harmonious orbs all mute to us.
1. Time has a day in store
When this so proudly poor
And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
By the love-sick world been made
Not so much their sun as shade,
Weary of this glorious wrong,
From them and from himself shall flee
For shelter to the shadow of thy tree;

CHO. Proud to have gain'd this precious loss
And chang'd his false crown for thy cross.
2. That dark day's clear doom shall define [shine;
Whose is the master fire, which sun would
That sable judgment-seat shall by new laws
Decide and settle the great cause
Of controverted light,
CHO. And Nature's wrongs rejoice to do thee right.
3. That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day;
And the great penitent press his own pale lips
With an elaborate love-eclipse,
To which the low world's laws
Shall lend no cause,
CHO. Save those domestic which he borrows
From our sins and his own sorrows.
1. Three sad hours' sackcloth then shall show to us
His penance, as our fault, conspicuous.
2. And he more needfully and nobly prove
The nation's terrour now than erst their love:
3. Their hated loves chang'd into wholsome fears.
CHO. The shutting of his eye shall open theirs.
1. As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day
Mis-led before they lost their way,
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable night,
Losing it once again, stumble on true light:
2. And as before his too-bright eye
Was their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindness now shall be
Their black, but faithful perspective of thee.
3. His new prodigious night,
Their new and admirable light;
The supernatural dawn of thy pure day,
While wondring they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)
Shall henceforth see
To kiss him only as their rod
Whom they so long courted as God,
CHO. And their best use of him they worshipp'd be
To learn, of him at least, to worship thee.
1. It was their weakness woo'd his beauty;
But it shall be
Their wisdom now, as well as duty,
T' enjoy his blot; and as a large black letter
Use it to spell thy beauties better;
And make the night it self their torch to thee.
2. By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch'd in that conscious shade
The right ey'd Arcopagite
Shall with a vigorous guess invade
And catch thy quick reflex; and sharply see
On this dark ground
To descant thee.
3. O price of the rich spirit! with that fierce chase
Of this strong soul, shall he
Leap at thy lofty face,
And seize the swift flash, in rebound
From this obsequious cloud,
Once call'd a Sun,
Till dearly thus undone;
CHO. Till thus triumphantly tam'd (O ye two
Twin-suns!) and taught now to negotiate you.
1. Thus shall that reverend child of light,
2. By being scholar first of that new night,
Come forth great master of the mystic day;
3. And teach obscure mankind a more close way,
By the frugal negative light
Of a most wise and well-abused night,
To read more legible thine original ray,
CHO. And make our darkness serve thy day;
Maintaining 'twixt thy world and ours
A commerce of contrary pow'rs,
A mutual trade
'Twixt sun and shade,
By confederate black and white
Borrowing day and lending night.
1. Thus we, who when with all the noble pow'rs
That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours;
We vow to make brave way [prey;
Upwards, and press on for the pure intelligential
2. At least to play
The amorous spies
And peep and proffer at thy sparkling throne;
3. Instead of bringing in the blissful prize
And fastning on thine eyes,
Forfeit our own
And nothing gain
But more ambitious loss, at least of brain;
CHO. Now by abased lids shall learn to be
Eagles; and shut our eyes that we may see.

THE CLOSE.

Therefore to thee and thine auspicious ray
(Dread sweet!) lo thus
At least by us,
The delegated eye of day [tribute pay.
Does first his sceptre, then himself in solemn
Thus he undresses
His sacred unshorn tresses;
At thy adored feet, thus, he lays down
1. His gorgeous tire
Of flame and fire,
2. His glittering robe, 3. His sparkling crown,
1. His gold, 2. His mirrh, 3. His frankincence,
CHO. To which he now has no pretence.
For being show'd by this day's light, how far
He is from Sun enough to make thy star,
His best ambition now, is but to be
Something a brighter shadow (sweet) of thee;
Or on Heav'n's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden index; with a duteous hand
Pointing us home to our own Sun
The world's and his hyperion.

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,

ON TWELFTH-DAY.

MADAM,

'Mongst those long rows of crowns that gild your race,
These royal sages sue for decent place.
The day-break of the nations; their first ray,
When the dark world dawn'd into Christian day.
And smil'd i'th' babe's bright face, the purpling bud
And rosy dawn of the right royal blood;
Fair first-fruits of the Lamb; sure kings in this,
They took a kingdom while they gave a kiss:
But the world's homage, scarce in these well blown,
We read in you (rare queen) ripe and full grown.
For from this day's rich seed of diadems
Does rise a radiant crop of royal stems,
A golden harvest of crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kisses from the Lamb's white feet.
In this illustrious throng, your lofty flood
Swells high, fair confluence of all high-born blood!
With your bright head whose groves of sceptres bend
Their wealthy tops; and for these feet contend.

So swore the Lamb's dread sire, and so we see't,
Crowns, and the heads they kiss, must court these feet.
Fix here, fair majesty! may your heart ne'er miss
To reap new crowns and kingdoms from that kiss;
Nor may we miss the joy to meet in you
The aged honours of this day still new.
May the great time, in you, still greater be
While all the year is your Epiphany,
While your each day's devotion duly brings
Three kingdoms to supply this day's three kings.

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY CROSS:

FOR THE HOUR OF MATINS.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSORY.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me.
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

THE HYMN.

THE wakeful matins haste to sing
The unknown sorrows of our King,
The Father's word and wisdom, made
Man, for man, by man's betray'd;
The world's price set to sale, and by the bold
Merchants of death and sin, is bought and sold;
Of his best friends (yea of himself) forsaken,
By his worst foes (because he would) besieg'd and taken.

THE ANTIPHON.

All hail, fair tree,
Whose fruit we be.
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise.
Who brought'st to light
Life out of death, day out of night.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo, we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O MY Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest: to thy church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

FOR THE HOUR OF PRIME.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me.
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
Glory be to, &c.
As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

THE early prime blushes to say
She could not rise so soon, as they
Call'd Pilate up, to try if he
Could lend them any cruelty.
Their hands with lashes arm'd, their tongues [with lyes,
And loathsome spittle blot those beauteous eyes,
The blissful springs of joy, from whose all-cheering ray
The fair stars fill their wakeful fires, the Sun him- [self drinks day.

THE ANTIPHON.

Victorious sign
That now dost shine,
Transcrib'd above
Into the land of light and love;
O let us twine
Our roots with thine,
That we may rise
Upon thy wings and reach the skies.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O MY Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, between my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE THIRD.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me.
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
VER. Glory be to, &c.
RES. As it was in the, &c.

THE HYMN.

The third hour's deafen'd with the cry
Of "Crucify him, crucify."
So goes the vote (nor ask them why!)
"Live Barabbas! and let God die."
But there is wit in wrath, and they will try
A hail more cruel than their "crucify,"
For while in sport he wears a spiteful crown,
The serious show'rs along his decent face run sadly down.

THE ANTIPHON.

Christ when he died
Deceiv'd the cross,
And on death's side
Threw all the loss.
The captive world awak'd and found
The prisoner loose, the jailor bound.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb, and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE SIXTH.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me,
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
VER. Glory be to, &c.
RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

Now is the noon of sorrow's night;
High in his patience as their spight.
Lo the faint Lamb, with weary limb
Bears that huge tree which must bear him.
That fatal plant so great of fame,
For fruit of sorrow and of shame,
Shall swell with both for him; and mix
All woes into one crucifix.
Is tortur'd thirst itself, too sweet a cup?
Gall, and more bitter mocks shall make it up.
Are nails blunt pens of superficial smart?
Contempt and scorn can send sure wounds to search the inmost heart.

THE ANTIPHON.

O dear and sweet dispute
'Twixt death's and love's far different fruit!
Different as far
As antidotes and poisons are.
By that first fatal tree
Both life and liberty
Were sold and slain;
By this they both look up, and live again.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

THE NINTH.

THE VERSICLE.

Lord, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord,
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me,
RES. O Lord, make haste to held me.
Glory be to, &c.
As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

The ninth with awful horrour hark'ned to those groans,
Which taught attention even to rocks and stones.
Hear, Father, hear! thy Lamb (at last) complains
Of some more painful thing than all his pains.
Then bows his all-obedient head, and dies,
His own love's, and our sin's great sacrifice.
The Sun saw that; and would have seen no more;
The centre shook, her useless veil th' inglorious temple tore.

THE ANTIPHON.

O strange mysterious strife
Of open death and hidden life!
When on the cross my King did bleed,
Life seem'd to die, death died indeed.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and fall
Thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd at once the whole world's loss.

THE PRAYER.

O MY Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living God! interpose I pray thee, thine own precious death, thy cross and passion, betwixt my soul and thy judgment, now and in the hour of my death; and vouchsafe to grant me thy grace and mercy; to the living and dead, remission and rest; to thy church, peace and concord; to us sinners, life and glory everlasting. Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

EVEN-SONG.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD, by thy sweet and saving sign,

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me.
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
VER. Glory be to, &c.
RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

BUT there were rocks would not relent at this.
Lo, for their own hearts they rend his.
Their deadly hate lives still, and hath
A wild reserve of wanton wrath;
Superfluous spear! but there's a heart stands by
Will look no wounds be lost, no death shall die,
Gather now thy grief's ripe fruit, great mother-maid!
Then sit thee down and sing thy ev'n song in the sad tree's shade.

THE ANTIPHON.

O sad, sweet tree!
Woful and joyful we
Both weep and sing in shade of thee,
When the dear nails did lock
And graft into thy gracious stock
The hope, the health,
The worth, the wealth,
Of all the ransom'd world, thou hadst the power
(In that propitious hour)
To poise each precious limb,
And prove how light the world was when it weigh'd [with him.
Wide may'st thou spred
Thine arms; and with thy bright and blissful head
O'erlook all Libanus. Thy lofty crown
The king himself is; thou his humble throne.
Where yielding, and yet conquering he
Prov'd a new path of patient victory.
When wondring death by death was slain,
And our captivity his captive ta'en.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee;

THE RESPONSOR.

Cause by the covenant of thy cross
Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of the living, &c.

COMPLINE.

THE VERSICLE.

LORD by thy sweet and saving sign.

THE RESPONSOR.

Defend us from our foes and thine.
VER. Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord.
RES. And my mouth shall declare thy praise.
VER. O God, make speed to save me.
RES. O Lord, make haste to help me.
VER. Glory be to, &c.
RES. As it was in, &c.

THE HYMN.

THE compline hour comes last, to call
Us to our own life's funeral.
Ah heartless task! yet hope takes head;
And lives in him that here lies dead.
Run, Mary, run! bring hither all the blest
Arabia, for thy royal phenix' nest;
Pour on thy noblest sweets, which, when they touch
This sweeter body, shall indeed be such.
But must thy bed, Lord, be a borrow'd grave,
Who lend'st to all things all the life they have.
O rather use this heart, thus far a fitter stone,
'Cause, though a hard and cold one, yet it is thine own. Amen.

THE ANTIPHON.

O save us then,
Merciful King of men!
Since thou wouldst needs be thus
A Saviour, and at such a rate, for us;
Save us, O save us, Lord. [rower word,
We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a nar-
Thy blood bids us be bold.
Thy wounds give us fair hold.
Thy sorrows chide our shame.
Thy cross, thy nature, and thy name
Advance our claim,
And cry with one accord,
Save them, O save them, Lord.

THE VERSICLE.

Lo we adore thee,
Dread Lamb! and bow thus low before thee.

THE RESPONSOR.

'Cause by the covenant of thy cross,
Thou hast sav'd the world from certain loss.

THE PRAYER.

O my Lord Jesu Christ, Son of, &c.

THE RECOMMENDATION.

THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,
Into thy hands, and heart, Lord, I commend.

Take both to thine account, that I and mine
In that hour and in these, may be all thine.

That as I dedicate my devoutest breath
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death:

So from his living, and life-giving death,
My dying life may draw a new, and never-fleeting breath.

VEXILLA REGIS.

THE HYMN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Look up, languishing soul! Lo where the fair
Badge of thy faith calls back thy care,
And bids thee ne'er forget
Thy life is one long debt
Of love to him, who on this painful tree
Paid back the flesh he took for thee.

Lo, how the streams of life from that full nest
Of loves, thy Lord's too liberal breast,
Flow in an amorous flood
Of water wedding blood,
With these he wash'd thy stain, transferr'd thy smart,
And took it home to his own heart.

But though great love, greedy of such sad gain,
Usurp'd the portion of thy pain,
And from the nails and spear
Turn'd the steel point of fear,
Their use is chang'd, not lost; and now they move
Not stings of wrath, but wounds of love.

Tall tree of life! thy truth makes good
What was till now ne'er understood,
Though the prophetic king
Struck loud his faithful string.
It was thy wood he meant should make the throne
For a more than Solomon.

Large throne of love! royally spread
With purple of too rich a red.
Thy crime is too much duty;
Thy burthen too much beauty;
Glorious or grievous more? thus to make good
Thy costly excellence with thy king's own blood.

Even balance of both worlds! our world of sin,
And that of grace Heav'n weigh'd in him,
Us with our price thou weighedst;
Our price for us thou payedst;
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoyc'd to prove
How much death weigh'd more light than love.

Hail our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot
Aloft; and fill the nations with thy noble fruit.
The while our hearts and we
Thus graft ourselves on thee;
Grow thou and they; and be thy fair increase
The sinner's pardon and the just man's peace,

Live, O for ever live and reign
The Lamb whom his own love has slain!
And let thy lost sheep live t' inherit
That kingdom, which this cross did merit. Amen.

CHARITAS NIMIA.

OR THE DEAR BARGAIN.

Lord, what is man? why should he cost thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?
Lord, what is man? that thou hast over-bought
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple merchant man.
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to thee
If there were no such worms as we?
Heav'n ne'ertheless still Heav'n would be.
Should mankind dwell
In the deep Hell,
What have his woes to do with thee?

Let him go weep
O'er his own wounds;
Seraphims will not sleep
Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
And still thy spacious palace ring.
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee,
Still thrones and dominations would adore thee,
Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire
Keep warm thy praise,
Both nights and days,
And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind;
And give it self for sport to the proud wind.
Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
In the eternity of thy old cares?
Why shouldst thou bow thy awful breast to see
What mine own madnesses have done with me!

Should not the king still keep his throne
Because some desperate fool's undone?
Or will the world's illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dies;

Will the gallant Sun
E'er the less glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head
Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Grows wanton, and will die?

If I were lost in misery,
What was it to thy Heav'n and thee?
What was it to thy precious blood
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?

What if my faithless soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin,
What did the Lamb that he should die?
What did the Lamb that he should need,
When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?

If my base lust
Bargain'd with death and well-beseeming dust,
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame?

Why should his unstain'd breast make good
My blushes with his own heart-blood?

O my Saviour make me see
How dearly thou hast paid for me

That lost again, my life may prove
As then in death, so now in love.

SANCTA MARIA DOLORUM,

OR THE MOTHER OF SORROWS; A PATHETICAL DESCANT UPON THE DEVOUT PLAIN SONG OF STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

In shade of death's sad tree
Stood doleful she,
Ah she! now by no other
Name to be known, alas, but Sorrow's mother.
Before her eyes
Her's and the whole world's joys,
Hanging all torn she sees; and in his woes
And pains, her pangs and throes.
Each wound of his, from every part,
Are, more at home in her own heart.

What kind of marble then
Is that cold man
Who can look on and see,
Nor keep such noble sorrow's company?
Sure even from you
(My flints) some drops are due,
To see so many unkind swords contest
So fast for one soft breast.
While with a faithful, mutual, flood
Her eyes bleed tears, his wounds weep blood.

O costly intercourse
Of deaths, and worse
Divided loves: while son and mother
Discourse alternate wounds to one another;
Quick deaths that grow
And gather, as they come and go:
His nails write swords in her; which soon her heart
Pays back, with more than their own smart;
Her swords, still growing with his pain,
Turn spears, and straight come home again;

She sees her Son, her God,
Bow with a load
Of borrow'd sins; and swim
In woes that were not made for him.
Ah, hard command
Of love! here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, and with a stedfast eye
See her life die:
Leaving her only so much breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

O mother turtle-dove!
Soft source of love,
That these dry lids might borrow
Something from thy full seas of sorrow!
O in that breast
Of thine (the noblest nest
Both of love's fires and floods) might I recline
This hard, cold heart of mine!
The chill lump would relent, and prove
Soft subject for the siege of love.

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me; me, so to read
This book of loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it
With loyal cares.
O let me here claim shares;
Yield something in thy sad prerogative
(Great queen of griefs) and give
Me to my tears; who, though all stone,
Think much that thou should'st mourn alone.

Yea let my life and me
Fix here with thee,
And at the humble foot
Of this fair tree take our eternal root.
That so we may
At least be in love's way; [flee
And in these chaste wars while the wing'd wounds
So fast 'twixt him and thee,
My breast may catch the kiss of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart.

O you, your own best darts,
Dear doleful hearts!
Hail; and strike home and make me see
That wounded bosoms their own weapons be.
Come wounds! come darts!
Nail'd hands! and pierced hearts!
Come your whole selves, sorrow's great son and
Nor grudge a younger brother [mother,
Of griefs his portion, who (had all their due)
One single wound should not have left for you.

Shall I set there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds) and only now
In sorrows draw no dividend with you!
O be more wise,
If not more soft, mine eyes!
Flow, tardy founts! and into decent show'rs
Dissolve my days and hours.
And if thou yet (faint soul!) defer
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her.

Rich queen, lend some relief,
At least an alms of grief,
To a heart who by sad right of sin
Could prove the whole sum (too sure) due to him.
By all those stings,
Of love, sweet bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart;
O teach mine too, the art
To study him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix.

Olet me suck the wine
So long of this chaste vine,
Till, drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A lost thing to the world, as it to me.
O faithful friend
Of me and of my end!
Fold up my life in love; and lay't beneath
My dear Lord's vital death. [breath
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole plea! her precious
Pour'd out in prayers for thee; thy Lord's in death.

THE HYMN OF ST. THOMAS,

IN ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

With all the powers my poor heart hath
Of humble love and loyal faith,
Thus low (my hidden life!) I bow to thee
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down, down, proud sense! discourses die,
Keep close, my soul's inquiring eye!
Nor touch nor taste must look for more,
But each sit still in his own door.

Your ports are all superfluous here,
Save that which lets in faith, the ear.
Faith is my skill; faith can believe
As fast as love new laws can give.

Faith is my force; faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerful words:
And words more sure, more sweet than they
Love could not think, truth could not say.

O let thy wretch find that relief
Thou didst afford the faithful thief!
Plead for me, love! alledge and show
That faith has farther, here, to go,
And less to lean on; because then
Though hid as God, wounds writ thee man,
Thomas might touch; none but might see
At least the suff'ring side of thee;
And that too was thyself which thee did cover,
But here ev'n that's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd not hand nor eye
To reach at thy lov'd face; nor can
Taste thee God, or touch thee man;
Both yet believe and witness thee
My Lord too, and my God, as loud as he.

Help, Lord, my hope increase;
And fill my portion in thy peace.
Give love for life, nor let my days
Grow, but in new pow'rs to name thy praise.

O dear memorial of that death
Which lives still, and allows us breath!
Rich, royal food! bountiful bread!
Whose use denies us to the dead;
Whose vital gust alone can give
The same leave both to eat and live;
Live ever bread of loves, and be
My life, my soul, my surer self to me.

O soft self-wounding pelican!
Whose breast weeps balm for wounded man:
Ah, this way bend thy benign flood
To a bleeding heart that gasps for blood;
That blood, whose least drops sovereign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me.
Come, love! come, Lord! and that long day
For which I languish, come away.
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd source of thee.
When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
Then for thy veil give me thy face. Amen.

THE

HYMN FOR THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.

Rise, royal Sion! rise and sing
Thy soul's kind Shepherd, thy heart's King.
Stretch all thy powers, call if you can
Harps of Heav'n to hands of man,
This sovereign subject sits above
The best ambition of thy love.

Lo, the bread of life, this day's
Triumphant text, provokes thy praise,
The living and life-giving bread,
To the great twelve distributed,
When Life himself at point to die,
Of love, was his own legacy.

Come, love! and let us work a song
Loud and pleasant, sweet and long;
Let lips and hearts lift high the noise
Of so just and solemn joys,
Which on his white brows this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

Lo, the new law of a new Lord,
With a new Lamb blesses the board.
The aged Pascha pleads not years,
But spies love's dawn, and disappears.
Types yield to truths; shades shrink away;
And their night dies into our day.

But lest that die too, we are bid,
Ever to do what he once did.
And by a mindful, mystic breath,
That we may live, revive his death;
With a well-blest bread and wine
Transum'd, and taught to turn divine.

The Heav'n-instructed house of faith
Here a holy dictate hath,
That they but lend their form and face,
Themselves with reverence leave their place,
Nature and name, to be made good
By a nobler bread, more needful blood.

Where Nature's laws no leave will give,
Bold faith takes heart, and dares believe
In different species, name not things,
Himself to me my Saviour brings,
As meat in that, as drink in this;
But still in both one Christ he is.

The receiving mouth here makes
Nor wound nor breach in what he takes.
Let one, or one thousand be
Here dividers, single he
Bears home no less, all they no more,
Nor leave they both less than before.

Though in itself this sovereign feast
Be all the same to every guest,
Yet on the same (life-meaning) bread
The child of death eats himself dead.
Nor is't love's fault, but sin's dire skill,
That thus from life can death distil.

When the blest signs thou broke shalt see,
Hold but thy faith entire as he,
Who, howsoe'er clad, cannot come
Less than whole Christ in every crumb.
In broken forms a stable faith
Untouch'd her precious total hath.

Lo, the life-food of angels then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The children's bread, the bridegroom's wine,
Not to be cast to dogs or swine.

Lo, the full, final, sacrifice
On which all figures fix'd their eyes,
The ransom'd Isaac, and his ram;
The manna, and the paschal Lamb.

Jesu, Master, just and true!
Our food and faithful shepherd too!
O by thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with thy self thou feed'st thy sheep.

O let that love, which thus makes thee
Mix with our low mortality,
Lift our lean souls, and set us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of saints, that so all may
Drink the same wine, and the same way.
Nor change the pasture, but the place,
To feed of thee in thine own face. Amen.

THE HYMN.

DIES IRÆ DIES ILLA.

IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall fly away.

O that fire! before whose face
Heav'n and Earth shall find no place:
O these eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with th' circling Sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horrour of Nature, Hell and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come," and all
The caves of night answer one call.

O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light.
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye
None can indure; yet none can fly.

Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy sceptre of soft love.

Dear, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd: and thou would'st be
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

Just mercy, then, thy reck'ning be
With my price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain.

Mercy, (my Judge) mercy, I cry,
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye,
The conscious colours of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

O let thine own soft bowels pay
Thy self; and so discharge that day.
If sin can sigh, love can forgive.
O say the word, my soul shall live.

Those mercies which thy Mary found,
Or who thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

Though both my pray'rs and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine.
But thou thy bounteous self still be;
And show thou art, by saving me.

O when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let "Come ye blessed" then call me.

When the dread Ite shall divide
Those limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit thy right hand.

O hear a suppliant heart; all crush'd
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My hope, my fear! my judge, my friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

THE HYMN.

O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

HAIL, most high, most humble one!
Above the world, below thy Son,
Whose blush the Moon beauteously mars
And stains the timorous light of stars.
He that made all things had not done
Till he had made himself thy Son.
The whole world's host would be thy guest,
And board himself at thy rich breast:
O boundless hospitality!
The feast of all things feeds on thee.
The first Eve, mother of our fall,
E'r she bore any one, slew all.
Of her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a hasty grave;
Quick buried in the wanton tomb
Of one forbidden bit;
Had not a better fruit forbidden it.
Had not thy healthful womb
The world's new eastern window been,
And given us Heav'n again in giving him.
Thine was the rosy dawn that sprung the day,
Which renders all the stars she stole away.
Let then the aged world be wise, and all
Prove nobly, here, unnatural:
'Tis gratitude to forget that other,
And call the maiden Eve their mother.
Ye redeem'd nations far and near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with lasting songs.
Let hearts and lips speak loud, and say,
"Hail, door of life, and source of day!
The door was shut, the fountain seal'd;
Yet light was seen and life reveal'd;
The fountain seal'd, yet life found way.
Glory to thee, great Virgin's Son
In bosom of thy Father's bliss.
The same to thee, sweet Spirit be done;
As ever shall be, was, and is, Amen."

THE FLAMING HEART,

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE HER.

WELL meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste t'admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire,
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.

Readers, be rul'd by me, and make
Here a well-plac'd and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him;
And call the saint the seraphim.
Painter, what did'st thou understand
To put her dart into his hand!
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother seraphim.
This is the mistress flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou could'st not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why man, this speaks pure mortal frame,
And mocks with female frost love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou mean'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman saint.
But had thy pale-fac'd purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou would'st on her have heap'd up all
That could be found seraphical;
What e'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheek, and glistring wings,
All those fair and flagrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
Do then as equal right requires:
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art;
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
Give him the veil; that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;
Asham'd that our world, now, can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
Give her the dart for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee.
Say, all ye wise and well-piere'd hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and love?
Say, and bear witness, sends she not
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!
Heav'n's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give then the dart to her, who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
But if it be the frequent fate
Of worst faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription; and proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suff'ring seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart.
Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but love's whole quiver.
For in love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part;
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! the equal poise of love's both parts,
Big alike with wounds and darts,
Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame;
Live here, great heart; and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound, and yield, and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where e'er it comes
Walk in a croud of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combin'd against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me my self and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy pow'r of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day;
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee his;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in him
(Fair sister of the seraphim);
By all of him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of my self in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

A SONG.

Lord, when the sense of thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious fire.
O love, I am thy sacrifice,
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes,
Still shine on me, fair suns, that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

SECOND PART.

Though still I die, I live again,
Still longing so to be still slain;
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living death and dying life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to my self, I live in thee.

TO MISTRESS M. R.

COUNSEL CONCERNING HER CHOICE.

Dear, heav'n-designed soul!
Amongst the rest
Of suitors that besiege your maiden breast,
Why may not I
My fortune try,
And venture to speak one good word,
Not for my self, alas! but for my dearer Lord?
You've seen already in this lower sphere
Of froth and bubbles, what to look for here.
Say, gentle soul, what can you find
But painted shapes,
Peacocks and apes,

Illustrious flies,
Gilded dunghills, glorious lies,
Goodly surmises
And deep disguises,
Oaths of water, words of wind?
Truth bids me say, 'tis time you cease to trust
Your soul to any son of dust.
'Tis time you listen to a braver love,
Which from above
Calls you up higher,
And bids you come
And choose your room
Among his own fair sons of fire,
Where you among
The golden throng,
That watches at his palace doors,
May pass along
And follow those fair stars of yours;
Stars much too fair and pure to wait upon
The false smiles of a sublunary sun.
Sweet, let me prophesy, that at last 'twill prove
Your wary love
Lays up his purer and more precious vows,
And means them for a far more worthy spouse
Than this world of lies can give you:
Ev'n for him, with whom nor cost,
Nor love, nor labour can be lost;
Him who never will deceive you.
Let not my Lord, the mighty lover
Of souls, disdain that I discover
The hidden art
Of his high stratagem to win your heart;
It was his Heav'nly art
Kindly to cross you
In your mistaken love,
That, at the next remove,
Thence he might toss you,
And strike your troubled heart
Home to himself; to hide it in his breast,
The bright ambrosial nest
Of love, of life, and everlasting rest.
Happy mistake!
That thus shall wake
Your wise soul, never to be won
Now with a love below the Sun.
Your first choice fails, O when you choose agen,
May it not be among the sons of men.

ALEXIAS.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE FORSAKEN WIFE OF SAINT ALEXIS.

THE FIRST ELEGY.

I, LATE the Roman youths' lov'd praise and pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands [try'd,
Lo, here am left (alas!) for mylost mate
T' embrace my tears, and kiss an unkind fate.
Sure in my early woes stars were at strife,
And try'd to make a widow e'er a wife.
Nor can I tell (and this new tears doth breed)
In what strange path my lord's fair footsteps bleed.
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty;
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me.
(Who knows how pow'rfull well-writ pray'rs would [be)
Sending's too slow a word. myself would fly:
Who knows my own heart's woes so well as I?
But how shall I steal hence? Alexis, thou,
Ah, thou thyself, alas, hast taught me how.
Love, too, that leads the way, would lend the wings
To bear me harmless through the hardest things:
And where love lends the wing, and leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
If I be shipwreck'd, love shall teach to swim;
If drown'd, sweet is the death endur'd for him;
The noted sea shall change his name with me;
I 'mong'st the blest stars a new name shall be;
And sure where lovers make their watry graves,
The weeping mariner will augment the waves.
For who so hard, but passing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, and say,
"Here 't was the Roman maid found a hard fate
While through the world she sought her wand'ring mate;
Here perish'd she, poor heart. Heav'ns, be my vows
As true to me, as she was to her spouse.
O live! so rare a love! live! and in thee
The too frail life of female constancy.
Farewell and shine, fair soul, shine there above
Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love.
There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last;
Be happy; and for ever hold him fast."

THE SECOND ELEGY.

THOUGH all the joys I had fled hence with thee,
Unkind! yet are my tears still true to me.
I'm wedded o'er again since thou art gone,
Nor could'st thou, cruel, leave me quite alone.
Alexis's widow now is Sorrow's wife,
With him shall I weep out my weary life.
Welcome my sad sweet mate! now have I got
At last a constant love that leaves me not.
Firm he, as thou art false, nor need my cries
Thus vex the earth, and tear the skies.
For him, alas, ne'er shall I need to be
Troublesome to the world, thus, as for thee.
For thee I talk to trees; with silent groves
Expostulate my woes and much-wrong'd loves.
Hills and relentless rocks, or if there be
Things that in hardness more allude to thee,
To these I talk in tears, and tell my pain,
And answer too for them in tears again.
How oft have I wept out the weary Sun?
My watry hour-glass hath old Time out-run.
O, I am learned grown, poor love and I
Have studied over all astrology.
I'm perfect in Heav'n's state, with every star
My skilful grief is grown familiar.
Rise, fairest of those fires, what e'er thou be,
Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me;
Such as the sacred light that erst did bring
The eastern princes to their infant king:
O rise, pure lamp! and lend thy golden ray,
That wary love at last may find his way.

THE THIRD ELEGY.

RICH, churlish land! that hid'st so long in thee
My treasures, rich, alas, by robbing me.
Needs must my miseries owe that man a spight,
Who e'er he be was the first wand'ring knight.
O had he ne'er been at that cruel cost,
Nature's virginity had ne'er been lost;
Seas had not been rebuk'd by saucy oars
But lain lock'd up safe in their sacred shores;
Men had not spurn'd at mountains; nor made wars
With rocks; nor bold hands struck the world's strong bars;
Nor lost in too large bounds, our little Rome
Full sweetly with it self had dwelt at home.
My poor Alexis then, in peaceful life,
Had under some low roof lov'd his plain wife:

But now, ah me, from where he has no foes
He flies; and into wilful exile goes.
Cruel return or tell the reason why
Thy dearest parents have deserv'd to die;
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
Unless it be a crime t' have lov'd too well,
If heats of holier love and high desire
Make big thy fair breast with immortal fire,
What needs my virgin lord fly thus from me,
Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
Witness, chaste Heav'ns! no happier vows I know,
Than to a virgin grave untouch'd to go.
Love's truest knot by Venus is not ty'd;
Nor do embraces only make a bride.
The queen of angels (and men chaste as you)
Was maiden-wife, and maiden-mother too.
Cecilia, glory of her name and blood,
With happy gain her maiden vows made good.
The lusty bridegroom made approach, "Young man
Take heed," said she, "take heed Valerian;
My bosom-guard, a spirit great and strong,
Stands arm'd to shield me from all wanton wrong.
My chastity is sacred; and my sleep
Wakeful, her dear vows undefil'd to keep.
Pallas bears arms, forsooth, and should there be
No fortress built for true virginity?
No gaping Gorgon this, none like the rest
Of your learn'd lies: here you'll find no such jest.
I'm yours, O were my God, my Christ so too,
I'd know no name of love on earth but you."
He yields, and straight baptiz'd, obtains the grace
To gaze on the fair soldier's glorious face.
Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed
Of rosy martyrdome, twice married.
O burn our Hymen bright in such high flame;
Thy torch, terrestrial love, has here no name.
How sweet the mutual yoke of man and wife,
When holy fires maintain love's heav'nly life!
But I, (so help me Heav'n my hopes to see) [thee.
When thousands sought my love, lov'd none but
Still, as their vain tears my firm vows did try,
"Alexis, he alone is mine." (said I)
Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor line,
Alexis is alone; but is not mine.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE.

(OUT OF BARCLAY.)

No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,
Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining;
No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping;
Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping;
False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boys;
Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good
Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
But walks and unshorn woods; and souls, just so
Unforc'd and genuine, but not shady tho':
Our lodgings hard and homely, as our fare,
That chaste and cheap, as the few clothes we wear;
Those coarse and negligent, as the natural locks
Of these loose groves, rough as th' unpolish'd rocks.
A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay
And prize themselves; do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let to morrow's
New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.
A long and daily-dying life, which breaths
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the bosom of the world's best things
And lash earth-labouring souls;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep:
But reverend discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys;
Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of light and intellectual day.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

THE

LIFE OF SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet descended from an ancient family of the same name at Stanyhurst in Lancashire. His grandfather, Henry, appears to have belonged, but in what capacity is not known, to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and settled in that city, where Edward the father of our poet was born. This Edward went afterwards to London, and became secretary to the first East India company, that established by queen Elizabeth's charter, and in 1613 obtained a reversionary grant of the office of clerk of the ordnance. He was afterwards knighted by Charles I[1]. He married Frances, the second daughter of John Stanley, of Roydon Hall, in Essex, esq. and resided in Goldsmiths' Rents, near Redcross-street, Cripplegate. His son, the poet, was born here September 18, 1618, and educated by the celebrated Thomas Farnaby, who then taught a school in Goldsmiths' Rents. On his removal to Sevenoaks, in Kent, in 1636, young Sherburne was educated privately under the care of Mr. Charles Aleyn, the poetical historian of the battles of Cressy and Poictiers, who had been one of Farnaby's ushers. On the death of Aleyn in 1640, his pupil being intended for the army, was sent to complete his education abroad, and had travelled in France and part of Italy, when his father's illness obliged him to return. After his father's death in 1641, he succeeded to the clerkship of his majesty's ordnance, the reversion of which had been procured for him in 1638; but the rebellion prevented his retaining it long. Being a Roman catholic, and firmly attached to the king, he was ejected by a warrant of the house of lords in April or May, 1642, and harassed by a long and expensive confinement in the custody of the usher of the black rod.

On his release, he determined to follow the fortunes of his royal master, who made him commissary general of the artillery, in which post he witnessed the battle of Edge-hill, and afterwards attended the king at Oxford, where he was created Master of Arts, December 20, 1642. Here he took such opportunities as his office permitted of pursuing his studies, and did not leave Oxford until June, 1646, when it was surrendered to the parliamentary forces. He then went to London, and was entertained by a near relation, John Povey, esq. at his chambers in the Middle Temple. Being

[1] Gent. Mag. LXVI. p. 462. *C.*

plundered of all his property, and what is ever most dear to a man of learning, his ample library, he would probably have sunk under his accumulated sufferings, had he not met with his kinsman, Thomas Stanley, esq[2]. who was a sufferer in the same cause, and secreted near the same place. But some degree of toleration must have been extended to him soon after, as in 1648 he published his translation of Seneca's Medea, and in the same year Seneca's answer to Lucilius' question, "Why good men suffer misfortunes, seeing there is a Divine Providence?" In 1651, he published his Poems and Translations, with a Latin dedication to Mr. Stanley; and when sir George Savile, afterwards marquis of Halifax, returned from his travels about that time, he appointed Mr Sherburne superintendant of his affairs, and by the recommendation of his mother, lady Savile, he was afterwards made travelling tutor to her nephew, sir John Coventry. With this gentleman he visited various parts of the continent, from March, 1654, to October, 1659. On the Restoration, sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards lord Shaftesbury, put another into his place in the ordnance; but on Mr. Sherburne's application to the house of peers, it was restored to him, although its emoluments were soon greatly retrenched.

The peace of the country being now re-established, he appears to have applied himself to a studious life, and replenished his library, which, according to Wood, was esteemed one of the most considerable belonging to any gentleman in or near London. In 1675, he published "The Sphere of Marcus Manilius, made an English poem, with Annotations, and an Astronomical Index," which was honoured by the very particular and liberal approbation of the royal society: and in 1679, he published a translation of Seneca's Troades; or the Royal Captives, and he left in manuscript a translation of Hippolitus, which two, with the Medea before mentioned, he endeavoured to prove were all that Seneca wrote.

During the commotions excited by the popish plot, attempts were made to remove him from his place in the ordnance, as a suspected papist, but these were ineffectual, and his majesty, who appears to have been satisfied with his character and conduct, conferred on him the honour of knighthood, Jan. 6, 1682. As, however, he could not take the oaths on the Revolution, he quitted his public employment, and by this step sacrificed his property to his principles. For some time he lived a retired and probably a comfortable life, but poverty at length induced him to seek relief. In 1696, he presented a supplicatory memorial to the earl of Romney, then master general of the ordnance, and another to the king. In both, he represented in very earnest, but modest language, his long and faithful services: his total loss of fortune in the cause of royalty; his extreme indigence; and his advanced age (he being then upwards of eighty-two years old) and concluded with an humble request that an annual stipend for his support might be granted upon the quarter books of the office. The writer to whom we are indebted for this account[3] has not been able to discover that this request was ever complied with. He adds, that sir Edward was well acquainted with the duties of his station, to the discharge of which he dedicated a long life, and

[2] Father of the learned Thomas Stanley, esq. Phillips dedicated his Theatrum Poetarum to Stanley and Sherburne. *C.*

[3] Gent. Mag. ubi supra. p. 462-3. *C.*

was the principal person concerned in drawing up the "Rules, Orders and Instructions" given to the office of ordnance in 1683, which with very few alterations, have been confirmed at the beginning of every reign since, and are those by which the office is now governed.

To these scanty notices, may be added his acquaintance with Dr. Bentley, which was occasioned by that learned critic's announcing an intention of publishing a new edition of Manilius. Sir Edward, who had formerly translated the first book of that poet into English verse, took this opportunity of sending to Bentley his collection of editions and papers belonging to Gaspar Gevartius who had also intended an edition of Manilius, but was prevented by death[4].

The writer of his life in the Biographia Britannica, concludes it with lamenting the misfortune of Anthony Wood's carrying on his history no longer than the year 1700, and thus leaving it doubtful when sir Edward Sherburne died: but this is one of the many instances of carelessness which occur in those latter volumes of the Biographia that were principally intrusted to Dr. Nichols. Collier, whose dictionary is in less reputation than it deserves, and which contains many curious facts not easily to be found elsewhere, ascertains Sherburne's death from an epitaph which he wrote for himself. He died in Nov. 4, 1702, and was interred on the 8th in the chapel belonging to the Tower of London.

In Sherburne's poems considerable genius may be discovered, but impeded by the prevailing taste of his age for strained metaphors and allusions. Poetical lovers then thought no compliments too extravagant, and ransacked the remotest and apparently most barren sources for what were considered as striking thoughts, but which appear to us unnatural, if not ridiculous. He appears to have derived most of his reputation from his translations. He was a man of classical learning and a critic, and frequently conveys the sense of his author with considerable spirit, although his versification is in general flat and inharmonious[5]. In his sacred poems he seems to rise to a fervency and elegance which indicate a superior inspiration.

[4] Biog. Brit. old edit. vol. ii. p. 744. note S. *C.*

[5] Some of them are omitted in the present edition, as are his learned notes on Coluthus. *C.*

NOBILISSIMO

AMICISSIMO

CANDIDISSIMOQUE

PECTORI

THOMÆ STANLEIO, ARMIGERO,

MOΥΣΑΓΗΤΗ PRÆSTANTISSIMO

QUO NULLUS MIHI CARIOR MEORUM,

QUEM PLURIS FACIUNT NOVEM SORORES QUAM CUNCTOS ALIOS;

HÆC QVALIACVNQVE, NON TAM MATERIE VARIA, QUAM MACULIS VARIEGATA

POEMATA,

(MAXIMÆ INTIMÆQVE, HEV MINIMVM AMICITIÆ PIGNUS!)

DICATA, DEDICATA

VOLUI

EDWARDVS SHERBVRNE.

POEMS

OF

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

TRANSLATIONS.

SALMACIS.

BY SIGNEUR GIROLAMO PRETI.

OUT OF ITALIAN.

WHERE clear Pactolus glides through Phrygian lands
'Tween banks of emeralds, on golden sands,
And in his course does Lydia's confines trace
With humid feet, and with a slippery pace,
The bed-rid earth, to ease herself (oppress't
With her own weight, and crampt with her long rest)
Her vaster limbs first stretches to a plain,
Then to a mountain lifts her head again;
A mountain; such for height, as, if 'midst those
Which to scale Heaven by the bold giants chose
(Pelion, Olympus, Ossa,) placed it were,
Would like a cedar 'mongst low shrubs appear.
So far above the clouds his head doth rise
That his green locks no summer dripping spies
With rain, his face no winter does behold
Mask'd with a snowy muffler 'gainst the cold.
The proud usurper seems as if he meant,
Scorning his low and baser element,
To make the airy region his own,
And plant for Juno an imperial throne.
Or like some new Briareus he stands, [hands,
Arm'd with more large-spread oaks than he with
And menaces the stars; his sides and back,
Woods which ne'er shade, fields which ne'er verdure lack,
With a green mantle cloth, whose fringed base
A hundred brooks with streams of silver lace.
At foot of this tall rock, a cave disclos'd
It self; a cave, shady and dark; suppos'd
The sole design of Nature, as th' effect,
Where she both workman play'd, and architect.
Over whose gaping mouth, her hand had hewn
Out of the living rock a lip of stone
Cut like a bending arch; whence for more grace
(As t'were the native porter of the place)
Green ivy wreath'd in many a subtile knot
Hung dangling: fore the entry of the grot
With streams of liquid pearl, (the humid son
Of some large torrent) a small brook does run,
Which, on the pebbles as it purling plays,
Does so harmonious a murmur raise,
Tun'd to so just a pitch, as dares defy
The birds' sweet notes, and with the lute may vie.
P'th' mid'st of this vast cave, (which seems to prop
With its arch'd back th' whole mountain) tow'rd the top
Opens a spacious vent; through which, its flight
The damp air takes, entrance, the Sun's warm light.
The rude walls ivy, creeping round about,
With a green suit of tap'stry hangs throughout.
The goddess, which in heaven's third orb does shine,
Did to these shades her amorous thefts confine.
Here her delights secur'd; whose passions prove
Her more the servant, than the queen of love.
Here Mars to war oft taught she in love's field,
With other weapons than with spear and shield;
Whilst 'bout his sinewy neck her arms she wound,
And his rough limbs in those soft fetters bound.
Here once three naked goddesses ('tis said)
With censuring eyes the Phrygian swain survey'd;
Whose judgement in that memorable strife
Gain'd him the beauteous Helen for his wife,
And gave to lovely Venus uncontroll'd
The prize of beauty, and the fruit of gold.
And here at last the winged son of Jove
And Maia, sported with the queen of love;
Who, in these shades, (if fame have truth reveal'd)
And her soft bosom, long time lay conceal'd.
Mean while great Jove, wond'ring at his neglect,
(Who of some message did return expect)
Thus with himself discours'd 'bout his long stay:
"Sure he lies lurking for some hop'd-for prey,
Or his light wings (doubtless h' had else return'd)
He in the sea hath wet, or fire hath burn'd."
True, Jove; he lurking lay, but in the shade
Of Venus' arms; whilst on her lips he prey'd.

His pinions he had sing'd; but with love's torch,
Which not so much his plumes as heart did scorch;
Drench'd too he had, and wet his lighter wing,
Not in the sea's salt waves, but love's sweet spring.
And now seven times the Sun with quick'ning ray
Had lighted in the east the lamp of day;
As oft the humid night had wrapp'd the skies
In her black mantle, wrought with stars like eyes;
And yet no day goes by, no night e'er passes,
But sees these lovers link'd in close embraces.
But from those arms (where long a pris'ner held)
The loit'ring god, now to return compell'd,
Unwillingly their dear embrace declin'd:
Yet left a growing pledge of love behind.
Nine times already had the Moon (constrain'd
By course) her orb into a crescent wan'd;
As oft (her horns spread to a round) had run
With light that seem'd to emulate the Sun;
When a sweet boy (so genial stars dispos'd)
Fair Cytheræa's pregnant womb disclos'd.
In their warm laps new born the Graces laid him,
And with their softer arms a cradle made him.
Beauty first suckled him at her white breast
And her idea in his looks imprest.
About him did like little antics play,
Laughter, and Mirth, and smil'd his cries away.
No noise, but light breath'd from his lips of roses,
Such as the sky no thunder heard discloses,
Nor like to other children's, seem'd his eyes
Two springs of tears, but like two suns to rise:
Whence all presag'd that they in time should prove
No less the food than the sweet fire of love.
His beauty with his years did still increase;
Whilst his fair mother, longing to impress
The image of herself in his lov'd face,
Did every day add some celestial grace.
Now grown a youth, behold him, with the darts
Of his bright eyes, subduing female hearts:
The living picture of his parents; where
Their mixed beauties seem t' have equal share.
From father both and mother name he took,
From father both and mother his sweet look.
All the feign'd beauties of the world seem'd met
In him, as in their living counterfeit.
Where Nature (like Apelles) the best graces
(To add to his) cull'd from a thousand faces.
Upon his ivory front you might behold
His curled tresses flow like waves of gold,
And as enamoured on his lovely face,
That with their soft and twining arms embrace.
Then like loose wantons 'bout his neck to twist
Glad that they might by its warm snow be kist.
View his fair front, and thou'lt say that displays
A clear horizon deck'd with morning rays;
And as we see beneath the dawning gleams
O'th' morn, the Sun shoot forth his brighter beams;
So here might you perceive alike to rise
In's front the morn, the Sun in his bright eyes.
His melting lips, speech's vermilion gate,
Soft seat of smiles, blushes so sweet dilate,
As seem at once to ravish the pleas'd sight,
And to a kiss the longing touch invite;
Through which a fragrant Zephyrus transpires,
That fans and kindles both love's flagrant fires.
Nor can one tell (no grace in either missing)
Which best becomes them, speaking, smiling, kissing.
Look on his tender cheek, and there thou'lt spy
The rose, as in a throne of majesty,
'Mid'st a white guard of lillies, proudly grow;
Or blushing pinks set in a bank of snow.
His habit and his looks did both express
A kind of sweet becoming carelessness;
Whom all so much more beautiful esteem
By how much he less beautiful would seem,
Whilst thus he manifests in every part,
What art there is in beauty void of art.
One day by chance 'twixt him and Cupid grew
This emulous contest; which of them two
(Since he in beauty so surpast the other)
The god of love should be! he, or his brother?
When Venus, arbitress of the debate,
On a sublime tribunal thron'd in state,
(Fixing upon the lovely youth her eyes)
Thus spake: "My dear, this doom 'twixt you denies
All further strife; a bow Cupid and thou
Shalt bear; he at his side, thou in thy brow.
The same your weapons; love's inflaming brand
Thou in thy looks shalt bear, he in his hand:
Both too shall shoot at and wound human hearts,
Thou with thine eyes (sweet boy) he with his darts."
This lovely youth, with divine graces crown'd,
As yet three lustres scarce had seen go round,
When in his mind a resolution grew
Of bidding Phrygia, and the cave adieu.
Desire of knowledge, and the love of fame,
For travel his aspiring thoughts inflame.
How oft he wish'd his father's wings! that so
He might each clime the Sun enlightens know:
And view whate'er the earth's vast bosom holds,
Or in its watry arms the sea infolds.
The Lycian realms he view'd; and there survey'd
The hill, within whose dark, and dreadful shade
The triple-shap'd Chimæra once did dwell
That animated Ætna, living hell,
Which from three sooty jaws us'd to expire
A sulph'ry deluge, and belch floods of fire.
To Caria next his course he bends; where he
Through that well-peopled land doth wond'ring see
The numerous villages like shrubs to rise,
The cities tower like cedars to the skies;
Whose fertile borders with its winding waves
Tow'rd the cold north the fam'd Meander laves;
Which (like a traveller on some strange coast,
Having his first path, his directress, lost,
With devious steps, now in, now out doth wind,
Flies what he seeks, and meets what he declin'd,
Lost in the errour of ambiguous ways)
Itself imprisons in a wat'ry maze.
At length he to that fatal place arriv'd
Where envious love his sad revenge contriv'd.
So pleasant and delightful was the place,
That Heaven's great eye in its diurnal race
Yet ne'er beheld another like unto 't,
Of all 'twixt Ganges' head, and Calpe's foot.
There to a round which a fair prospect lends,
Its flow'ry surface a large plain extends;
A hundred little brooks its bosom trace,
And with their streams of quicksilver enchase;
Which, with sweet vernal dews supply'd, still yield
Life to the flowers, and verdure to the field;
That may, with odorous jewels thus array'd,
A heaven of flowers, or field of stars be said.
And what more pleasure adds, this pleasant ground,
Tall trees, as with a leafy wall, surround,
And 'bout it seem like a green work to run,
As if to sconce it 'gainst the scorching Sun.
And as sometimes the air's soft breath we find
Crisps the smooth sea; so here a gentle wind

(Whose softer wing the flowers does ligtly brush)
Curls into trembling waves the field's green plush.
I'th' midst of this fair plain, the tumid earth
(As if impregnate with a fruitful birth)
Swells gently up into an easy hill: [still.
Where crown'd with sweets the spring sits smiling
And, as from thence she sheds her balmy showers,
The ground with grass enamels, that with flowers:
Whose pregnant womb a chrystal issue teems;
Which, as it glides along with purling streams,
(That settle in a verdant vale) does make
Of a small rivulet, an ample lake;
In which no weeds their muddy dwelling have,
To stain the native clearness of the wave;
But as the Sun pure christal by its light
Transpierces, so the penetrating sight
May through the water here, the bottom spye
Chequer'd with pebbles of a various dye;
And see how the mute people of the flood,
With ebon backs, and silver bellies scud.
The flowers which on its fertile borders grow,
As if in love with their own beauties show:
Bending their fragrant tops, and slender stems
Narcissus-like, to gaze on the clear streams.
Where limn'd in water colours to the life
They see themselves; and raise a pleasing strife
In the deluded sense at the first view
To judge which flowers are counterfeit, which true.
On the left hand of this transparent flood,
Fringing the plain's green verge, there stands a wood
Where lovers' myrtles, and the poet's bays,
Their spreading tops to native arbours raise:
From whose tall crowns like a black vail the shade
Falling, the lake's clear bosom does invade.
So thick the trees are, they exclude Heaven's sight,
And make a leafy screen 'gainst the Sun's light.
Whose close-weav'd branches a new heaven present
And to the sight form a green firmament:
In which like fixed stars one might espy
Gold-colour'd apples glitter to the eye;
Which, though no motion circular they run,
Want not yet that of trepidation.
No vulgar birds there make their mean abodes,
But winged heroes, music's demigods,
Whose plumes, like gems, with various colours shine,
Their beaks of orient hue, their notes divine:
Whilst this sweet place seems a retired cell,
Where Love and Flora with the Muses dwell.
Within these dark, yet pleasant coverts bred,
Close by the lake, a nymph inhabited:
A nymph; her breast more snowy, looks more fair,
Her eyes more diamonds, and more gold her hair,
Than ever nymph could boast that hath been seen
To haunt the woods, or press the flow'ry green.
The chase she lov'd not, nor with hound or spear
Would charge the tusked bore, or savage bear.
Nor at a mark or quarry bow would bend:
Nor in a race with other nymphs contend.
To her the Naiades would often say,
"Fair Salmacis, fair Cynthia's laws obey:
Her sports pursue; and in thy hand a spear,
Or at thy side a painted quiver bear."
But she who other pleasures had in chase,
As the proud mistress of so proud a place,
Disdains to set a foot beyond the bounds
Of those lov'd shades, or tread on meaner grounds.
There with its liquid streams the neighbouring lake
A lukewarm bath for her fair limbs did make.
The neighbouring lake, which oft itself discovers,
Swell'd by the tears of her forsaken lovers;
In whose unflattering mirror, every morn,
She counsel takes how best herself t' adorn.
There she sometimes her looser curls unwinds,
Now up again in golden fillets binds,
Which makes (which way soever them she wears)
For amorous hearts a thousand catching snares.
A robe, like that of day, now wears she, white,
Now one of azure, starr'd like that of night.
Now curious sandals on her feet doth slip,
In gems and gold less rich, than workmanship.
Now in a careless dress she goes; her hair
Spread 'bout her shoulders, and her ancles bare.
And gathering flowers, not all alike doth pick,
But such alone doth in her bosom stick,
Whose leaves, or milk, or scarlet, does invest,
To suit in colour with her lip and breast.
And if a flower she pull, straight from its root
Another rises up to kiss her foot;
Thus whether more she take or give none knows,
Whilst her hand gathers what her foot bestows.
By chance she then was gathering flowers, when
The son of Venus spy'd, and Mercury: [she
On whose bright looks her wanton eyes she bent,
With which her longing thoughts mov'd with consent,
Whilst both her sight, and thoughts by seeing bred,
With pleasure on so sweet an object fed.
But she sucks in love's poison with desire,
Which through her eyes glides like a stream of fire
Into her breast; where, with Ætnean waves
Firing her heart, the scalding torrent raves.
And now she forward goes like a bold lover,
Her flames to him that caus'd them, to discover.
But coming near, she saw in's eyes there play'd
A wantonness with modesty allay'd:
Which though the gazer's heart it set on fire,
Quench'd yet the heat of a too bold desire:
Whence though love spurr'd her on, fear held her back,
And though her heart did fly, her pace did slack.
Yet she observ'd to lighten in his look
I know not what majestic grace, which struck
Her eye not with more terrour than delight,
And less did dazzle than it did invite.
Whence fir'd with hope, yet freezing with despair,
She nearer fearfully approach'd; and there
Sent him by the light wafage of the wind,
A sigh, an "Ah me," nuncios of her mind.
And now her passion gaining vent, affords
Her tongue the liberty and use of words:
But lame, and broken; yet that serve t' imply,
'Twas this she meant, "Be kind, or else I die.
Sweet stranger! if a soul lodge in thy breast
Fair as thy outside, hear a nymph's request:
That begs thou'lt take thy inn up in this shade,
(And gods their dwellings in the woods have made.)
Here on this bank may'st thou repose thy head,
Or on my bosom make thy softer bed:
The air here still is sweet, still cool; if by
My sighs inflam'd it be not, or thy eye:
That eye which quick as light'ning flames does dart;
And sooner than I saw it, scorch'd my heart.
O more than happy wert thou, Salmacis!
If he (but dream not of so great a bliss)
Should prove so kind to lay thee by his side,
Not as his mistress only, but his bride.
But if that joy another do possess,
O let me, as her rival ne'ertheless
(Since here is none that may the theft reveal)
From thy sweet lips a kiss in private steal.

But should some goddess nourish in thy breast
A nobler fire; deny not a request
To one that dies; if more I cannot move,
A kiss for pity grant, if not for love.
Or if too much that seem; pray let me have
What sisters yet may from their brothers crave."
Here ceas'd to speak; and with that forward press'd
To have join'd lip to lip, and breast to breast.
But the shy youth coily repuls'd her still,
As cold in love, as deaf unto her will,
Dying with blushes of a deeper stain,
The native crimson of his cheeks, in grain.
(For a bold suitor, of a cold denier
When he the heart cannot, the face will fire.)
At last with a coy look, thus mov'd, he spake:
"Fair nymph, be gone, or I the place forsake.
You but deceive yourself to think my mind
Will to such wanton follies be inclin'd."
At which (with his desires glad to comply,
Yet loath to lose the pleasure of her eye)
She sadly creeps behind a bushy skreen,
There closely skulks to see, and not be seen.
And now the planet worshipp'd in the east
Rid on the back of the Nemean beast;
And from the inflam'd meridian, that bends
Like to a bow, his beams like arrows sends,
When this fair traveller, with heat opprest,
And the day's toils, here laid him down to rest,
Where the soft grass, and the thick trees, display'd
A flow'ry couch, and a cool arbour made.
About him round the grassy spires (in hope
To gain a kiss) their verdant heads perk'd up.
The lily, the field's candidate, there stands
A suitor for the favour of his hands:
And here the blush-dy'd amaranthus seeks,
And finds itself outrivall'd in his cheeks:
Whilst the enamoured trees, t' embrace him, bend
Their shady crowns, and leavy arms extend.
Mean time from his fair front he rains a shower
Of shining pearl-drops, whilst his bright eyes pore
On the nymph's heart, (that melts through hot desire
T' enjoy what she beholds) a flood of fire.
This place at length he leaves, rous'd by the call
Of the near waters' sweetly murmuring fall;
Where, on the bank his sandals off he slips,
And in the christal streams his ancles dips;
Whilst the clear lake, as his pure feet he laves,
Feels love's warm fire mix with its colder waves:
And now, not his fair feet content alone
To kiss, desires (an amorous wanton grown)
(That she might nearer to her wish aspire)
Her bottom deeper, or her waters higher;
Which (to their power) to rise when moved seem,
As if they long'd to bathe each curious limb.
The youth with pleasure on the flood doth gaze,
And in that watery glass his face surveys,
Admiring, with a look stedfastly set,
His real beauty in his counterfeit.
And sure he with himself in love had fell,
Had he not heard of fond Narcissus tell,
Who from cold streams attracting fatal fire,
Did, to enjoy what he possest, expire.
Then stooping, he with hands together clos'd,
Hollowing their joined palms, a cup compos'd
Of living alabaster; which when fill'd
With the sweet liquor the clear spring distill'd,
He gently lifts it to his head, then sips,
Both bath and beverage to his looks and lips.
Mean time with ravish'd thoughts the nymph doth view
The sportive lad, and whilst he drinks, drinks too,
But in a different manner, from the lake
He his, her draught she from his eyes doth take.
His slacks his thirst, hers more inflames desire,
He sucks in water, but she drinks in fire.
And now, invited by the heat, and took
With the alluring temper of the brook,
Himself disrobing, the rich spoil he throws
Away, and his pure limbs all naked shows.
And like a new Sun with a darkening cloud
Invested, casting off the envious shroud,
He round about his beauteous light displays,
And makes the Earth a Heaven with his bright rays.
The nymph at this freezes at once and burns,
And fire with love and ice with wonder turns.
At length cries out: "Ah me! what see I here?
What deity leaving his heavenly sphere
Is come to sport him in these shades? sure by
His wounding look, and his inflaming eye
It should be Love; but no light wings appear
On his fair shoulders; strange he none should wear!
No; those he lent my heart; which from my breast
Its flight hath took, and now in his doth rest.
"Ah me, thou living Ætna! cloth'd in snow,
Yet breathing flames, how lovely dost thou show!
Cruell, yet cunning archer! that my heart
Thou sure might'st hit, t' allure me with the dart."
But now from the green bank on which he stood,
Fetching his rise, he leaps into the flood;
Whose fall (as him the breaking waters take)
With a white foam all silvers o'er the lake;
Where, as he swims, and his fair arms now bends,
Now their contracted nerves again extends,
He the nymph's heart (that peeps behind an oak)
Wounds from that ivory bow at every stroke.
Into another form he then converts
The motion of his arms, and like to darts, [shoot,
Now this, now that, through the clear waves does
His hand in motion answer'd by his foot;
For as he this contracts, he that extends,
And when this forward, that he backward sends;
Whilst through the streams his purer limbs, like
Or lilies through transparent chrystal show; [snow
His flowing hair, floating like that rich fleece
Which the first ship from Colchos brought to Greece.
The nymph at this stands as of sense quite void,
Or as no sense but seeing she enjoy'd.
At last from her full breast (of its close fire
The sparks) these broken accents did expire.
"Oh why (as Arethusa, or the joy
Of Galatea) cannot I (sweet boy)
Melt to a flood for thee? then (my fair sun!)
Thou might'st (to bathe thee) to my bosom run."
More would sh' have said: but her full passion stopt
Her door of speech, and her eye's floodgates op't.
Struck with despair so dead, she scarce appears
To breathe, or live, but by her sighs and tears;
Yet though her silent tongue no words impart,
Her speaking thoughts discours'd thus with her heart.
"Fond Salmacis! why flag thy hopes? thy mind
What fears deject? on; nor be e'er declin'd;
But boldly thy fair enemy assail.
See! thy desired prey's within the pale:
And love (perhaps in pity of thy pain,)
Offers what was deny'd thee by disdain.
Be resolute; and him, whose conquering eyes
Made thee his captive late, now make thy prize.

Fear not; for pardon justly hope he may
Who plunders him that does deny to pay."
Thus she, rekindling her half-quench'd desires,
Her cheeks with blushes, heart with boldness fires.
Then forward moves a little; and anon,
Full speed, unto the lake does madly run.
But in the midst of her career repents,
And stops; suspended 'twixt two cross intents,
Like to a wavering balance: on, afraid;
Back, loath to go; and yet to either sway'd.
Now she advances; then again retreats:
Her fears now conquers, then her hopes defeats.
Struck with love's powerful thyrsus, at the last
(True Mænad like) her lighter robes off cast,
She hurries to the lake, then in she skips;
And in her wanton arms th' unwilling clips.
He, who love's fires ne'er felt in his cold breast,
With fear at such a strange surprise possess'd,
For help began to cry; when she at this,
"Ah, peace!" says, and his mouth stopp'd with a kiss.
Yet struggling, he her wishes did deny,
And from her shunn'd embraces strove to fly.
But whilst he labours to get loose, t' his breast
She faster cleaves; and his lips harder prest.
So when Jove's bird a snake hath truss'd, his wings
The more that plies, the more that 'bout 'em clings;
And leaves it doubtful to the gazer's view,
To tell which more is pris'ner of the two.
Fearful to lose yet her new-gotten prize,
The nymph to Heaven (sighing) erects her eyes:
"And shall my love" (says she) "triumph in vain,
Nor other trophy than a bare kiss gain?
O Jove! if what Fame sings of thee be true,
If e'er thou didst a bull's fierce shape indue,
And on thy back from the Phænician shore,
Thro' seas thy amorous theft in triumph bore,
Assist my vows; and grant that I may prove
As happy in this conquest of my love:
No force let our embraces e'er disjoin;
Breast unto breast unite; our souls entwine:
Tie heart to heart; and let the knitting charms
Sweet kisses be; the fetters, our soft arms.
Or if thou hast decreed that we must part,
Let that divorce divide life from my heart."
Jove heard her prayers; and, suddenly as strange,
Made of them both a mutual interchange;
And by an undiscern'd conjunction,
Two late divided bodies knit in one:
Her body straight a manly vigour felt,
And his did to a female softness melt.
Yet thus united, they with difference
Retain'd their proper reason, speech, and sence.
He liv'd and she apart, yet each in either;
Both one might well be said, yet that one neither.
This story by a river's side (as they
Sat and discours'd the tedious hours away)
Amintas to the coy Iole told:
Then adds: "O thou more fair, in love more cold
Than he! Heaven yet may make thee mine in spite,
That can such difference, ice and fire, unite."
This with a sigh the shepherd spake; whilst she
With a coy smile mock'd his simplicity.
But now the setting Sun posting away,
Put both an end to their discourse and day.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF LYRIAN AND SYLVIA.

BY ST. AMANT.

OUT OF FRENCH.

UNDER that pleasant clime, where Nature plac'd
Those islands, with the name of Happy grac'd,
There liv'd a young and gentle shepherd late,
And, had he never lov'd, too fortunate;
His name was Lyrian: she whose looks enthrall'd
His amorous heart, was the fair Sylvia call'd.
The natives there, 'mongst whom still lives his name,
(Nor shall the waste of time impair its fame)
Report, he bare, for sweetness of his song,
The prize from all Apollo's learned throng.
Yet nor his voice, nor worth that did exceed,
And ev'n in envy admiration breed,
Could e'er move her, that o'er his heart did reign,
To pleasing joys to turn his amorous pain.
The cheerful fields, and solitary groves,
(Once loyal secretaries to his loves)
Are still the witnesses, and still shall be,
Of his chaste thoughts, and firm fidelity.
For they alone were conscious of his grief,
They only gave his wounded soul relief,
When, with the weight of his sad woes opprest,
They pitying heard him ease in plaints his breast.
Ye gods! how oft resolv'd he, yet declin'd,
(Altho' he felt his heart with flames calcin'd)
Before those eyes h' ador'd so, to display
His griefs! such modesty his soul did sway.
And tho' h' had learn'd, and knew to suffer much,
Yet were his manners and discretion such,
Silence should first in death have quench'd his flame,
E'er he'd have rudely voic'd it unto fame.
Nor had it yet to any (had not stone
And stocks discover'd it) been ever known;
Which (for on them he us'd his plaints t' incise)
By chance presented it to Sylvia's eyes.
This seen, in her does scorn and anger move:
O Heavens! is 't possible that such a love
She should despise, and him, who had profest
Himself her captive, as her foe detest?
Or that love's magic characters his hand
Had grav'd, should in her eye for cyphers stand?
Or she should read them yet with so much spite,
Ne'er more to see them, 'less to rase them quite?
Ah, 'tis too true! nor's that sufficient,
Unless her tongue to her hard heart consent,
And 'gainst her faithful love, with cruel breath,
Pronounce the rigid sentence of his death.
What said he not his passion to excuse?
What flourishes us'd not his willing Muse,
To prove, his love (of which the noble ground
Was her perfections) could no crime be found,
If neither reason's self, nor justice, ought
(Those for which Heaven is lov'd) as crimes be thought!
That the world's sovereign planet which the Earth
And mortals' fates does govern from their birth,
By firm decrees inrolled in the skies
Had destin'd him a servant to her eyes.
And could his will be led another way,
Yet being forc'd, he could not disobey:
So that his soul, in this her captive state,
Did only yield to her impulsive fate.

Not that (said he) he murmur'd at his chains,
But pleas'd, sat down and blest his rigorous pains,
Not but his yoke so willingly he bare,
That liberty a greater bondage were.
Not but in spite of his malicious fate,
(In crossing all his joys so obstinate)
He should unforc'd, ev'n to the grave, affect
That beauty, which his love did so neglect.
Yet those his reasons, so well urg'd, so fair,
With her that will hear none, no reasons are.
They more incense her: yet for fear she might
Be softened, she betook herself to flight.
Such were the winning graces of his tongue,
Proving his love did not her beauty wrong.
How oft, since that, by all fair means he try'd
(Whilst he the gods with sacrifices ply'd)
To bring the humourous nymph unto his bent,
And make her too obdurate heart relent!
His passions, sighs, and tears, were ready still,
As the officious agents of his will,
To work her to a sense of his hard state;
But, 'las! his hopes grew still more desperate.
Nay, ev'n his voice, of so divine a strain,
So moving! mov'd in her nought but disdain.
Six years he liv'd perplex'd in this distress,
Without the least appearance of success,
When he by chance (as she a stag pursu'd)
Encounter'd her: whoe'er the queen hath view'd
Of wood-nymphs (Cynthia) a hunting go
After the boar, arm'd with her shafts and bow,
May then imagine the diviner grace,
The looks, the habit, stature, and the pace
Of beauteous Sylvia, as she tripping came
Into the woods, pursuing of her game.
Soon as poor Lyrian, half dead with love,
Had spy'd her in that solitary grove,
For whom his wounded heart so long had bled,
He with these words pursues her as she fled.
"Art thou resolv'd then (Sylvia) 'gainst my cries
Thine ears to close, and 'gainst my verse thine eyes?
That verse which fame unto thy life does give;
And must I die, 'cause I have made thee live
Eternally? Seven years expired be
Since I've been tortur'd by thy cruelty;
And dost thou think that little strength supplies
My heart, for everlasting torments will suffice?
Shall I for ever only see thee stray [they?
'Mongst these wild woods, more senseless yet than
"Alas! how weak I'm grown with grief! I feel
My feeble legs beneath their burden reel!
O stay! I faint, nor longer can pursue,
Stay, and since sense thou lack'st, want motion too.
Stay, if for nothing else, to see me die!
At least vouchsafe, stern nymph, to tell me why
Thou cam'st into this dark and gloomy place?
Where Heaven with all its eyes can never trace
Or find thee out. Was't thy intent, the light
Of thy fair stars thus to obscure in night?
Or seek'st thou these cool shades, the ice and snow
That's 'bout thy heart to keep unmelted so?
In vain, coy nymph, thou light and heat dost shun:
Who e'er knew cold or shade attend the Sun?
Ah, cruel nymph! the rage dost thou not fear
Of those wild beasts, that in these woods appear?
No, no, thou art secure; and mayst out-vie
Both them and all the world for cruelty!
"Oh, thou that gloriest in a heart of stone!
Wilt thou not stay? yet seest (as if my moan
They pitied) each rough bramble 'bout thy foot
Does cling, and seems t' arrest thee at my suit?
Ye gods! what wonders do you here disclose?
The bramble hath more sweetness than the rose.
"But whither fly these idle words? In vain,
Poor, miserable wretch, thou dost complain,
After so many ills, (of which I bear
The sadder marks yet in my heart.) Now hear,
Ye gods, at last! and by a welcome death
A period put unto my wretched breath.
Ah, me! I faint! my spirits quite decay!
And yet I cannot move her heart to stay.
Ye hellish deeps! black gulphs, where herrour lies,
Open, and place yourselves before her eyes.
Had I Hippomenes' bright fruit, which stay'd
The swifter speed of the Schenæian maid,
They would not profit me; the world's round ball
Could not my cruel fugitive recall.
She is all rock, and I, who am all fire,
Pursue her night and day with vain desire.
O Nature! is it not a prodigy
To find a rock than fire more light to be?
But I mistake: for if a rock she were,
She'd answer me again as these do here."
Thus tir'd with running, and o'ercome with woe,
To see his mistress should out-strip him so,
Poor Lyrian yields himself as sorrow's prize,
His constancy and amorous fervour dies,
Bloody despair ent'ring his captiv'd soul,
Does like a tyrant all his powers control.
Then, in the height of woe, to his relief
He calls the gods; yet, in the midst of grief,
All fair respect does still to Sylvia give,
To show that ev'n in death his love should live.
He who for Daphne like regret did prove, [love,
And the horn'd god (who, breathless, thought his
The fair-hair'd Syrinx, in his arms he clasp'd,
And slender reeds for her lov'd body grasp'd)
So far (rememb'ring their like amorous fate)
His unjust sufferings commiserate,
That both straight swore in passion, and disdain,
To punish the proud author of his pain:
Their powerful threats a like effect pursues;
See! that proud beauty a tree's shape endues!
Each of her hairs does sprout into a bough,
And she that was a nymph, an elm is now.
Whilst thus transform'd, her feet (to roots spread)
Fast in the ground, she was at last o'ertook [stuck
By panting Lyrian; happy yet, to see
Her he so priz'd within his power to be:
"Ye gods!" then says he, "who by this sad test
Have 'fore mine eyes Nature's great power exprest,
Grant that to this fair trunk, which love ne'er knew,
My heart may yet a love eternal shew."
This having said, unto the yet warm bole
He clings, (whilst a new form invests his soul)
Winding in thousand twines about it, whence
He's call'd of love the perfect symbol since.
In brief, this faithful lover now is found
An ivy stock; which, creeping from the ground
About the loved stem, still climbing is,
As if he sought her mouth to steal a kiss:
Each leaf's a heart, whose colour does imply
His wish obtain'd, love's perpetuity;
Which still his strict embraces evidence.
For all of him is lost but only sense,
And that you'd swear remains; and say (to see
The elm in his embraces hugg'd) that he,
Willing to keep what he had gain'd at last,
For fear she should escape, holds her so fast.

FORSAKEN LYDIA.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN OF CAVALIER MARINO.

In thunder now the hollow cannon roar'd,
To call the far-fam'd warriors aboard,
Who that great feud (enkindled 'twixt the French
And German) with their blood attempt to quench.
Now in the open sea they proudly ride,
And the soft crystal with rude oars divide:
Perfidious Armillus at once tore
His heart from Lydia, anchor from the shore.

'Twas night, and aged Proteus had driv'n home
His numerous herd, fleec'd with the sea's white foam;
The winds were laid to rest, the fishes slept,
The wearied world a general silence kept,
No noise, save from the surges' hollow caves,
Or liquid silver of the justling waves, [light,
Whilst the bright lanthorns shot such trembling
As dazzled all the twinkling eyes of night.

The fair inamorata (who from far
Had spy'd the ship which her heart's treasure bare,
Put off from land; and now quite disembas'd,
Her cables coiled, and her anchors weigh'd,
Whilst gentle gales her swelling sails did court
To turn in scorn her poop upon the port)
With frantic speed from the detested town
To the deserted shore comes hurrying down.

As the Idean shepherd stood amaz'd,
Whilst on the sacred ravisher he gaz'd,
Who snatch'd the beauteous Trojan youth away,
And wafted through the yielding clouds his prey:
Or as that artist whose bold hand durst shape
Wings to his shoulders, (desperately to 'scape
A loathed servitude) through untrac'd skies
Crete's king pursu'd with fierce, yet wond'ring eyes.

The flying navy Lydia so beheld,
Her eyes with tears, her heart with passion swell'd;
In sighs to these she gave continual vent,
And those in brinish streams profusely spent:
But tears and sighs, alas! bestows in vain,
Borne by the sportive wind to the deaf main.
The main, who grief inexorably mocks,
As she herself is scorn'd by steady rocks.

O! what a black eclipse did straight disguise
In clouds the sunshine of her lovely eyes!
She tore her cheeks, hair, garments, and imprest
Marks of his falsehood on her guiltless breast.
She calls on her disloyal lover's name,
And sends such sad loud accents to reclaim
The fugitive, as if at every cry
Her weary soul forth with her voice would fly.

"Whither, ah, cruel!" There, full grief represt
Her tongue, and taught her eyes to weep the rest:
"Whither, ah, cruel!" from the hollow side
Of the next rock the vocal nymph replied.
In tears and sighs the water and the air
Contend which in her sorrows most shall share;
And the sad sea-horse with incessant groans
Wakens her faint grief, and supplies her moans.

"Oh! stop, kind Zephyr, but one minute's space,"
(She cries) "the swelling sail's impetuous race,
That my expiring groans may reach the ear
Of him who flies from her he will not hear!
Perhaps, though whilst alive I cannot please,
My dying cries his anger may appease;
And my last fall, trophy of his disdain,
May yield delight, and his lost love regain.

"Receive my heart in this extreme farewel,
Thou, in whom cruelty and beauty dwell:
With thee it fled; but what, alas! for me
Is it to lose my heart, who have lost thee?
Thou art my better self! Thou of my heart,
The soul, more than the soul that moves it, art:
And if thou sentence me to suffer death,
(My life) to thee let me resign my breath.

"Alas! I do not ask to live content,
That were a blessing me Fate never meant:
All that my wishes aim at is, that I
(And that's but a poor wish) content may die;
And if my heart, by thee already slain,
Some reliques yet of a loath'd life retain,
Oh! let them by thy pity find release,
And in thy arms breathe forth their last in peace.

"No greater happiness than death I crave,
So in thy dearest sight I death may have;
And if thy hand, arm'd with relentless pride,
Shall the small thread of my poor life divide,
What pleasure than that sorrow would be higher?
When I in Paradise at least expire,
And so at once the different arrows prove,
Of death from thy hand, from thy eyes of love.

"Ah! if so pleas'd thou art with war's alarms;
If that be it that calls thee from my arms;
If thou aspir'st, by some advent'rous toils,
To raise proud trophies deck'd with glorious spoils;
Why fondly dost thou seek for these elsewhere?
Why leav'st thou me a pris'ner to despair?
Turn; nor thy willing captive thus forsake,
And thou shalt all my victories partake.

"Though I to thy dear eyes a captive be,
Thousands of lovers are no less to me.
Unhappy! who contend and sue for sight
Of that, which thou unkindly thus dost slight.
Is't not a high attempt that can comprise
Within one act so many victories;
To triumph over triumphs, and subdue
At once the victor and the vanquish'd too?

"But if to stay with me thou dost refuse,
And the rude company of soldiers choose,
Yet give me leave to go along with thee,
And in the army thy attendant be.
Love, tho' a child and blind, the wars hath known,
Can handle arms, and buckle armour on;
And thou shalt see, my courage will disdain
(Save of thy death) all fear to entertain.

"I will securely 'midst the arm'd troops run,
Venus hath been Mars' his companion;
And though the heart in thy obdurate breast
Be with an adamantine corslet drest,
Yet I in steel (to guard thee from all harm)
With my own hands will thy fair body arm,
And the reward love did from me detain
In peace, in war shall by this service gain.

"And if it fortune that thou undergo
Some dangerous hurt by the prevailing foe,
I sadly by thy side will sit to keep
Thee company, and as thou groan'st will weep.

My sorrow with thy anguish shall comply.
I will thy blood, and thou my tears shalt dry:
Thus, by an equal sympathy of pure
Affections, we each other's wounds will cure.

"Perhaps, when he this sweet effect of love
Shall see, the happy precedent may move
The stubborn enemy more mild to grow,
And to so soft a yoke his stiff neck bow,
Who by himself gladly betray'd to thine,
Shall willingly his own command resign.
So by a way of conquest strangely new,
Thou shalt at once love, arms, and souls subdue.

"Ah, most unhappy! he, to these sad cries
Inexorable, his deaf ear denies;
And, far more cruel than the rough seas are,
Laughs at my sighs, and slights my juster prayer.
See, whilst thou spread'st thy sails to catch the [wind,
What a sad object thou hast left behind!
Of war, alas! why dost thou go in quest?
Thou leav'st a fiercer war within my breast.

"Thou fly'st thy country and more happy state,
To seek in some strange land a stranger fate;
And under foreign climes and unknown stars,
T' encounter hazards of destructive wars;
Eager to thrust thyself (lavish of breath)
Upon disasters, dangers, blood, and death,
Changing (ah! too unwary, too unwise!)
Thy certain joys for an uncertain prize.

"Can it be true, thou more thyself should'st please
With busy troubles, than delightful ease,
And lik'st th' enraged deep's rough toils above
The calmer pleasures and sweet sports of love?
Canst thou from a soft bosom fly, (ah! lost
To gentleness!) to be on rude waves tost?
And rather choose in seas a restless grave,
Than in these arms a quiet port to have?

"With furrowing keel thou plough'st the foaming main,
And (O obdurate!) hear'st not me complain;
Too swift thou fly'st for Love's slow wings t'o'ertake,
Love, whom perfidiously thou didst forsake;
And all the way thou swell'st with pride, to know
The suff'rings for thy sake I undergo,
Whilst the mild East, to flatter thy desires,
With his soft breath thy flagging sail inspires.

"Go, faithless youth! faithless and foolish too,
Thy fate, or folly rather, still pursue;
Go, and now thou art from my fetters free,
Never take care who sighs or dies for thee.
Oh! if the Heavens are just, if ever they
With eyes impartial human wrongs survey,
Heaven, Heaven, my tears implore, to Heaven I [cry,
Avenge my suff'rings, and his treachery!

"Be seas and skies thy foes! no gentle gale
Blow on thy shrouds! destruction fill thy sail!
No star to thee (lost in despair and night)
When thou invok'st, disclose its friendly light!
To Scythian pirates (such as shall despise
Thy fruitless tears) may'st thou become a prize,
By whose inhuman usage may'st thou be
Spoil'd of the liberty thou took'st from me.

"Then thou the difference shalt understand
Betwixt the shafts shot from a Thracian hand,
And lover's eye; the odds betwixt a rude
Insulting foe, and love's soft servitude:
The breast his golden darts not pierc'd, shall feel
The sharp impression of more cruel steel,
And thou, enslav'd, which are the stronger prove,
The fetters of barbarians, or of love.

"Ye seas and skies, which of my amorous care
The kindly faithful secretaries are,
To you my crying sorrows I address,
To you, the witnesses of my distress:
Shores by the loss of my fair sun forlorn,
Winds, who my sole delight away have borne,
Rocks, the spectators of my hapless fate,
And night, that hear'st me mourn disconsolate.

"Nor without reason is't (alas!) that I
To stars and sands bewail my misery;
For with my state they some proportion bear,
And numberless as are my woes appear.
Heaven in this choir of beauteous lights doth seem
To represent what I have loss in him:
The sea, to whom his flight I chiefly owe,
His heart in rocks, my tears in waves doth show.

"And since to these eternal fires, whose light
Makes Sleep's dark mansion so serenely bright,
I turn, what one amongst them shall I find
To pity me above the rest inclin'd?
She who in Naxos, when forsook, did meet
A better spouse than him she chose in Crete,
Though all the rest severely are intent
To work me harm, should be more mildly bent.

"O thou, who gild'st the pompous train of night,
With the addition of thy glorious light,
Whose radiant hair a crown adorns, whence streams
The dazzling lustre of seven blazing gems:
If that extremity thou not forget,
If thy own sorrows thou remember yet,
Stop at my sighs awhile, and make the crew
Of thy bright fellows stay and hearken too.

"Thou know'st the like occasions of our fate,
Both circumvented by unkind deceit;
A cruel I, a love ungrateful thou
Didst follow, both to equal suff'rings bow;
In this to thine a near resemblance bears,
The cause that dooms me to eternal tears;
I now am left, as thou wert heretofore,
Alone upon the solitary shore.

"But howsoever our misfortunes share
The same effects, their causes diff'rent are:
I my poor self no other have deceiv'd;
Thy brother was thro' thee of life bereav'd.
Sleep thy betrayer was, but love was mine,
Thou by thy short eclipse didst brighter shine,
And in the skies a crown of stars obtain,
But I on Earth (forsaken) still remain.

"Fool, to whose care dost thou thy grief impart?
What dost thou talk, or know'st thou where thou [art?
She, 'midst a dancing bevy of fair lights,
Trips it away, and thy misfortune slights:
Yet happy may she go, and her clear beams,
Whilst I lament, drench in the brinish streams;
Perhaps the sea, to my afflicted state,
Will prove than her less incompassionate.

"But how on seas for help should I rely,
Where nothing we but waves and rocks can spy?
Yet so small hopes of succour hath my grief,
That of those rocks and waves I beg relief.

Down from these rocks, of life my troubled breast
By a sad precipice may be releast,
And my impurer soul in these waves may
Quench her loose flames, and wash her stains away.

"Ah, Lydia, Lydia! whither dost thou send
Thy lost complaint? Why words so fruitless spend
To angry waves? to winds, where horrour roars?
To rocks that have no ears? to senseless shores?
Thou giv'st thy grief this liberty in vain,
If liberty from grief thou canst not gain;
And fond presumption will thy hopes abuse,
Unless thou grief and life together lose.

"Die, then! so shall my ghost (as with despair
Laden it flies) raise in the troubled air [black
Tempests more loud than thunder, storms more
Than Hell or horrour, in curl'd waves to wrack
His ship and him: so (and 'tis just) shall I
And my proud foe, at least, together die:
On him, who first these bitter sorrows bred,
Seas shall avenge the seas of tears I shed,"

This said, she made a stop; and with rash haste
(By violent despair assisted) cast
Herself down headlong in the raging sea,
Where she believ'd it deepest: now to be
Sadly by her enrich'd; whilst from her fair
Vermilion lips, bright eyes, Phœbeian hair,
Coral a purer tincture doth endue,
Crystal new light, pearls a more orient hue.

Such was the hapless fate of Lydia,
Who in those waves from which the king of day
Each morn ascends the blushing East, in those
From which the queen of love and beauty rose,
A second queen of love and beauty perish'd,
Who in her looks a thousand graces cherish'd;
And by a sad fate (not unpitied yet)
A second sun eternally did set.

Sweet beauty, the sad wrack of ruthless seas,
And ill-plac'd love, whom cruel destinies
Have food for monsters made, and sport for waves,
With whom so many graces had their graves,
If vain be not my hopes, if no dead fire
These lines devoted to thy name inspire,
Though buried in the sea's salt waves thou lie,
Yet in oblivion's waves thou shalt not die.

THE RAPE OF HELEN.

OUT OF THE GREEK OF COLUTHUS.

Ye Trojan nymphs! Xanthus' fair progeny!
Who, on your father's sands oft laying by
Your sacred armlets, and heads' reedy tires,
Ascend to dance on Ide in mixed choirs, [swain's
Quit your rough flood; and tell the Phrygian
Just verdict: how the hills he left, the main's
New toils to undergo: his mind what press'd
With fatal ships both sea and land t' infest;
Whence did that unexpected strife arise,
Which made a shepherd judge 'twixt deities:
What was his bold award; how to his ear
Arriv'd the fair Greek's name; for you were there:
And Paris thron'd in Ida's shades did see,
And Venus glorying in her victory.
When tall Thessalian mountains the delights
Witness'd of Peleus's hymenæal rites,
Ganymede nectar at the sacred feast,
By Jove's command, fill'd out to every guest;
For all descended from celestial race,
That day, with equal forwardness, to grace
Fair Thetis (Amphitrite's sister) strove.
From seas came Neptune, from the Heavens came Jove,
And Phœbus from the Heliconian spring,
Did the sweet consort of the Muses bring.
Next whom, the sister to the thunderer,
Majestic Juno, came: nor did the fair
Harmonia's mother, Venus, stay behind;
Suada went too, who for the bride entwin'd
The wedding garland, and Love's quiver bare.
Pallas, from nuptials though averse, was there;
Aside her heavy helmet having laid.
Apollo's sister, the Latonian maid,
(Though wholly to the savage chase apply'd)
Her presence at this meeting not deny'd.
Stern Mars, not such as when his spear he shakes,
But as when he to lovely Venus makes
His amorous address, (his shield and lance
Thrown by) there smiling mix'd in a soft dance.
But thence unhonour'd Iris was debarr'd;
Nor Chiron her, nor Peleus, did regard.
But Bacchus, shaking with his golden hair
His dangling grapes, lets Zephyr's sportive air
Play with his curled tresses: like some young
Heifer, (which, by a furious gad-fly stung,
Quitting the fields, in shady forests strays)
Whilst madded Eris roams, seeking always
How to disturb the quiet of the feast.
Oft from her rocky cell (with rage possest)
She flings; now stands, then sits: still up and down
Groping on th' earth, yet could not find a stone:
For lightning she'd have struck: or by some spell
The bold Titanean brethren rais'd from Hell,
With hostile flames to storm Jove's starry fort.
Though thus enrag'd, she yet does Vulcan court,
Whom fire and malleable steel obeys:
She thought the sound of clatt'ring shields to raise,
That so the gods, affrighted with the noise,
Might have run forth, and left their festive joys.
But fearing Mars, she does at last incline
To put in act a far more quaint design:
She calls to mind Hesperia's golden fruit;
Whence a fair apple, of dire wars the root,
Pulling, the cause of signal strifes she found:
Then 'midst the feast, dissension's fatal ground
Casts, and disturbs the goddesses' fair choir.
Juno, of Jove's bed proud, does first admire
The shining fruit, then challeng'd as her due:
But Venus (all surpassing) claims it too
As love's propriety: which by Jove seen,
He calls, then thus to Hermes does begin:
"Know'st thou not Paris, one of Priam's sons,
Who, where through Phrygian grounds smooth Xanthus runs,
Grazes his horned herds, on Ida's hill?
To him this apple bear: say, 'tis our will,
As arbiter of beauty, he declare
Which of these goddesses excels in rare
Conjunction of arch'd eyebrows, lovely grace,
And well-proportion'd roundness of the face;
And she that seems the fairest in his eyes,
To have the apple, as her beauty's prize."
This charge on Mercury Saturnius lays,
Who humbly his great sire's commands obeys;
And with officious care th' immortals guides:
Whilst each herself in her own beauty prides.
But as they went, love's subtle queen, her head's
Rich tire unloosing, with gold fillets braids

Her curious hair; then thus, with eyes intent
On her wing'd sons, her troubled thoughts does vent: [aid!
"The strife is near! dear sons, your mother
This day must crown my beauty, or degrade.
And much I fear to whom this clown will give
The golden fruit: Juno, all men believe
To be the Graces' reverend nurse: to her
The gift of sceptres they assign: in war
A powerful goddess is Minerva deem'd:
But we alone are of no pow'r esteem'd.
Nor empires we, nor martial arms bestow:
Yet why without a cause thus fear we? Though
Minerva's spear we have not, we yet better
Are with our cæstus arm'd, sweet love's soft fetter,
Our cæstus: that our bow is, that our sting,
Which smart to women, but not death does bring."
Thus rosy-finger'd Venus on the way
To her attendant Cupids spake, whilst they,
With duteous words, their drooping mother cheer.
And now they reach'd the top of Ida; where
The youthful Paris, near Anaurus' head,
His father's sheep in flocks divided fed:
Here of his roving bulls he count doth keep,
And there he reckons o'er his well-fed sheep.
Low as his knee a mountain goat's rough hide
Hung from his shoulders, flagging by his side:
In's hand a neatherd's goad: such to the eye
(As slowly to his pipe's soft melody
He moves) appear'd the gentle Phrygian swain,
Tuning on's reed a sweet, though rural strain.
I' th' solitary stalls oft would he sit
Himself with songs delighting; and forget
The care both of his herds and flocks; the praise
Of Pan and Hermes subject of his lays,
(With shepherds most in use) whose sweeter note
No dog's rude howl, no bull's loud-bellowing throat,
Disturbs; but Echo only, that affords
An artless sound in unarticulate words.
His oxen, cloy'd with the rank grass, were laid,
Stretching their fat sides in the cooler shade;
Under th'umbrella of a spreading tree
Whilst he himself sat singing: but when he
Spy'd Hermes with the goddesses, afraid,
Upstarting, from their sight he would have made:
And (his sweet pipe among the bushes flung)
Abruptly clos'd his scarce commenced song.
To whom, amaz'd, thus Heaven's wing'd nuncius spake:
"Cast away fear; a while thy flocks forsake,
Thou must in judgment sit, and freely tell
Which of the pow'rs in beauty does excel,
And to the fairest this fair fruit present."
Thus he: when Paris, with eyes mildly bent
In amorous glances, of their beauties took
Exact survey: which had the gracefull'st look,
The brightest eyes, whose neck the whitest skin,
Not leaving aught from head to heel unseen.
To whom Minerva first herself addrest,
Then, taking by the hand, these words express'd:
"Come hither, Paris! leave Jove's wife behind:
Nor Venus, president of nuptials, mind.
Pallas, of valour the directress, praise:
Entrusted with large rule and power, Fame says,
Thou govern'st Troy: me chief for form confess,
I'll make thee too its guardian in distress.
Comply, and 'gainst Bellona's dreadful harms
Secur'd, I'll teach thee the bold deeds of arms."
Thus Pallas courted him: she scarce had done,
When, with fair words and looks, Juno begun:
"If me the prize of beauty thou'lt assign,
The empire of all Asia shall be thine; [springs?
Slight wars, what good from thence to princes
Both valiant men and cowards stoop to kings.
Nor do Minerva's followers oft rise high,
But servants rather to Bellona die."
This glorious proffer stately Juno made.
But Venus (her large veil unloos'd) display'd
Her whiter bosom, nor at all was shy,
But did the honied chain of loves untie:
And (whilst to view she her fair breasts disclos'd)
Thus spake, her looks into sweet smiles dispos'd:
"Our beauty, wars forgot, our beauty prize,
And empires and the Asian lands despise.
We know not wars, nor use of shields can tell;
In beauty, women rather should excel;
For valour, I'll to thee a wife commend;
'Stead of a throne fair Helen's bed ascend;
A spouse, thee Troy and Sparta shall behold."
Scarce had she ended, when the fruit of gold
To Venus, as her beauty's noble prize,
The swain presented; whence dire wars did rise;
Who in her hand as she the apple weigh'd,
Did Juno and Minerva thus upbraid:
"Yield me the victory, yield me, fair friends!
Beauty I lov'd, and beauty me attends:
Juno, they say thou gav'st the Graces life,
Yet they have all forsook thee in this strife;
Though thou to Mars and Vulcan mother art,
Nor Mars nor Vulcan did their aid impart;
Though this in flames, that glory in his spear,
Yet neither one nor other help'd thee here.
How thou bragg'dst too, who from no mother's womb
But Jove's cleft skull, the birth of steel, didst come!
In armour how thy limbs are drest! how love
Thou shunn'st, and dost the toils of Mars approve!
Alike to peace and wedlock opposite.
Minerva! know, that such for glorious fight
Are much unfit, whom by their limbs, none well,
Whether they men or women be, can tell."
Sad Pallas thus, proud of her victory,
She flouts, and her and Juno both puts by,
Whilst she the fatal prize of beauty won.
Inflam'd with love, hot in pursuit of one
To him unknown; with inauspicious fate,
Men skill'd in architecture, Paris straight
To a dark wood conducts; where, in a trice,
Tall oaks are fell'd by Phereclus' advice,
Of ills the author, who before, to please
His fond king, ships had built; whilst for the seas
Paris does Ida change, and on the shore
With frequent pray'rs and sacrifice implore
His kind assistant, queen of marriage-vows;
Then the broad back of Hellespontus ploughs.
But sad presaging omens did appear:
Seas rising to the skies, did either Bear
Surround with a dark ring of clouds; whilst through
The troubled air a show'ring tempest flew.
With strokes of active oars the ocean swell'd:
And now, the Trojan shores forsook, he held
His course for Greece, and, borne with winged haste,
Ismarus' mouth and tall Pangæus past.
Then love-slain Phyllis' rising monument,
And of the walk which oft she came and went,
The ninefold round he saw; there she to mourn
Did use, while her Demophoon's safe return
She from Athenian lands expected: then
Coasting by Thessaly's broad shores, in ken

The fair Achaian cities next appear'd.
Men-breeding Phthia and Mycene, rear'd
High, and wide built; when the rich meadows past,
Water'd by Erymanthus, he at last
Spies Sparta, lov'd Atrides' city, plac'd
Near clear Eurotas, with rare beauties grac'd:
Not far from whence, under a shady wood,
H' admiring saw how sweet Therapnæ stood.
For now but a short cut he had to sail,
Nor long was heard the dash of oars: they hale
The ship to shore, and with strong haulsers ty'd;
When Paris, with clear water purifi'd,
Upon his tiptoes lightly treads, for fear
His lovely feet he with the dust should smear,
Or going hastily, his hair, which flows
Beneath his hat, the winds should discompose.
By this, the stately buildings, drawing nigher,
He views, the neighbouring temples that aspire,
And city's splendour: where, with wond'ring eyes,
The statue of their Pallas he espies,
All of pure gold; from which, his roving sight
Next Hyacinthus' image does invite,
The boy with whom Apollo us'd to play:
Whom, lest Latona should have rapt away,
(Displeas'd with Jove) the Amyclæans fear'd.
Phœbus, from envious Zephyr, who appear'd
His rival, could not yet secure the boy:
But Earth, t' appease the sad king's tears, his joy,
A flow'r produc'd; a flow'r, that doth proclaim
Of the once lovely youth the still-lov'd name.
Now near Atrides' court, before the gates,
Bright in celestial graces Paris waits.
Not Semele a youth so lovely bare:
(Your pardon, Bacchus! tho' Jove's son you are)
Such beauty did his looks irradiate.
But Helen the court doors unbolting straight,
When 'fore the hall the Trojan she had seen,
And throughly mark'd, kindly invites him in,
And seats him in a silver chair: her eyes,
Whilst on his looks she feeds, not satisfies.
First she suppos'd he Venus' son might be,
Yet, when his quiver'd shafts she did not see,
She knew he was not Love; but by the shine
Of his bright looks thought him the god of wine.
At length her wonder in these words did break:
"Whence art, my guest? thy stock, thy country, [speak;
For majesty is printed in thy face:
And yet thou seem'st not of the Argive race.
Of sandy Pylos sure thou canst not be:
I know Antilochus, but know not thee.
Nor art of Phthia, which stout men doth breed:
I know all Æacus' renowned seed;
The glorious Peleus, and his warlike son,
Courteous Patroclus, and stout Telamon."
Thus Helen, curious to be satisfi'd,
Questions her guest; who fairly thus reply'd:
"If thou of Troy, in Phrygia's utmost bound,
By Neptune and Apollo walled round,
And of a king from Saturn sprung, who there
Now fortunately rules, didst ever hear,
His son am I; and all within his sway,
To me, as chief next him, subjection pay.
From Dardanus am I descended, he
From Jove; where gods, immortal though they be,
Do oft serve mortals: who begirt our town
Round with a wall, a wall that ne'er shall down.
I am, great queen! the judge of goddesses,
Whom, tho' displeas'd, I censur'd, and of these
The lovely Venus' beauty did prefer:
For which, in noble recompense, by her
Promis'd a wife, her sister, Helen nam'd,
For whom these troubles I thro' seas sustain'd.
Since Venus bids, here let us solemnize
Our nuptial rites; me nor my bed despise:
On what is known, insist we need not long,
Thy spouse from an unwarlike race is sprung:
Thou all the Grecian dames dost far outvie,
Beauteous thy looks are; theirs, their sex belie."
At this she fix'd on earth her lovely eyes,
And doubtful, paus'd awhile, at length replies:
"Your walls, my guest! by hands celestial rais'd,
And pastures, where his herds Apollo graz'd,
I long to see: to Troy bear me away.
I'll follow thee, and Venus will obey;
Nor, there, will Menelaus' anger heed."
Thus Paris and the beauteous nymph agreed.
Now night, the ease of cares, the day quite spent,
Sleep brought, suspended by the morn's ascent,
Of dreams the two gates opening: this of horn,
In which the gods' unerring truths are born:
T'other of ivory, whence cozening lies,
And vain delusions of false dreams arise.
When from Atrides' hospitable court
Paris thro' plough'd seas Helen does transport,
And in the gift of Venus proudly joy,
Bearing with speed the freight of war to Troy.
Hermione, soon as the morn appears,
To winds her torn veil casting, big with tears,
Her loss bewails; and from her chamber flying,
With grief distraught, thus to her maids spake, crying:
"Whither without me is my mother fled?
Who lay with me last night in the same bed!
And with her own hand lock'd the chamber door!"
Thus spake she, weeping: all the maids deplore
With her their mistress' absence; yet assay
With these kind words her passion to allay:
"Why dost thou weep, sweet child! thy mother's gone,
But will return soon as she hears thy moan.
See, how thy tears have blubber'd thy fair cheeks!
Much weeping the divinest beauty breaks.
She 'mongst the virgins is but gone to play,
And, coming back, perhaps hath miss'd her way:
And in some flow'ry meadow doubtful stands;
Or, in Eurotas bath'd, sports on his sands."
The weeping child replies: "The hill, brook,
And fields, she knows; do not so idly talk! [walk,
The stars do sleep, yet on cold rocks she lies;
The stars awake, and yet she does not rise.
O my dear mother! where dost thou abide?
Upon what mountain's barren top reside?
Hath some wild beast, alas! thee wand'ring slain?
(Yet from Jove's royal blood wild beasts refrain)
Or, fall'n from some steep precipice, art laid,
An unregarded corse, in some dark shade?
And yet in ev'ry grove, at ev'ry tree,
Search have I made, but cannot meet with thee.
The woods we blame not then; nor do profound
Eurotas' gentle streams conceal thee drown'd:
For in deep floods the Naïades do use,
Nor e'er by them their lives do women lose."
Thus poor Hermione complaining wept,
Then tow'rd her shoulder her head leaning, slept.
(Sleep is Death's twin, and as the younger brother,
In every thing doth imitate the other;
Hence 'tis that women often, when they weep,
O'ercharg'd with their own sorrows, fall asleep.)

When, in a dream, her mother (as she thought)
Seeing, she cries, vext, yet with fear distraught:
"From me disconsolate last night you fled,
And left me sleeping in my father's bed.
What hill, what mountain, have I left untrac'd?
To Venus' pleasing ties mak'st thou such haste?"
To whom fair Tyndaris this answer made:
"Daughter! tho' griev'd, me yet forbear t' upbraid:
That treacherous stranger, who the other day
Came hither, carried me by force away."
Thus she: at which out straight Hermione flies;
But finding not her mother, louder cries:
"Wing'd issue of th' inhabitants of air,
Ye birds! to Menelaus straight declare,
One, late arriving at the Spartan port,
Hath robb'd him of the glory of his court."
Thus to regardless winds did she complain,
Seeking her absent mother, but in vain.
Meantime, thro' Thracian towns and Helle's strait,
Paris arriv'd safe with his beauteous freight,
When from the castle, viewing on the shore
A new guest land, her hair Cassandra tore.
But Troy with open gates her welcome shows
To the returning author of her woes.

TO LIGURINUS.

HORAT. CARM. L. 4. OD. 10. PARAPHRASTICE.

Cruel, and fair! when this soft down
(Thy youth's bloom) shall to bristles grow;
And these fair curls thy shoulders crown,
Shall shed, or cover'd be with snow:

When those bright roses that adorn
Thy cheeks shall wither quite away,
And in thy glass (now made time's scorn)
Thou shalt thy changed face survey:

Then, ah, then! (sighing) thou'lt deplore
Thy ill-spent youth; and wish, in vain,
"Why had I not those thoughts before?
Or come not my first looks again?"

THE PENITENT MURDERER.

THEOCRIT. IDYL. 31.

Εἰς νέκρου Ἀδωνιν.

When Venus saw Adonis dead,
His tresses soil'd, his colour fled,
She straight her winged Loves commands
To bring the cruel boar in bands.
They, the woods nimbly ranging, found
The pensive beast, and brought him bound:
This drags along the captiv'd foe,
That pricks him forward with his bow.
With trembling steps the boar drew nigh,
For he fear'd angry Venus' eye.
T' whom thus she spake: "O thou the worst
Of all wild beasts, and most accurst!
Was't thou with wounding tusks didst tear
This whiter thigh? thou kill my dear?"
To whom the bear repli'd: "I swear
By thyself, Venus, by thy dear,
By these my bonds, these hunters, I
Meant to thy love no injury:
But gazing on him, as some fair
Statue, unapt the flames to bear
Desire had kindled in my breast,
To kiss his naked thigh I prest;
And kissing, kill'd him: wherefore these,
These murd'ring tusks, doom as you please.
(For why, alas! teeth do I bear
That useless and enamour'd are?)
Or if a punishment too small
You yet think that, take lips and all."
But Venus, pitying the beast,
Commands that straight he be releas'd;
Who to the woods ne'er went again,
But liv'd as one of Venus' train:
And coming one day near the fire,
Quench'd there the flames of his desire.

THE SHEPHERD.

THEOCRIT. IDYL. 21.

Fair Eunica I sweetly would have kist,
But was with scorn and this reproach dismist:
"Hence! what? a shepherd, and yet hope from me
For such a grace? We kiss no clowns," saith she,
"My lips I would not with a kiss so vile
As thine, so much as in a dream defile.
Lord! how thou look'st! how like a lubber sport'st!
What fine discourse thou hast! how sweetly court'st!
How soft thy beard is! and how neat thy hair!
Thy lips like sick men's blush, and thy hands are
White as an Ethiop's! Fogh! thou stink'st! out, quick,
Carrion! be gone! lest thy smell make me sick."
Then in her breast thrice spitting, me askew
(Mumbling t' herself) from head to foot doth view.
Such pride in her self-flatter'd beauty takes,
Whilst in derision mouths at me she makes.
This scorn my blood inflam'd, and red I grew
With anger, like a rose new bath'd in dew.
She went away, and left me vex'd, to see
I should by such a huswife slighted be.
Say, shepherds! am I not a handsome lad?
Or hath some god transform'd, and lately made
M' another man? For once I'd a good face:
And that (as ivy trees) my beard did grace:
My locks like smallage 'bout my temples twin'd;
And my white front 'bove my black eye-brows shin'd,
My eyes more lovely than Minerva's were,
Than curds my lips more soft, and sweeter far
My words than honey: play too, would you knew't,
I sweetly can on pipe, shalm, reed, and flute.
There's not a country lass but likes, as passes,
And loves me too: all but your city lasses,
Who, 'cause a shepherd, me without regard
(Forsooth!) pass by: alas! they never heard
How Bacchus on the plains did oxen tend,
And Venus to a shepherd's love did bend,
And his fat flocks on Phrygian mountains kept,
Or lov'd in woods, and for Adonis wept.
What was Endymion but a shepherd? whom
The Moon affected, and from Heaven would come
To lie whole nights on Latmus with the boy.
A shepherd (Rhea) too was once thy joy:
And, oh! how many 'scapes, Jove, didst thou make
From Juno's bed for a young shepherd's sake?
But Eunica alone doth swains despise,
And 'bove those goddesses herself doth prize.
Venus no more thou with thy love may'st keep
In town or hill; alone thou now must sleep.

ON
THE PICTURE OF ICARUS IN WAX.

MARINO.

What once did unto thee impart
The means of death, by happy art
Now thee restores to life again:
Yet still remember to refrain
Ambitious flights; nor soar too nigh
The sun of an inflaming eye;
For so thou may'st, scorch'd by those beams,
In ashes die, as once in streams.

ON A MARBLE STATUE OF NERO,

WHICH FALLING KILLED A CHILD.

MARINO.

This statue, bloody Nero, does present
To tyrants a sad document.
Though marble, on his basis yet so fast
He stood not, but he fell at last:
And seems as when he liv'd, as cruel still,
He could not fall, but he must kill.

ON PAULA.

MART. L. 9. EPIGR. 5.

Fain she'd have Priscus; and who blame her can?
But he'll not have her: and who'll blame the man?

ON
AN ILL HUSBAND AND WIFE.

MART. L. 8. EPIGR. 34.

Since both of you so like in manners be,
Thou the worst husband, and the worst wife she,
I wonder, you no better should agree.

ON CANDIDUS, A RICH MISER.

MART. L. 3. EPIG. 26.

Alone thou dost enjoy a fair estate,
Alone rare myrrhine vessels, golden plate;
Alone rich wines dost drink; and hast for none
A heart, nor wit but for thyself alone.
None shares with thee, it is deny'd by no man;
But, Candidus, thou hast a wife that's common.

ON BASSUS, A PITIFUL POET.

MART. L. 5, EPIGR. 53.

Why writ'st thou of Thyestes, Colchis' hate,
Andromache or Niobe's sad fate?
Deucalion (Bassus!) better far would fit,
Or Phaeton, believe me, with thy wit.

ON A
BOY KILLED BY THE FALL OF AN ICICLE.

MART. L. 4. EPIG. 18.

Where streams from Vipsan pipes Port Capen pours,
And the stones moisten'd are with constant show'rs,
A drop congeal'd to a sharp isicle
On a child's throat, that stood beneath it, fell,
And when the wretch's fate dissolv'd it had,
Melted away in the warm wound it made.
What may not cruel Fate? or where will not
Death find us out, if water throats can cut?

ON PHILOMUSE,

A NEEDY NEWSMONGER.

MART. L. 9. EPIG. 35.

To gain a supper, thy shift (Philomuse!)
Is to vent lies, instead of truths, for news:
Thou know'st what Pacorus intends to do,
Can'st count the German troops and Sarmats too.
The Dacian general's mandates dost profess
To know, and victories before the express.
How oft it rains in Egypt, thou as well,
And number of the Lybian fleet, can'st tell.
Whom Victor in the next Quinquatrian games
Cæsar will crown, thy knowing tongue proclaims.
Come, leave these shifts: thou this night (Philomuse)
Shalt sup with me; but, not a word of news.

ON AULUS, A POET-HATER.

MART. L. 8. EPIG. 63.

Aulus loves Thestius; him Alexis fires;
Perhaps he, too, our Hyacinth desires:
Go now, and doubt if poets he approves.
When the delights of poets Aulus loves!

ON LENTINUS,

BEING TROUBLED WITH AN AGUE.

MART. L. 12. EPIG. 17.

Lentinus! thou dost nought but fume and fret,
To think thy ague will not leave thee yet.
Why? it goes with thee; bathes as thou dost do,
Eats mushrooms, oysters, sweetbreads, wild boar
Oft drunk by thee with Falern wine is made, [too,
Nor Cæcub drinks unless with snow allay'd:
Tumbles in roses daub'd with unctuous sweets,
Sleeps upon down between pure cambric sheets;
And when it thus well fares with thee, would'st thou
Have it to go unto poor Dama now?

TO PRISCUS.

MART. L. 8. EPIGR. 11.

Why a rich wife (Priscus) I will not wed,
Ask'st thou?—I would not have my wife, my head:
Husbands should have superiority;
So man and wife can only equal be.

ON PHŒBUS.

THAT WORE LEATHER CAPS.

MART. L. 12. EPIG. 37.

Whilst thou a kidskin cap putt'st on,
To hide the baldness of thy crown,
One jested wittily, who said,
"Phœbus, that thou hadst shod thy head."

ON HORACE, A POOR FELLOW.

MART. L. 4. EPIGR. 2.

Horace alone, 'mongst all the company,
In a black gown the plays did lately see.
Whilst both the commons and the knights of Rome,
Senate, and Cæsar, all in white did come.
When straight it snow'd apace; so he the sight
Beheld as well as all the rest, in white.

ON A SWALLOW,

TORN IN PIECES BY HER FELLOWS.

MART. L. 5. EPIG. 67.

When for their winter homes the swallows made,
One 'gainst the custom in her old nest staid.
The rest at spring return'd, the crime perceive,
And the offending bird of life bereave.
Late yet she suffer'd, she deserv'd before,
But then when she in pieces Itys tore.

TO

APOLLO PURSUING DAPHNE.

AUSON.

Throw by thy bow, nor let thy shafts appear,
She flies not thee, but does thy weapons fear.

DE EROTIO PUELLA.

MART. L. 5. EPIGR. 38.

She (who than down of aged swans more fair,
More soft was than Galæsian lambkins are;
More beauteous than those shells Lucrinus shows,
Or stones which Eurythræan waves disclose;
Smooth as the elephant's new polish'd tooth,
Whiter than lilies in their virgin growth,
Or snow new fallen; the colour of whose tresses
Outvy'd the German curls, or Bætic fleeces;
Whose breath the Pestan rosaries excell'd,
The honey in Hymættian hives distill'd,
Or chafed amber's scent: with whom conferr'd,
The phœnix was but thought a common bird)
She, she, in this new tomb yet warm, doth lie,
Whom the stern hand of cruel Destiny
In her sixth year, e'er quite expir'd, snatch'd hence,
And with her all my best joys: yet 'gainst all sense
Pætus persuades me not to grieve for her:
"Fie!" says he, (whilst his hair he seems to tear)
"Art not asham'd to mourn thus for a slave?
I have a wife laid newly in the grave,
Fair, rich, and noble, yet I live, you see!"
O what than Pætus can more hardy be?
No sorrow sure a heart like his can kill, [still.
H' hath gain'd ten thousand pounds[1], yet he lives

ON MANCINUS,

A PRATING BRAGGART.

MART. L. 4. EPIG. 61.

Thou mad'st thy brags, that late to thee a friend
A hundered crowns did for a present send:
But four days since (when with the wits we met)
Thou saidst Pompilla too (or I forget)
Gave thee a rich suit, worth a thousand more,
(Scarlet[1] of Tyre, with gold embroider'd o'er)
And swor'st that madam Bassa sent thee late
Two em'rald rings, the lady Cælia, plate.
And yesterday, when at the play we were,
At coming forth, thou told'st me in my ear,
There fell to thee that morning, the best part
Of fourscore pounds per annum next thy heart.
What wrong have I, thy poor friend, done thee, [chat,
that
Thou thus shouldst torture me? Leave, leave this
For pity's sake; or, if thou'lt not forbear,
Tell me then something that I'd gladly hear.

[1] By the death of his wife.

ON CAIUS,

ONE OF LARGE PROMISES, BUT SMALL PERFORMANCES.

MART. L. 10. EPIG. 16.

If not to give, but say so, giving be,
Caius! for giving we will vie with thee.
What e'er the Spaniard in Galician fields
Digs up, what the gold stream of Tagus yields,
What the tann'd Indian dives for in the deep,
Or in its nest th' Arabian bird doth keep,
The wealth which Tyrian caldrons boil; receive
All this, and more; but so as thou dost give.

TO POSTHUMUS,

AN ILL LIVER.

MART. L. 5. EPIGR. 58.

Still, still thou cry'st, "To morrow I'll live well:"
But when will this to morrow come? canst tell?
How far is't hence? or where's it to be found?
Or upon Parthian or Armenian ground?
Priam's or Nestor's years by this 't has got;
I wonder for how much it might be bought?
Thou'lt live to morrow?—'Tis too late to day:
He's wise who yesterday, "I liv'd," can say.

TO THELESINUS.

MART. L. 3. EPIGR. 40.

Thou think'st th' hast shown thyself a mighty friend,
'Cause at my suit thou fifty pounds didst lend:
But if thou, rich, for lending, may'st be said
So great a friend: what I, who poor, repaid?

ON CINNA,

A BOLD SUITOR.

MART. L. 3. EPIGR. 60.

Thou say'st 'tis nothing that thou ask'st me: why,
If thou ask'st nothing, nothing I deny.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

MART. L. 10. EPIG. 47.

Those things which make life truly blest,
Sweetest Martial, hear exprest:

[1] Altered purposely.

Wealth left, and not from labour growing;
A grateful soil, a hearth still glowing;
No strife, small business, peace of mind,
Quick wit, a body well inclin'd,
Wise innocence, friends of one heart,
Cheap food, a table without art;
Nights which nor cares nor surfeits know,
No dull, yet a chaste bedfellow;
Sleeps which the tedious hours contract;
Be what thou mayst be, nor exact
Aught more; nor thy last hour of breath
Fear, nor with wishes hasten death.

EPITAPHIUM GLAUCÆ.

MART. L. 6. EPIG. 28.

Here Melior's freed-man, known so well,
Who by all Rome lamented fell,
His dearest patron's short-liv'd joy,
Glaucias, beneath this stone doth lie,
Near the Flaminian way interr'd:
Chaste, modest, whom quick wit preferr'd
And happy form, who to twelve past,
Scarce one year added; that, his last.
If, passenger, thou weep'st for such a loss,
Mayst thou ne'er mourn for any other cross.

TO SEXTUS.

MART. L. 2. EPIG. 3.

You say y' owe nothing; and 'tis true you say;
For he owes only, who hath means to pay.

TO MAXIMUS.

MART. L. 7. EPIGR. 72.

Th' Esquiliæ, a house of thine, doth show
Mount Aventine, and the Patrician row.
Hence Cybel's fane, thence Vesta's thou dost view;
From this th' old Jupiter, from that the new.
Where shall I meet thee? in what quarter, tell?
He that does every where, does no where dwell.

TO STELLA.

MART. L. 7. EPIGR. 35.

When my poor villa could not storms sustain,
Nor wat'ry Jove, but swam in floods of rain,
Thou sent'st me tiles, wherewith to make a fence
'Gainst the rude tempest's sudden violence.
We thank thee, Stella: but cold winter's near,
The villa's cover'd, not the villager.

ON PARTHENOPÆUS.

MART. L. 11. EPIG. 87.

Thy doctor, that he may assuage the pain
Of thy sore throat, which a sharp cough doth strain,
Prescribes thee honey, sweet-meats, luscious pies,
Or what e'er else stills fretful children's cries:
Yet leav'st thou not thy coughing: now we see
'Tis no sore throat, but sweet tooth troubles thee.

ON PHILÆNUS.

MART. L. 11. EPIGR. 102.

If how Philænus may be styl'd
A father, who ne'er got a child,
Thou'd'st know; Davus can tell thee it,
Who is a poet, and ne'er writ.

THE CHOICE OF HIS MISTRESS.

MART. L. EPIGR.

I would not have a wench with such a waist,
As might be well with a thumb-ring embrac'd;
Whose boney hips, which out on both sides stick,
Might serve for graters, and whose lean knees prick;
One, which a saw does in her back-bone bear,
And in her rump below carries a spear.
Nor would I have her yet of bulk so gross,
That weigh'd, should break the scales at th' market-cross:
A mere unfathom'd lump of grease; no, that
Like they that will; 'tis flesh I love, not fat.

TO SEXTUS.

MART. L. 2. EPIG. 55.

Sextus, thou will'st that I should show
Thee honour, where I love would owe;
And I obey, since 'tis thy will,
By me thou shalt be honour'd still:
But, Sextus, if thou'lt honour'd be,
Thou shalt not then be lov'd by me.

ON BAUCIS,

AN OLD DRUNKEN CRONE.

ANTHOLOG. GRÆC.

Baucis, the bane of pots, what time she lay
Sick of a fever, thus to Jove did pray:
"If I escape this fit, I vow to take
These hundred suns no drink but from the lake."
Wanting her wonted cups, (now past all doubt
Of danger) she one day this shift found out,
She takes a sieve, and through the bottom pries;
So she at once a hundred suns espies.

ON CAPTAIN ANSA,

A BRAGGING RUNAWAY.

CASIMIER.

Whilst timorous Ansa led his martial band
'Gainst the invaders of his native land,
Thus he bespake his men before the fight:
"Courage, my mates! let's dine, for we to night
Shall sup" (says he) "in Heaven." This having said,
'Soon as the threat'ning ensigns were display'd,
And the loud drums and trumpets had proclaim'd
Defiance 'twixt the hosts; he (who ne'er sham'd
At loss of honour) fairly ran away,
When being ask'd, how chance he would not stay,
And go along with them to sup in Heaven?
"Pardon me, friends," (said he) "I fast this even."

TO FUSCUS.

MART. L. 1. EPIG. 55.

If, Fuscus, thou hast room for one friend more,
(For well I know thou every where hast store)
Let me complete the list; nor be thought e'er
The worse 'cause new; such once thy old friends were:

But try if he you for your new friend take,
May happily an old companion make.

ON

MARCUS ANTON. PRIMUS HIS PICTURE.

MART. L. 10. EPIG. 32.

THIS picture, which with violets you see
And roses deck'd, ask'st thou whose it may be?
Such was Antonius in his prime of years,
Who here still young, tho' he grow old, appears.
Ah! could but art have drawn his mind in this,
Not all the world could show a fairer piece.

HORAT.

SEE'ST thou not, how Socrates' head
(For all its height) stands covered
With a white perriwig of snow?
Whilst the labouring woods below
Are hardly able to sustain
The weight of winter's feather'd rain;
And the arrested rivers stand
Imprison'd in an icy band?
Dispel the cold; and to the fire
Add fuel, large as its desire;
And from the Sabine cask let fly
(As free as liberality)
The grapes' rich blood, kept since the Sun
His annual course four times hath run.
Leave to the gods the rest, who have
Allay'd the winds, did fiercely rave
In battle on the billowy main,
Where they did blust'ring tug for reign:
So that no slender cypress now
Its spi. elike crown does tott'ring bow:
Nor aged ash trees, with the shock
Of blasts impetuous, do rock.
Seek not to morrow's fate to know;
But what day Fortune shall bestow,
Put to a discreet usury.
Nor (gentle youth!) so rigid be
With froward scorn to disapprove
The sweeter blandishments of love.
Nor mirthful revels shun, whilst yet
Hoary austerity is set
Far from thy greener years; the field
Or cirque should now thy pastime yield:
Now nightly at the hour select,
And 'pointed place, love's dialect,
Soft whispers, should repeated be;
And that kind laughter's treachery,
By which some virgin, closely laid
In dark confinement, is betray'd:
And now from some soft arm, or wrist,
A silken braid, or silver twist,
Or ring from finger, should be gain'd,
By that too nicely not retain'd.

AD PUELLAM EDENTULAM.

MART. L. 2. EPIG. 41.

"SMILE, if th'art wise; smile still, fair maid!"
Once the Pelignian poet said;
But not to all maids spake he this,
Or spake he to all maids I wist,
Yet not to thee; for thou art none.
Thy bare gums show three teeth alone,
Scal'd o'er with black and yellow rust:
If then thy glass or me thou'lt trust,
Thou laughter shouldst no less abhor,
Than rough winds crisped Spanius, or
The neat-drest Priscus the rude touch
Of boisterous hands, and fear as much
As Cælia does the Sun; or more
Than painted Bassa does a shower.
Looks thou shouldst wear more grave and sad
Than Hector's wife or mother had:
Never at comedies appear;
All festive jollities forbear,
And what e'er else doth laughter cause,
And the clos'd lips asunder draws.
Thou childless mothers' shouldst alone,
Or brothers' hapless fates, bemoan:
Or follow still some mournful hearse,
And with sad tragedies converse.
Then rather do as I advise,
Weep (Galla) still, weep, if thou'rt wise.

EPITAPH

ON AN OLD DRUNKEN CRONE.

EX ANTIPATR. SIDON.

THIS tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand
A bowl, carv'd out of flint, by Mentor's hand:
The tipling crone while living, death of friends
Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's, nor dear children's ends.
This only troubles her, now dead, to think,
The monumental bowl should have no drink.

ON BIBINUS,

A NOTORIOUS DRUNKARD.

SCALIGER.

THE sot Loserus is drunk twice a day;
Bibinus only once: now of these say,
Which may a man the greatest drunkard call?
Bibinus still; for he's drunk once for all.

ON POOR CODRUS,

WHO THOUGH BLIND, WAS YET IN LOVE.

MART. L. 3. EPIG. 15.

NONE in all Rome like Codrus trusts, I find:
How, and so poor! he loves, and yet is blind.

AMPHION,

OR A CITY WELL ORDERED.

CASIMER.

FOREIGN customs from your land,
Thebans by fair laws command:
And your good old rites make known
Unto your own.

Piety your temples grace;
Justice in your courts have place:
Truth, peace, love, in every street
Each other meet.

Banish vice, walls guard not crimes;
Vengeance o'er tall bulwarks climbs:
O'er each sin a Nemesis
Still waking is.

Truth resembling craft, profane
Thirst of empire, and of gain,
Luxury, and idle ease,
Banish all these.

Private parsimony fill
The public purse: arms only steel
Know, and no more: valour fights cold
In plunder'd gold.

War, or peace do you approve,
With united forces move:
Courts which many columns rear
Their falls less fear.

Safer course those pilots run
Who observe more stars than one.
Ships with double anchors ti'd
Securer ride.

Strength united firm doth stand
Knit in an eternal band:
But proud subjects' private hate
Ruins a state.

This as good Amphion sings
To his harp's well-tuned strings,
Its swift streams clear Dirce stopp'd,
Cytheron hopp'd.

Stones did leap about the plains,
Rocks did skip to hear his strains,
And the groves the hills did crown
Came dancing down.

When he ceas'd, the rocks and wood
Like a wall about him stood;
Whence fair Thebes which seven gates close
Of brass, arose.

ORIGINALS.

THE SUN-RISE.

Thou youthful goddess of the morn!
Whose blush they in the East adore;
Daughter of Phœbus! who before
Thy all-enlight'ning sire art born!
Haste! and restore the day to me,
That my love's beauteous object I may see.

Too much of time the night devours,
The cock's shrill voice calls thee again;
Then quickly mount thy golden wain
Drawn by the softly-sliding hours:
And make apparent to all eyes
With what enamel thou dost paint the skies.

Leave thy old husband, let him lie
Snorting upon his downy bed;
And to content thy lovers, spread
Thy flames new lighted, through the sky;
Hark how thy presence he conjures,
As leading to the woods his hounds, he lures.

Moisten the fallow grounds before
Thou com'st, with a sweet dewy rain;
That thirsty Ceres having ta'en
Her morning's draught, that day no more
May call for drink; and we may see
Spangled with pearly drops each bush and tree.

Ah! now I see the sweetest dawn!
Thrice welcome to my longing sight!
Hail divine beauty! heavenly light!
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn
Appear; and, as thy star does glide,
Blanching with rays the east on every side.

Dull silence, and the drowsy king
Of sad and melancholy dreams,
Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing:
The owl, that all the night did keep
A hooting, now is fled and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds whose notes
Sweetly the list'ning ear enthral,
To the clear water's murmuring fall,
Accord their disagreeing throats,
The lustre of that greater star
Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

'Bove our horizon see him scale
The first point of his brighter round!
Oh how the swarthy Æthiop's bound
With reverence to his light to veil,
And love the colour of his look,
Which from a heat so mild, so pure he took.

A god perceivable is he
By human sense, Nature's bright eye,
Without whom all her works would die,
Or in their births imperfect be:
He grace and beauty gives alone,
To all the works of her creation.

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The Earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems as if all on altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd to his rays,
Having his rustic homage paid,
And to some cool retired shade
Driven his bleating flocks to graze;
Sits down, delighted with the sight
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

The eagle in her ayry sitting
Spreading her wings, with fixed eye
Gazes on his, t' whose deity
She yields all adoration fitting:
As to the only quick'ning fire,
And object that her eye does most desire.

The salmon, (which at spring forsakes
Thetis' salt waves) to look on him,
Upon the water's top doth swim:
And to express the joy he takes,
As sportingly along he sails,
Mocks the poor fisher with his silver scales.

The bee through flowry gardens goes
Buzzing to drink the morning's tears;
And from the early lily bears
A kiss, commended to the rose;
And, like a wary messenger,
Whispers some amorous story in her ear.

At which, she rousing from her sleep,
Her chaster flames seems to declare
To him again, (whilst dew her fair
And blushing leaves in tears doth steep)

The sorrow which her heart doth waste,
That she's so far from her dear lover plac'd.

And further seems, as if this plaint
In her mute dialect she made:
"Alas! I shall with sorrow fade,
And pine away in this restraint,
Unless my too too rigorous fate,
My constant faithful love commiserate.

"Love having gain'd the victory
Over my soul, there acts his harms,
Nor thorns so many bear my arms,
As in my heart now prickles be:
The only comfort I can give
Myself, is this; I have not long to live.

"But if some courteous virgin shall,
Pitying my fate, pull my sweet flower,
Ere by a sad and fatal hour
My honours fade away and fall;
I nothing more shall then desire,
But gladly without murmuring expire."

Peace, sweetest queen of flowers! now see
Sylvia, queen of my love, appear:
Who for thy comfort brings with her
What will thy wishes satisfy;
For her white hand intends to grace thee,
And in her sweeter breast, sweet flower, to place thee.

THE NIGHT:

OR THE FAIR MOURNER.

This fair, and animated Night,
In sables drest; whose curls of light
Are with a shade of cypress veil'd;
Not from the Stygian deeps exhal'd,
But from Heav'n's bright balcony came;
Not dropping dew, but shedding flame.
The blushing East her smiles display,
Her beauteous front the dawn of day;
The stars do sparkle in her eyes,
And in her looks the Sun doth rise.
No mask of clouds and storms she wears,
But still serene and calm appears:
No dismal birds, no hideous fiends,
Nor charming hag on her attends;
The Graces are her maids of honour,
And thousand Cupids wait upon her.
Dear flames! still burning, though you are
Suppress: lights, though obscur'd, still fair!
What heart does not adore you? who,
But sighs, or languishes for you?
Heaven wishes, by your shade outvi'd,
Its milky path in ink were dy'd:
The Sun within an ebon case,
Longs to shut up his golden face:
The Moon too, with thy sad dress took,
Would fain put on a mourning look.
Sweet Night! and if thou'rt Night, of peace
The gentle mother! cares release!
My heart, now long opprest, relieve;
And in thy softer bosom give
My weary limbs a short repose;
'Tis but a small request, Heaven knows:
Nor think it shame to condescend,
For Night is styl'd the lover's friend.
But Muse, thou art too loud I fear,
The Night loves silence, Muse forbear.

I SOSPIRI.

SIGHS.

Sighs! light, warm spirits! in which, air,
And fire, possess an equal share:
The soul's soft breath! love's gentle gales!
Which from grief's gulf (when all else fails)
Can by a speedy course, and short,
Conduct the heart to its sweet port:
Ye flattering zephyrs! by whose pow'r,
Rais'd on the wings of thought, each hour
From the abyss of miseries
To her lov'd Heav'n the freed soul flies.

True lively sparks of that close fire,
Which hearts conceal, and eyes inspire;
Chaste lamps, that burn at beauty's shrine,
Whose purer flames let none confine:
Nature a warmth unto my heart
Does not so kind as yours impart;
And if by breath preserv'd alive,
By your breath only I survive.

Love's faithful witnesses! the brief,
But true expresses of our grief!
Embassadors of mute desires!
Dumb rhet'ric which our thoughts attires!
Grief, when it overloads the breast,
Is in no other language drest;
For you the suffering lover's flame,
Sweet, tongueless orators, proclaim.

A numerous descant upon sorrow!
Which sweetness doth from sadness borrow,
When love two differing hearts accords,
And joy, in well-tun'd grief, affords.
The music of whose sweet consent,
In a harmonious languishment,
Does softly fall, and gently rise,
'Till in a broken close it dies.

Nature, and all that call her mother.
In sighs discourse to one another:
Theirs, nightingales, and doves, in tones
Different express; this sings, that groans:
The thrush, his, whistles to his hen;
The sparrow chirps out his agen;
Snakes breathe their amorous sighs in hisses,
This dialect no creature misses.

The virgin lily, bashful rose,
In odours their soft sighs disclose;
Theirs, sportive winds in whispers breath;
Earth hers in vapours doth bequeath
To her celestial lover; he,
Touch'd with an equal sympathy,
To fan the flame with which she burns,
In gentle gales his sighs returns.

Ye glowing sparks of a chaste fire!
Now to those radiant lights aspire,
The fairer nests of my fair love,
And the bright spheres where you should move.

THE SURPRISE.

There's no dallying with love,
Though he be a child and blind;
Then let none the danger prove,
Who would to himself be kind:

Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the boy I sported;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd;
Had not mistress, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd;
Till at last this love in jest
Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair one first,
In a feigned fire I burn'd;
But true flames my poor heart pierc'd,
When her eyes on mine she turn'd:
So a real wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

Slighted love, his skill to show,
Struck me with a mortal dart;
Then I learnt, that 'gainst his bow,
Vain are the weak helps of art:
And, thus captiv'd, found that true
Doth dissembled love pursue.

'Cause his fetters I disclaim'd,
Now the tyrant faster bound me;
With more scorching brands inflam'd,
'Cause in love so cold he found me:
And my sighs more scalding made,
'Cause with winds before they play'd.

None who loves not then make shew,
Love's as ill deceiv'd as fate;
Fly the boy, he'll cog and woo;
Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who dally boast in vain;
False love wants not real pain.

CHLORIS' EYES AND BREASTS.

Chloris! on thine eyes I gaz'd;
When amaz'd
At their brightness,
On thy breasts I cast my look;
No less took
With their whiteness:
Both I justly did admire,
These all snow, and those all fire.

Whilst these wonders I survey'd,
Thus I said
In suspense,
Nature could have done no less
To express
Her providence,
Than that two such fair worlds might
Have two Suns to give them light.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

By a gentle river laid,
Thirsis to his Phillis said;
Equal to these sandy grains,
Is the number of my pains:
And the drops within their bounds
Speak the sum of all my wounds.

Phillis, whom like passion burns,
Thirsis answer thus returns:
"Many, as the Earth hath leaves,
Are the griefs my heart receives;
And the stars, which Heaven inspires,
Reckon my consuming fires."

Then the shepherd, in the pride
Of his happy love, reply'd;
"With the choristers of air
Shall our numerous joys compare;
And our mutual pleasures vie
With the Cupids in thine eye."

Thus the willing shepherdess
Did her ready love express:
"In delights our pains shall cease,
And our war be cur'd by peace;
We will count our griefs with blisses,
Thousand torments, thousand kisses."

CELIA WEEPING.

A DIALOGUE.

LOVER.

Say gentle god of love, in Celia's breast,
Can joy and grief together rest?

LOVE.

No; for those differing passions are,
Nor in one heart at once can share.

LOVER.

Why grieves hers then at once, and joys,
Whilst it another's heart destroys?

LOVE.

Mistaken man! that grief she shows,
Is but what martyr'd hearts disclose
Which in her breast tormented lie,
And life can neither hope, nor die.

LOVER.

And yet a shower of pearly rain
Does her soft cheeks' fair roses stain.

LOVE.

Alas! those tears you her's surmise,
Are the sad tribute of poor lover's eyes.

CHORUS.

LOVER AND LOVE.

What real then in women can be known!
When nor their joys, nor sorrows are their own?

THE VOW.

By my life I vow,
That my life, art thou;
By my heart, and by my eyes:
But thy faith denies
To my juster oath t' encline,
For thou say'st I swear by thine.

By this sigh I swear,
By this falling tear,
By the undeserved pains
My griev'd soul sustains.
Now thou may'st believe my moan,
These are too too much my own.

ICE AND FIRE.

NAKED Love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once to warm him, fly;
But its subtle flame, and light,
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forc'd from thence he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy breast:
But there met a frost so great,
As his torch extinguish'd straight.

When poor Cupid, thus (constrain'd
His cold bed to leave) complain'd;
" 'Las! what lodging's here for me,
If all ice and fire she be."

NOVO INAMORAMENTO.

AND yet anew entangled, see
Him, who escap'd the snare so late!
A truce, no league thou mad'st with me,
False love! which now is out of date:
Fool, to believe the fire quite out, alas!
Which only laid asleep in embers was.

The sickness, not at first past cure,
By this relapse despiseth art:
Now, treacherous boy, thou hast me sure,
Playing the wanton with my heart,
As foolish children, that a bird have got,
Slacken the thread, but not untie the knot.

CELIA'S EYES.

A DIALOGUE.

LOVER.

LOVE! tell me; may we Celia's eyes esteem
Or eyes, or stars? for stars they seem.

LOVE.

Fond, stupid man! know stars they are,
Nor can Heaven boast more bright or fair.

LOVER.

Are they or erring lights, or fixed? say.

LOVE.

Fix'd; yet lead many a heart astray.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

MARBLE (coy Celia!) 'gainst my pray'rs thou art,
And at thy frown to marble I convert.
Love thought it fit, and Nature, thus
To manifest their several powers in us.
Love made me marble, Nature thee,
To express constancy and cruelty.
Now both of us shall monuments remain;
I of firm faith, thou of disdain.

LOVE ONCE, LOVE EVER.

SHALL I hopeless then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore, and woo
A proud heart, that does despise me?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas! a fruitless show.

Shall I by the erring light
Of two crosser stars still sail?
That do shine, but shine in spite,
Not to guide, but make me fail?
I a wand'ring course may steer,
But the harbour ne'er come near.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,
Reason, passion would o'ersway;
Bidding me my flames suppress,
Or divert some other way:
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand;
But that (steer which way he will)
To the loved north points still.

THE PENDANTS.

THOSE asps of gold with gems that shine,
And in enamel'd curls do twine,
Why Chloris in each ear
Dost thou for pendants wear?
I now the hidden meaning guess:
Those mystic signs express
The stings thine eyes do dart,
Killing as snakes, into my heart:
And show that to my prayers
Thine ears are deaf as theirs.

THE SWEETMEAT.

THOU gav'st me late to eat
A sweet without, but within, bitter meat:
As if thou would'st have said, " Here, taste in this
What Celia is."

But if there ought to be
A likeness (dearest!) 'twixt thy gift and thee,
Why first what's sweet in thee should I not taste,
The bitter last?

VIOLETS IN THAUMANTIA'S BOSOM.

TWICE happy violets! that first had birth
In the warm spring, when no frosts nip the earth;
Thrice happy now; since you transplanted are
Unto the sweeter bosom of my fair.

And yet poor flowers! I pity your hard fate,
You have but chang'd, not better'd your estate;
What boots it you t' have scap'd cold winter's
breath,
To find, like me, by flames a sudden death?

THE DREAM.

FAIR shadow! faithless as my Sun!
Of peace she robs my mind,
And to my sense, which rest doth shun,
Thou art no less unkind.

She my address disdainful flies,
And thou like her art fleet;
The real beauty she denies,
And thou the counterfeit.

To cross my innocent desires,
And make my griefs extreme,
A cruel mistress thus conspires
With a delusive dream.

AN OLD SHEPHERD TO A YOUNG NYMPH.

Scorn me not, fair, because you see
My hairs are white; what if they be?
Think not 'cause in your cheeks appear
Fresh springs of roses all the year,
And mine, like winter, wan and old,
My love like winter should be cold:
See in the garland which you wear
How the sweet blushing roses there
With pale-hu'd lilies do combine?
Be taught by them; so let us join.

BEAUTY ENCREASED BY PITY.

'Tis true; thy beauty (which before
Did dazzle each bold gazer's eye,
And forc'd even rebel-hearts t' adore,
Or from its conquering splendour fly)
Now shines with new increase of light,
Like Cynthia at her full, more bright.

Yet though thou glory in th' increase
Of so much beauty, dearest fair!
They err who think this great access,
(Of which all eyes th' admirers are)
Or art, or Nature's gift should be:
Learn then the hidden cause from me,

Pity in thee, in me desire
First bred; (before, I durst but aim
At fair respect) now that close fire
Thy love hath fann'd into a flame:
Which mounting to its proper place,
Shines like a glory 'bout thy face.

WEEPING AND KISSING.

A kiss I begg'd; but, smiling, she
Deny'd it me:
When straight, her cheeks with tears o'erflown,
(Now kinder grown)
What smiling she'd not let me have,
She weeping gave,
Then you whom scornful beauties awe,
Hope yet relief;
For love (who tears from smiles) can draw
Pleasure from grief.

THE DILEMMA.

As poor Strephon (whom hard fate
Slave to Chloris' eyes decreed)
By his cruel fair one sat,
Whilst his fat flocks graz'd along:
To the music of his reed,
This was the sad shepherd's song.

"From those tempting lips if I
May not steal a kiss (my dear!)
I shall longing pine and die:
And a kiss if I obtain,
My heart fears (thine eyes so near)
By their light'ning 'twill be slain.
Thus I know not what to try;
This I know yet, that I die.

CHANGE DEFENDED.

Leave, Chloris, leave, prithee no more
With want of love, or lightness charge me:
'Cause thy looks captiv'd me before,
May not another's now enlarge me?

He, whose misguided zeal hath long
Paid homage to some star's pale light,
Better inform'd, may without wrong,
Leave that, t' adore the queen of night.

Then if my heart, which long serv'd thee,
Will to Carintha now incline;
Why term'd inconstant should it be,
For bowing 'fore a richer shrine?

Censure that lover's such, whose will
Inferior objects can intice;
Who changes for the better still,
Makes that a virtue, you call vice.

THE MICROCOSM.

Man of himself's a little world, but join'd
With woman, woman for that end design'd,
(Hear cruel fair one whilst I this rehearse!)
He makes up then a complete universe.
Man, like this sublunary world, is born
The sport of two cross planets, love, and scorn:
Woman the other world resembles well,
In whose looks Heav'n is, in whose breast is Hell.

THE DEFEAT.

'Gainst Celinda's marble breast
All his arrows having spent,
And in vain each arrow sent,
Impotent, unarmed Love,
In a shady myrtle grove,
Laid him down to rest.

Soon as laid, asleep he fell:
And a snake in (as he slept)
To his empty quiver crept.
When fair Chloris, whose soft heart
Love had wounded (and its smart
Lovers best can tell.)

This advantage having spy'd;
Of his quiver, and his bow
Thought to rob her sleeping foe:
Softly going then about
To have seiz'd upon them; out
Straight the snake did glide;

With whose hisses frighted, she,
(Nimbly starting back again)
Thus did to her self complain:
"Never, cruel archer! never
(Full, or empty) does thy quiver
Want a sting for me."

AMORE SECRETO.

Content thy self fond heart! nor more
Let thy close flames be seen;
If thou with covert zeal adore
Thy saint enshrin'd within,
Thou hast thy feast, as well as they
That unto love keep open holy-day.

In his religion, all are free
To serve him as they may.
In public some, and some there be
Their vows in private pay.
Love, that does to all humours bend,
Admits of several ways unto one end.

Yet wilt thou not repining cease!
Still dost thou murmurs vent?
Stubborn, rebellious zealot, peace!
Nor sign of discontent
So much as in one sigh afford;
For to the wise in love, each sigh's a word.

A MAID IN LOVE WITH A YOUTH BLIND OF ONE EYE.

Though a sable cloud benight
One of thy fair twins of light,
Yet the other brighter seems,
As 't had robb'd its brother's beams;
Or both lights to one were run,
Of two stars, now made one sun.
Cunning archer! who knows yet
But thou wink'st my heart to hit!
Close the other too, and all
Thee the god of love will call.

THE BROKEN FAITH.

Lately by clear Thames's side,
Fair Lycoris I espi'd
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand:
"None Lycoris doth approve
But Mirtillo for her love."
Ah false nymph! those words were fit
In sand only to be writ:
For the quickly rising streams
Of oblivion, and the Thames,
In a little moment's stay
From the shore wash'd clean away
What thy hand had there impress'd,
And Mirtillo from thy breast.

COMPLAINT ON THE DEATH OF SYLVIA, TO THE RIVER.

Clear brook! which by thy self art chas'd,
And from thy self dost fly as fast,
Stay here a little; and in brief
Hear the sad story of my grief;
Then, hasting to the sea, declare
Her waves not half so bitter are.

Tell her how Sylvia (she who late
Was the sole regent of my fate)
Hath yielded up her sweetest breath,
In the best time of life, to death;
Who proud of such a victory,
At once triumphs o'er love, and me.

But more, alas! I cannot speak;
Sighs so my sadder accents break.
Farewell, kind flood! now take thy way,
And, like my thoughts, still restless, stray:
If we retarded have thy course,
Hold! with these tears thy speed inforce.

A SHEPHERD INVITING A NYMPH TO HIS COTTAGE.

Dear! on yon mountain stands my humble cot,
'Gainst Sun and wind by spreading oaks secur'd;
And with a fence of quickset round immur'd,
That of a cabin make 't a shady grot.
My garden's there: o'er which, the spring hath spread
A flow'ry robe; where thou may'st gather posies
Of gilliflowers, pinks, jessamines, and roses,
Sweets for thy bosom, garlands for thy head.

Down from that rock's side runs a purling brook,
In whose unsullied face,
(Though thine needs no new grace,) [look.
Thou may'st, as thou think'st best, compose thy
And there thine own fair object made,
Try which (judg'd by the river) may be said
The greater fire,
That which my breast feels, or thy eyes inspire.

VIRTUE IMPROV'D BY SUFFERING.

'Tis but the body that blind fortune's spite
Can chain to Earth; the nobler soul doth slight
Her servile bonds, and takes to Heaven her flight.

So through dark clouds Heaven lightens (whilst the
Is as a foil to its bright splendour made) [shade
And stars with greater lustre night invade.

So sparkle flints when struck; so metals find
Hardness from hammering, and the closer bind;
So flames increase the more supprest by wind.

And as the grindstone to unpolish'd steel
Gives edge, and lustre: so my mind I feel
Whetted, and glaz'd by Fortune's turning wheel.

TO MR. STANLEY,

ON HIS UNIMITABLE POEMS.

The Stagirite, who poesy defines
An imitation, had he read thy lines,
And thy rich fancy known, he would have then
Recall'd the learned errour of his pen,
And have confest, in his convicted state,
Nought those could equal, this would imitate;
Which from no foreign supplement doth spring,
Nor any stand, but its own height, take wing.
And but that we should seem so to misprise
The influence of Chariessa's eyes,
We should not think love did these flames inspire,
Rather, that thou taught'st love this noble fire:
And, by a generous way thy hopes t' improve,
Show'dst her before thou didst, how thou could'st
And the old, common method didst invert, [love;
First made her mistress of thy brain, then heart:
Some phant'sies growth may from their subjects take,
Thine doth not subjects find, but subjects make;

Whose numerous strains we vainly strive to praise,
'Less we could ours, high as thy phant'sy, raise.
Large praise we might give some, with small expense
Of wit, cry Excellent! how praise excellence?
The painter's fate is ours; his hand may grace,
Or take a bad, scarce hit a beauteous face.
Nor can our art a fitting value set
Upon thy noble courtesy of wit;
Which to so many tongues doth lend that store
Of pleasing sweetness, which they lack'd before.
Th' Hiberian, Roman, and the fluent Greek,
The nimble French, and the smooth Tuscan, seek
For several graces from thy pen alone,
Which that affords to all these tongues, in one.
Whose foreign wealth transferr'd, improv'd by thine,
Doth with a fair increase of lustre shine
Like gems new set upon some richer foil,
Or roses planted in a better soil.
If 'bove all laurels then thy merits rise,
What can this sprig (which, while 'tis offer'd, dies)
Add to the wreath that does adorn thy brows?
No bays will suit with that, but thy own boughs.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF ORONTA.

Flames rescu'd fair Oronta from the pow'r
Of an insulting Thracian conqueror.
The fame of which brave action, Preti's rhime
Freed from the greater tyranny of time:
Yet in that freedom she less glories than
In being thus made captive by thy pen.

TO MR. JAMES SHIRLEY,

ON HIS WAY OF GRAMMAR EXPLAINED IN ENGLISH VERSE.

Grammar, which taught the poet first to write,
Is by the poet now taught to delight;
And poesy, which once unto the school
Ow'd its instructions, now to that's a rule.
Thy grateful pen to science does impart
Civility, and requites art with art.
Yet not like some, who think they hardly shou'd
Be thought to understand, if understood,
Dost thou the minds of weaker tiros vex,
Or, as perplex'd with th' art, the art perplex;
But whate'er seem'd therein obscure, mak'st clear;
Brief, what prolix; smooth, what did rough appear;
That so the art to learners now is seen
As in a flat, which hill and wood did screen.
How should they err, their journey's end in view,
Their way so pleasing, and their guide so true!
Rest then secure of fame; nor think thy worth
Can by a private hand be well set forth.
Attempts, which to the public profit raise,
Expect, nor merit less than public praise.

IN IDEM, AD EUNDEM.

Shirleie, Angliacûm cui olim celeberrime vatum!
Drama labor nomenque fuit; tibi nunc novus ecquis
Surgit honos? qualisve alio subit infula nexu
Tempora?—Nunc video: Magnos accinctus in usus,
Carmine facundo tractas Præcepta severæ
Grammatices, Latiæque canis Primordia linguæ;
Ut meliùs teneros blandâ dulcedine captos
Afficeres animos, & dura elementa colenti,
Atque rudi nimium, eloquio, placitura Juventæ
Efficeres: labor, en multum meriturus honestæ
Laudis! non aliter (tua sed magè mellea lingua)
Tentavit Nestor juvenilia fingera corda.
Heroum teneras tam grato carmine mentes
Thessalici haud rexit moderator semifer antri.
Grammatica exultet; vibretque Heliconia serta,
Laude novâ florens: dulci nunc munere fandi
Provocet & Musas: Decus hoc Shirleie dedisti.

SACRA.

TO THE ETERNAL WISDOM:

UPON THE DISTRACTION OF THE TIMES.

O Thou Eternal Mind! whose wisdom sees,
And rules our changes by unchang'd decrees,
As with delight on thy grave works we look,
Say, art thou too with our light follies took?
For when thy bounteous hand, in liberal showers
Each way diffus'd, thy various blessings pours;
We catch at them with strife as vain to sight,
As children, when for nuts they scrambling fight.
This snatching at a sceptre, breaks it; he,
That broken does ere he can grasp it, see.
The poor world seeming like a ball, that lights
Betwixt the hands of powerful opposites:
Which, while they cantonise in their bold pride,
They but an immaterial point divide.
O whilst for wealthy spoils these fight, let me,
Though poor, enjoy a happy peace with thee!

DRAW ME, AND I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

Through devious paths without thee, Lord! I run,
And soon, without thee, will my race be done.
Happy was Magdalen, who, like a bride,
Herself to thee by her fair tresses ti'd.
So she thy presence never did decline,
Thou her dear captive wert, and she was thine.
Behold another Magdalen in me!
Then stay with me, or draw me after thee.

IF A MAN SHOULD GIVE ALL THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE FOR LOVE, HE WOULD VALUE IT AS NOTHING. CANT. 8.

Love I'd of Heaven have bought, when he, (this who
Would think?) both purchase was, and seller too.
I offer'd gold; but gold he did not prize.
I offer'd gems; but gems he did despise.
I offer'd all; all he refus'd yet: why,
"If all won't take, take what is left," said I.
At this he smil'd, and said: "In vain divine
Love's price thou beat'st; give nothing, and she's thine."

AND THEY LAID HIM IN A MANGER.

Happy crib! that wert alone,
To my God, bed, cradle, throne,
Whilst thy glorious vileness I
View with divine phant'sy's eye;

Sordid filth seems all the cost,
State, and splendour, crowns do boast.
  See! Heaven's sacred Majesty
Humbled beneath poverty.
Swaddled up in homely rags,
On a bed of straw and flags.
He whose hands the Heavens display'd,
And the world's foundations laid,
From the world's almost exil'd,
Of all ornaments despoil'd.
Perfumes bathe him not, new born,
Persian mantles not adorn:
Nor do the rich roofs look bright
With the jasper's orient light.
  Where, O royal infant! be
Th' ensigns of thy majesty?
Thy Sire's equalizing state,
And thy sceptre, that rules fate?
Where's thy angel-guarded throne,
Whence thy laws thou didst make known?
Laws which Heaven, Earth, Hell obey'd;
These, ah! these, aside he laid;
Would the emblem be, of pride
By humility outvy'd!

ON THE INNOCENTS SLAIN BY HEROD.

Go, blessed innocents! and freely pour
  Your souls forth in a purple shower.
And, for that little earth each shall lay down,
  Purchase a heavenly crown.

Nor of original pollution fear
  The stains should to your bloods adhere;
For yours now shed, ere long shall in a flood
  Be wash'd of better blood.

CHRISTO SMARRITO.

Sighing, her sad heart fraught with fears,
Whilst from her eyes gush streams of tears,
Seeking again how to retrieve
Her little wand'ring fugitive,
Each where with weary steps doth rove,
The virgin Mother of lost Love.
Like a sad turtle, up and down
She mourning runs through all the town:
With searching eyes she pries about
In every creek; within, without.
Sticks at each place, looks o'er and o'er;
Searches, where she had search'd before:
Old Joseph following with sad face,
A heavy heart, and halting pace.
  Thrice had the day been born i' th' East,
As oft been buried in the West,
Since the dear comfort of her eyes
She miss'd; yet still her search she plies.
Each where she seeks, with anxious care,
To find him out, yet knows not where.
When the third morn she saw arose,
And yet no beam of hope disclose:
Looking to Heaven, in these sad words
She vent to her full grief affords:
"O my dear God! Son of my womb!
My joy, my love, my life, for whom
These tears I shed, on thee I call,
But, oh! thou answer'st not at all.
For thee I search, but cannot find thee:
Say (dear!) what new embraces bind thee?
What heart, enamour'd on thy eyes,
Enjoys what Heaven to me denies?
  "Daughters of Sion! you which stray
With nimble feet upon the way,
I beg of you, (if you can tell)
To show me where my Love doth dwell:
Whose beauty with celestial rays
The light of Paradise displays.
Perhaps to you he is unknown;
Ah! if you wish to hear him shown,
I'll tell y' him: Snow her whiteness seeks,
Vermilion blushes from his cheeks:
His eye a light more chaste discloses
Than amorous doves, his lips than roses.
Amber and gold shine in his hair,
(If gold or amber may compare
With that) a beauty so divine,
No tongue, pen, phant'sy, can design.
  "Why break'st thou not (my soul) this chain
Of flesh? why lett'st thou that restrain
Thy nimble flight into his arms,
Whose only look with gladness charms?
But (alas!) in vain I speak to thee,
Poor soul! already fled from me;
To seek out him, in whose lov'd breast
Thy life, as mine in thee, doth rest."
  Blest Virgin! who, in tears half-drown'd,
Griev'st that thy son cannot be found,
The time will come when men shall hear thee
Complain that he is too, too near thee.
When in the midst of hostile bands,
With pierced feet and nailed hands,
Advanc'd upon a cursed tree
His naked body thou shalt see,
As void of coverture as friends,
But what kind Heaven in pity lends,
Thy soul will then abhor the light,
And think no grief worse than his sight.
  But, lo! as thus she search'd and wept,
By chance she to the temple stept,
Where her dear son, with joyful eyes,
Set 'mongst the Rabbins she espies.
And as the light of some kind star
To a distressed mariner,
So his dear sight to her appears,
Toss'd in this tempest of her fears.
  But O! what tongue can now impart
The joy of her revived heart?
The welcome, spoke in mutual blisses
Of sweet embraces, sweeter kisses!
Muse, since too high for thy weak wing
It is, contemplate what thou canst not sing.

CHRISTUS MATHÆUM ET DISCIPULOS ALLOQUITUR.

Leave, leave, converted publican! lay down
That sinful trash, which in thy happier race,
  To gain a heavenly crown,
  Clogs thy free pace.
O! what for this pale dirt will not man do!
  Nay, even now, 'mongst you
  (For this) there's one I see,
    Seeks to sell me.
But times will come hereafter, when for gold
I shall by more (alas!) than one be sold.

CONSCIENCE.

Internal Cerberus! whose griping fangs,
That gnaw the soul, are the mind's secret pangs;

Thou greedy vulture! that dost gorging tire
On hearts corrupted by impure desire:
Subtle and buzzing hornet! that dost ring
A peal of horrour, ere thou giv'st the sting:
The soul's rough file, that smoothness does impart!
The hammer, that does break a stony heart!
The worm that never dies! the thorn within,
That pricks and pains: the whip and scourge of sin!
The voice of God in man! which, without rest,
Doth softly cry within a troubled breast:
"To all temptations is that soul left free,
That makes not to itself a curb of me."

AND SHE WASHED HIS FEET WITH HER TEARS, AND WIPED THEM WITH THE HAIRS OF HER HEAD.

The proud Egyptian queen, her Roman guest,
(T' express her love in height of state and pleasure)
With pearl dissolv'd in gold did feast,
Both food and treasure.

And now (dear Lord!) thy lover, on the fair
And silver tables of thy feet, behold!
Pearl, in her tears and in her hair,
Offers thee gold.

GOOD FRIDAY.

This day Eternal Love, for me
Fast nail'd unto a cursed tree,
Rending his fleshly veil, did through his side
A way to Paradise provide.
This day Life dy'd; and dying, overthrew
Death, Sin, and Satan too:
O happy day!
May sinners say:
But day can it be said to be,
Wherein we see
The bright Sun of celestial light
O'ershadow'd with so black a night?

MARY MAGDALEN WEEPING UNDER THE CROSS.

"I thirst," my dear and dying Saviour cries:
These hills are dry: O drink then from my eyes!

ON THE RECEIVING OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Then nourishment our natural food imparts,
When that into our flesh and blood converts:
But at this heavenly banquet I
Then find of strength a spiritual supply,
When (as by faith the sacred food I eat)
My soul converts into the meat.

THE MESSAGE.

Dear Saviour! that my love I might make known
To thee, I sent more messengers than one.
My heart went first, but came not back; my will
I sent thee next, and that stay'd with thee still.
Then, that the better thou might'st know my mind,
I sent my int'llect; that too stays behind.
Now my soul's sent: Lord! if that stay with thee,
O what a happy carcase shall I be!

THE FOUNTAIN.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste
These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall
The murmurs (though the lyre
Less sweet be) stand t' admire:
But as you shall
See from this marble tun
The liquid christal run,
And mark withal
How fixt the one abides,
How fast the other glides;
Instructed thus, the difference learn to see
'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

THE

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER BROME.

Dixere quid, si jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. Hor. 1. Sat. 4.

THE

LIFE OF ALEXANDER BROME.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE turbulent reign of Charles I. was less unfavourable to poetry than might have been expected. In his happier days, the monarch was a friend to learning and the arts, and it is seldom that the natural bias of wits is interrupted by the calamities of their country. Amidst civil convulsions and sanguinary contests, the Muses lent their aid to the hostile parties; and poetical ridicule, though the most harmless, was not the least commonly employed of those means by which they sought to exasperate each other. In this species of warfare, if the loyalists did not exhibit the highest abilities, they were enabled to take the wider range: they were men of gaiety approaching to licentiousness, and opposed psalms and hymns by anacreontics and satires.

Brome, the writer now before us, has the reputation of ably assisting the royal cause by his poetry, and of even having no inconsiderable hand in promoting the Restoration. Of his personal history, we have only a few notices in the Biographia Dramatica. He was born in 1620 and died June 30, 1666. He was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court, and through the whole of the protectorship, maintained his loyalty, and cheered his party by the songs and poems in this collection, most of which must have been sung, if not composed at much personal risk. How far they are calculated to excite resentment, or to promote the cause which the author espoused, the reader is now enabled to judge. His songs are in measures varied with considerable ease and harmony, and have many sprightly turns, and satirical strokes, which the round-heads must have felt. Baker informs us that he was the author of much the greater part of those songs and epigrams which were published against the Rump. Philips styles him the "English Anacreon." Walton has drawn a very favourable character of him in the Eclogue prefixed, the only one of the commendatory poems which seems worthy of a republication. His translations, and a few of his inferior pieces are also omitted in the present edition, and perhaps it may be thought that some which are retained might have shared the same fate without injury to the reader.

Mr. Ellis enumerates three editions of these poems, the first in 1660, the second in 1664, and the third in 1668. That, however, from which we print, is dated 1661. In 1660 he published, A Congratulatory Poem on the miraculous and glorious Return of Charles II. which we have not seen[1].

Besides these poems, he published a translation of Horace, by himself and Fanshaw, Holliday, Hawkins, Cowley, Ben Johnson, &c. and had once an intention to translate Lucretius. In 1654 he published a comedy entitled The Cunning Lovers, which was acted in 1651 at the private house in Drury-lane. He was also editor of the plays of Richard Brome, who, however, is not mentioned as being related to him.

[1] Kennet's Register. p. 216.

TO THE HONOURABLE,

SIR J. ROBINSON,

KNIGHT AND BARONET, HIS MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

SIR,

THE many great obligations, which you have from time to time laid on me, do merit a more serious acknowledgment than this rude and toyish address can pretend to, whose design is only to beg pardon and protection, for that I being seduced to print these youthful vanities, have thus audadiously sheltered them under your name. I should not have done it, but that I well know the kindness you have for me, is a sufficient screen against any offence I can commit against you; and I have considered also that there are four great things committed to your custody; the soldiers, the lions, the guns, and (which is more powerful) the money. So that if any should have an itch to snarl at me, they will not dare to open their mouths, lest they should be thought to bark at you; in whose regiment I desire to list this volunteer, being encouraged by this consideration, that together with those great and serious emblems and instruments of power, the apes and catamountains, and other properties of diversion, do there find safety and subsistence; that those privileges may extend to this brat of mine, no less ridiculous, is the ambition of,

sir,

your grateful servant,

A. BROME.

TO THE READER.

To the collection of these papers two accidents have concurred; a lazy disease, and a long vacation; the one inclining me to do nothing else, and the other affording me nothing else to do.

To their publication I might alledge several reasons; namely, gratification of friends, importunity, prevention of spurious impressions. But these are in print already in many grave authors, with exact formulas to express the bashfulness of the author, and the badness of the work, &c.

There are another sort of reasons, not expressed but implied, as an ambition to be in print; to have a face cut in copper, with a laurel about my head; a motto and verses underneath made by myself in my own commendation; and to be accounted a wit, and called a poet.

But, to say the truth, none of all these prevailed with me; for I made few of my friends acquainted with the design; and those few told me I should expose myself to the censure of the new generation of judge-wits, who, like committee-men, or black witches in poetry, are created only to do mischief; nor did I fear any illegitimate impression hereof, conceiving that nobody would be at the charge of it. And to gratify friends this way, were, instead of quitting old obligations, to create new.

Now, as to the honour of being in print, with its privileges, 'tis much like being a parliament-man; those that deserve it, need not court it, but will be so, whether they desire it or not; those that merit it not, will come in by purchase. Such authors, like men that beget daughters, must give portions to be rid of their issue.

These reasons being laid aside, as deficient, it will be expected that I should present you with better; but, indeed, I have them not about me; and, for that reason, I am bold to affirm, that I am not bound in strictness to give any man any reason for doing this. For why I made these rambles, I can give no other account than a poor man does why he gets children; that is his pleasure, and this mine. And as with him in his case, it is with me in mine; having brought our brats into the world, it is our duty to provide for their preservation.

I dare not say these poems are good, nor do I certainly know whether they be or not; for the wits are not yet agreed of a standard; nor shall I declare them bad, lest others, out of respect to me, should be of the same opinion.

But this I assure you, that I have been told to my face, that they are good, and was such a fond fool to believe it; else, you may be assured, they had never been exposed to view; for, upon my credit, I have no ambition to be laughed at. And it were a great disingenuity to offer that to my friends, which I myself dislike.

All that is terrible in this case, is, that the author may be laughed at, and the stationer beggared by the book's invendibility. It concerns him to look to the one, I am provided against the other. For it is unkind and unmanly to abuse me for being a bad poet, when as I could not help it, it being my desire to be as good as any that can jeer me; and if I come short by the head, who can help it? Yet I desire to be thus far ingenuous, to let the world know, though they may esteem or call me a poet, by this they may see I am none, or at least so mean a one, that it were better I were none.

To beg acceptance of this, upon the old promise of never writing more, were to make it a wilful sin, which I shall not commit. And though at present I resolve against encumbering my thoughts with such unprofitable meditations, yet I will never abjure them; men being no more able to perform vows never to write again, than widows never to marry again.

And now, being taught by custom to beg something of the reader, it shall be this, that in reading and judging these poems, he will consider his own frailty, and fallibility; and read with the same temper and apprehension as if himself had written, and I were to judge. And if he cannot find matter here to please himself, and love me; let him pity my disastrous fate, that threw me into this sad distemper of rhythming.

But as to the men of a severer brow, who may be scandalized at this free way of writing, I desire them to conceive those odes which may seem wild and extravagant, not to be ideas of my own mind, but characters of divers humours set out in their own persons. And what reflected on the times, to be but expressions of what was thought and designed by the persons represented; there being no safe way to reprove vices then raging among us, but to lash them smilingly.

Perhaps it may be expected I should have interlarded this address with ends of Latin; to declare myself a scholar well read. But the reason why I do not, is, because by this late happy change I shall have occasion to employ that little Latin I have to a better use, and make it more advantageous to me.

Farewel.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND,
MR. BROME,
ON HIS VARIOUS AND EXCELLENT POEMS:
AN HUMBLE EGLOGUE.
WRITTEN THE 29TH OF MAY, 1660.

DAMON AND DORUS.

DAMON.

HAIL, happy day! Dorus, sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The king! the king's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing,
"We have our laws, and have our king."

DORUS.

'Tis true, and I would sing; but, oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be rais'd.

DAMON.

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May!
Let rebels' spirits sink: let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our church, our king,
And all that's dear to us, be sad:
But be not thou; let us be glad.
And, Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung with mirth and merry glee:
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws:
Such songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the gods:
Such songs as virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of May;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

DORUS.

Written by whom?

DAMON.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A civil swain, that knows his times
For business; and that done, makes rhymes;
But not till then: my friend's a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to Pan;
He bless'd him with a cheerful heart:
And they with this sharp wit and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain,
That's loyal, does or should complain.

DORUS.

I would fain see him.

DAMON.

Go with me.

DORUS.

To yonder broad beech tree,
There we shall meet him and Phillis,
Perrigot, and Amaryllis,
Tyterus, and his dear Clora,
Tom and Will, and their Pastora:
There we'll dance, shake hands, and sing,
"We have our laws,
God bless the king."

IZ. WALTON.

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER BROME.

SONGS.

PLAIN DEALING.

WELL, well, 'tis true
I am now fall'n in love,
And 'tis with you:
And now I plainly see,
While you're enthron'd by me above,
You all your arts and pow'rs improve
To tyrant over me;
And make my flames th' incentives of your scorn,
While you rejoice, and feast your eyes, to see me thus forlorn.

But yet be wise,
And don't believe that I
Did think your eyes
More bright than stars can be;
Or that your face angels' outvies
In their celestial liveries;
'Twas all but poetry.
I could have said as much by any she:
You are not beauteous of yourself, but are made so by me.

Though we, like fools,
Fathom the earth and sky,
And drain the schools
For names t' express you by:
Out-rant the loud 'st hyperboles
To dub you saints and deities,
By Cupid's heraldry.
We know you're flesh and blood as well as men,
And when we will can mortalise, and make you so again.

Yet since my fate
Has drawn me to this sin,
Which I did hate,
I'll not my labour lose,
But will love on, as I begin,
To the purpose, now my hand is in,
Spite of those arts you use:
And let you know the world is not so bare,
There's things enough to love, besides such toys as ladies are.

I'll love good wine,
I'll love my book and Muse,
Nay, all the Nine;
I'll love my real friend,
I'll love my horse; and could I choose
One that would not my love abuse,
To her my heart should bend.
I will love those that laugh, and those that sing,
I'll love my country, prince, and laws, and those that love the king.

THE INDIFFERENT.

MISTAKE me not, I am not of that mind
To hate all woman kind;
Nor can you so my patience vex,
To make my Muse blaspheme your sex,
Nor with my satires bite you:
Though there are some in your free state,
Some things in you, who 're candidate,
That he who is, or loves himself, must hate:
Yet I'll not therefore slight you.
For I'm a schismatic in love,
And what makes most abhor it,
In me does more affection move,
And I love the better for it.

I vow, I am so far from loving none,
That I love every one:

If fair, I must; if brown she be,
She's lovely, and for sympathy,
'Cause we're alike, I love her;
If tall, she's proper; and if short,
She's humble, and I love her for't.
Small's pretty, fat is pleasant, every sort
Some graceful good discover;
If young, she's pliant to the sport;
And if her visage carry
Gray hairs and wrinkles, yet I'll court,
And so turn antiquary.

Be her hair red, be her lips gray or blue,
Or any other hue,
Or has she but the ruins of a nose,
Or but eye-sockets, I'll love those;
Though scales, not skin, does clothe her,
Though from her lungs the scent that comes
Does rout her teeth out of their gums,
I'll count all this for high encomiums,
Nor will I therefore loath her.
There are no rules for beauty, but
'Tis as our fancies make it:
Be you but kind, I'll think you fair,
And all for truth shall take it.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she:
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass,
That's with Canary lin'd.

THE WARY WOOER.

Faith, you're mistaken, I'll not love
That face that frowns on me:
Though it be handsome, 't shall not move
My centred soul, that's far above
The magic of a paint,
That on a devil writes a saint:
I hate your pictures and imagery.
I'm no love-sinon, nor will tamely now
Lie swaddled in the trenches of your brow.

Though you are witty, what care I?
My danger is the more:
Nay, should you boast of honesty,
Woman gives all those names the lie:
In all you hardly can
Write after that fair copy, man,
And dabble in the steps we've gone before.
We you admire, as we do parrots all,
Not speaking well, but that they speak at all.

That lass mine arms desire t' enfold,
Born in the golden age,
Guarded with angels, but of gold;
She that's in such a shower enroll'd,
May tempt a Jove to be
Guilty of love's idolatry,
And make a pleasure of an hermitage;
Tho' their teeth are not, if their necks wear pearl,
A kitchen wench is consort for an earl.

"'Tis money makes the man," you say,
'T shall make the woman too;
When both are clad in like array,
December rivals youthful May:
This rules the world, and this
Perfection of both sexes is;
This Flora made a goddess, so 'twill you:
This makes us laugh, this makes us drink and sing:
This makes the beggar trample o'er his king.

THE COUNSEL.

Why's my friend so melancholy?
Pr'ythee why so sad, why so sad?
Beauty's vain, and love's a folly,
Wealth and women make men mad.
To him that has a heart that's jolly,
Nothing's grievous, nothing's sad.
Come, cheer up, my lad.

Does thy mistress seem to fly thee?
Pr'ythee don't repine, don't repine:
If at first she does deny thee
Of her love, deny her thine;
She shows her coyness but to try thee,
And will triumph if thou pine.
Drown thy thoughts in wine.

Try again, and don't give over,
Ply her, she's thine own, she's thine own:
Cowardice undoes a lover.
They are tyrants if you moan;
If nor thyself, nor love, can move her,
But she'll slight thee, and be gone:
Let her then alone.

If thy courtship can't invite her,
Nor to condescend, nor to bend,
Thy only wisdom is to slight her,
And her beauty discommend.
Such a niceness will requite her;
Yet, if thy love will not end,
Love thyself and friend.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Lady, you'll wonder when you see
With those bright twins of eyes,
The ragged lines that crawl from me,
And note the contrariety
That both in them and in their author lies.

I that came hither with a breast
Coated with mail about;
Proof 'gainst your beauty, and the rest,
And had no room for love to nest,
Where reason lodg'd within, and love kept out.

My thoughts turn'd, like the needle, about,
Touched by magnetic love:
And fain would find some north-pole out,
But waver'd 'twixt desire and doubt;
Till now they're fix'd, and point to you above.

Lend me one ray, and do but shine
Upon my verse and me;
Your beauty can enrich a line,
And so you'll make 'em yours, not mine;
Since there's no Helicon like love and thee.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Why dost thou frown, my dear, on me?
Come, change that angry face.
What though I kiss'd that prodigy,
And did her ugly limbs embrace?
'Twas only 'cause thou wert in place.

Had I suck'd poison from her breath,
One kiss could set me free:
Thy lip's an antidote 'gainst death;
Nor would I ever wish to be
Cur'd of a sickness but by thee.

The little birds for dirt repair
Down from the purer sky,
And shall not I kiss foul and fair?
Wilt thou give birds more pow'r than I?
Fie! 'tis a scrupulous nicety.

When all the world I've ranged about,
All beauties else to spy,
And, at the last, can find none out
Equal to thee in beauty, I
Will make thee my sole deity.

THE HARD HEART.

Still so hard-hearted? what may be
The sin thou hast committed;
That now the angry deity
Has to a rock congealed thee,
And thus thy hardness fitted?
To make one act both sin and curse,
And plague thy hardness with a worse.

Till thee there never was but one
Was to a rock translated,
Poor Niobe, that weeping stone:
She never did, thou ne'er dost, moan,
Nor is thy scorn abated.
The tears I send to thee are grown
Of that same nature, and turn stone.

Yet I, dear rock, must worship thee,
Love works this superstition,
And justifies th' idolatry
That's shown to such a stone as thee,
Where it foreruns fruition.
Thou'rt so magnetic, that I can
No more leave thee than to be man.

But thou, I warrant thee, do'st suppose
This new design will slay me,
And ravel out my life with woes,
Till death, at last, mine eyes shall close;
That all may read, "Lo! here I lie
Tomb'd in thy heart, slain by thine eye."

But I, I vow, will be more wise,
And love with such discretion:
When I read coyness in thy eyes,
I'll robe mine with like cruelties,
And kill with prepossession.
Then I'll turn stone, and so will be
An endless monument to thee.

LOVE'S ANARCHY.

Love, I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
A victim to thy beardless deity:
Nor shall this heart of mine,
Now 'tis return'd,
Be offer'd at thy shrine,
Or at thine altar burn'd.
Love, like religion,'s made an airy name,
To awe those fools whom want of wit makes tame.

There's no such thing as quiver, shafts, or bow,
Nor does love wound, but men imagine so.
Or if it does perplex
And grieve the mind,
'Tis the poor masculine sex:
Women no sorrows find.
'Tis not our persons, nor our parts, can move 'em,
Nor is't men's worth, but wealth, make ladies love 'em.

Reason henceforth, not love, shall be my guide,
My fellow-creatures shan't be deified;
I'll now a rebel be,
And so pull down
That distaff-monarchy,
And females' fancy'd crown.
In these unbridled times who would not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative?

THE CONTRARY.

Nay, pr'ythee do be coy, and slight me,
I must love, though thou abhor it;
This pretty niceness does invite me:
Scorn me, and I'll love thee for it.
That world of beauty that is in you,
I'll overcome like Alexander.
In amorous flames I can continue
Unsing'd, and prove a salamander.

Do not be won too soon, I pr'ythee,
But let me woo, whilst thou dost fly me.
'Tis my delight to dally with thee,
I'll court thee still if thou'lt deny me;
For there's no happiness but loving,
Enjoyment makes our pleasures flat.
Give me the heart that's always moving,
And's not confin'd t' one you know what.

I've fresh supplies on all occasions,
Of thoughts, as various as your face is;
No directory for evasions,
Nor will I court by common-places.

My heart's with antidotes provided,
  Nor will I die 'cause you frown on me;
I'm merry when I am derided,
  When you laugh at me or upon me.

'Tis fancy that creates those pleasures
  That have no being, but conceited;
And when we come to dig those treasures,
  We see ourselves ourselves have cheated:
But if thou'rt minded to destroy me,
  Then love me much, and love me ever,
I'll love thee more, and that may slay me,
  So I thy martyr am, or never.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

My Theodora, can those eyes,
  From whence such glories shine,
Give light to every soul that pries,
  And only be obscur'd to mine,
  Who willingly my heart resign,
Inflam'd by you, to be your sacrifice?

Send out one beam t' enrich my soul,
  And chase this gloomy shade,
That does in clouds about me roll,
  And in my breast a hell has made;
  Where fire still burns, still flames invade,
And yet light's power and comfort both control.

Then, out of gratitude, I'll send
  Some of my flames to thee,
Thus lovingly our gifts we'll blend;
  And both in joys shall wealthy be:
  And Love, though blind, shall learn to see,
Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

TO HIS FRIEND THAT HAD VOWED SMALL-BEER.

Leave off, fond hermit, leave thy vow,
  And fall again to drinking:
That beauty that won't sack allow,
  Is hardly worth thy thinking.
Dry love or small can never hold,
And without Bacchus Venus soon grows cold.

Dost think by turning anchorite,
  Or a dull small-beer sinner,
Thy cold embraces can invite,
  Or sprightless courtship win her?
No, 'tis Canary that inspires,
'Tis sack, like oil, gives flames to am'rous fires.

This makes thee chant thy mistress' name,
  And to the Heavens to raise her;
And range this universal frame
  For epithets to praise her.
Low liquors render brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to love, but move to pity.

Then be thyself, and take thy glass,
  Leave off this dry devotion;
Thou must, like Neptune, court thy lass,
  Wallowing in nectar's ocean.
Let's offer at each lady's shrine
A full crown'd bowl: first, here's a health to thine.

ON CLARET.

Within this bottle's to be seen
A scarlet liquor, that has been
  Born of the royal vine:
We but nick-name it when we call
It gods' drink, who drink none at all,
  No higher name than wine.

'Tis ladies' liquor: here one might
Feast both his eye and appetite
  With beauty and with taste,
Cherries and roses, which you seek
Upon your mistress' lip and cheek,
  Are here together plac'd.

Physicians may prescribe their whey
To purge our reins and brains away,
  And clarify the blood;
That cures one sickness with another,
This routs by wholesale altogether,
  And drowns them in a flood.

This poets makes, else how could I
Thus ramble into poetry,
  Nay, and write sonnets too;
If there's such pow'r in junior wines,
To make one venture upon lines
  What could Canary do?

Then squeeze the vessel's bowels out,
And deal it faithfully about,
  Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to pass through this red sea,
Our noses shall our pilots be,
  And every soul a swimmer.

A MOCK SONG.

'Tis true, I never was in love:
  But now I mean to be,
    For there's no art
    Can shield a heart
  From love's supremacy.

Though in my nonage I have seen
  A world of taking faces,
I had not age or wit to ken
  Their several hidden graces.

Those virtues which, though thinly set,
  In others are admired,
In thee are altogether met,
  Which make thee so desired.

That though I never was in love,
  Nor never meant to be,
    Thyself and parts
    Above my arts
  Have drawn my heart to thee.

REASONS OF LOVE.

Pr'ythee, why dost thou love me so?
  Or is it but in show?
What is there that your thoughts can pick about [me?
  If beauty in my face you view,
  'Twas ne'er writ there unless by you,
I little find within, nor you without me.

I ha'n't the rhetoric of the foot,
    Nor lean long leg to boot;
Nor can I court with congés, trips, and dances:
  I seldom sing, or if I do,
  You'll scarce tell where I sing or no,
I can't endure love-stories and romances.

I neither know, nor love to play
    And fool my time away;
Nor talk in dialects to please your fancy;
  Nor carve the capon or the quail,
  But hew it through from head to tail,
A compliment to me is necromancy.

I boast not of a pedigree,
That lords or lordlings be;
Nor do I lace my name with grandsires' story,
Nor will I take the pains to look
For a fool's coat i' th' herald's book,
My fame's mine own, no monumental glory.

I am not fashion'd of the mode,
Nor rant i' th' gallant's road;
Nor in my habit do observe decorum:
Perfumes shall not my breath belie,
Nor clothes my body glorify,
They shall derive their honour, 'cause I wear 'em.

No frizzling nor scarce locks, and yet
Perhaps more hair than wit:
Nor shall sweet-powders' vanity delight you;
Though my hair's little, I'll not carry
A wig for an auxiliary.
If my locks can't, another's sha'n't invite you.

And which is worse, I cannot woo
With gold, as others do,
Nor bait your love with lordships, lands, and towers;
Just so much money I have by,
As serves to spoil my poetry,
Not to expose me to the higher powers.

Nay, you shan't make a fool of me,
Though I no statist be;
Nor shall I be so valiant to fight for ye:
I han't the patience to court,
Nor did I e'er do't; but in sport
I won't run mad for love, nor yet go marry.

And yet I know some cause does move,
Though it be not pure love,
'Tis for your honour's sake that you affect me;
For well you know, she that's my lass,
Is canoniz'd in every glass,
And her health's drunk by all that do respect me.

Then love thou on, I'll tipple till
Both of us have our fill,
And so thy name shall never be forgotten:
I'll make thee Helen's fame survive,
Though she be dead and thou alive,
For tho' thou'rt not so old, thy heart's as rotten.

EPITHALAMY.

Nay, fie, Platonics! still adoring
The fond chimeras of your brain?
Still on that empty nothing poring?
And only follow what you feign?
Live in your humour, 'tis a curse
So bad, 'twere pity wish a worse.
We'll banish such conceits as those,
Since he that has enjoyment knows
More bliss than Plato could suppose.

Cashiered wooers, whose low merit
Could ne'er arrive at nuptial bliss,
Turn schismatics in love, whose spirit
Would have none hit, 'cause they do miss.
But those reproaches that they vent,
Do only blaze their discontent.
Condemn'd men's words no truth can show;
And hunters, when they prove too slow,
Cry, "Hares are dry meat, let 'em go."

Th' enamour'd youth, whose flaming breast
Makes goddesses and angels all,
In's contemplation finds no rest,
For all his joys are sceptical,
At his fruition flings away
His Cloris and his welladay,
And gladly joins to fill our choir:
Who to such happiness aspire,
As all must envy or admire.

LOVE'S WITHOUT REASON.

'Tis not my lady's face that makes me love her,
Though beauty there doth rest,
Enough t' inflame the breast
Of one, that never did discover
The glories of a face before;
But I that have seen thousands more,
See nought in hers but what in others are,
Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

'Tis not her virtues, nor those vast perfections,
That crowd together in her,
Engage my soul to win her,
For those are only brief collections
Of what's in man in folio writ;
Which, by their imitative wit,
Women, like apes and children, strive to do;
But we that have the substance slight the show.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
My freeborn soul can hold;
For chains are chains, though gold:
Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me:
For that's no love, but gratitude, and all
Loves, that from fortunes rise, with fortunes fall.

If friends or birth created love within me,
Then princes I'll adore,
And only scorn the poor:
If virtue or good parts could win me,
I'd turn Platonic, and ne'er vex
My soul with difference of sex;
And he that loves his lady 'cause she's fair,
Delights his eye, so loves himself, not her.

Reason and wisdom are to love high treason;
Nor can he truly love,
Whose flame's not far above,
And far beyond his wit or reason;
Then ask no reason for my fires,
For infinite are my desires.
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.

COURTSHIP.

My Lesbia, let us live and love,
Let crabbed age talk what it will;
The Sun, though down, returns above,
But we, once dead, must be so still.

Kiss me a thousand times, and then
Give me a hundred kisses more;
Now kiss a thousand times again,
Then t'other hundred as before.

Come, a third thousand, and to those
Another hundred kisses fix;
That done, to make the sweeter close,
We'll millions of kisses mix.

And huddle them together so,
That we ourselves shan't know how many;
And others can't their number know,
If we should envi'd be by any.

And then, when we have done all this,
That our pleasures may remain,
We'll continue on our bliss,
By unkissing all again.

Thus we'll love and thus we'll live,
While our posting minutes fly,
We'll have no time to vex or grieve,
But kiss and unkiss till we die.

THE ATTEMPT.

Why should I blush or be dismay'd,
To tell you I adore you?
Since love's a pow'r, that can't be stay'd,
But must by all be once obey'd,
And you as well as those before you.
Your beauty hath enchain'd my mind,
O let me not then cruel find,
You which are fair, and therefore should be kind.

Fair as the light, pure as the ray,
That in the grey-ey'd morning
Leaps forth, and propagates a day,
Those glories which in others stray
Meet all in you for your adorning.
Since Nature built that goodly frame,
And virtue has inspir'd the same,
Let love draw yours to meet my raging flame.

Joy of my soul, the only thing,
That's my delight and glory,
From you alone my love does spring,
If one love may another bring,
'Twill crown our happy story.
Those fires I burn with all are pure
And noble, yet too strong t' endure;
'Twas you did wound, 'twas you that ought to cure.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

Now I'm resolv'd to love no more,
But sleep by night, and drink by day:
You'r coyness, Cloris, pray give o'er,
And turn your tempting eyes away.
From ladies I'll withdraw my heart
And fix it only on the quart.

I'll place no happiness of mine
A puling beauty still to court
And say she's glorious and divine,
The vintner makes the better sport.
And when I say my dear, my heart,
I only mean it to the quart.

Love has no more prerogative,
To make me desperate courses take,
Nor me t' an hermitage shall drive,
I'll all my vow to th' goblet make
And if I wear a capuchoone
It shall a tankard be or none.

ADDED.

'Tis wine alone that cheers the soul,
But love and ladies make us sad;
I'm merry when I court the bowl,
While he that courts the madam's mad,
Then ladies wonder not at me,
For you are coy, but wine is free.

TO A PAINTED LADY.

Leave these deluding tricks and shows,
Be honest and downright;
What Nature did to view expose,
Don't you keep out of sight.
The novice youth may chance admire
Your dressings, paints and spells:
But we that are expert desire
Your sex for somewhat else.

In your adored face and hair,
What virtue could you find,
If women were like angels fair,
And every man were blind?
You need no time or pains to waste
To set your beauties forth,
With oils, and paint and drugs, that cost
More than the face is worth.

Nature her self her own work does,
And hates all needless arts,
And all your artificial shows
Disgrace your nat'ral parts.
You're flesh and blood, and so are we,
Let flesh and blood alone,
To love all compounds hateful be,
Give me the pure or none.

TO A COY LADY.

I prithee leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despis'd.
Though we say you're fair, you know,
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We don't only for our pleasure,
And those parts in which you glory,
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels, or for queens, pray know,
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels dev'ls below,
And your pride may make you so.

THE RECOVERY.

How unconcerned I can now
Behold that face of thine!
The graces and the dresses too,
Which both conspire to make thee shine,
And make me think thou art divine.

And yet methinks thou'rt wond'rous fair,
But I have no desires.
Those glories in thy face that are,
Kindled not in my heart those fires,
For that remains though this expires.

Nor was't my eyes that had such pow'r
To burn my self and you,
For then they'd every thing devour,
But I do several others view,
Unsing'd, and so don't think it true.

Nay both together could not do't,
Else we had dy'd ere this,
Without some higher pow'r to boot,
Which must rule both, if either miss,
All t' other to no purpose is.

It puzzles my philosophy,
To find wherein consists
This pow'r of love, and tyranny,
Or in a lover's eye or breast.
Be 't where it will, there let it rest.

ADVICE TO CELIA.

My lovely Celia, while thou dost enjoy,
Beauty and youth, be sure to use 'em,
And be not fickle, be not coy,
Thy self or lovers to destroy.
Since all those lilies and those roses,
Which lovers find, or love supposes,
To flourish in thy face,
Will tarry but a little space.
And youth and beauty are but only lent
To you by Nature, with this good intent,
You should enjoy, but not abuse 'em,
And when enjoyments may be had, not fondly to refuse 'em.

Let lovers' flatt'ry ne'er prevail with thee;
Nor their old compliments deceive thee,
Their vows and protestations be
Too often mere hypocrisy.
And those high praises of the witty
May all be costly, but not fit ye,
Or if it true should be
Now what thy lovers say of thee,
Sickness or age will quickly strip away
Those fading glories of thy youthful May,
And of thy graces all bereave thee:
Then those that thee ador'd before will slight thee, and so leave thee.

Then while thou'rt fair and young, be kind but wise,
Doat not, nor proudly use denying;
That tempting toy thy beauty lies
Not in thy face but lovers' eyes.
And he that doats on thee may smother
His love, i'th' beauty of another,
Or flying at all game
May quench, or else divert his flame.
His reason too may chance to interpose,
And love declines as fast as reason grows.
There is a knack to find love's treasures:
Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow, destroys your pleasures.

POLITICAL SONGS.

THE ROYALIST.

WRITTEN IN 1646.

Come, pass about the bowl to me,
A health to our distressed king;
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage may freely sing.
The ground does tipple healths apace,
When storms do fall, and shall not we?
A sorrow dares not show his face,
When we are ships and sack's the sea.

Pox on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing,
Shall's kill ourselves for fear of death?
We'll live by th' air which songs do bring,
Our sighing does but waste our breath.
Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of wine;
In vain they'll think their plagues are spent,
When once they see we don't repine.

We do not suffer here alone;
Though we are beggar'd, so's the king,
'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none,
Tush! poverty's a royal thing!
When we are larded well with drink,
Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,
Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink
Clean down the wind, like cavaliers.

Fill this unnatural quart with sack,
Nature all vacuums doth decline,
Our selves will be a zodiac,
And every mouth shall be a sign.
Methinks the travels of the glass,
Are circular like Plato's year;
Where every thing is as it was,
Let's tipple round; and so 'tis here.

THE COMMONERS.

WRITTEN IN 1645.

Come your ways,
Bonny boys
Of the town,
For now is your time or never.
Shall your fears
Or your cares
Cast you down?
Hang your wealth
And your health.
Get renown,
We all are undone for ever.
Now the king and the crown
Are tumbling down,
And the realm doth groan with disasters,
And the scum of the land,
Are the men that command,
And our slaves are become our masters.

Now our lives,
Children, wives
And estate,
Are a prey to the lust and plunder,
To the rage
Of our age:
And the fate
Of our land
Is at hand:
'Tis too late
To tread these usurpers under.
First down goes the crown,
Then follows the gown,
Thus levell'd are we by the roundhead,
While church and state must
Feed their pride and their lust,
And the kingdom and king confounded.

Shall we still
Suffer ill
And be dumb?
And let every varlet undo us?
Shall we doubt
Of each lout,
That doth come,
With a voice
Like the noise
Of a drum,
And a sword or a buff coat to us?
Shall we lose our estates
By plunder and rates
To bedeck those proud upstarts that swagger?
Rather fight for your meat,
Which these locusts do eat,
Now every man's a beggar.

THE PASTORAL.

ON THE KING'S DEATH.

WRITTEN IN 1643.

WHERE England's Damon us'd to keep,
In peace and awe, his flocks,
Who fed, not fed upon, his sheep.
There wolves and tigers now do prey,
There sheep are slain, and goats do sway,
There reigns the subtle fox
While the poor lambkins weep.

The laurell'd garland which before
Circled his brows about,
The spotless coat which once he wore,
The sheep-hook which he us'd to sway,
And pipe whereon he lov'd to play,
Are seiz'd on by the rout,
And must be us'd no more.

Poor swain, how thou lament'st to see
Thy flocks o'er-rul'd by those
That serve thy cattle all like thee,
Where hateful vice usurps the crown,
And loyalty is trodden down;
Down scrip and sheep-hook goes,
When foxes shepherds be.

A MOCK-SONG.

HANG up Mars
And his wars,
Give us drink,
We'll tipple my lads together:
Those are slaves,
Fools and knaves,
That have chink,
And must pay,
For what they say,
Do, or think,
Good fellows account for neither.
Be we round, be we square,
We are happier than they 're
Whose dignity works their ruin:
He that well the bowl rears,
Can baffle his cares,
And a fig for death or undoing.

THE TROOPER.

COME, come, let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like fools, on grief or sadness;
Let our money fly
And our sorrows die,
All worldly care is madness;
But sack and good cheer
Will in spite of our fear,
Inspire our souls with gladness.

Let the greedy clowns,
That do live like hounds,
That know neither bound nor measure,
Lament each loss,
For their wealth is their cross,
Whose delight is in their treasure:
But we that have none,
Will use theirs as our own,
And spend it at our pleasure.

Troul about the bowl,
The delight of my soul,
And to my hand commend it.
A fig for chink,
'Twas made to buy drink,
Before that we go we'll end it;
When we've spent our store,
The land will yield us more,
And jovially we will spend it.

THE GOOD-FELLOW.

STAY, stay, shut the gates,
T'other quart, faith, it is not so late,
As you're thinking,
Those stars which you see,
In this hemisphere, be
But the studs in your cheeks by your drinking.
The Sun is gone to tipple all night in the sea, boys,
To morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we, boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis sack makes us the boys.

Fill, fill up the glass,
To the next merry lad let it pass,
Come away w' it;
Come set foot to foot,
And but give your minds to't,
'Tis heretical six, that doth slay wit.
No Helicon like to the juice of the vine is,
For Phœbus had never had wit, or divineness,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine, his, and mine is.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
We'll enrich both our heads and our souls
With Canary,
A carbuncled face
Saves a tedious race,
For the Indias about us we carry.
Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our noses
Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes;
Beneath whose protection is under the roses.

This, this must go round,
Off your hats, till that the pavement be [crown'd
With your beavers:
A red-coated face
Frights a sergeant at mace,
And the constable trembles to shivers.

In state march our faces like those of the quorum,
When the wenches fall down and the vulgar adore 'em,
And our noses, like link-boys, run shining before 'em.

THE MOCK SONG, BY T. J.

Hold, hold, quaff no more,
But restore,
If you can, what you've lost by your drinking.
Three kingdoms and crowns,
With their cities and towns,
While the king and his progeny's sinking.
The studs in your cheeks have obscur'd his star, boys.
Your drinking miscarriages in the late war, boys,
Have brought his prerogative now to the bar, boys.

Throw, throw down the glass,
He's an ass
That extracts all his worth from Canary,
That valour will shrink
That's only good in drink,
'Twas the cup made the camp to miscarry.
You thought in the world there's no power could tame ye,
You tippled and whor'd till the foe overcame ye,
Gods nigs and ne'er stir, sir, has vanquish'd God damn me.

Fly, fly from the coast,
Or you're lost,
And the water will run where the drink went,
From hence you must slink,
If you have no chink,
'Tis the course of the royal delinquent.
You love to see beer bowls turn'd over the thumb well,
You like three fair gamesters, four dice and a drum well,
But you'd as lief see the devil as Fairfax or Cromwell.

Drink, drink not the round,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your sack and your sonnets,
Try once more your fate
For the king against the state,
And go barter your beavers for bonnets.
You see how they're charm'd by the kingdom's inchanters,
And therefore pack hence to Virginia for planters,
For an act and two red-coats will rout all the ranters.

THE ANSWER.

Stay, stay, prate no more,
Lest thy brain, like thy purse, run th' score,
Though thou strain'st it,
Those are traitors in grain
That of sack do complain,
And rail by 'ts own power against it.
Those kingdoms and crowns which your poetry pities,
Are fall'n by the pride and hypocrisy of cities,
And not by those brains that love sack and good ditties.
The K. and his progeny had kept 'em from sinking,
Had they had no worse foes, than the lads that love drinking,
We that tipple ha' no leisure for plotting or thinking.

He, he is an ass
That doth throw down himself with a glass
Of Canary,
He that's quiet will think
Much the better of drink,
'Cause the cups made the camp to miscarry.
You whore, though we tipple, and there my friend you lie,
Your sports did determine in the month before July,
There's less fraud in plain damme, than your sly by my truly,
'Tis sack makes our bloods both the purer and warmer,
We need not your priest or the feminine charmer,
For a bowl of Canary's a whole suit of armour.

Hold, hold, not so fast,
Tipple on, for there is no such haste
To be going,
We drowning may fear,
But your end will be there
Where there is neither swimming nor rowing,
We were gamesters alike, and our stakes were both down boys,
But Fortune did favour you being her own boys,
And who would not venture a cast for a crown, boys?
Since we wear the right colours, he the worst of our foes is,
That goes to traduce us and fondly supposes
That Cromwell is an enemy to sack and red noses.

Then, then quaff it round,
No deceit in a brimmer is found,
Here's no swearing,
Beer and ale makes you prate
Of the kirk and the state,
Wanting other discourse worth the hearing;
This strumpet your Muse is, to ballad or flatter
Or rail, and your betters with froth to bespatter,
And your talk's all diurnals and gunpowder matter:
But we, while old sack does divinely inspire us,
Are active to do what our rulers require us,
And attempt such exploits as the world shall admire us.

THE LEVELLER'S RANT.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

To the hall, to the hall,
For justice we call,
On the king and his pow'r'ful adherents and friends,
Who still have endeavour'd, but we work their ends.
'Tis we will pull down what e'er is above us,
And make them to fear us, that never did love us,
We'll level the proud, and make every degree,
To our royalty bow the knee,
'Tis no less than treason,
'Gainst freedom and reason
For our brethren to be higher than we.

First the thing, call'd a king,
To judgment we bring,
And the spawn of the court, that were prouder than he,
And next the two houses united shall be:
It does to the Romish religion inveigle,
For the state to be two-headed like the spread-eagle;
We'll purge the superfluous members away,
They are too many kings to sway,
And as we all teach,
'Tis our liberty's breach,
For the freeborn saints to obey.

Not a claw, in the law,
Shall keep us in awe;
We'll have no cushion-cuffers to tell us of Hell,
For we are all gifted to do it as well:
'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the nation
To enjoy our fellow-creatures as at the creation;
The carnal men's wives are for men of the spirit,
Their wealth is our own by merit,
For we that have right,
By the law called might,
Are the saints that must judge and inherit.

THE NEW COURTIER.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

SINCE it must be so,
Then so let it go,
Let the giddy-brain'd times turn round,
Since we have no king let the goblet be crown'd,
Our monarchy thus we'll recover [souls
While the pottles are weeping, we'll drench our sad
In big-bellied bowls,
Our sorrows in sack shall lie steeping;
And we'll drink till our eyes do run over,
And prove it by reason
That it can be no treason,
To drink and to sing
A mournival of healths to our new-crown'd king.

Let us all stand bare,
In the presence we are,
Let our noses like bonfires shine,
Instead of the conduits, let the pottles run wine,
To perfect this new coronation:
And we that are loyal,
In drink, shall be peers;
While that face, that wears
Pure claret, looks like the blood-royal,
And outstares the bores of the nation:
In sign of obedience,
Our oaths of allegiance
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that tipples ten's of the nobility.

But if in this reign,
The halberted train
Or the constable should rebel,
And should make their twybill'd militia to swell,
And against the king's party raise arms;
Then the drawers, like yeomen,
Of the guard, with quart pots,
Shall fuddle the sots,
While we make 'm both cuckolds and freemen,
And on their wives beat up alarums.
Thus as each health passes,
We'll triple the glasses,
And hold it no sin,
To be loyal and drink in defence of our king.

THE SAFETY.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

SINCE it has been lately enacted high treason,
For a man to speak truth of the heads of the state,
Let every wise man make use of his reason,
See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate.

For the proverbs do learn us,
"He that stays from the battle sleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own, if we can keep 'em in,"
What fools are we then, that to prattle begin
Of things that do not concern us?

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the prime ones,
My mind is a kingdom and shall be to me,
I could make it appear, if I had but the time once,
I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three,
If I could but enjoy it.
He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the hate,
And the envy of every pragmatical pate,
While he that creeps low, lives safe in his state,
And greatness do scorn to annoy it.

I am never the better which side gets the battle,
The Tubs or the Crosses what is it to me?
They'll never increase my goods or my cattle,
But a beggar's a beggar and so he shall be,
Unless he turn traitor:
Let misers take courses to heap up their treasure,
Whose lust has no limits, whose mind has no mea-
Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure, [sure,
A little contents my nature.

My petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without patent or custom or cursed excise;
That the wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,
And not be undone, while their heads they baptise,
And in liquor do drench 'em:
If this were but granted, who would not desire,
To dub himself one of Apollo's own choir? [fire,
We'll ring out the bells, when our noses are on
And the quarts shall be the buckets to drench 'em.

I account him no wit, that is gifted at railing,
And flirting at those that above him do sit,
While they do outwit him, with whipping and goaling, [wit;
Then his purse and his person both pay for his
'Tis better to be drinking:
If sack were reform'd into twelvepence a quart,
I'd study for money to merchandize for 't,
And a friend that is true, we together will sport.
Not a word, but we'll pay them with thinking.

THE COMPANION.

WHAT need we take care for Platonical rules?
Or the precepts of Aristotle? [fools,
They that think to find learning in books are but
True philosophy lies in the bottle.
And a mind
That's confin'd
To the mode of the schools,
Ne'er arrives at the height of a pottle.
Let the sages
Of our ages
Keep a talking
Of our walking,
Demurely, while we that are wiser,
Do abhor all
That's moral
In Plato
And Cato,
And Seneca talks like a sizer.

CHORUS.

Then let full bowls on bowls be hurl'd,
That our jollity may be completer;
For man though he be but a very little world,
Must be drown'd, as well as the greater.

We'll drink till our cheeks are as starred as the skies,
Let the pale-colour'd students flout us,
And our noses, like comets, set fire on our eyes,
Till we bear the whole heavens about us.
And if all
Make us fall,
Then our heels shall devise
What the stars are doing without us.
Let Lilly
Go tell you
Of thunders
And wonders,
Let astrologers all divine,
And let Booker
Be a looker
Of our natures
In our features,
He'll find nothing but claret in mine.

CHORUS.

Then let full bowls, &c.

COPERNICUS.

Let the bowl pass free
From him to thee
As it first came to me,
'Tis pity that we should confine it,
Having all either credit or coin yet,
Let it e'en take its course,
There's no stopping its force,
He that shuffles must interline it.

Lay aside your cares,
Of shops and wares,
And irrational fears,
Let each breast be as thoughtless as his'n is,
That from his bed newly ris'n is;
We'll banish each soul,
That comes here to condole,
Or is troubled with love or business.

The king we'll not name,
Nor a lady, t' inflame
With desire to the game,
And into a dumpishness drive all,
Or make us run mad, and go wive all;
We'll have this whole night
Set apart for delight,
And our mirth shall have no co-rival.

Then see that the glass
Through its circuit do pass,
Till it come where it was,
And every nose has been within it,
Till he end it that first did begin it;
As Copernicus found,
That the Earth did turn round,
We will prove so does every thing in it.

THE PAINTER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

This is the time, and this is the day
Design'd for mirth and sporting,
We'll turn October into May,
And make St. Luke's feast
As pleasant and long as the rest,
We'll in our faces our colours display,
And hallow our yearly resorting.

Then let the bowls turn round round,
While in them our colours we mingle,
To raise our dull souls from the ground,
Our arts and our pains are thus crown'd,
And happy are we
That in unity be,
'Tis a Hell upon Earth to be single.

CHORUS.

'Twas love at first that brought us hither,
And love shall keep us here together.

First to the master of the feast,
This health is consecrated,
Thence to each sublimary guest,
Whose soul doth desire
This nectar to raise and inspire,
Till he with Apelles himself doth contest,
And his fancy is elevated,
Then let, &c.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, &c.

Lo how the air, the earth and the seas,
Have all brought in their treasure,
To feast each sense with rarities;
Plump Bacchus brings wine,
And Ceres her dainties doth join,
The air with rare music doth echo, and these
All club to create us pleasure.
Then let the bowls, &c.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, &c.

Now in our fancies we will suppose
The world in all its glory,
Imagine all delight that grows,
And pleasures that can
Fill up the vast soul of a man,
And glut the coy palate, the eyes, ears and nose,
By the fancy presented before you.
Then let the bowls, &c.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, &c.

We'll use no pencil now but the bowl,
Let every artist know it,
In sack we will pourtray each soul,
Each health that is took
Will give us the livelier look,
And who's he that dares our fancy controul,
When each painter is turned a poet?
Then let the bowls, &c.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, &c.

And though we cannot the day extend
Beyond its proper measure;
The night and it themselves shall blend:
We care not for night,
When our hearts and our heads are all light,
Nor the time, nor the company shall have an end,
Honest mirth of it self is a treasure.
Then let the bowls, &c.

CHORUS.

'Twas love, &c.

THE CURE OF CARE.

Why should we not laugh and be jolly?
Since now all the world is mad?
All lull'd in a dull melancholy;
He that wallows in store,
Is still gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor,
As that wretch that never any thing had.
How mad is the damn'd money-monger,
That, to purchase to him and his heirs,
Grows shrivel'd with thirst and hunger?
While we that are bonny,
Buy sack for ready money,
And ne'er trouble scriveners nor lawyers.

Those gulls that by scraping and toiling,
Have swell'd the revenues so vast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
But are marks for each tax,
While they load their own backs,
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at last:
While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the gown and the sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple,
We ne'er trouble our heads,
With indentures or deeds,
But our wills are compris'd in a word.

Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmith's-hall,
Nor pirates nor storms can affright us;
We that have no estates,
Pay no taxes or rates,
But can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit 'em for prisons or fines,
While we that spend all are the savers,
For if thieves do steal in,
They go out empty again,
Nay the plunderers lose their designs.

Then let's not take care for to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
Those cormorants, which
Are troubled with an itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The mayor of the town with his ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He must vail to the men with the buff on,
He custard may eat,
And such lubberly meat,
But we drink and are merrier than he.

THE INDEPENDENT'S RESOLVE.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

Come, drawer, and fill us about some wine,
Let's merrily tipple, the day's our own,
We'll have our delights, let the country go pine,
Let the king and his kingdom groan:
The crown is our own and so shall continue,
We'll monarchy baffle quite,
We'll drink off the kingdom's revenue,
And sacrifice all to delight.
'Tis power that brings
Us all to be kings,
And we'll be all crown'd by our might.

A fig for divinity lectures and law,
And all that to loyalty do pretend,
While we by the sword keep the kingdom in awe,
Our power shall never have end.
The church and the state we'll turn into liquor,
And spend a whole town in a day,
We'll melt all their bodkins the quicker
Into sack, and drink them away.
We'll keep the demesnes
And turn bishops and deans,
And over the presbyter sway.

The nimble St. Patrick is sunk in his boggs,
And his countrymen sadly cry, "O honey, O honey!"
St. Andrew and's kirkmen are lost in their fogs,
Now we are the saints alone.
Thus on our superiors and equals we trample,
And Jocky our stirrup shall hold,
The city's our mule for example,
That we may in plenty be roll'd.
Each delicate dish,
Shall but echo our wish,
And our drink shall be cordial gold.

ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices,
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses,
This first got a king,
And next the nine Muses;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't,
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the name on't.

Our cider and perry,
May make a man mad, but not merry,
It makes people windmill-pated,
And with crackers sophisticated;
And your hops, yest, and malt,
When they're mingled together,
Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whither;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,
He must study till Christmas for an eight shilling jest,
These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'er-[whelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in,
The novice that knows not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it:
And your claret and white
Have a gunpowder fury,
They're of the French spright,
But they won't long endure you.
And your holiday muscadine, Alicant and tent,
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't.
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish;
'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with,
But not for a man to rejoice with.
But 'tis sack makes the sport,
And who gains but that flavour,
Though an abbess he court,
In his high-shoes he'll have her;
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer:
Though the father came to town in his hobnails and leather,
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,
In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

THE LEVELLER.

Nay prithee don't fly me,
But sit thee down by me,
I cannot endure
A man that's demure.
Go hang up your worships and sirs,
Your congees and trips,
With your legs and your lips,
Your madams and lords,
And such finikin words,
With the compliments you bring
That do spell no-thing,
You may keep for the chains and the furs;
For at the beginning was no peasant or prince,
And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

Those titles of honours
Do remain in the donours,
And not in that thing,
To which they do cling,
If his soul be too narrow to wear 'em.
No delight can I see
In that word call'd degree,
Honest Dick sounds as well
As a name of an ell,
That with titles doth swell
And sounds like a spell,
To affright mortal ears that hear 'em.
He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own herald and godfather too.

Why then should we doat on,
One with a fool's coat on?
Whose coffers are cramm'd,
But yet he'll be damn'd,
E're he'll do a good act or a wise one?
What reason has he
To be ruler o'er me,
That's a lord in his chest,
But in 's head and his breast
Is empty and bare,
Or but puff'd up with air,
And can neither assist nor advise one?
Honour's but air, and proud flesh but dust is,
'Tis we commons make lords, and the clerk makes the justice.

But since men must be
Of a different degree,
Because most do aspire
To be greater and higher,
Than the rest of their fellows and brothers:
He that has such a spirit,
Let him gain it by 's merit,
Spend his brain, wealth or blood,
For his country's good,
And make himself fit
By his valour or wit,
For things 'bove the reach of all others.
For honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me
Be but quiet and free,
I'll drink sack and obey,
And let great ones sway,
And spend their whole time in thinking:
I'll ne'er busy my pate
With secrets of state,
The news books I'll burn all,
And with the diurnal
Light tobacco, and admit
That they're so far fit,
As they serve good company and drinking;
All the name I desire is an honest good-fellow,
And that man has no worth that won't sometimes be mellow.

THE ROYALIST'S ANSWER.

I have reason to fly thee,
And not sit down by thee;
For I hate to behold,
One so saucy and bold,
To deride and contemn his superiours;
Our madams and lords,
And such mannerly words,
With the gestures that be
Fit for every degree,
Are things that we and you
Both claim as our due,
From all those that are our inferiours.
For from the beginning there were princes we know,
'Twas you levellers hate 'm 'cause you can't be so.

All titles of honours
Were at first in the donours;
But being granted away
With the grantee's stay,
Where he wear a small soul or a bigger.
There's a necessity
That there should be degree,
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A sir John, and my lord,
Though Dick, Tom and Jack,
Will serve you and your pack,
Honest Dick's name enough for a digger.
He that has a strong purse can all things be or do,
He is valiant and wise and religious too.

We have cause to adore,
That man that has store,
Though a boor or a sot,
There's something to be got,

Though he be neither honest nor witty:
Make him high, let him rule,
He'll be playing the fool,
And transgress, then we'll squeeze
Him for fines and for fees;
And so we shall gain,
By the wants of his brain,
'Tis the fool's-cap that maintains the city.
If honour be air, 'tis in common, and as fit,
For the fool and the clown, as for the champion or the wit.

Then why may'nt we be
Of different degree?
And each man aspire
To be greater and higher,
Than his wiser or honester brother,
Since Fortune and Nature
Their favours do scatter;
This hath valour, that wit,
T'other wealth, nor i'st fit
That one should have all,
For then what would befall
Him, that's born nor to one nor to t'other?
Though honour were a prize at first, now 'tis a chattle,
And as merchantable grown as your wares or your cattle.

Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink sack and submit,
And not show our wit
By our prating, but silence and thinking;
Let the politic Jews
Read diurnals and news,
And lard their discourse,
With a comment that's worse;
That which pleaseth me best
Is a song or a jest,
And my obedience I'll show by my drinking.
He that drinks well, does sleep well; he that sleeps well, doth think well;
He that thinks well, does do well; he that does well, must drink well.

THE SAFE ESTATE.

How happy a man is he,
Whose soul is quiet and free,
And liveth content with his own!
That does not desire
To swell nor aspire,
To the coronet nor to the crown?
He doth sit and devise,
Those mushrooms that rise,
But disturbs not his sleep;
At the coil that they keep,
Both in country and town,
In the plain he sits safe,
And doth privately laugh,
At high thoughts that are tumbling down.

His heart and his head are at rest,
And he sleeps with a sorrowless breast,
That aspires not to sit at the helm;
The desires of his mind,
To's estate are confin'd,
And he lets not his brains to o'erwhelm.
He's for innocent sport,
And keeps off from the court,
And if sad thoughts arise,
He does only devise
With sack to repel 'um.
Though the times do turn round,
He doth still keep his ground,
Both in a republic and realm.

He wears his own head and ears,
And he tipples in safety with 's peers,
And harmlessly passeth his time;
If he meet with a cross,
A full bowl he doth toss,
Nor his wealth nor his wit are his crime.
He doth privately sit
With his friend clubbing wit,
And disburd'ning their breasts
Of some innocent jests,
And not higher doth climb.
He smiles at the fate
Of those courters of state,
That fall down 'cause their thoughts are sublime.

But princes and nobles are still,
Not tenants for life, but at will,
And the giddy-brain'd rout is their lord;
He that's crowned to-day,
A sceptre to sway,
And by all is obey'd and ador'd,
Both he and his crown
In a trice are thrown down,
For an act just and good,
If mis-understood
Or an ill-relish'd word;
While he that scorns pelf,
And enjoys his own self,
Is secure from the vote or the sword.

Th' astrologers,
That trade in stars,
Tell me I have not long to live,
Yet do I cry,
Lo here am I,
Let Fortune still
Do what she will,
I'll neither care nor grieve.

Fortune I know,
Is still my foe,
And lets me not grow fat nor thrive,
But I, I vow,
Will never bow,
Nor doat and be
As blind as she,
But keep myself alive.

This I do know,
We all must go,
Though some go sooner, others later.
But why so fast?
There's no such haste,
Some post are gone,
We'll but jog on,
Bait first, and then walk after.

The clown and's beast
Make haste to rest,
But lords and courtiers sit up longer,
Before we part
Fill t'other quart,
Wash t'other eye,
And then we'll try
Where death or man be stronger.

In th' interim,
Fill to the brim,
Travelling will make us weary;
Since th' journey's great,
And hurts our feet,
Bacchus shall be
A horse for me,
He's strong enough to carry.

THE POLITICIAN.

WRITTEN IN 1649.

WHAT madness is't for him that's wise
To be so much self-hating?
Himself and his to sacrifice,
By meddling still with things too high,
That don't concern but gratify
His lechery of prating.
What is't to us who's in the ruling power?
While they protect, we're bound t' obey,
But longer not an hour.

Nature made all alike at first,
But men that fram'd this fiddle
Of government made best and worst,
And high and low, like various strings,
Each man his several ditty sings,
To tune this state down diddle.
In this grand wheel, the world, we're spokes made
But that it may still keep its round, [all,
Some mount while others fall.

The blinded ruler, that by night
Sits with his host of bill-men
With their chalk'd weapons that affright
The wond'ring clown that haps to view
His worship and his gowned crew,
As if they sate to kill men.
Speak him but fair, he'll freely let you go;
And those that on the high rope dance,
Will do the same trick too.

I'll ne'er admire
That fatuous fire,
That is not what it seems;
For those, that now to us seem higher,
Like painted bubbles blown i' th' air,
By boys seem glorious and fair,
'Tis but in boys' esteems.
Rule of itself's a toil, and who would bear it,
But that 'twixt pride and avarice
And close revenge they'll share it.

Since all the world is but a stage,
And every man a player,
They're fools that lives or states engage;
Let's act and juggle as others do,
Keep what's our own, get others' too,
Play whiffler, clown, or mayor.
For he that sticks to what his heart calls just,
Becomes a sacrifice and prey
To the prosperous whirligig's lust.

Each wise man first best loves himself,
Lives close, thinks, and obeys,
Makes not his soul a slave to's pelf,
Nor idle squanders it away,
To cram their maws that taxes lay
On what he does or says:
For those grand cords that man to man do twist,
Now are not honesty and love,
But self and interest.

THE PRISONERS.

WRITTEN WHEN O. C. ATTEMPTED TO BE KING.

COME, a brimmer, (my bullies) drink whole ones or
Now healths have been voted down; [nothing,
'Tis sack that can heat us, we care not for clothing,
A gallon's as warm as a gown:
'Cause the parliament sees,
Nor the former nor these,
Could engage us to drink their health;
They vote that we shall
Drink no healths at all,
Nor to king nor to common-wealth, [stealth.
So that now we must venture to drink 'em by

But we've found out a way that's beyond all their
To keep up good fellowship still; [thinking,
We'll drink their destruction that would destroy
drinking,
Let 'em vote that a health if they will.
Those men that did fight,
And did pray day and night
For the parliament and its attendant,
Did make all that bustle
The king out to jostle,
And bring in the independent,
But now we all clearly see what was the end on't.

Now their idol's thrown down, with their sooterkin
also,
About which they did make such a pother;
And tho' their contrivance made one king to fall so,
We have drunk ourselves into another.
And now (my lads!) we
May still cavaliers be,
In spite of committee's frown;
We will drink, and we'll sing,
And each health to our king,
Shall be royally drunk in the crown,
Which shall be the standard in every town.

Those politic would-bes do but show themselves
That other men's calling invade, [asses,
We only converse with pots and with glasses,
Let the rulers alone with their trade.
The lion of the Tower
Their estates does devour,
Without showing law for't or reason;
Into prison we get,
For the crime called debt,
Where our bodies and brains we do season,
And that is ne'er taken for murther or treason.

Where our ditties still be, "Give 's more drink!
give 's more drink, boys!"
Let those that are frugal take care;
Our gaolers and we will live by our chink, boys,
While our creditors live by the air.
Here we lie at our ease,
And get craft and grease,
Till we've merrily spent all our store;
Then as drink brought us in,
'Twill redeem us again;
We got in because we were poor,
And swear ourselves out on the very same score.

SATISFACTION.

I HAVE often heard men say,
That the philosophers of old,
Though they were good, and grave and gray,
Did various opinions hold,
And with idolatry adore
The gods, that themselves had made before,
And we that are fools do do no more.

Every man desires what's good;
But wherein that good consists
Is not by any understood.
This sets on work both pens and fist,
For this condemns what that approves,
And this man doth hate what that man loves.
And that's the grand rule that discord moves.

This would valiant be, that wise,
That's for th' sea, and this for land;
All do judge upon surmise,
None do rightly understand.
These may be like, but are not that;
Something there is that all drive at,
But only they differ about the WHAT.

And from all these several ends
Springs diversity of action;
For every man his studies bends,
As opinion builds his faction:
Each man's his own god-smith; what he
Thinks good, is good to him; and we
First make, then adore our deity.

A mind that's honest, pure, and just,
A sociable life and free,
A friend that dares not break a trust,
Yet dares die if occasion be;
A heart that dictates to the tongue,
A soul that's innocent and strong,
That can, yet will not, do any wrong.

He that has such a soul and a mind,
That is so blest and so inclin'd,
What all these do seek for, he does find.

THE CLUB.

PR'YTHEE, ben't so sad and serious,
Nothing got by grief or care;
Melancholy's too imperious,
Where it comes 'twill domineer.
If thou hast a cloudy breast,
In which thy cares would build a nest,
Then drink good sack, 'twill make thee rest,
Where sorrows come not near.

Be it business, love, or sorrow,
That possesses thus thy mind,
Bid them come again to morrow,
We are now to mirth inclin'd.
Fill thy cup, and drown them all,
Sorrows still do for liquor call;
We'll make this Bacchus' festival,
And cast our cares behind.

He that has a heart that's drowsy,
Shall be surely banish'd hence;
We'll shun him as a man that's lousy,
He's of dangerous consequence.
And he that's silent like a block,
Deserves to be made a laughingstock:
Let all good fellows shun that rock,
For fear they forfeit sense.

Still those clocks, let time attend us,
We'll not be to hours confin'd;
We'll banish all that may offend us,
Or disturb our mirth design'd:
Let the glass still run its round,
And each good fellow keep his ground;
And if there be any flincher found,
We'll have his soul new coin'd.

THE PRODIGAL.

NAY, persuade not, I've swore
We'll have one pottle more,
Though we run on the score,
And our credits do stretch for't.
To what end does a father
Pine his body, or rather,
Damn his soul for to gather
Such store, but that he has this fetch for't,
That we sons should be high, boys,
And make it all fly, boys;
And when he does die, boys,
Instead of a sermon, we'll sing him a catch for't.

Then hang the dull wit
Of that white-liver'd cit,
That good fellows does hit
In teeth with a red nose;
May his nose look blue,
Or any dreadfuller hue,
That may speak him untrue,
And disloyal unto the head nose;
'Tis the scarlet that graces,
And sets out our faces,
And that nature base is, [nose.
That esteems not a copper nose more than a lead

All the world keeps a round,
First our fathers abound
In wealth, and buy ground,
And then leave it behind 'em;
We're straight put in black,
Where we mourn and drink sack,
And do t'other knack;
While they sleep in their graves we ne'er [mind 'em:
Thus we scatter the store,
As they rak'd it before;
And as for the poor, [them.
We enrich them as fast as our father did grind

THE ANTI-POLITICIAN.

COME, leave thy care, and love thy friend,
Live freely, don't despair;
Of getting money there's no end,
And keeping it breeds care.
If thou hast money at thy need,
Good company, and good wine;
His life, whose joys on wealth do feed,
's not half so sweet as thine.

I can enjoy myself and friends,
Without design or fear;
Below their envy, or base ends,
That politicians are.
I neither toil, nor care, nor grieve,
To gather, keep, or lose;
With freedom and consent I live,
And what's my own I use.

While men blown on with strong desires
Of riches or renown,
Though ne'er so high, would still be higher,
So tumble headlong down.
For princes' smiles turn oft to frowns,
And favours fade each hour;
He that to day heaps towns on towns,
To morrow's clapp'd i' th' Tower.

All that we get by all our store,
's but honour or dominion;
The one's but trouble varnish'd o'er,
And t'other's but opinion.
Fate rules the roast, times always change,
'Tis fancy builds all things;
How madly then our minds do range,
Since all we grasp hath wings.

Those empty terms of rich and poor,
Comparison hath fram'd;
He hath not much that covers more:
Want is but will nickname'd.
If I can safely think and live,
And freely laugh or sing,
My wealth I'll not for Crœsus give,
Nor change lives with a king.

THE NEW GENTRY.

Enough, for shame! leave off this fooling,
Pr'ythee cringe no more,
Nor admire the ill-gotten store
Of the upstart mushrooms of our nation
With blind and groundless adoration.
If thy nature still wants schooling,
As thou dost grow old, grow wise,
For age can easily advise,
And make thee know
'Tis only such as thou, [shion.
That bring and keep both fools and knaves in fa-

We make each other proud and knavish;
For wherever we
Great abundance chance to see,
There we fling both power and honour,
As if wealth were the only donor;
And our natures are so slavish,
That we tamely will submit
All our reason, strength, and wit,
And pay and pray
Great men in power, that they
Will take our liberty and trample on her.

What is't makes all men so much covet,
Toiling more and more
To increase a needless store,
So violently tug and haul for't,
Venturing body, soul, and all, for't?
The rich are flatter'd, and they love it:
We obey their shalls and musts;
And to gratify their lusts,
We madly strive
Who first ourselves shall give
And all that is ours to them, if they'll but call for't.

If we did take no notice of them,
Like not, nor applaud,
Their spoils obtain'd by force and fraud,
But would live content and jolly,
Laughing at their painful folly,
And would neither fear nor love them,
Underneath their loads they'd groan,
Or with shame would throw them down,
And live as free
From needless cares as we, [choly.
Slight pomp and wealth, that makes men melan-

Pray what are all these gaudy bubbles,
That so boast and rant
Of what they think they have, but ha'n't?
But men that had the luck of living,
And made others' fall their thriving,
Hailstones got in storms of troubles,
That for valour are as fit
For knights, as to be squires for wit,
Inspired with pride,
Did what good men defy'd,
Grown great by Protean turning and conniving.

That man that would have me adore him
With my heart, he must
Be noble, pow'rful, wise, and just,
And improve his parts and power
To support, not to devour;
Nor pride nor lust must e'er rule o'er him:
The bugbear greatness, without this,
An idle, empty pageant is:
He that doth rise,
And is not good and wise,
I honour not, but pity and deplore him.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

What tho' these ill times do go cross to our will,
And Fortune still frowns upon us,
Our hearts are our own, and they shall be so still,
A pin for the plagues they lay on us.
Let us take t'other cup,
To keep our hearts up,
And let it be purest Canary;
We'll ne'er shrink or care
For the crosses we bear,
Let 'em plague us until they be weary.

What tho' we are made both beggars and slaves,
Let us stoutly endure it, and drink on:
'Tis our comfort we suffer, 'cause we will not be knaves,
Our redemption will come ere we think on't.
We must flatter and fear
Those that over us are,
And make 'em believe that we love 'em;
When their tyranny's past,
We will serve them at last,
As they serv'd those that have been above 'em.

The Levites do preach for the goose and the pig,
To drink wine but at Christmas and Easter;
The doctor doth labour our lives to new-rig,
And makes Nature to fast, but we feast her;
The lawyer doth bawl
Out his lungs and his gall,
For the plaintiff and for the defendant;
At books the scholar lies
Till by flatus he dies,
With the ugly hard word at the end on't.

But here's to the man that delights in sol fa,
'Tis sack is his only rosin;
A load of heigh-hos are not worth a ha, ha;
He's the man for my money that draws in.
Come, a pin for this muck,
And a fig for ill luck,

'Tis better be blithe and frolic,
Than to sigh out our breath,
And invite our own death
By the gout, or the stone, and the cholic.

THE ANSWER TO THE CURSE AGAINST ALE.

O GAG, for shame, that strumpet Muse!
Let not her Spanish tongue abuse
Our wholesome and heroic English juice.

'Twas not this loyal liquor shut
Our gates against our sovereign, but
Strange drink into one tub together put.

When ale was drink canonical,
There were no thieves, nor watch, nor wall;
Men neither stole nor lack'd, for ale was all.

That poet ought be dry or dumb,
And to our brown bowls never come,
Who, drinking ale, vents only drugs and scum.

Nor had that soldier drunk enough,
For ale both valour gives and buff,
Makes men unkickable and cudgel-proof.

'Twas the meal, not mealman, was the cause
The mill fell down, for one small clause,
In one meal-act, hath overthrown our laws.

The worth of ale none can proclaim,
But by th' assistance of the same;
From it our land derives its noblest name.

With this men were inspir'd, but not
As kickshaw brains are now (God wot)
Inspir'd, that is, run mad, none knows with what.

How did our stout forefathers make
All anti-christian nations quake,
When they their nutbrown bowls and bills did take?

What noble sparks old ale did kindle!
But now strange drinks do make men dwindle,
And pigmies get, scarce fit to sway a spindle.

This liquor makes the drinkers fight
Stoutly, while others stoutly write:
This both creates the poet and the knight.

This makes the drawer in his gown
And chain to ride and rule the town,
Whose orient nose exemplifies his frown.

How reverently the burly host,
With basket-hilted pot and toast, [roast,
Commands the bak'd meats, and then rules the

But, oh, the brewer bears the bell!
This makes him to such highness swell,
As none but ale-inspir'd can think or tell.

Divert that curse, then, or give o'er,
Don Philip can hurt ale no more,
Than his armado England heretofore.

THE REFORMATION.

TELL not me of lords or laws,
Rules or reformation;
All that's done's not worth two straws
To the welfare of the nation.
Men in power do rant it still,
And give no reason but their will
For all their domination:
Or if they do an act that's just,
'Tis not because they would, but must,
To gratify some party's lust,
Or merely for a fashion.

Our expense of blood and purse
Has produc'd no profit:
Men are still as bad or worse,
And will be, whate'er comes of it.
We've shuffled out, and shuffled in,
The persons, but retain the sin,
To make our game the surer;
Yet, spite of all our pains and skill,
The knaves all in the pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Though something now demurer.

And it cannot but be so,
Since those toys in fashion,
And of souls so base and low,
And mere bigots of the nation,
Whose designs are power and wealth,
At which by rapines, fraud, and stealth,
Audaciously they vent're ye;
They lay their consciences aside,
And turn with every wind and tide,
Puff'd on by ignorance and pride,
And all to look like gentry.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they are crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little;
Mean men, for mean faults, in these times,
Make satisfaction to a tittle;
While those in office and in power
Boldly the underlings devour,
Our cobweb laws can't hold 'em:
They sell for many a thousand crown,
Things which were never yet their own;
And this is law and custom grown,
'Cause those do judge that sold 'em.

Brothers still with brothers brawl,
And for trifles sue 'em;
For two pronouns, that spoil all,
Those contentious meum, tuum,
The wary lawyer buys and builds,
While the client sells his fields,
To sacrifice to's fury;
And when he thinks to obtain his right,
He's baffled off, or beaten quite,
By th' judge's will or lawyer's slight,
Or ignorance of the jury.

See the tradesman how he thrives
With perpetual trouble,
How he cheats, and how he strives
His estate t' enlarge and double;
Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
To be a squire, and keep a coach,
And to be one o' th' quorum,
Who may with's brother worships sit,
And judge without law, fear, or wit,
Poor petty thieves, that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

And his way to get all this
Is mere dissimulation;
No factious lecture does he miss,
And 'scapes no schism that's in fashion;
But with short hair and shining shoes,
He with two pens and's note-book goes,

And winks and writes at random;
Thence, with short meal and tedious grace,
In a loud tone and public place,
Sings wisdom's hymns, that trot and pace,
As if Goliah scann'd 'em.

But when Death begins his threats,
And his conscience struggles,
To call to mind his former cheats,
Then at Heav'n he turns his juggles;
And out of all's ill-gotten store,
He gives a dribbling to the poor,
In a hospital or a school-house;
And the suborned priest, for's hire,
Quite frees him from th' infernal fire,
And places him i' th' angels' choir:
Thus these Jack-puddings fool us.

All he gets by's pains i' th' close,
Is, that he died worth so much,
Which he on's doubtful seed bestows,
That neither care nor know much:
Then Fortune's favourite, his heir,
Bred base, and ignorant and bare,
Is blown up like a bubble,
Who, wond'ring at's own sudden rise,
By pride, simplicity, and vice,
Falls to's sports, drink, drab, and dice,
And makes all fly like stubble.

And the Church the other twin,
Whose mad zeal enrag'd us,
Is not purify'd a pin
By all those broils in which she engag'd us;
We our wives turn'd out of doors,
And took in concubines and whores,
To make an alteration.
Our pulpiteers are proud and bold,
They their own wills and factions hold,
And sell salvation still for gold,
And here's our reformation.

'Tis a madness then to make
Thriving our employment,
And lucre love, for lucre's sake,
Since we've possession, not enjoyment.
Let the times run on their course,
For opposition makes them worse,
We ne'er shall better find 'em:
Let grandees wealth and power engross,
And honour too, while we sit close,
And laugh, and take our plenteous dose
Of sack, and never mind 'em.

FOR THE GENERAL'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Farewel, all cares and fears, let gladness come;
Let's all strive which shall most rejoice;
No more the trumpet, or the thund'ring drum,
Shall interrupt our peace with noise,
But all their offices shall be
Inherited by sprightly melody.
Th' enchanting lute, and the melodious lyre,
With well-tun'd souls does make
A full harmonious choir.

In vain do we ourselves, ourselves destroy,
In vain do English, English beat;
Contests are cruel, we must now wear joy,
And all in love, each other greet.
Our civil discords now shall cease,
And lose themselves in a desired peace.
All things by war are in a chaos hurl'd,
But love alone first made,
And still preserves the world.

The trophies of the conquerors of old,
And all the spoils with which they're crown'd,
Were all but types of what we do behold,
What they did seek for, we have found.
Here peace and plenty sweetly kist,
And both with loyalty and virtue twist:
Then let our joy rise high, that all may share it,
Let wealth and honour meet desert,
He that wins gold may wear it.

ON SIR C. B. HIS DEFEAT.

Pray, why should any man complain,
Or why disturb his breast or brain,
At this new alteration?
Since that which has been done's no more
Than what has been done before,
And that which will be done again,
As long's there are ambitious men
That strive for domination.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have periods and their term,
Their rise and declinations;
Those gaudy nothings we admire,
Which get above, and shine like fire,
Are empty vapours, rais'd from dust,
Whose mock-shine past, they quickly must
Fall down like exhalations.

But still we commons must be made
A gall'd, a lame, thin, hackney jade,
And all by turns will ride us,
This side and that, no matter which,
For both do ride with spur and switch,
Till we are tir'd; and then, at last,
We stumble, and our riders cast,
'Cause they'd nor feed nor guide us.

The insulting clergy quite mistook,
In thinking kingdoms past by book,
Or crowns were got by prating;
'Tis not the black coat, but the red,
Has pow'r to make, or be the head;
Nor is it words, or oaths, or tears,
But musquets or full bandoleers
Have power of legislating.

The lawyers must lay by their book,
And study Lambert more than Cook;
The sword's the learned'st pleader;
Reports and judgments will not do't,
But 'tis dragoons, and horse and foot:
Words are but wind, but blows come home;
A stout tongu'd lawyer's but a mome,
Compar'd to a stout file-leader.

Luck, wit, or valour, rule all things,
They pull down and they set up kings,
All laws are in their bosom;
That side is always right that's strong,
And that that's beaten must be wrong;
And he that thinks it is not so,
Unless he's sure to beat 'em too,
Is but a fool t' oppose 'em.

Let them impose taxes or rates,
'Tis but on those that have estates,
Not such as I and thou are;
But it concerns those worldlings which
Are left, or made, or else grow rich,
Such as have studied all their days
The saving and the thriving ways,
To be the mules of power.

If they reform the church or state,
We'll ne'er be troubled much thereat;
Let each man take's opinion:
If we don't like the church, you know
Taverns are free, and there we go;
And if every one would be
As clearly unconcern'd as we,
They'd ne'er fight for dominion.

AGAINST CORRUPTED SACK.

SACK! once my comfort and my dear delight,
Dull mortals' quick'ning spirit!
Thou didst once give affections, wit, and might,
Thou mad'st the lover and the wight,
Thou mad'st one die, and t'other fight;
Thou mad'st the poet, who made both, and thou
Inspir'dst our brains with genial fire, till now
Thou'st justly lost thy honour,
'Cause thou'st lost thy power and merit.

Now we depose thee from th' usurped throne,
Since thou'rt degenerate and disloyal;
Thou hast no proper father of thine own,
But art a bastard got by th' town,
By equivoque generation:
Thy bawds, the vintners, do compound thee more
Than Flavel or Besse-beer ere drudg'd a whore;
Nor canst thou now inspire nor feed,
Nor cherish; but destroy all.

Oh! where's that sprightly poetry and wit,
That should endure for ever?
Had Homer drank thy mixture, he had writ
Lines that would make the reader spit,
Nor beyond puns would Pindar get:
Virgil and Horace, if inspir'd by thee,
Had writ but lewd and pagan poetry;
Dull dropsi'd lines, or else as dry
And raging as a fever.

Treason's committed and contriv'd by thee,
Kingdoms and kings subverted;
'Tis thou mak'st rulers fools and cowards be,
And such as ought to bend the knee,
Madly invade the sovereignty:
Thou throw'st us on all actions, vile and fell,
First mak'st us do, and then thou mak'st us tell,
And whom we swore to serve,
By thee we basely have deserted.

Thou plague of bodies, and th' unnatural nurse
Of sickness, and physicians,
Ruin of wit, and strength, and fame, and purse,
Thou hast destroy'd poor mortals worse
Than the great plague, or Merosh curse!
In fifty-nine thou'st spilt more English blood
Than e'er in eighty-eight the Spaniard could
By his armado, or can since destroy
By's inquisitions.

Hence from my veins, from my desires be gone!
I loath thee, and defy thee!
I'll now find out a purer Helicon,
Which wits may safely feast upon,
And baffle thy hobgoblin Don;
And live to see thee and thy mongrel race
Contemn'd and rooted out of every place;
And those thou'st fool'd and wrong'd like me,
For ever, ever fly thee.

THE LAMENTATION.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

MOURN, London, mourn!
Bathe thy polluted soul in tears!
Return, return,
Thou hast more cause of grief than th' hadst fears,
For the whole kingdom now begins
To fell thy sorrows as they saw thy sins;
And now do no
Compassion show
Unto thy misery and woe,
But slight thy sufferings, as thou didst theirs.

Pride, tow'ring Pride,
And boiling Lust, those fatal twins,
Sit side by side,
And are become plantations of sins.
Hence thy rebellions first did flow,
Both to the King above, and him below.
And sordid Sloth,
The nurse of both,
Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth,
That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

Fire, raging fire,
Shall burn thy stately towers down,
Yet not expire,
Tigers and wolves, or men more savage grown,
Thy children's brains and thine shall dash,
And in your blood their guilty talons wash.
Thy daughters must
Allay their lust;
Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,
Till thy cap tumble as thou mad'st the crown.

Cry, London, cry!
Now, now petition for redress!
Where canst thou fly?
Thy emptied chests augment thy heaviness;
The gentry and the commons loath;
Th' adored houses slight thee worse than both:
The king, poor saint!
Would help, but can't;
To Heav'n alone unfold thy want,
Thence came thy plagues, thence only pity flow'th.

THE RIDDLE.

WRITTEN IN 1644.

No more, no more,
We are already pin'd,
And sore and poor
In body and in mind:
And yet our sufferings have been
Less than our sin.
Come, long-desired Peace, we thee implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

Lament, lament,
And let thy tears run down,
To see the rent
Between the robe and crown;
Yet both do strive to make it more
Than 'twas before.
War, like a serpent, has its head got in,
And will not end so soon as't did begin.

One body jars,
And with itself does fight;
War meets with wars,
And might resisteth might;
And both sides say they love the king,
And peace will bring.
Yet since these fatal civil broils begun,
Strange riddle! both have conquer'd, neither won.

One God, one king,
One true religion still,
In every thing
One law both should fulfil:
All these both sides does still pretend
That they defend;
Yet to increase the king and kingdom's woes,
Which side soever wins, good subjects lose.

The king doth swear,
That he doth fight for them;
And they declare,
They do the like for him:
Both say they wish and fight for peace,
Yet wars increase.
So between both, before our wars be gone,
Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

Since 'tis our curse
To fight we know not why,
'Tis worse and worse
The longer thus we lie.
For war itself is but a nurse
To make us worse.
Come, blessed Peace! we once again implore,
And let our pains be less, or power more.

ON THE KING'S RETURN.

Long have we waited for a happy end
Of all our miseries and strife;
But still in vain the swordmen did intend
To make them hold for term of life,
That our distempers might be made
Their everlasting livelihood and trade.

They entail their swords and guns,
And pay, which wounded more;
Upon their daughters and their sons,
Thereby to keep us ever poor.
And when the civil wars were past,
They civil government invade;
To make our taxes and our slavery last,
Both to their titles and their trade.

But now we are redeem'd from all,
By our indulgent king;
Whose coming does prevent our fall,
With loyal and with joyful hearts we'll sing.

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, royal May,
Welcome, long-desired Spring!
Many springs and Mays we've seen
Have brought forth what's gay and green:
But none is like this glorious day,
Which brings forth our gracious king.

A CATCH.

Let's leave off our labour, and now let's go play,
For this is our time to be jolly;
Our plagues and our plaguers are both fled away,
To nourish our griefs is but folly.
He that won't drink and sing,
Is a traitor to's king;
And so's he that does not look twenty years younger.
We'll look blithe and trim,
With rejoicing at him
That is the restorer, and will be the prolonger,
Of all our felicity and health,
The joy of our hearts, and increase of our wealth.
'Tis he brings our trading, our trading brings riches,
Our riches bring honours, at which every mind itches;
And our riches bring sack, and our sack brings us joy,
And our joy make us leap, and sing "Vive le roy."

FOR GENERAL MONK HIS ENTERTAINMENT AT CLOTHWORKER'S HALL.

Ring, bells! and let bonfires outblaze the Sun!
Let echoes contribute their voice!
Since now a happy settlement's begun,
Let all things tell how all good men rejoice.
If these sad lands by this
Can but obtain the bliss
Of their desired, though abused peace;
We'll never, never more
Run mad, as we've heretofore,
To buy our ruin; but all strife shall cease.

The cobler shall edify us no more,
Nor shall in divinity set any stitches;
The women we will no more bear and adore,
That preach with their husbands for the breeches.
The fanatical tribe,
That will not subscribe
To the orders of church and of state,
Shall be smother'd with the zeal
Of their new commonweal,
And no man will mind what they prate.

CHORUS.

We'll eat and we'll drink, we'll dance and we'll sing,
The Roundheads and Caves no more shall be nam'd;
But all join together to make up the ring,
And rejoice that the many-headed dragon is tam'd.
'Tis friendship and love that can save us and arm us,
And while we all agree, there is nothing can harm us.

THE ADVICE.

He that a happy life would lead
In these days of distraction,
Let him listen to me, and I will read
A lecture without faction.
Let him want three things,
Whence misery springs,
All which do begin with a letter;
Let him bound his desires
With what nature requires,
And with reason his humours fetter.

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
For that breeds cares and dangers,
Makes him hated above and envied below,
And a constant slave to strangers.
He is happiest of all
Whose estate is but small,
Yet enough to delight and maintain him:
He may do, they may say,
Having nothing to pay,
It will not quit costs to arraign him.

Nor must he be clogg'd with a wife;
For household cares encumber,
And do to one place confine a man's life,
'Cause he can't remove his lumber.
They're happiest by far
Who unwedded are,
And forage on all in common;
From all storms they can fly,
And if they should die,
They ruin nor child nor woman.

Nor let his brains o'erflow with wit,
That capers o'er's discretion;
'Tis costly to keep, and 'tis hard to get,
And 'tis dangerous in the possession.
They are happiest men
Who can scarce tell ten,
And beat not their brains about reason;
They may speak what will serve
Themselves to preserve,
And their words are ne'er taken for treason.

But of all fools there is none like the wit,
For he takes pains to show it;
When his pride or his drink work him into a fit,
Then straight he must be a poet.
Then his jests he flings
Both at states and at kings,
For applause and for bays and shadows,
Thinks a verse saves as well
As a circle or a spell,
'Till he drives himself to the Barbadoes.

He that within these bounds can live,
May baffle all disasters;
To Fortune and Fates commands he may give,
Which worldlings make their masters.
He may sing, he may laugh,
He may dance, he may quaff,
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly;
He may sleep without care,
And wake without fear,
And laugh at the whole world and its folly.

BALLADS.

THE SATIRE OF MONEY.

It is not the silver or gold of itself
That makes men adore it; but 'tis for its power:
For no man does doat upon pelf, because pelf,
But all court the lady in hopes of her dower.
The wonders that now in our days we behold,
Done by th' irresistible power of gold,
Our love, and our zeal, and allegiance do mould.

This purchaseth kingdoms, kings, sceptres, and crowns,
Wins battles, and conquers the conquerors bold;
Takes bulwarks, and castles, and armies, and towns;
Our prime laws are written in letters of gold.
'Tis this that our parliaments calls and creates,
Turns kings into keepers, and kingdoms to states,
And peopledoms this into highdoms translates.

This plots doth devise, then discovers what th' are,
This makes the great felons the lesser condemn,
Sets those on the bench that should stand at the bar,
Who judge such as by right ought to execute them;
Gives the boisterous clown his unsufferable pride,
Makes beggars, and fools, and usurpers to ride,
While ruin'd properties run by their side.

Stamp either the arms of the state or the king,
St. George or the breeches, C. R. or O. P.
The cross and the fiddle, 'tis all the same thing;
This still is the queen, whoe'er the king be.
This lines men's religion, builds doctrines and truth,
With zeal and the spirit the factious endu'th,
To club with St. Katherine, or sweet sister Ruth.

This made our black senate to sit still so long,
To make themselves rich by making us poor;
This made our bold army so daring and strong,
And that made them drive 'em like geese out of door.
'Twas this made the covenant-makers to make it,
And this made our Levites to make us to take it,
And this made both makers and takers forsake it.

This spawn'd the dunghill crew of committees and 'strators,
Who lived by picking their parliament's gums;
This made and then prospered rebels and traitors,
And made gentry of those that were the nation's scums.
This herald gives arms, not for merit, but store,
Gives coats unto such as did sell coats before,
If their pockets be lin'd but with argent and ore.

'Tis this makes the lawyer give judgment, and plead
On this side, or that side, on both sides or neither;
This makes yeomen clerks, that can scarce write or read,
And spawns arbitrary orders as various as the weather:
This makes the blue-lecturer pray, preach, and prate,
Without reason or truth, against king, church, or state,
To show the thin lining of his twice-cover'd pate.

'Tis this that makes earls, lords, knights, and esquires,
Without breeding, descent, wit, learning, or merit;
Makes ropers and ale-drapers sheriffs of shires,
Whose trade's not so low nor so base as their spirit:
This justices makes, and wise ones we know;
Furr'd aldermen likewise, and mayors also;
Makes the old wife to trot, and makes the mare go.

This makes the blue aprons write themselves worshipful,
And for this we stand bare, and before 'em do fall;
They leave their young heirs well fleeced with wool,
Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies are all,
Gaudy, Whom we're to call 'squires, and they're to pay lady,
Court the pale chambermaid, and nickname her a
And for want of discourse, they do swear and talk bawdy.

For money men's lives may be purchas'd and sold;
'Tis money breaks laws, and that mends 'em again:
Men venture their quiet and safety for gold,
When they won't stir a foot their rights to maintain.
This doctors createth of dunces; and those
Commanders, that use to pollute their hose,
This buys the spruce gallant his verse and his prose.

This marriages makes, 'tis the centre of love,
It draws on the man, and it pricks up the woman;
Birth, virtue, and parts, no affection can move,
While this makes lords bow to the brat of a broom-man.
Gives virtue and beauty to the lass that you woo,
Makes women of all sorts and ages to do;
'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too.

This horses procures you, and hawks, hounds, and hares, [your gelding:
'Tis this keeps your groom, and your groom keeps
It buys citizens' wives as well as their wares,
And makes your coy ladies so coming and yielding. [spring;
This buys us good sack, which revives like the
This gives the poetical fancies their wing;
This makes you as merry as we that do sing.

A NEW DIURNAL OF PASSAGES MORE EXACTLY DRAWN UP THAN HERETOFORE. PRINTED AND PUBLISHED 'TIS ORDER'D TO BE BY HENRY ELSING, THE CLERK OF THE P.

JUNE 1, 1643.

SINCE many diurnals (for which we are griev'd)
Are come from both houses, and are not believ'd;
The better to help them for running and flying,
We have put them in verse, t' authorise their lying.
For it has been debated, and found to be true,
That lying's a parliament privilege too: [hearse,
And that they may the sooner our conquests re-
We are minded to put them in galloping verse,
But so many maim'd soldiers from Reading there came, [lame.
That, in spite of the surgeons, make our verses go
We have ever us'd fictions, and now it is known,
Our poverty has made us poetical grown.

MONDAY.

ON Monday both houses fell into debate,
And were likely to fall by the ears as they sat;
Yet would they not have the business decided,
That they (as the kingdom is) might be divided.
They had an intention to prayers to go,
But extempore prayers are now common too.
To voting they fall; and the key of the work
Was the raising of money for the state and the kirk.
'Tis only free loan: yet this order they make,
That what men would not lend, they should plunder and take.
Upon this, the word plunder came into their mind,
And all of them did labour a new one to find:
They call'd it distraining: yet thought it no shame
To persist in the act, which they blush'd for to name.
They voted all persons from Oxford that came,
Should be apprehended: and after the same,
With an humble petition, the king they request
He'd be pleas'd to return, and be serv'd like the
A message from Oxford, conducing to peace, [rest.
Came next to their hands, that armes might cease.
They voted and voted, and still they did vary,
Till at last the whole sense of the house was contrary [gain
To reason; they knew by their arms they might
What neither true reason nor law can maintain.
Cessation was voted a dangerous plot; [not.
Because the king would have it, both houses would
But when they resolv'd, it abroad must be blown,
(To baffle the world) that the king would have none.
And carefully muzzled the mouth of the press,
Lest the truth should peep through their juggling dress. [harms,
For they knew a cessation would work them more
Than Essex could do the cavaliers with his arms.
While they keep the ships and the forts in their hand,
They may be traitors by sea, as well as by land.
The forts will preserve them as long as they stay,
And the ships carry them and their plunder away.
They have therefore good reason to account war the better,
For the law will prove to them but a killing letter.

TUESDAY.

A POST from his excellence came blowing his horn,
For money to advance, and this spun out the morn;
And straight to the city some went for relief,
The rest made an ordinance to carry powder-beef.
Thus up go the Round-heads, and Essex advances,
But only to lead his soldiers new dances.
To Reading he goes; for at Oxford (they say)
His wife has made bulwarks to keep him away.
Prince Rupert, for fear that the name be confounded,
Will saw off his horns, and make him a Round-head.
The news was returned with general fame,
That Reading was taken ere ever he came.
Then away rode our captains, and soldiers did run,
To show themselves valiant, when the battle was done,
Preparing to plunder, but as soon as they came,
They quickly perceiv'd it was but a flam:
An ordinance of parliament Essex brought down,
But that would not serve him to batter the town.
More money was rais'd, more men and ammunition,
Carts loaded with turnips, and other provision.
His excellence had chines and rams-heads for a present,
And his council of war had woodcock and pheasant.
But Ven had 5000 calves'-heads all in carts,
To nourish his men and to cheer up their hearts.
This made them so valiant, that that very day
They had taken the town but for running away.
'Twas order'd this day, that thanksgiving be made
To the Round-heads in sermons, for their beef and their bread.

WEDNESDAY.

Two members this day at a conference sat,
And one gives the other a knock on the pate.
This set them a voting and the upper house swore
'Twas a breach of privilege he gave him no more.
The lower the breaking their member's head voted
A breach of their privilege; for it is to be noted,

That reason and privilege in it did grow,
'Twas a breach of his crown and dignity too.
Then came in the women with a long long petition,
To settle militia and damn the commission.
For if fighting continue, they say they did fear,
That men would be scarce, and husbands be dear.
So plainly the speaker the business unties,
That presently all the members did rise.
They had hardly the leisure all things to lay ope,
But some felt in their bellies if they had not a pope.
Some strictly stood to them, and others did fear,
Each carried about them a fierce cavalier.
This business was handled by the close-committee,
That privately met at a place in the city.
So closely to voting the members did fall,
That the humble sisters were overthrown all.
But they and their helpers came short at the last,
Till at length the whole work on prince Griffith was cast.
And he with his troop did handle the matter,
He pleased every woman, as soon as he came at her.
The business had like to have gone on their side,
Had not Pym persuaded them not to confide;
For rather than peace, to fill the common-wealth,
He said he'd do them every night himself.

THURSDAY.

This day a great fart in the house they did hear,
Which made all the members make buttons for fear;
And one makes nine speeches while the business was hot, plot.
And spake through the nose that he smelt out the
He takes it to task, and the articles draws,
As a breach of their own fundamental laws.
Now letters were read which did fully relate
A victory against New-castle of late;
That hundreds were slain, and hundreds did run,
And all this was got ere the battle begun.
This then they resolv'd to make the best on;
And next they resolved upon the question,
That bonfires and praises, the pulpit and steeple,
Must all be suborned to cousen the people.
But the policy was more money to get,
For the conquests dear bought and far enough fet,
Such victories in Ireland, although it be known
They strive to make that land as bad as our own.
No sooner the money for this was brought hither,
But a croud of true letters came flocking together,
How Hotham and's army and others were beaten,
This made the blue members to startle and threaten.
And these by all means must be kept from the city,
And only referred to the privy-committee.
And they presently with an extempore vote,
Which they had used so long, that they learned by rote, turn them,
They stil'd them malignant, and to lies they did
Then Corbet in stead of the hangman, must burn them.
And he after that an ordinance draws, cause.
That none should tell truth that disparag'd the
Then Pym like a Pegasus trots up and down,
And takes up an angel to throw down a crown.
He stands like a centaur and makes a long speech,
That came from his mouth, and part from his breech.
He moves for more horse, that the army may be
Part man's flesh and horse flesh, as well as he;
And he'll be a colonel as well as another, mother.
But durst not ride a horse, 'cause a horse rid his

FRIDAY.

Sir Hugh Chulmley for being no longer a traitor,
Was accus'd of treason in the highest nature;
Cause he (as they bade him) his soldiers did bring,
To turn from rebellion and fight for the king.
They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men
Could vote him into the house again.
Sir David's remonstrance next to them was read,
From the city's round body and Isaac's the head.
'Twas approv'd; but one cause produc'd a denial,
That all traitors be brought to a legal trial.
For 'tis against reason to vote or to do
Against traitors when they are no other but so.
Because about nothing so long they sit still,
They hold it convenient diurnals to fill. charge
And therefore they gave their chronographer
To stuff it with orders and letters at large.
The king by's prerogative, nor by the law,
Can speak nor print nothing his people to draw.
Yet pennyless pamphleteers they do maintain,
Whose only religion is stipendary gain.
Yet cum privilegio, against king and the state,
The treason that's taught them (like parrots) they prate.
These hacknies are licens'd whatever they do,
As if they had parliament privilege too.
Thus then they consult, so zealous they are,
To settle the peace of the kingdom by war.
But against civil war their hatred is such, Dutch.
To prevent it they'll bring in the Scots and the
They had rather the land be destroy'd in a minute,
Than abide any thing that has loyalty in it;
And yet their rebellion so neatly they trim,
They fight for the king, but they mean for king Pym.
These all to fight for, and maintain are sent
The laws of England, but New-England is meant.
And though such disorders are broke in of late,
They keep it the anagram still of a state.
For still they are plotting such riches to bring
To make Charles a rich and glorious king.
And by this rebellion this good they will do him,
They'll forfeit all their estates unto him.
No clergy must meddle in spiritual affairs,
But Layton ne'er heard of it, losing his ears,
For that he might be deaf to the prisoners' cries,
To a spiritual gaoler's place he must rise.
The rest have good reason for what they shall do,
For they are both clergy and laity too.
Or else at the best when the question is stated,
They are but mechanics newly translated.
They may be committees to practise their bawling,
For stealing of horse is spiritual calling.
The reason why people our martyrs adore, more.
'Cause their ears being cut off their fame sounds the
'Twas order'd the goods of malignants and lands,
Shall be shar'd among them, and took into their hands.
They have spirits for more malignants to come,
That every one in the house may have some.
Then down to Guild-hall they return their thanks,
To the fools whom the lottery has cheated with blanks.

SATURDAY.

This day there came news of the taking a ship,
(To see what strange wonders are wrought in the deep.)
That a troop of their horse ran into the sea,
And pull'd out a ship alive to the key.
And after much prating and fighting they say,
The ropes serv'd for traces to draw her away.
Sure these were sea-horses, or else by their lying,
They'd make them as famous for swimming as flying.

The rest of the day they spent to bemoan
Their brother the Round-head that to Tyburn was gone;
And could not but think it a barbarous thing,
To hang him for killing a friend to the king.
He was newly baptized, and held it was good
To be washed, yet not in water, but blood.
They ordered for his honour to cut off his ears,
And make him a martyr, but a zealot appears,
And affirm'd him a martyr, for although 'twas his fate
To be hang'd, yet he dy'd for the good of the state.
Then all fell to plotting of matters so deep,
That the silent speaker fell down fast asleep.
He recovers himself and rubs up his eyes,
Then motions his house that it was time to rise.
So home they went all, and their business referr'd
To the close-committee by them to be heard;
They took it upon them, but what they did do,
Take notice that none but themselves must know.

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus far we have gone in rhyme to disclose,
What never was utter'd by any in prose.
If any be wanting, 'twas by a mishap,
Because we forgot to weigh't by the map.
For over the kingdom their orders were spread,
They have made the whole body as bad as the head.
And now made such work that all they do,
Is but to read letters and answer them too.
We thought to make finis the end of the story,
But that we shall have no more business for you.
For (as their proceedings do) so shall our pen,
Run roundly from Monday to Monday again.
And since we have begun, our Muse doth intend,
To have (like their votes) no beginning nor end.

ON THE DEMOLISHING THE FORTS.

Is this the end of all the toil,
And labour of the town?
And did our bulwarks rise so high,
Thus low to tumble down?

All things go by contraries now,
We fight to still the nation,
Who build forts to pull down popery,
Pull down for edification.

These independents' tenets, and
Their ways so pleasing be,
Our city won't be bound about,
But stands for liberty.

The popish doctrine shall no more
Prevail within our nation;
For now we see that by our works,
There is no justification.

What an almighty army's this,
How worthy of our praising,
That with one vote can blow down that
All we so long were raising!

Yet let's not wonder at this change,
For thus 'twill be withall,
These works did lift themselves too high,
And pride must have a fall.

And when both houses vote again,
The cavies to be gone,
Nor dare to come witin the lines,
Of communication.

They must reserve the sense or else,
Refer't to the divines,
And they that need sit seven years more
E're they can read those lines.

They went to make a Gotham on't,
For now they did begin
To build these mighty banks about,
To keep the cuckoos in.

Alas what need they take such pains!
For why a cuckoo here,
Might find so many of his mates,
He'll sing here all the year.

Has Isaac our L. Mayor, L. Mayor,
With tradesmen and his wenches,
Spent so much time, and cakes and beer,
To edify these trenches!

All trades did show their skill in this,
Each wife an engineer:
The mayoress took the tool in hand,
The maids the stones did bear.

These bulwarks stood for popery,
And yet we never fear'd 'em,
And now they worship and fall down,
Before those calves that rear'd 'em.

But though for superstition,
The crosses have been down'd,
Who'ld think these works would popish turn,
That ever have been round?

This spoils our palmistry; for when
We'll read the city's fate,
We find nor lines nor crosses now,
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the aldermen,
Will no more money lend,
When they that in these seven years,
Such learned works have penn'd,

Now to debase their lofty lines,
In which the wits delighted,
'Tis thought they'll ne'er turn poets more,
Because their works are slighted.

These to a doleful tune are set,
For they that in the town,
Did every where cry Up go we,
Now they must sing Down, down.

But if that Tyburn do remain,
When t'other slighted be,
The cits will thither flock and sing,
Hay, hay, then up go we.

THE CLOWN.

Ah surra, is't a come to this?
That all our weeze-men do zo miss?
Esdid think zo much avore,
Have we kept vighting here zo long,
To zell our kingdome vor a zong,
O that ever chwor a bore!

Echave a be a cavaliero,
Like most weeze-men that escood heaor,
And shoor sdid wish 'um well,
But within sdid zee how the did go
To cheat the king and country too,
Esbid 'um all vorwell.

Thoo whun the club men wor so thick,
Esput my zive upon a stick,
And about eswent among 'um,
And by my troth esdid suppose
That they were honester than those
That now do zwear they'll hang 'um.

Was't not enow to make men vite,
When villains come by de and night,
To plunder and undoe 'um,
And garrizons did vet all in,
And steep the country to the skin,
And we zet nothing to 'um?

But we had zoon a scurvy pluck,
The better men the worser luck,
We had knaves and fools among us;
Zome turn'd, zome cowards run away,
And left a vew behind to try,
And bloody rogues to bang us.

But now 'tis a come to a scurvy matter,
Cham in the house of the surgan strater,
That have no grace, nor pitty,
But here they peel, and pole, and squeeze;
And when cha' paid them all their fees,
They turn me to the mittee.

Like furies they zit by three and three,
And all their plots to beggar we,
Like Pilate and the Jews;
And zome do zee that both do know,
Of thick above, and these below,
'Tis not a turd to chose.

But tho' echood redeem my grown,
Es went to London to compown,
And ride through weene and weather,
Estraid there eight and twonty weeks,
And chwor at last zo much to zeek,
As when es vur'st come thither.

There whun's zeed voke to church repair,
Espi'd about vor common-praoer,
But no zuch thing scould zee,
The zed the common'st that was there,
Was vrom a tub or a wicker chair,
They call'd it stumpere.

Es hurd 'um pray, and every word,
As the wor sick, they cry'd O Lord,
And thoo ston still agen,
And vor my life escould not know,
Whun they begun or had ado,
But when they zed amen.

They have a new word, 'tis not preach,
Zdo think zome o'me did call it teach,
A trick of their devizing,
And there zo good a nap sdid vet,
Till 'twas adoo, that's past sun-zet,
As if twor but zun rising.

At night zo zoon's chwar into bed,
Sdid all my prayers without book read,
My creed and pater-noster,
Me think zet all their prayers to thick,
And they do go no more aleek,
Than an apple's like an oyster.

Chad nead to watch zo well as pray,
Whun chave to do with zuch as they,
Or else es may go zeek;
They need not bid a monthy vast,
Vor if zoo be these times do last,
Twool come to zeav'n a week.

Es waited there a huges time,
And brib'd thick men to know my crime,
That esmed make my pease,
At last esvown my purse was vat,
And if chwould be reform'd of that,
They wood give me a release.

Esgid 'um bond vor neevescore pown,
Bezides what chad a paid 'um down.
And thoo they made me sweare,
Whun chad a reckon'd what my cost are,
Es swear'd chood and zit down aloster,
Vor by my troth chawr weary.

Thoo when scome home esbote some beass
And chowr in hope we should ha' peace,
Case here's no cavaliers;
But now they zed's a new quandary,
Tween pendents and presbytary,
Cham agast they'll go by the ears.

Esbore in hon 'twould never last,
The mittees did get wealth zo vast,
And gentlemen undoo,
Usd wonderkins toold make one mad,
That three or four livings had,
Now can't tell whare to go.

Cha zeed the time when escood gee,
My dater more than zix of thee:
But now by briles and stortions,
Zome at our wedden ha bestow'd
In gloves more than avore this wood
A made three daters' portions.

One om ow'd me three hundred pown,
Es zend vor zome, he paid it down;
But within three days ater;
Ech had a ticket to restore
The same agen, and six times more,
Is'nt this a cozning matter!

Whun chood not do't smot to black-rod,
A place was nere a made by God,
And there chowr vain to lye,
Till chad a gidd'n up his bon,
And paid a hundred more in hon,
And thoo smed come away.

Nay now they have a good hon made,
What if the Scots should play the jade,
And keep awy our king?
War they not mad in all these dangers,
To go and trust the king with strangers?
Was ever such a thing?

We ha' nor scrip nor scrole to show,
Whether it be our king or no,
And if they should deny an,
They'll make us vight vor 'n once more,
As well's agaenst'n heretovore,
How can we else come by'n.

They had been better paid 'um down
Their vorty hundred thousand pown,
And zo zet 'um gwine,
Vor cham agast avore thee go,
The'll hav' our grown and mony too,
Cham sore afeard of mine.

Another trick they do devize,
The vive and twonty part and size.
And there at every meeting,
We pay vor wives and childrens pole
More then they'll ever yield us whole,
'Tis abomination cheating.

We can nor eat, nor drink, nor lye
We our own wives by and by;
We pay to knaves that couzen;
My dame and I ten children made,
But now we do gee of the trade,
Vor fear should be a douzen.

Then lets to clubs agen and vight,
Or lets take it all out right;
Vor thus they mean to sare,
All thick be right, they'll strip and use,
And deal with them as bad as Jews,
All custen voke beware.

ON A BUTCHER'S DOG THAT BIT A COMMANDER'S MARE THAT STOOD TO BE KNIGHT OF A SHIRE.

ALL you that for parliament members do stand
For county, borough or city,
Listen now to my song, which is doleful for and
A lamentable ditty.

For you must take notice that there was a dog,
Nay a mastiff dog (you see),
And if this great dog were ty'd to a great clog,
It had been full happy for we.

And eke there was a great colonel stout,
That had been in many a slaughter,
But this mastiff to eat him was going about,
As you shall hear hereafter.

You bloody malignants why will you still plot?
'Twill bring you to hanging you know;
For if this dog had done what he did not,
How had he been us'd I trow!

But happy was it for sweet Westminster
When they went to make their choice;
That this plot was found out, for why should this cur
In elections have a voice?

For surely this mastiff, though he was big,
And had been lucky at fighting,
Yet he was not qualify'd worth a fig,
And therefore he fell a biting.

But whom do you think? a thing of great note,
And a worthy commander's mare,
O what a strange battle had there been fought,
Had they gone to fight dog, fight bear.

This dog was a leveller in his heart,
Or some tub-preaching cur;
For honour or greatness he car'd not a fart,
And lov'd neither lord nor sir.

For when the commander was mounted on high,
And got above many a brother,
It angred this dog at the guts verily,
To see one man above another.

And therefore he run at him with open mouth,
But it seems the dog was but dull;
He had as good took a bear by the tooth,
As mistook a horse for a bull.

But this plot was discover'd in very good time,
And strangely, as you may perceive,
For the people saw him committing this crime,
And made him his biting leave.

And so they were parted without any harm,
That now any body seeth;
For it seems this dog that made all this alarm,
Did but only show his teeth.

So this cavalier cur was beaten full sore,
And had many a knock on the pate, [more,
But they serv'd him aright if they had beat him
For meddling with matters of state.

Now Heaven look down on our noble protector,
His commanders and members eke,
And keep him from the teeth of every elector,
That is not able to speak.

And hang all such dogs as their honours do hate,
Let them clear themselves if they can,
For if they be suffered to be in the state,
They'll conspire against horse and man.

THE NEW KNIGHT ERRANT.

OF giants and knights, and their wonderful fights,
We have stories enough in romances, [true,
But I'll tell you one new, that is strange and yet
Though t'other are nothing but fancies.

A knight lately made of the governing trade,
Whose name he'll not have to be known;
Has been trucking with fame, to purchase a name,
For 'tis said he had none of his own.

He by fortune's design, should have been a divine,
And a pillar no doubt of the church;
Whom a sexton (God wot) in the belfry begot,
And his mother did pig in the porch.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned hogfeeding,
With which he so long did converse, [nature
That his manners and feature, was so like their
You'ld scarce know his sweetness from theirs.

But observe the device of this nobleman's rise,
How he hurried from trade to trade, [higher
From the grains he'd aspire to the yest, and then
Till at length he a drayman was made.

Then his dray-horse and he, in the streets we did see,
With his hanger, his sling, and his jacket;
Long time he did watch, to meet with his match,
For he'd ever a mind to the placket.

At length he did find out a trull to his mind,
And Ursula was her name; [quoth she,
"Oh Ursly," quoth he, and "Oh Tom," then
And so they began their game.

But as soon as they met, O such babes they did get,
And blood-royal in 'em did place, [dam,
From a swineherd they came, a she-bear was their
They were suckled as Romulus was.

At last when the rout, with their head did fall out,
And the wars thereupon did fall in,
He went to the field with a sword, but no shield,
Strong drink was his buckler within.

But when he did 'spy, how they dropp'd down and
And did hear the bullets to sing; [die,
His arms he flung down, and run fairly to town,
And exchang'd his sword for his sling.

Yet he claim'd his share, in such honours as were
Belonging to nobler spirits;
That ventur'd their lives, while this buffoon survives
To receive the reward of their merits.

When the wars were all done, he his fighting begun,
And would needs shew his valour in peace,
Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,
And frets like a hog in his grease.

For his first feat of all, on a wit he did fall,
A wit as some say, and some not,
Because he'd an art, to rhime on the quart,
But never did care for the pot.

And next on the cocks, he fell like an ox,
Took them and their masters together; [sirs,
But the combs and the spurs, kept himself and his
Who are to have both or neither.

The cause of his spite was because they would fight,
And because he durst not he did take on;
And said they were fit, for the pot, not the spit,
And would serve to be eaten with bacon.

But flesh'd with these spoils, the next of his toils,
Was to fall with wild beasts by the ears,
To the bearward he goeth, and then opened his mouth;
And said, "Oh! are you there with your bears?"

Our stories are dull, of a cock and a bull,
But such was his valour and care;
Since he bears the bell, the tales that we tell,
Must be of a cock and a bear.

The crime of the bears was, they were cavaliers,
And had formerly fought for the king;
And pull'd by the burs the roundheaded curs,
That they made their ears to ring.

Our successor of kings, like blind fortune, flings
Upon him both honour and store;
Who has as much right, to make Tom a knight,
As Tom has desert and no more.

But Fortune that whore, still attended this brewer,
And did all his atchievements reward;
And blindly did fling, on this lubberly thing,
More honour, and made him a lord.

Now he walks with his spurs, and a couple of curs
At his heels, which he calls squires;
So when honour is thrown, on the head of a clown,
'Tis by parasites held up, and liars.

The rest of his prauks, will merit new thanks,
With his death, if we did but know it;
But we'll leave him and it, to a time and place fit,
And Greg. shall be funeral poet.

THE NEW MOUNTEBANK.

If any body politic,
Of plenty or ease be very sick,
There's a physician come to town,
Of far fetcht fame and high renown:
Though call'd a mountebank, 'tis meant
Both words being French, a parliament;
From Geneva and Amsterdam,
From Germany and Scotland came;
Now lies in London, but the place
If men say true, is in his face.
His scaffold stands on Tower-hill,
When he on Strafford try'd his skill:
Off went his head, you'll think him slain,
But straight 'twas voted on again.
Diurnals are his weekly bills,
Which speak how many he cures or kills:
But of the errata he'll advise,
For cure read kill, for truth read lies.

If any traitor be diseased
With a sore neck, and would be eased;
There is a pill, they cull a vote,
Take it extempore it shall do't.
If any conscience be too strict,
Here's several pills from lectures pick'd,
Which swallowed down will stretch it full,
As far as 'tis from this to Hull.
Is any by religion bound,
Or law, and would be looser found;
Here's a glister which we call
His privilege o'er-topping all.
Is any money left, or plate,
Or goods? bring 't in at any rate:
He'll melt three shillings into one,
And in a minute leave you none.
Here's powder to inspire the lungs,
Here's water that unties your tongues;
Spite of the law, 'twill set you free,
To speak treason only lispingly.
Here's leeches, which if well apply'd,
And fed, will stick close to your side,
Till your superfluous blood decay,
Then they'll break and drop away.
But here's a sovereign antidote,
Be sure our sovereign never know't;
Apply it as the doctor pleases,
'Twill cure all wounds and all diseases;
A drug none but himself e'er saw,
'Tis call'd a fundamental law.
Here's glasses to delude your sight,
Dark lanthorns here, here bastard light:
This if you conquer trebles the men,
If lose a hundred, seems but ten.
Here's opium to lull asleep,
And here lie dangerous plots in steep.
Here stands the safety of the city,
There hangs the invisible committee.
Plund'ring's the new philosopher's stone,
Turns war to gold, and gold to none.
And here's an ordinance that shall,
At one full shot enrich you all.
He's skilled in the mathematics,
And with his circle can do fine tricks,
By raising spirits that can smell
Plots that are hatch'd as deep as Hell:
Which ever to themselves are known:
The devil's ever kind to his own.
All this he gratis doth, and saith,
He'll only take the public faith;
Flock to him then, make no delay,
The next fair wind he must away.

THE SAINT'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1643.

Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause,
Fear not the cavaliers;
Their threatnings are as senseless, as
Our jealousies and fears.
'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good;
By robbing churches, plund'ring men,
And shedding guiltless blood.

Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone we shall be blest
The clean contrary way.

When Charles we've bankrupt made, like us
Of crown and power bereft him;
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him;
When we've beggar'd all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right.
If any make a scruple on't,
Our declarations say
Who fight for us, fight for the king,
The clean contrary way.

At Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,
And divers places more;
What victories we saints obtain'd,
The like ne'er seen before.
How often we prince Robert kill'd,
And bravely won the day,
The wicked cavaliers did run
The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace and plenty;
The privilege of parliament,
Not known to one of twenty;
The ancient fundamental laws,
And teach men to obey
Their lawful soveveign, and all these,
The clean contrary way.

We subjects' liberties preserve,
By prisonment and plunder,
And do enrich our selves and state
By keeping the wicked under.
We must preserve mechanics now,
To lecturise and pray;
By them the gospel is advanc'd,
The clean contrary way.

And though the king be much misled
By that malignant crew,
He'll find us honest, and at last
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot, and plot
Rebellion to destroy,
He sees we stand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

The public faith shall save our souls,
And good out-works together,
And ships shall save our lives that stay,
Only for wind and weather.
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to Heaven,
The clean contrary way.

WRITTEN IN 1648.

Come let us be merry,
Drink claret and sherry,
And cast away care and sorrow;
He's a fool that takes care for to-morrow.
Why should we be droopers,
To save it for troopers.
Let's spend our own,
And when all is gone,
That they can have none,
Then the Roundheads and Caves agree.

Then fall to your drinking,
And leave off this shrinking,
Let Square-heads and Round-heads quarrel,
We have no other foe but the barrel.
These cares and disasters,
Shall ne'er be our masters,
English and Scot,
Doth both love a pot,
Though they say they do not,
Here the Roundheads and Caves agree.

A man that is armed
With liquor is charmed,
And proof against strength and cunning,
He scorns the base humour of running.
Our brains are the quicker,
When season'd with liquor,
Let's drink and sing,
Here's a health to our king,
And I wish in this thing,
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

A pox of this fighting;
I take no delighting,
In killing of men and plunder,
A gun affrights me like a thunder.
If we can live quiet,
With good drink and diet,
We won't come nigh,
Where the bullets do fly:
In fearing to die,
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

'Twixt Square-head and Round-head
The land is confounded,
They care not for fight or battle,
But to plunder our goods and cattle.
When'e'er they come to us,
They come to undo us,
Their chiefest hate
Is at our estate,
And in sharing of that,
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

In swearing and lying,
In cowardly flying,
In whoring, in cheating, and stealing,
They agree; and all damnable dealing.
He's a fool and a widgeon,
That thinks they've religion,
For law and right,
Are o'er-rul'd by might,
But when they should fight,
Then the Roundheads and Caves agree.

Then while we have treasure,
Let's spare for no pleasure,
He's a fool that has wealth and won't spend it,
But keeps it for troopers to end it.
When we've nothing to leave 'em,
Then we shall deceive 'em,
If all would be
Of such humours as we,
We should suddenly see
Both the Roundheads and Caves agree.

THE SCOTS' CORANTO.

WRITTEN IN 1645.

COME, come away to the English wars,
A fig for our hills and vallies,
'Twas we did begin, and will lengthen their jars,
We'll gain by their loss and follies;
Let the nations
By invasions,
Break through our bars,
They can get little good by their sallies.

Though Irish and English entered be,
The state is become our debtor.
Let them have our land, if their own may be free
And the Scot will at length be a getter.
If they crave it
Let them have it,
What care we?
We would fain change our land for a better.

Long have we longed for the English land,
But we're hinder'd still by disasters;
But now is their time, when they can't withstand,
But are their own country's wasters.
If we venture,
We may enter
By command,
And at last we shall grow to be masters.

When at the first we began to rebel,
Though they did not before regard us,
How the name of a Scot did the English quell,
Which formerly have out-dar'd us.
For our coming,
And returning,
They pay'd us well,
And royally did reward us.

The better to bring our ends about,
We must plead for a reformation;
And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,
With the hopes of an innovation.
They will love us
And approve us,
Without doubt,
If we bring in an alteration.

Down with the bishops and their train,
The surplice and common prayers,
Then will we not have a king remain,
But we'll be the realm's surveyors.

A NEW BALLAD.

A BALLAD, a ballad, a new one and true,
And such are seldom seen;
He that won't write ballads, and sing 'em too,
Has neither wit nor spleen.
For a man may be furnished with so much matter,
That he need not lie, or rail, or flatter,
'Twill run from his tongue as easy as water,
And as swiftly though not so clean.

To see how the times are twirled about,
Would make a dog laugh, 'tis true; [gout,
But to see those turn with 'em, that had the rump-
Would make a cat to spew.
Those knaves that have lived upon sequestration,
And sucked the blood of the best of the nation,
Are all for the king by a new translation,
He that won't believe't, is a Jew.

The poor Cavaliers, thought all was their own,
And now was their time to sway,
But friends they have few, and money they've none,
And so they mistook their way. [rout 'em
When they seek for preferments the rebels do
And having no money, they must go without 'em,
The courtiers do carry such stomachs about 'em,
They spake no English but pay.

And those very rebels that hated the king,
And no such office allow;
By the help of their boldness, and one other thing,
Are brought to the king to bow.
And there both pardons, and honours they have,
With which they think they're secure and brave,
But the title of knight, on the back of a knave,
Is like a saddle upon a sow.

Those men are but fools, as matters now stand,
That would not be rebels and traitors,
To grow rich and rant o'er the best of the land,
And tread on the poor cinque quaters.
To do what they list, and none dare complain,
To rise from a cart and drive Charles his wain,
And for this be made lords and knights in grain,
O 'tis sweet to ambitious natures.

If the times turn about 'tis but to comply,
And make a formal submission;
And with every new power to live and die,
Then they are in a safe condition.
For none are condemned but those that are dead,
Nor must be secur'd, but those that are fled,
And none but the poor rogues sequestred,
The great ones buy remission.

The fortieth part of their riches will
Secure t'other thirty-nine;
And so they will keep above us still,
But hang't, we'll ne'er repine.
The devil does into their natures creep,
That they can no more from their villany keep,
Than a wolf broke loose, can from killing of sheep,
Or a poet refrain from wine.

Now Heaven preserve our merciful king,
And continue his grace and pity,
And may his prosperity be like a spring,
And stream from him to the city!
May James and Henry, those dukes of renown,
Be the two supporters of England's crown!
And may all honest men enjoy what's their own!
And so I conclude my ditty.

THE HOLY PEDLAR.

FROM a foreign shore
I am not come to store
Your shops with rare devices:
No drugs do I bring
From the Indian king,
No peacocks, apes, nor spices.
Such wares I do show
As in England do grow,
And are for the good of the nation;
Let no body fear
To deal in my ware,
For sacrilege now's in fashion.

I the pedlar am,
That came from Amsterdam,

With a pack of new religions,
I did every one fit,
According to's wit,
From the tub to Mahomet's pigeons.
Great trading I found,
For my spiritual ground,
Wherein every man was a meddler;
I made people decline
The learned divine,
And then they bought Heaven of the pedlar.

First surplices I took,
Next the common-prayer book,
And made all those papists that us'd 'em;
Then the bishops and deans
I stripp'd of their means,
And gave it to those that abus'd 'em.
The clergymen next,
I withdrew from their text,
And set up the gifted brother;
Thus religion I made,
But a matter of trade,
And I car'd not for one or t'other.

Then tythes I fell upon,
And those I quickly won,
'Twas profane in the clergy to take 'em;
But they serv'd for the lay,
Till I sold them away,
And so did religious make 'em.
But now come away
To the pedlar I pray,
I scorn to rob or cousen;
If churches you lack,
Come away to my pack,
Here's thirteen to the dozen.

Church militants they be,
For now we do see,
They have fought so long with each other;
The Rump's-churches threw down
Those that stood for the crown,
And sold them to one another.
Then come you factions crew,
Here's a bargain now for you,
With the spoils of the church you may revel;
Now pull down the bells,
And then hang up your selves,
And so give his due to the devil.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

WRITTEN IN 1645.

I love my king and country well,
Religion and the laws,
Which I'm mad at the heart that e'er we did sell,
To buy the good old cause.
These unnatural wars
And brotherly jars,
Are no delight or joy to me;
But it is my desire,
That the wars should expire,
And the king and his realms agree.

I never yet did take up arms.
And yet I dare to die;
But I'll not be seduc'd by fanatical charms,
Till I know a reason why;
Why the king and the state,
Should fall to debate
I ne'er could yet a reason see,
But I find many one,
Why the wars should be done,
And the king and his realms agree.

I love the king and the parliament,
But I love them both together;
And when they by division asunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither.
Which so e'er of those,
Be victorious,
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be,
For our plagues will increase,
Unless we have peace,
And the king and his realms agree.

The king without them can't long stand.
Nor they without the king;
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command
For their power from his must spring.
'Tis a comfortless sway,
Where none will obey.
If the king han't 's right, which way shall we?
They may vote and make laws,
But no good they will cause,
Till the king and his realms agree.

A pure religion I would have,
Not mixt with human wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave,
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law,
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree.
And I fain would have such,
As do meddle so much,
With the king and the church agree.

We have pray'd and pay'd that the wars might cease,
And we be freemen made,
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,
But war is become a trade.
Our servants did ride
With swords by their side,
And made their masters footmen be;
But we will be no more slaves
To the beggars and knaves,
Now the king and the realms do agree.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN IN 1643.

What's this that shrouds,
In these opacous clouds,
The glorious face of Heav'n, and dims our light?
What must we ever lie,
Mantled in dark stupidity?
Still groveling in a daily night?
And shall we have no more the Sun allow'd?
Why does the Sun grow dim? or do the stars grow proud?
Why should false zeal
Thus scorch our commonweal,
And make us slight bright Phœbus' purer fires?
Why do these planets run?
They would, but cannot be the Sun,
Yet every saucy flame aspires,
Though they've no reason to affect the same,
Since they have nought of fire, but the mere rage and name.

Now since our Sun
Has left this horizon,
Can all the stars, though by united pow'r,
Undark the night,
Or equal him in light?
And yet they blaze to make him lour.
That star that looks more red than others are,
Is a prodigious comet and a blazing star.

The world's undone,
When stars oppose the Sun,
And make him change his constant course to rest;
His foaming steeds,
Flying those daring deeds,
I'th' stables of the north or west;
When we may fear he'll never more return,
To light and warm us with his rays, but all to burn.

Heav'n made them all,
Yet not anarchical,
But in degrees and orders they are set;
Should they all be
In a grand committee,
In Heaven's painted chamber yet,
Sol would out shine them: give me Phœbus' ray,
And let those lanthorns keep their borrowed light away.

Let's not admire
This new phantastic fire;
That our vain eyes deceives and us misleads,
Those bears we see
That would our lions be,
Want tails, and will want heads.
The world will soon into destruction run, [the Sun.
When bold blind Phaetons guide the chariot of

PALINODE.

No more, no more of this, I vow,
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but fools call wit;
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done,
And meddle no more with it.
He physic's use doth quite mistake,
That physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
Inspir'd my brain and blood,
And made me then converse with toys,
Which are call'd Muses by the boys,
And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days,
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And business checks my love;
What need I take a needless toil,
To spend my labour, time and oil,
Since no design can move.
For now the cause is ta'en away,
What reason is't the effect should stay?

'Tis but a folly now for me,
To spend my time and industry,
About such useless wit;
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh, but cannot tell
Where 't be at me or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th,
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
The premium is so small;
To be called poet and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays,
This is no wit at all.
Wit only good to sport and sing,
Is a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it, but in's own defence,
Ne'er learn'd but of his grannum:
He that can buy, and sell, and cheat,
May quickly make a shift to get
His thousand pound per annum;
And purchase, without much ado,
The poems and the poet too.

EPISTLES.

TO C. C. ESQ.

Inspired with love and kindled by that flame,
Which from your eye and conversation came,
I proceed versifier, and can't choose,
Since you are both my patron and my Muse.
Whose fair example makes us know and do,
You make us poets, and you feed us too.
And though where'er you are is Helicon.
Since all the Muses proudly wait upon
Your parts and person too; while we sit here
And like Baal's priests our flesh do cut and tear.
Yet, for our lives, can't make our baggage Muse
Lend us a lift, or one rich thought infuse,
Or be as much as midwife to a quibble,
But leave us to ourselves with pangs to scribble
What, were we wise, we might well blush to view:
While we're invoking them, they're courting you.
Yet I conceive (and won't my notion smother)
You and your house contribute to each other.
Such hills, such dales, such plains, such rocks, such springs,
And such a confluence of all such things
As raise and gratify the Muses, so
That in one night I was created po-
That's half a poet, I can't reach to et,
Because I'm not a perfect poet, yet,
And I despair perfection to attain,
Unless I'm sent to school to you again.
Alas, sir, London is no place for verse!
Ingenious harmless thoughts, polite and terse,
Our age admits not, we are wrapp'd in smoke,
And sin, and business, which the Muses choke.
Those things in which true poesy takes pleasure,
We here do want; tranquillity and leisure.
Yet we have wits, and some that for wits go,
Some real ones, and some that would be so,
But 'tis ill-natured wit, and such as still,
To th' subject or the object worketh ill;
A wit to cheat, to ruin, to betray,
Which renders useless what we do or say.
This wit will not bear verse, some things we have,
Who in their out-side do seem brisk and brave,
And are as gaudy as the chancellor's purse;
But full as empty too. And here's our curse,
Few men discern the difference 'twixt wit
That's sterling, and that's not, but looks like it.
Inrich us with your presence, make us know
How much the nation does to Derby owe.

But if your business will not be withstood,
Do what you can, since you can't what you would.
Those lovely sportings of your frolic Muse,
Wherewith you blest me, send me to peruse;
And out of gratitude I'll send you mine,
They'll rub your virtues, and so make them shine.
Your charity and patience will in them,
Find work t' acquit, what justice must condemn.
And if you please send one propitious line,
To dignify these worthless toys of mine.
The reader charm'd by your's, may be so bold
To read o'er mine, which else he'd not behold;
And then in spite of envy, pride, or lying,
Must say h' has met with something worth the buying.

THE ANSWER.

When in this dirty corner of the world,
Where all the rubbish of the rest is hurl'd,
Both men and manners; this abandon'd place,
Where scarce the Sun dares shew his radiant face,
I met thy lines, they made me wond'ring stand,
At thy unknown, and yet the friendly hand.
Straight through the air m' imagination flew
To ev'ry region I had seen, or knew;
And kindly bless'd (at her returning home)
My greedy ear, with the glad name of Brome.
Then I reproach'd myself for my suspence,
And mourn'd my own want of intelligence,
That could not know thy celebrated Muse,
(Though mask'd with all the art that art can use)
At the first sight, which to the dullest eyes,
No names conceal'd, nor habit can disguise.
For who (ingenious friend) but only thee,
(Who art the soul of wit, and courtesy)
Writes in so pure, an unaffected strain,
As shows, wit's ornament is to be plain;
Or would caress a man condemn'd to lie
Buried from all humane society,
'Mongst brutes and bandogs in a Lernean fen,
Whose natives have nor souls, nor shape of men?
How could thy Muse, that in her noble flight,
The boding raven cuff'd, and in his height
Of untam'd power, and unbounded place,
Durst mate the haughty tyrant to his face,
Deign an inglorious stoop, and from the sky
Fall down to prey on such a worm as I?
Her seeing (sure) my state made her relent,
And try to charm me from my banishment;
Nor has her charitable purpose fail'd,
For when I first beheld her face unveil'd,
I kiss'd the paper, as an act of grace
Sent to retrieve me from this wretched place,
And doubted not to go abroad again
To see the world, and to converse with men:
But when I taste the dainties of the flood
(Ravish'd from Neptune's table for my food)
The Lucrine lake's plump oysters I despise,
With all the other Roman luxuries,
And, wanton grown, contemn the famous breed
Of sheep and oxen, which these mountains feed.
Then as a snake, benumb'd and fit t' expire,
If laid before the comfortable fire
Begins to stir, and feels her vitals beat
Their healthful motion, at the quick'ning heat:
So my poor Muse, that was half starv'd before
On these bleak cliffs, nor thought of writing more,
Warm'd by thy bounty, now can hiss and spring,
And ('tis believ'd by some) will shortly sting:
So warm she's grown, and without things like these
Minerva must, as well as Venus, freeze.
Thus from a Highlander I straight commence
Poet, by virtue of thy influence,
That with one ray can clods and stones inspire,
And make them pant and breathe poetic fire.
And thus I am thy creature prov'd, who name
And fashion take from thy indulgent flame.
What should I send thee then, that may befit
A grateful heart, for such a benefit;
Or how proclaim, with a poetic grace,
What thou hast made me from the thing I was;
When all I writ is artless, forc'd, and dull,
And mine as empty as thy fancy full?
All our conceits, alas! are flat and stale,
And our inventions muddy, as our ale:
No friends, no visitors, no company,
But such, as I still pray, I may not see;
Such craggy, rough-hewn rogues, as do not fit,
Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit;
Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)
If through a perspective I chance to spy
Though a mile off, I take th' alarm and run,
As if I saw the devil, or a dun;
And in the neighbouring rocks take sanctuary,
Praying the hills to fall and cover me.
So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,
And my best company's my horse and hounds.
Judge then (my friend) how far I am unfit
To traffic with thee in the trade of wit:
How bankrupt I am grown of all commerce,
Who have all number lost, and air of verse.
But if I could in living song set forth,
Thy Muse's glory, and thine own true worth,
I then would sing an ode, that should not shame,
The writer's purpose, nor the subject's name.
Yet, what a grateful heart, and such a one,
As (by thy virtues) thou hast made thine own,
Can poorly pay, accept for what is due,
Which if it be not rhyme, I'll swear 'tis true.

C. COTTON.

TO HIS UNIVERSITY FRIEND.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

Want, the great master of three greater things,
Art, strength, and boldness, gives this letter wings
To kiss (that is salute) you and say A. B.
To his renowned captain S. P. D.
And to request three greater things than those,
Things that beget good verse, and stubborn prose.
The first is drink, which you did promise would
Inform the brain, as well as warm the blood;
Drink that's as powerful and strong as Hector,
And as inspiring as the old poets' nectar,
That dares confront the legislative sack,
And lends more Greek than your grave patriarch.
But you may see here's none, for if that I
Had been well wet, these had not been so dry.
The next is money, which you said should be
Paid, and it may be 'twas, but not to me.
Why (friend) d' you think a man as big about
As I, can live on promises, without
Good drink or money? how'll good sack be had?
And who can live without sack, or with bad?
Whate'er your academics talk or teach,
Mind what they do, they mind not what they preach.
In public they may rail at pope and Turk,
And at the laities avarice have a fleck,

And say their aim is all to save the soul,
But that soul's money, which does all control;
Which I do only by the want on't know,
But when it comes, thou'lt see 'twill wonders do.
The third is wit, which you affirmed here
Was in your mines, and digg'd up every where.
Jests, verses, tales, puns, satires, quibbles too,
And certain Bristol words that like wit show.
But none on't comes as yet, and all I see
Is, you've the wit to keep it all from me.
'Tis troublesome and costly to have much;
And if you had it, you would never grutch
Your needy friend a little: pr'ythee do
Send me the last, and I'll get t' other two.

THE ANSWER.

Your letter found us at good claret,
Such as you should be at, or are at.
The lines were good; but that I wonder,
As much as at a bladder's thunder,
That you who are not us'd to preach,
That never to that art could reach,
Your letter should so well divide
Into the first, third, second, head.
Pr'ythee tell me, just then came ye,
Before you writ, from your C.
Or hadst thou heard some independent
First it, and thirdly it, till no end on't?
Thirdly from you is as ill sounded,
As mass delivered by a Roundhead.
Or if your old recorder should
Try to speak Latin that is good.
Drink, the first head, you wisely laid,
Drink always gets into the head.
Drink in plain silly troth you had,
As strong as hop or furnace made,
Such as our sophisters do take,
When they old Latin jests would break.
Such as if your clients drink,
Of law suits they would never think.
Such as with beef and mutton were
Enough to make you knight o' th' shire.
But that it comes not, you may thank
Your Thames, which swell'd above its bank.
I think the London brewers plot
To increase the Thames, that we should not,
By our sublime and noble beer,
Shame all their puddle liquor there.
So great the flood here, that the people
Were wond'rous 'fraid for your Paul's steeple,
Lest we should hear next almanack,
How London bridge did fall or shake;
Lest it Westminster hall should drown,
And then no place should there be found,
Where men their gold and silver may
Upon the lawyers throw away.
But stay, it may be all is lost,
Broke by the ice, or stopp'd by frost.
Perchance the boatmen let it run,
Which either of us would have done.
It may be they drew out the vessel,
To cheer themselves at merry wassail.
Perchance the barrel in the way
Did fall upon an holiday;
Upon a revel or a wedding,
Or else, it may be, it call'd at Reading,
Where the bold route did rant of late,
As if they drunk such beer as that.
But if at last it there arrive,
Drink it out while 'tis alive;
Let not old gossips of it taste,
When they do praise their husbands last;
When they tell stories, and do cry
For their poor babe that last did die.
Nor it to country clients give,
When thou dost fees from them receive;
But make a fire, and send about
For all thy friends, the merry rout.
Fetch out the bowl, and drink it up,
And think on him that fill'd the cup.
Your next is money, which I promise,
Full fifty pounds, alas! the sum is;
That too shall quickly follow, if
It can be rais'd from strong or tiff.
Pray, pray, that each month we may choose
New members for the commons' house.
Pray that our act may last all year,
That we may sooner spend our beer.
Pray that the scholars may drink faster,
And larger cups, than they did last year.
Pray Heav'n to take away th' excise,
Pray, I say, with weeping eyes:
Pray our malt grow good and cheap,
And then of money expect an heap.
For poems: Tom desires me tell ye,
He minds not new his feet, but belly.
He must for pulpit now prepare,
Or make bills for apothecar-
Y, and leave off these barren toys,
Which feed not, only make a noise.
Yet he would fain from you receive
What your more happy Muse did give;
Which made protectors love to hear,
Though themselves wounded by them were,
Songs, which are play'd on every tongue,
And make a Christmas when they're sung.
Thus wishing you much mirth and wit,
As the lord mayor doth speak and spit:
Wishing and praying till I'm weary,
That you may drink the best Canary;
That you may have clients many,
And talk in Guildhall wise as any;
That the rich Londoners may fall out,
And go to law till money's all out;
That every citizen hate his neighbour,
As his wife doth pope and Tyber:
That the grave alderman love no man,
More than they did the prayer-common;
That quarrels long may thence be spun
About a whistle or a spoon;
That th' itch of law may infect all London
Till you are rich, and they are undone;
That you may keep your good dame yet here,
Or when she dies, may find a better;
That two hours' prayer and long sermon,
You may not hear above each term one:
And then your pew may be so easy,
That you may sleep whene'er it please ye;
That when from tavern late you come,
You miss the watch returning home;
Or if you meet th' unmanner'd rabble,
You may not outwit the constable.

AN EPISTLE

FROM A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, UPBRAIDING HIM WITH HIS WRITING SONGS.

Dear friend, believe't, my love has spurr'd me on
For once to question thy discretion:

And by right reason deifi'd by thee,
I blame thee for the wrongs to poesy
Thou hast committed, in betraying it
To th' censure (not the judgment) of each wit:
Wit, did I say? Things whose dull spirits are
Apt only to applaud whate'er they hear,
Be't good or bad, so throated to their mind,
Johnson and Taylor like acceptance find.
Why peddler'st thus thy Muse? Why dost set
A shop of wit, to set the fiddlers up? [ope
Fie, prodigal! cans't statuated shine
By the abuse of women, praise of wine?
Or such like toys, which every hour are
By every pen spew'd forth int' every ear?
Thy comely Muse dress up in robes, and raise
Majestic splendour to thy wreath of bays.
Don't prostitute her thus: her majesty,
(Like that of princes) when the vulgar see
Too frequently, respect and awe are fled,
Contempt and scorn remaineth in their stead:
But I have done, and fear I've done amiss,
Being doubtful, lest thou'lt give thy fiddles this.

I. B.

THE ANSWER.

Did I not know thee, friend, and that this fit
Comes not to show thy malice, but thy wit,
I might this action censure, and reprove
As well thy want of judgment as of love;
And think my Muse were doubly now forlorn
Below thy envy, yet not above thy scorn.
But yet I wonder why thy reason thus,
Which thou call'st right, and's magnifi'd by us;
And justly too, should vote me indiscreet,
Because my poems do with all sorts meet.
How can I help it? Who can circumscribe
His words or works within the small-wise tribe?
And you the hearer's kind applause do blame,
When charity bids us all do the same.
If good we must, and if the wit be such
That it does need, who would not lend a crutch?
We're mortal writers, and are forc'd t' a truce,
For he that gives, may well expect abuse.
Johnson and Taylor, in their kind, were both
Good wits, who likes one, need not t'other loath.
Wit is like beauty, Nature made the Joan
As well's the lady. We see every one
Meets with a match. Neither can I expect,
Thou more my Muse than mistress should'st affect:
And yet I like them both, if you don't too,
Can't you let them alone for those that do?
Now, if thou'ld'st know the very reason why
I write so oft, "To please myself," say I.
I know no more why I write more than thee,
Than why my father got more sons than me.
Nor peddling call't; for those in Cheap, as well
As they at fairs, expose their wares to sell.
But I give freely mine, and though it be
To fiddlers, yet 'tis for a company;
And all those gifts are well bestowed, which
At once do make us merry, and then rich.
If making sonnets were so great a sin,
Repent, 'twas you at first did draw me in.
And if the making one song be not any,
I can't believe I sin in making many.
But, oh! the themes displease you, you repine
Because I throw down women, set up wine.
Why that offends you, I can see no reason,
Unless 'cause I, not you, commit the treason.
Our judgments jump in both; we both do love
Good wine and women: if I disapprove
The slights of some, the matter's understood,
I'm ne'er the less belov'd by th' truly good.
You'ld have no fancy blown upon, but must
Have all new broach'd or cann'd to please your gust.
When this demand of yours is grown as old
As what you quarrel at, and as often told,
And their's, old wits, that will as much condemn
Your novelty, as you can censure them.
Now for those robes in which you'll have me dress
My homely Muse, and write with loftiness,
Talk of state matters, and affairs of kings,
Thou know'st we've beat our heads about those
Till I'd my teeth near beat out; after all [things,
My toil, the worms must turn poetical.
He that courts others' ears, may use designs,
Be coy and costive; but my harmless lines,
If they produce a laughter, are well crown'd:
Yet, though they've sought none, have acceptance found.
With these I sport myself, and can invite
Myself and friends t' a short and sweet delight;
While all our tedious toils, which we call plays,
Like the great ship, lie slugging in their bays.
And can no service do without great cost
And time, and then our time and stomach's lost.
But I must write no more, for fear that we
Be like those brethren in divinity.
Whilst thou dost go to make my flash expire,
I raise thy flame, and make it burn much higher.
Only because thou doubt'st I should bestow
Your lines upon my fiddlers, thou shalt know,
That had they been upon a business fit,
And were I subject equal to thy wit,
They'd gone, and thou shouldst sing them too, and
Be both the poet and the fiddler too. [so

TO A LADY,

DESIRING THE COPY OF A SONG.

MADAM,

You are a poetress, 'tis true,
Nor had we men been poets but for you:
'Tis from your sex we've learnt our art and wit,
'Tis for your sakes that we do practise it.
Your subtler sex first ventur'd on the tree
Where knowledge grew, and pluck'd the fruit, which we
Did only taste, and that at second-hand;
Yet by that hand and taste we're all trepann'd,
And our posterity the doom endures;
You op'd our eyes, as you know who did yours.
By your command this song, thus rudely penn'd,
To you I do commit, though not commend.
To show what duty I'm arriv'd unto,
You cannot sooner bid, than I can do.
Nor can your active soul command and sway
With more delight and pride, than mine obey.
I will not say this poem's bad or good;
'Tis as 'tis lik'd, and as 'tis understood.
A poem's life and death dependeth still,
Not on the poet's wit, but reader's will.
Should it in sense seem rascal, low, and dull,
Your eye can make it sprightly, plump, and full.
And if it should be lame, I hope 'twill be,
'Cause somewhat like yourself, more pleasing t'ye.

If it should trip, assist it with your hand;
You may lend feet, for you can make things stand.
One touch of yours can cure its evil, and then
'Tis made by your fair hand, not my blunt pen,
Useful for love, or slighting you'll it find,
For love before, or for disdain behind.
Be't as you please; to more it can't aspire,
'Tis all it can deserve, or I desire.

TO HIS FRIEND C. S. ESQUIRE.

Inspir'd with plum-broth and minc'd pies,
This letter comes in humble wise,
To know how Sue and how you do;
Or whether you do do, or no?
Whether you Christmas keep, or not?
For here we such a mayor have got,
T. at though our taverns open stand,
Church-doors are shut by his command.
He does as good as say, (we think)
"Leave off this preaching, and go drink."
But this I doubt's no news to you,
The country's atheist part, part Jew;
And care no more for Christ or's mass,
Than he for them: so let 'em pass.
And could the priests be sure of pay.
They'd down with that, and t'other day.
Yet, spite of all our may'r could say,
We would not fast, though could not pray,
Here's feasting still throughout the city,
And drinking much (the more's the pity.)
And that's the cause why all this time
I did not answer your last rhyme:
Nor do I now; 'tis not my fashion
In verse to make a disputation.
Whatever Sue and you have writ,
Shows both your kindness and your wit.
But only I desire to know
If you're a member made or no;
For here we have a great ado
About our choice, whom, how, and who,
Elects, or is elected: some
To be made members send, and come;
While others, of the wiser sort,
Sit still at home, and care not for't.
Richard, 'tis thought, has no intent
To have an endless parliament;
Nor must they share his goods and lands,
For what he has he'll keep in's hands.
Much is not left to be divided,
The business has so well been guided;
Nay, he himself (I tell no lie)
Wants money more than you or I.
No reason, therefore, can I see,
Why you should bustle much to be
A senator, unless it were
For honour, yet that is but air,
And not the sweet'st, or saf'st, but still
Depends on other people's will.
But trust me (Charles) you have a vein
That does more love and honour gain,
And longer keep than all the tricks
Of those that study politics.
Protection's needless; for (they say)
You owe no debts, that you can pay:
To Nature one, which, during life,
You cannot pay, nor that t' your wife.
Yet I would have you come away,
That though the house don't meet, we may.
When every one gets up and ride,
'Tis good to be o' th' rising side;
For as i' th' church, so 'tis i' th' state,
Who's not elect, is reprobate.

TO C. S. ESQUIRE.

JUSTICE,
I've waited long to find thee here,
Peep'd into th' house, but could not see thee there.
I went to th' other house, but they're so new,
They no such name or person ever knew.
'Twas for this cause my pen has slept so long,
I hop'd to see thee in that learned throng;
And did believe some borough would, in pity,
Have sent thee up to dignify our city.
But corporations do not well discern
What's for their good, and they're too old to learn.
Had our whole senate been such men as thou,
They'd not been routed, but sat still till now.
But they'd be meddling, and to voting fall
Against the sword, and that out-votes them all:
Had they observ'd thy counsel, they'd have been safe;
Stick to the strongest side, and think, and laugh.
What matter is't, what those in office say,
When those that are in power do answer nay?
A cutler's shop affords us stronger law,
Than Cook or Littleton e'er read, or saw.
But be content, let them do what they will,
Be thou a justice: I'm attorney still.
A poor attorney is a safer thing
Now, than to be protector or a king.
Our noble sheriff's a dying, and I fear
Will never feast us more in Taunton-shire.
Pray tell your lovely Sue, I love her still
As well's I dare: let her not take it ill
I write not to her; I've time enough, 'tis true,
But have not wit enough to deal with Sue.

TO C. S. ESQUIRE.

Dear Charles, I'm thus far come to see thy face,
Thy pretty face, but this unhappy place
Does not afford it; and I'm told by some
That want of tythes makes thee thou canst not come.
Why (Charles) art thou turn'd priest? and at this time
When priests themselves have made their coat a [crime?
And tythes, which make men priests, do so decay,
One other schism will preach them quite away.
Thou'lt ne'er become it well; for I do find
Wit in a pulpit is quite out of kind:
Thou canst not stand long, nor talk much and loud,
Nor thrash, nor cousen the admiring crowd;
And (which is worse) though thou'st a face and hand,
A diamond ring, white glove, and clean lawn band,
Able to tempt an abbess; yet, I find,
Thou canst not satisfy the lady's mind,
Whate'er the matter is. But thou art wise,
And do'st best know thine own infirmities.
Let me advise thee (Charles) be as thou art
A poet, so thou need'st not care a —
For all the turns of time: whoe'er did know,
The Muses sequester'd? or who can show,

That ever wit paid taxes, or was rated?
Homer and Virgil ne'er were decimated:
Ovid indeed was banished, but for that,
Which women say, you ne'er were exc'lent at.
But (Charles) thou art unjusticed, I'm told,
By one, who though not valiant, yet is bold.
And that thou hast unfortunately met
The blinded scourge o'th' western Bajazet.
Thrown from the bench like Lucifer, and are
In a fair way to be brought to the bar.
I'th' interim hang 'twixt both, as law doth name us,
A billa-vera-man, or ignoramus.
But I can't learn wherefore it is, nor how,
Though I've inquir'd of both, perhaps nor thou,
Some say 'tis for thy valour, which our time,
In a wise magistrate, accounts a crime.
If it be true, thou hast ill luck in this,
To have two virtues, and both plac'd amiss,
To thwart each other; when thou should'st have been
A valiant captain, wisdom was thy sin,
And so uncaptain'd thee; and now the time
Calls for thy wisdom, valour is thy crime.
And so unjustic'd thee, unlucky wretch!
Two virtues want'st, yet hast too much of each!
Whoe'er compos'd thy mind play'd Babel-tricks,
Brought lime and timber, when he should bring bricks.
But we live in an age so full of lies,
I dare not trust my ears, nor scarce my eyes.
I hope this is a lie too; but if true
'Tis an affliction (Charles) that 's justly due,
To thy desert; our state holds it unfit,
One man should be a justice, and a wit.
Go ask thy lady, if 't were ever known,
A man should be a justice, and do none.
Come be advis'd by me, set out a book,
In English too, where justices may look,
And learn their trade; let precedents of all
Warrants and mittimuses, great and small;
All alehouse licences, and other things,
Which to the justices instruction brings,
Be there inserted, that the age to come,
(The children of such men as can get some)
May glorify thy memory, and be
Thy praises' trumpets to posterity.
As from one looking glass, thrown on the ground,
In every piece a perfect face is found,
So from thy ruins, all may plainly see,
Legions of justices as wise as thee.
Now having taken all this pains to see
Thy worship, and can find nor it nor thee,
Pray come to T.—bring thy beloved Sue,
My Mat and I will meet with her and you.
And though my Mat's no poet, you shall see,
She'll sit and laugh with or at us, that be.
I'll make thy lady merry, and laugh until
She break that belly, which thou canst not fill.
Mean time pray give her one prolific kiss,
Tell her it comes from me, and if that miss,
Give her another, and if both won't do,
Do that with three which can't be done by two.
If thou com'st not, I shall have cause to curse
Tythes, like the laity, and it may be worse.
My sufferings are more than theirs can be,
They'll keep their tythes, but tythes keep thee from me.
But if thou canst not come be sure to write,
Don't rob at once my hearing and my sight.
If thou bring'st not thy body, send thy wit,
For we must laugh with thee, or else at it.

TO C. S. ESQUIRE.

Since we met last, my brother dear,
We've had such alterations here,
Such turnings in and out,
That I being fat and breathless grown,
My side I meant to take was gone,
E'er I could turn about.

First I was for the king, and then
He could not please the parliament men,
And so they went by the ears:
I was with other fools sent out,
And stay'd three days, but never fought
'Gainst king or cavaliers.

And (brother) as I have been told,
You were for the parliament of old;
And made a mighty dust;
And though perhaps you did not kill,
You prov'd yourself as valiant still,
As ever they were just.

You were engaged in that war,
When C. R. fought against C. R.
By a distinction new;
You always took that side that's right,
But when Charles with himself did fight,
Pray of which side were you?

Should I that am a man of law,
Make use of such a subtile claw,
In London or in Ex'ter;
And be of both sides as you were,
People would count me then, I fear,
A knavish ambodexter.

But since all sides so tottering be,
It puzzles wiser men than me,
Who would not have it utter'd;
What side to take they cannot tell,
And I believe they know not well,
Which side their bread is butter'd.

Here's fore-side, and here's back-side too,
And two left-sides, for ought I know,
I can find ne'er a right:
I've been for th' middle twenty years,
And will be still, for there appears
Most safety and delight.

But if the times think that too high,
By creeping lower I'll comply,
And with their humour jump:
If love at th' belly may not enter
In an Italian May I'll venture,
To love the very rump.

So here's t' you (Charles), a rubber's to't;
Here's a cast more, if that won't do't
Here's half a dozen more, and
To every feather here's a glass,
Nay rather than I'll let it pass,
Here's a year's health before hand.

If loving it, and drinking to't,
And making others drink to boot,
Don't show my good affection;
I'll sit down disaffected still,
And let them all do what they will,
Until our next election.

But I'm concern'd (me thinks) to find,
Our grandees turn with every wind,
Yet keep like corks above:
They lived and died but two years since,
With Oliver, their pious prince,
Whom they did fear and love.

As soon as Richard did but reign,
They liv'd and dy'd with him again,
And swore to serve him ever;
But when sir Arthur came with's men,
They liv'd and dy'd with him again,
As if Dick had been never.

And when prince Lambert turn'd them out,
They liv'd and dy'd another bout,
And vilify'd the rump;
And now for them they live and die,
But for the devil by and by,
If he be turn'd up trump.

Yet still they order us and ours,
And will be called higher powers;
But I will tell you what;
Either these slaves forswear and lie,
Or if they did so often die,
They've more lives than a cat.

Let the times run, and let men turn,
This is too wise an age to burn,
We'll in our judgment hover,
'Till 'tis agreed what we must be,
In the interim take this from me,
I'm thy eternal lover.

TO HIS FRIEND W. C.

Dear brother Will, thy dearer John and I,
Now happy in each other's company,
Send thee this greeting, and do wish that we,
By thy addition, may be made up three;
Two make no sport, they can but sip and sip,
Here's t' you, and thank you 's no good fellowship.
We're melancholy 'cause we drink alone,
For John and I together spell but one.
Three is the perfect number, that is able
To difference a solitude from a rabble.
Here, if we mix with company, 'tis such
As can say nothing, though they talk too much.
Here we learn georgics, here the bucolics,
Which building's cheapest, timber, stone, or bricks.
Here's Adam's natural sons, all made of earth,
Earth's their religion, their discourse, their mirth.
But on the Sunday thould'st admire to see,
How dirt s mingled with divinity.
Such disputa ions, writing, singing, praying,
So little doing good, and so much saying;
It tires us weak-lung'd Christians, and I think,
So much the more, 'cause there's so little drink;
And that so bad, that we with them are fain,
To go to church and sleep, and home again,
Twice in a sabbath, and to break the rest
With tedious repetitions, and molest
The servants' memories with such piteous stuff,
As wise men think once said's more than enough.
Thus do we spend our time, and meet with nothing
But what creates our trouble, and our loathing.
Come then away, leave butchers, leave thy lord,
Our country here shall both, or more afford.
Jack here's a lord, a prince, nay more a friend,
He and his bottles make the vulgar bend:
And if thou didst believe him, or know me,
I am more butcher than thy two can be,
If all these things won't make thee come away,
I am resolv'd to thee-ward, if thou'lt stay.
Drink till I come, that I may find thee mellow,
'Tis ten to one thou'lt meet or make thy fellow.

TO HIS FRIEND I. B.

UPON HIS TRAGEDY.

Thou may'st well wonder, and my self should be
Dumb, if I should be dumb in praising thee;
Since I've occasion now to exercise
Sublimest thoughts, yet not hyperbolise.
But since we two are brothers, and subscribe,
Both volunteers to the poetic tribe,
I dare not do't, lest any dulman says,
We, by consent, do one another praise.
Yet dare applaud thy work, and thee in it,
So good in language, plot, and strength of wit,
That none but thou can equal 't. Not a line,
But's thine 'cause good, and good because 'tis thine.
So that my duller sight can hardly see
Whether thou mak'st it exc'lent, or it thee.
Let those whose anvil-heads beat all delight
Into a toil, at every line they write,
Now veil to thee and fairly yield the bays,
Since all their work compar'd with thine are plays.
So far I like thy worth, that I should be
Intic'd, if possible, to flatter thee.

TO A POTTING PRIEST,

UPON A QUARREL.

IN 1643.

I cannot choose but wonder, Mr. ——,
That we two wise men had so little wit,
As without quarrel, jealousies, or fears,
Worse than the times, we two should go by th' ears.
I marvel what inspired this valour in you;
Though you were weak, you'd something strong within you.
'Twas not your learning, neither can I think
That 'twas your valour, but John D—'s strong drink.
Love and good liquor have a strong command
T' make cowards fight, longer than they can stand.
I need not ask your reason, for 'twas gone;
Nor had you sense enough to feel you'd none.
Was it to show your mistress you could fight?
Living i'th' woods, you'd be an errant knight?
That lady may have cause enough to rue,
That has no better champion than you.
You might have sav'd that labour, each man reads;
You're a wild man both in your looks and deeds.
By the wonders of your drinking men may see,
You are a hero without chivalry.
You thought a duel would your mistress please,
But prov'd a Thraso, not a Hercules.
I might have thought myself a worthy too,
Because I tam'd a monster, that is you.
Your zeal (methought) was greatly kindled,
That went to make a pulpit of my head.
Blame me not, though I struck, for I was vext,
To be so basely handled, like your text,
With subtile sophistry, that when you mist
In words, you would confute me with your fist.

But such weak syllogisms from you ran,
As I could never read in Keckerman.
That brain-aspiring drink so much did nip us,
You mistook Aristotle, for Aristippus,
'Twas this your brains with proclamations fills,
And twirls them like Don Quixot's water-mills.
Your head that should be king, was now pull'd down,
While that rebellious beer usurp'd your crown.
And your mechanic heels gaz'd on the stars,
As if they went to turn astronomers.
Your legs were altogether for commanding,
And taught your foolish head more understanding.
Your body so revers'd did represent,
(Being forked) our bicorned government.
Your wits were banished, and your brains were drown'd, [ground.
While your calve's-head lay center'd to the
Thus being black without, within a beast,
I took you for a tinker, not a priest.
In your next sermon let your audience hear,
How you can preach damnation to strong beer.
I have returned your knife at your demand,
But if I've put a sword t' a mad man's hand,
Let me advise you, when you fight again,
Fight with a worse, or be a better man.

TO HIS FRIEND MR. W. H.

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS HAWK.

What will you suffer thus your hawk to die?
And shan't her name live in an elegy?
It shall not be, nor shall the people think,
We've so few poets, or so little drink.
And if there be no sober brain to do it,
I'll wet my Muse, and set myself unto it.
I have no gods nor Muse to call upon,
Sir John's strong barrel is my Helicon,
From whence uncurbed streams of tears shall flow,
And verse shall run, when I myself can't go.
Poor bird, I pity this thy strange disaster,
That thou should'st thus be murder'd by thy master.
Was it with salt? I'm sure he was not fresh,
Or was't thy trusting to an arm of flesh?
Or cause 'twas darksome did his eye-sight fail;
Meeting a post, he took it for a rail.
And yet I wonder how he miss'd his sight,
For though the night was dark, his head was light.
And though he bore thee with a mighty hand,
Thou needs must fall, when he himself can't stand.
'Tis but our common lot, for we do all,
Sometimes, for want of understanding fall.
But thou art serv'd aright, for when thou'dst flown,
Whate'er thou took'st, thou took'st to be thy own;
And 'tis but justice that each plund'ring knave,
That such a life do lead, such death should have.
Rejoice, you partridge, and be glad, ye rails,
For the hawk's talons are as short's your tails.
If all the kingdom's bloody foes, as she,
Would break their necks, how joyful should we be!
Well, at her burial thus much I will tell,
In spite of schism, her bells shall ring a knell.

TO HIS SCHOOL-MASTER, MR. W. H.

UPON HIS POEM CALLED CONSCIENTIÆ ACCUSATRICIS HYPOTYPOSIS.

SIR,

When I read your work and thought upon,
How lively you had made description
Of an accusing conscience, and did see,
How well each limb did with th' arch'type agree.
I wonder'd how you could limn't out so well,
Since you h' experience can't its horrour tell.
Trust me, I'd praise it, but that I suppose,
My praise would make it more inglorious;
In love to th' work and work-man, I thought meet,
To make your verses stand on English feet.
But whe'er well done or ill, I here submit,
Unto your censure, both myself and it.
I'm man, I'm young, unlearn'd, and thereupon
I know I cannot boast perfection.
In fetter'd tasks, wherein the fancies tide,
Do what one can, the lustre won't abide.
No ideoms kiss so well, but that there is
Between some phrases some antithesis.
Whate'er is good in each unpolish'd line,
I count as yours, the faults alone are mine.
I wish each foot and line, as strong and true,
As my desire to love and honour you.

TO HIS FRIEND T. S.

TOM,

Since thou didst leave both me and this town,
The sword is got up, and the laws tumbled down;
Those eager disputes between Harrington and Wren,
At length have inspired the red-coated men,
Whose sides, not their heads, do wear the lex terræ,
With which they will rule us until we be weary.
We know not who's highest (whate'er people brawl)
Whether Wallingford-house, or Westminster-hall.
You made a contest neither pulpit nor tub-like,
What's fittest, a monarchy or a republic:
But Desborough says, that scholar's a fool,
That advances his pen against the war-tool.
We have various discourses and various conjectures,
In taverns, in streets, in sermons, and lectures:
Yet no man can tell what may hap in the close,
Which are wiser, or honester, these men or those.
But for my part I think 'tis in vain to contest,
I sit still and say, he that's strongest is best.
The world keeps a round, that original sin,
That thrust some people out, draws other folks in,
They have done they did not know what, and now,
Some think that they do not know what they may do.
But state matters (Tom) are too weighty and high,
For such mean private persons as thou art and I.
We will not our governor's calling invade,
We'll mind our own good, let them follow their trade.
Launch forth into th' pulpit: much learning will be,
A hinderance to thy divinity.
'Tis better to mind what will cloath ye, and feed ye,
Than those empty titles of M. A. and D. D.
I have one thing to beg, and I won't be deny'd,
You must once more mount Pegasus, and you must ride,
O'er the county of D. whose praise must b' exprest,
In a poem to grace our next county feast,
Which will be next term; 'twas what I design'd,
But want wit and time to do't to my mind.
Thou hast subject and wit, if thou hast but a will,
Thou may'st make a poem, next that Cooper's-hill.
Remember thy promise to send me my book,
With a copy of thine, for which I do look:
And let not a letter come hither to me,
But freighted with poems, and written by thee.

And I out of gratitude shall take a care,
To make a return of our city ware.
I'll vex thee no more with this paltry rhyme,
For fear it should make thee mis-spend thy time.
And so I have this apology for 't,
Though it be'nt very sweet, it shall be pretty short.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE MERITORIOUSLY HONOURABLE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE KING'S-BENCH.

GREAT sir, and good! beloved and obeyed!
To whose great worth, honour's not giv'n but paid;
To whose great love and knowledge we all owe,
All that we have of law, and what we know;
Who with strong reason, from the factious claws
Of wilful fools, redeem'd our sacred laws.
Full twenty years have I a servant been,
To this profession, I live by and in;
Eight years a master, and in all this space,
Have nothing done that mis-became my place;
Nor have my actions been derogatory,
Unto my client's profit, or the glory
Of this renowned court, and therefore I
Now humbly beg to be at liberty.
Justice and reason both command that he,
Who serv'd so long, should at the last be free.
For this I serv'd, for this our nation fought,
And pray'd, and paid so much; nor do I doubt,
T' obtain my wish herein, could I but find,
Desert in me proportion'd to your mind.
The benefit o' th' clergy I desire,
That I may be admitted of that choir.
Who their own pleas in their own names enrol,
And may perform my place without control.
My lord, you've power and will to do't, and
I am not worthy, if you think me so, [though
Your lordship's test can constitute me that,
Which my abilities can ne'er reach at;
My comfort is, 'tis what you don't deny,
To some that read and write as bad as I;
And there's a kindness which belongs to such,
As, having little worth, beg where there's much.
Cæsar, that valiant general, was ador'd
More for his liberal hand, than for his sword.
And your great archetype, his highness, does,
Derive more honour from the mouths of those
Whom he hath gratify'd, than by the death
Of those his conquering sword depriv'd of breath.
Freedom's a princely thing to give, 'tis that
Which all our laws do stand for, and aim at.
And 'twill be some addition to your fame,
When I with tongue, and pen enlarg'd, proclaim,
'Mong all your noble acts you made a room,
In your great heart, for———— A. B.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,

PRESENTED TO THE SAME.

MY LORD,

DID I not find it by experience true,
Beggars are many, but thanksgivers few,
I had not dar'd t' invade your eye with this
Mean gratulation, whose ambition is
But to be pardon'd, and the faults to smother,
With this which were committed by the other;
Yet since 'tis gratitude, it may please you;
If not as good, yet as 'tis strange and new.
Great Atlas of our laws and us, whose will,
Is always active, back'd by unmatch'd skill;
To rule the nation, and instruct it too,
And make all persons live, as well as know.
Though being among the undiscerning throng,
You suffer'd once, you acted all along.
Your sufferings did but like the martyr's flame,
Advance your person, and exalt your name.
Disclos'd your virtues from their sullen ore,
Make your gold shine, which was pure gold before.
Your noble soul tells us from whence you came,
You've both the British nature and the name;
By your example you instruct us what
Our grandsires were, and what they aimed at.
Ere the fantastic French, or selfish Dutch,
Were grafted on our stocks, our souls were such
As your's is now: now we by you may see,
What once we were, what now we ought to be.
Great men great fayours to great men repay,
With great rewards, but I can only say,
Your lordship your great kindnesses hath thrown,
On one, that can return, or merit none.
But you must pay, and thank yourself for me,
With your own goodness; that vast treasury,
That found you love so generous and immense,
To cast on me, can find your recompence.
A gift of worth my fortune can't bring forth,
Proportion'd to your kindness, or your worth.
Let me send what I can, it will not be
Enough for you, though 't be too much for me.
What more to do or say, I cannot tell,
Much I can't do, nor can say much, and well;
But what I cannot do, I will desire,
And what I can't express, I shall admire. [hour
May this new year be prosperous! may each
Bring you new blessings, in a plenteous shower!
May Heaven still smile upon you, and still bless
All that you do, and all that you possess!
May you live long and flourish too, that I
When I need succour may know where to fly,
And find supplies! may all your actions be,
As beneficial t' all, as this to me,
That when you die (great pity 'tis you should)
Th' whole land may mourn, not as you're great, but good.
And though I have not ransack'd sea and shore,
To make you richer than you were before,
I hope this grateful, though but rude address,
May please you more, though it hath cost me less.

TO HIS FRIEND R. H. ESQ.

SIR,

THOUGH I woo'd you not in verse, or prose,
To make my name and me more glorious,
By being your clerk, the work is done, I find,
Not that I'm worthy on't, but you are kind.
Therefore these lines address themselves to you,
Not given freely t' you, but paid as due;
And that they may your kind acceptance win,
They've sack (their common badge) with them and in.
And I presume, without much scruple, you
May drink old sack, although the year be new.
But though I am not rich enough to send
Gifts fit for you t' accept; nor do intend
T' enrich Peru; nor think it fit to give
Our betters that, by which our selves should live:

This will, I hope, your candid nature move,
'Cause I give freely what I dearly love;
And I believe 'tis true what I've been told,
You love good sack, as well as your partner gold.
I know not whether you like this or no,
But if it be not good, my will is so.
May it prove excellent! and may all those,
That drink it freely, be ingenious.
That is be found or made so! to yours and you,
May this year prove as prosperous as new.
May we live quiet and lay by our swords,
And have no more lawless and boist'rous lords!
May the law stand! may justice rule the roast,
One sober judge rules better than an host.
And be assur'd this truth you'll ever find,
I'll be as dutiful as you are kind;
Nor shall you in your rolls find out a man,
Will serve you more than I, though many can.

TO HIS FRIEND J. H.

If thou canst fashion no excuse,
To stay at home, as 'tis thy use,
When I do send for thee:
Let neither sickness, way, nor rain,
With fond delusions thee detain,
But come thy way to me.

Hang such a sickness that has power,
To seize on thee at such an hour,
When thou should'st take thy pleasure:
Go give thy doctor half a fee,
That it may never trouble thee,
Until thou art at leisure.

We have a cup of cider here,
That scorns that common strumpet beer,
And such dull drinks as they're:
Their potions made of hops and malt,
Can only make our fancies halt,
This makes them quick as air.

Ceres with Bacchus dares compare,
And swears her fruits the liquor are,
That poets so implore:
A sip of sack may work a verse,
But he that drinks a bowl of her's,
Shall thunder out a score.

To-morrow morning come away,
Friday we'll vote a happy day,
In spite of erra pater:
And bring with you a spark or twain,
Such as will drink, and drink again,
To treat about the matter.

TO A GENTLEMAN

THAT FELL SICK OF THE SMALL POX WHEN HE SHOULD BE MARRIED.

SIR,

When you view these chequer'd lines and see,
How (bate the colour) like your face they be,
You'll think this sheet to be your looking glass,
And all these spots, the echoes of your face,
Wherein disease and love their field have pight,
To try which is more lovely, red or white:
Like our late soldiers, who more rage did show,
Unto the place that fed them, than their foe.
Sickness, love's rival, envying the place,
Where Cupid chose to pitch his tents, your face,
Went to write foul, but Cupid made it prove,
Spite of his spite, the alphabet of love.
So as they strove, love serv'd him in his trim,
For as that set on you, this set on him;
And love that conquers all things soon made known,
To him a burning, greater than his own.
Accurst disease, durst thou come crawling hither,
To separate whom Heaven had join'd together?
Had'st thou no time to vent thy rage but this,
When swelling hopes did dawn towards their bliss?
I'th' interregnum 'twixt desires and joys,
The cursed vigil of blest holy days!
What pity 'tis that face where love has been
So oft, so proud to play so sweetly in,
By thy dire hand should be o'er-turned thus,
As to be made a Campus Martius,
Wherein the angry York and Lancaster,
New-vamp and do retrieve their musty stir!
As if the red rose and the white would be,
Where'er they met, still at antipathy;
A face that was as clear as day, as bright,
Should bud with stars like an enamell'd night!
Your sickness meant to turn astronomer,
Your face the Heaven, and every spot a star.
Or else would write an almanack, and raise,
By those red letters, nought but holy-days.
Were it your butler's face, a man would think,
They had but been new boilings of the drink;
Or had his nose been such, one would have swore,
'Twere red with anger, 'cause he'd drink no more.
Or had your keeper such, he'd sell it all
For hartshorn to make hafts of knives withal.
Or if your cooks were such, how it would fit,
To grate your ginger, or nutmegs with it?
But why on your face? what was his design?
Was it to break the hymeneal twine,
That was half twisted? Tush! he's much mistook,
Your love was past the criss-cross of a look;
And your affections are of riper age,
Than now to gaze on beauty's title page,
Or barely dwell upon the face; those toys
Are ocean'd in the hopes of future joys.
Then blush no more, but let your mistress know,
They're but love-letters written on your brow,
Etch'd by th' engraver's hand; there she may see,
That beauty's subject to mortality;
How frail a thing it is, how vain t' adore it,
What fools are they that love or marry for it;
And that this sickness which hath curb'd you, is
But the sad prologue to your future bliss;
An Ember-week or Lent, which always falls,
As fasting-eves before your festivals.
'Twill make you prize your joy the more when 't comes,
Usher'd along by tedious martyrdoms.
How acceptable is a plenteous bowl,
When 'tis caroused by a thirsty soul?
So have I seen the winter strip the trees,
To fit them for their vernal liveries!
And clothe th' old earth in grey, nip every thing,
Before it rolls it self into the spring.
So has black night begot a grey-ey'd day,
So Sol does rout conspiring clouds with ray;
As through this sickness do your joys come on,
And gulf your hopes in firm fruition.
When your red-rose clubs with your lady's white,
And as the ancient flowers did unite,
Your happiness will swell, and you will prove
The gemini of joy, as now of love.

These things I guess not by your face; I find
Your front is not the index of your mind.
Yet by your phys'nomy thus much is meant,
You are not spotless, though you're innocent.
Sir, if these verses go as halting pace,
They stumble in the vallies of your face.

TO HIS FRIEND MR. I. B.

BEING AT LONDON IN THE AUTHOR'S RETIREMENT.

Though we are now analys'd, and can't find
How to have mutual presence, but in mind,
I'm bold to send you this, that you may know,
Though you're above, yet I do live below.
Tho' I've no bags, that are with child with gold,
And though my fireless chimnies catch the cold,
For want of great revenues, yet I find
I've what's as good as all, a sated mind.
I neither money want, nor have I store;
I have enough to live, and ask no more.
No tiptoed turret, whose aspiring brow
Looks down and scorns the humble roofs below;
My cottage lies beneath the thunder's harms,
Laughs at the whispers of the winds or storms.
My rooms are not enlined with tapestry;
But ragged walls, where a few books may lie.
I slight the silks, whose ruffling whispers pride,
And all the world's tautologies beside.
My limbs inhabit but a country dress,
Not to adorn, but cover nakedness.
My family's not such, whose gentry springs,
Like old Mecænases, from grandsire kings.
I've many kindred, yet my friends are few,
Those few not rich, and yet more rich than true.
I've but a drachm of learning, and less wit,
Yet that's enough to fright my wealth from it;
As if those two seldom or never meet,
But like two generals that with bullets greet.
I study to live plenteously, though scant;
How not to have, yet not to care, nor want.
We've here no gaudy feminines to show,
As you have in that great seraglio:
He that weds here, lies cloister'd in a maid,
A sepulchre, where never man was laid.
Ours are with loadstone touch'd, and never will
But right against their proper pole lie still:
Yours, like hell-gates, do always open lie,
Like hackney jades they stand at livery;
Like treasuries, where each throws his mite;
Gulphs of contraries, at once both dark and light;
Where whoso enters, is like gold refin'd,
Passing through fire, where Moloch sits enshrin'd,
And offers up a whole burnt sacrifice,
To pacify those fiery deities.
I have no far-fetch'd, dear-bought delicates,
Whose virtue's prized only by their rates.
No fanci'd kickshaws, that would serve t' invite
To a fourth course the glutted appetite.
Hunger's my cook, my labour brings me meat,
Which best digests when it is sauc'd with sweat.
They that have pleurisies of these about them,
Yet do but live, and so do I without them.
I can sit in my study soon or late,
And have no troopers quarrel with my gate;
Nor break the peace with it; whose innocence
Stands only guarded in its own defence.
No debts to sue for, and no coin to lend,
No cause to fear my foe, nor slight my friend.
Yet there is one thing which methinks I ha'n't,
And I have studied to supply that want:
'Tis the synopsis of all misery;
'Tis the tenth want, (dear friend) the want of thee.
How great a joy 'twould be, how great a bliss,
If we could have a metempsychosis!
May we once more enjoy ourselves, for neither
Is truly blest, till we are blest together.

AN ELEGY ON A LADY,

THAT DIED BEFORE HER INTENDED NUPTIALS.

Among the train of mourners, whose swoln eyes
Wallow in tears of these sad obsequies,
Admit me as a cypher here to come,
Who, though am nothing, yet can raise a sum;
And truly I can mourn as well as they,
Who're clad in sable weeds, though mine as gray.
Excuse me, sir, passion will swell that's pent,
Thank not my tears, I cannot but lament
To see a lady, ready for your bed,
To Death's embraces yield her maidenhead;
And that angelic corpse that should have been
A cabinet to lodge your jewels in,
Should now b'embalm'd with dust, and made a prey
To the happy worms, who may call that day
On which her limbs unto their lot did fall,
Your sad solemnities, their festival:
Should I not mourn, I could not pay the due
Of tears to her, or sympathy to you.
For Death did slay you both when she did die,
So who writes one's, must write both's elegy.
She was too good for you, she was too high,
A wife for angels to get angels by:
In whom there was as much divinity,
And excellence, as could in woman be;
Whom you and all did love, and did suppose
To be an angel in a mortal's clothes:
But Heaven, to undeceive you, let you know,
By her mortality, she was not so.

ON THE

GREAT CRIER AT WESTMINSTER-HALL.

When the great crier, in that greater room,
Calls Faunt-le-roy, and Alex-and-er Brome,
The people wonder (as those heretofore
When the dumb spake) to hear a crier roar.
The kithing crew of criers that do stand,
With eunuchs' voices, squeaking on each hand,
Do signify no more, compar'd to him,
Than member Allen did to patriot Pym.
Those make us laugh, while we do him adore;
Theirs are but pistol, his mouth's cannon-bore.
Now those fame-thirsty spirits that endeavour
To have their names enlarg'd, and last for ever,
Must be attornies of this court, and so
His voice shall like Fame's loudest trumpet blow
Their names about the world, and make them last,
While we can lend an ear, or he a blast.

TO THE MEMORY OF THAT LOYAL PATRIOT,

SIR I. CORDEL, KT.

Thus fell the grace and glory of our time,
Who durst be good when goodness was a crime;

A magistrate that justly wore his gown
While England had a king, or king a crown;
But stoutly flung it off, when once he saw
Might knock down Right, and Lust did justle Law.
His soul scorn'd a democracy, and would
No longer stay, than while the kingdom stood;
And when that fled, his follow'd it, to be
Join'd to his king i' th' hieromonarchy.

A DIALOGUE.

Q. WHAT made Venus strike her son?
A. 'Cause he lost his bow and quiver.
Q. Where is his bow and quiver gone?
A. To my mistress, without doubt.
Q. Pr'ythee how came that about?
A. She did but ask, and he did give her;
For being blind, he eas'ly errs,
And knew not his mother's face from hers.

CHORUS.

Oh, blame him not for what he did do!
Which of us all would not err so too?

TO HIS MISTRESS,

LODGING IN A ROOM WHERE THE SKY WAS PAINTED.

WHEN (my diviner soul) I did of late
In thy fair chamber for thy presence wait,
Looking aloft, (thou know'st my look is high,
Else I'd ne'er dare to court thee) I did spy
Sun, Moon, and stars, by th' painter's art appear
At once all culm'nant in one hemisphere:
My small astrology made me suppose
Those symptoms made the room prodigious.
Old Time (I thought) was crampt, and night and [day
Both monosyllabled, to make me stay:
He'd broke his steps of days and hours, that he
Might roll himself into eternity.
The Sun, as tired with the course he ran,
Center'd himself in the meridian:
And 'cause 'twas there, I could not think it night,
Nor durst I call it day, 'cause 't gave no light.
I found the cause, and ceased to admire;
Thy eyes had stol'n his light, my heart his fire;
And that's the cause why Sun and Moon look'd dim,
Thy brighter face out-lustred her and him.
But (which increas'd my wonder) I could see
No meteor portend this prodigy:
Comets all wink'd at this, nor could I spy
One blazing star, but my portentive eye.
But as I mus'd, what omen this should be,
They all stood still, as much amaz'd at me.
The wand'ring planets had forgot to vary,
Gazing on me, because all stationary;
Envying thy beauty, they're together gone,
To make a perfect constellation;
And their conjunctions, t' imitate our lips,
Was but a loving kiss, not an eclipse:
Sol draws a regiment of stars, to be
Tapers to light thee into bed to me;
Yet could not shine, until they were inspir'd
By the same flames by which my heart was fir'd.
Come, then, lie down; do thou withdraw thy light,
They'll be to please us a perpetual night.
Sol shall be Cupid, blind, and thou his mother,
And as we've marr'd one Sun, we'll get another.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE season now requires a man should send
Some worthy present to his worthier friend:
And I (though poor in purse) do wear a heart,
That is ambitious to perform a part
In celebration of this new born day;
And having nothing to present, I'll pray
This year may be to me, as well as you,
So much more blest than t'other, as more new;
And in it so much happiness abound,
To turn us all to good, yet not turn round.
And may the Sun, that now begins t' appear
I' th' horizon to usher in the year,
Melt all those fatuous vapours, whose false light
Purblinds the world, and leads them from the right;
And may our Sol like that rise once again,
Mounted triumphant in a prosperous reign.
May all those Phaetons that, spite o' th' crown,
Would guide his chariot, tumble headlong down:
So shall the land with happiness be crown'd,
When men turn right, and only years turn round.

UPON HIS MARE,

STOLEN BY A TROOPER.

WHY, let her go, I'll vex myself no more,
Lest my heart break, like to my stable-door.
'Twas but a mare! if she be gone, she's gone!
'Tis not a mare that I do stand upon.
Now by this cross I am so temperate grown,
I'll bridle Nature, since my mare is gone.
I have a little learning, and less wit,
That wealth is sure, no thief can pilfer it.
All worldly goods are frail and variable,
Yea, very jades are now become unstable.
Riches, they say, have wings; my mare had so,
For tho' she had legs, yet she could hardly go;
But thieves and fate have such a strong commi al
To make those go, which have no feet to stand.
She was well skill'd in writing elegies,
And every mile writes, "Here my rider lies."
Now, since I've ne'er a beast to ride upon,
Would I might never go, my verse shall run.
I'll mount on Pegasus, for he's so poor,
From thief or true-man one may ride secure.
I would not rack invention for a curse
To plague the thief, for fear I make him worse.
I would not have him hang'd, for that would be
Sufficient for the law, but not for me.
In charity I wish him no more pain,
But to restore me home my mare again;
And 'cause I would not have good customs alter,
I wish who has the mare, may have the halter.

UPON

RIDING ON A TIRED HORSE.

'TWAS hot, and our Olympic char'oteer
Limbeck'd the body of the traveller,
Which to prevent, I like the Sun did go:
He was on horseback, I on horseback too.
Thus my all-conquering namesake us'd to ride
His stallion, as I did mine bestride:
So on we go to view the desolation
Of that half plague to our distressed nation.

But my horse was so superstitious grown,
He would fall down, and worship every stone;
Nay, he in reverence to each holy place,
Was often seen to fall upon his face:
And had I been inclin'd to popishness,
I needed have no other cross but this.
Within a mile or two, without command,
Do what I could, this jade would make a stand.
I prais'd him, thinking glory were a spur
To prick him on; all would not make him stir.
All worldly things do post away, we know;
But yet my horse would neither run nor go.
What everlasting creature should this be,
That all things are less permanent than he!
So long I kick'd, the people did suppose
The armless man had beat a drum with's toes.
But though a march or an alar'm I beat,
The senseless horse took all for a retreat.
The people's jeers mov'd me to no remorse,
No more than all my kicks did move my horse.
Had Phaeton's horses been as mine is, they
Needed no reins, they'll never run away.
I wish'd for old Copernicus to prove, [move.
That while we both stood still, the Earth would
Oh! for an earthquake, that the hills might meet,
To bring us home, tho' we mov'd not our feet.
All would not do: I was constrain'd to be
The bringer up of a foot company.
But now in what a woeful case were I,
If like our horsemen I were put to fly!
I wish all cowards, (if that be too much)
Half of our horsemen, which I'll swear are such,
In the next fight, when they begin to flee,
They may be plagu'd with a tir'd horse, like me.

TO HIS FRIEND I. B.

Thou think'st that I to thee am fully known,
Yet thou'lt not think how powerful I am grown.
I can work miracles, and when I do
Think on thy worth, think thee a wonder too.
Thy constant love, and lines in verse and prose,
Makes me think thee and them miraculous.
Myself am from myself, both here and there I
Suppose myself grown an ubiquitary.
We are a miracle, and 'tis with us
As with John Baptist and his Lazarus.
I thou, and thou art I, and 'tis a wonder
That we both live, and yet both live asunder.
Come, then, let's meet again; for until we
Unite, the times can't be at unity.
But if this distance must still interpose
Between my eye and thee, yet let us close
In mind; and tho' our necks bi-forked grown,
Spread eagle like, yet let our breasts be one.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Your pardon, lady: by my troth I err,
I thought each face a painted sepulchre,
That wore but beauty on't: I did suppose
That outward beauty had been ominous;
And that 't had been so opposite to wit,
As it ne'er wisdom met, nor virtue it.
Your face confutes me, and I do begin
To know my errour, and repent my sin.
For on those rosy cheeks I plainly see
And read my former thought's deformity.
I could believe hyperboles, and think
That praise too low that flows from pen and ink;
That you're all angel: when I look on you,
I'm forc'd to think the rampant'st fictions true.
Nay, I dare swear (though once I did abhor it)
That men love women, and have reason for it.
The lapidaries now shall learn to set
Their diamonds in gold, and not in jet.
The proverb's crost, for now a man may find
"A beauteous face th' index of such a mind."
How I could praise you, and your worth display,
But that my ravish'd pen is forc'd to stay;
And when I think t' express your purer fashion,
My expressions turn to stupid admiration.
Nature's perfection! she, by forming thee,
Proves she has now infallibility.
You're an Enchiridion, whom Heav'n did print
To copy by, with no errata in't.
You're my Urania; nay, within you be
The Muses met in their tertrinity:
Else how could I turn poet, and retain
My banish'd Muse into my thoughts again!
See what your wit, see what your beauty can,
T' make a poet's more than t' make a man:
I've wit b' infusion; nay, I've beauty too;
I think I'm comely, if you think me so.
Add to your virtues love, and you may be
A wife for Jove: pray let that Jove be me.

ON THE TURN-COAT CLERGY.

That clergymen are changeable, and teach
That now 'gainst which they will to morrow preach,
Is an undoubted truth; but that in this
Their variation they do aught amiss,
I stedfastly deny: the world, we see,
Preserves itself by mutability;
And by an imitation each thing in it
Preserves itself by changing every minute.
The heavenly orbs do move and change, and there's
The much admired music of the spheres.
The Sun, the Moon, the stars, do always vary;
The times turn round still, nothing stationary.
Why then should we blame clergymen, that do,
Because they're heavenly, like the Heavens go?
Nay, th' Earth itself, on which we tread, (they say)
Turns round, and's moving still; then why not they?
Our bodies still are changing from our birth,
Till they return to their first matter, earth.
We draw in air and food; that air and food
Incorporates, and turns our flesh and blood.
Then we breathe out ourselves in sweat, and vent
Our flesh and blood by use and excrement,
With such continual change, that none can say,
He's the same man that he was yesterday.
Besides, all creatures cannot choose but be
By much the worse for their stability:
For standing pools corrupt, while running springs
Yield sweet refreshment to all other things.
The highest church-things oftenest change, we know,
The weather-cock that stands o' th' top does so.
The bells when rung in changes best do please;
The nightingale, that minstrel of the trees,
Varies her note, while the dull cuckoo sings
Only one note, no auditory brings.
Why then should we admire our Levites' change,
Since 'tis their nat'ral motion? 'Tis not strange

To see a fish to swim, or eagle fly;
Nor is their Protean mutability
More worth our wonder; but 'tis so in fashion,
It merits our applause and imitation.
But I conclude, lest while I speak of change,
I shall too far upon one subject range;
And so become unchangeable, and by
My practice give my doctrine here the lie.

A SATIRE ON THE REBELLION.

Urge me no more to sing, I am not able
To raise a note: songs are abominable.
Yea, David's psalms do now begin to be
Turn'd out of church, by hymns extempore.
No accents are so pleasant now as those
That are cæsura'd through the pastor's nose.
I'll only weep our misery and ruth,
I am no poet, for I speak the truth.
Behold a self against itself doth fight,
And the left hand prevails above the right.
The grumbling guts, the belly of the state,
Unthankful for the wholesome food they ate,
Belch at their head, and do begin to slight
The cates, to which they had an appetite.
They long for kickshaws and new-fangled dishes,
Not which all love, but which each fancy wishes.
Behold a glorious Phœbus tumbling down,
While the rebellious bards usurp the crown.
Behold a team of Phaetons aspire
To guide the Sun, and set the world on fire.
All goes to wrack, and it must needs be so,
When those would run, that know not how to go.
Behold a lawful sovereign, to whose mind
Dishonesty's a stranger now confin'd,
To the anarchic pow'r of those, whose reason
Is flat rebellion, and their truth is treason.
Behold the loyal subjects pill'd and poll'd,
And from Algiers to Tunis bought and sold.
Their goods sequest'red by a legal stealth,
The private robb'd, t' uphold the commonwealth.
And those the only plunderers are grown
Of others' states, that had none of their own.
Robbers no more by night in secret go,
They have a licence now for what they do.
If any to the rulers do complain,
They know no other godliness but gain:
Nor give us any plaster for the sore
Of paying much, but only paying more.
Whate'er we do or speak, howe'er we live,
All is acquitted, if we will but give.
They sit in bulwarks, and do make the laws
But fair pretences to a fouler cause;
And, horse-leech like, cry "Give;" whate'er they say
Or sing, the burthen of their song is "Pay."
How wretched is that state! how full of woe!
When those that should preserve, do overthrow!
When they rule us, and o'er them money reigns,
Who still cry "Give," and always gape for gains!
But on those judges lies a heavy curse,
That measure crimes by the delinquent's purse.
The time will come, when they do cease to live,
Some will cry "Take," as fast as they cry'd "Give."

TO HIS REVEREND FRIEND DR. S.

ON HIS PIOUS AND LEARNED BOOK.

The times are chang'd, and the misguided rout
Now tug to pull in what they tumbled out,
And with like eagerness. The factious crew,
Who ruin'd all, are now expos'd to view:
Their vizor's off, and now we plainly see
Both what they are, and what they aim'd to be,
And what they meant to do to us and ours,
If either ours or we were in their pow'rs.
That vip'rous brood of Levi, who gnaw'd through
Their mother's bowels, and their father's too,
To break a passage to their lewd designs,
Have found th' effects of all their undermines,
And see themselves out-acted in their show,
By sucking sprouts that out of them did grow.
They're now out-wink'd, out-fasted, and out-tongu'd; [dung'd:
Their pulpits reap those fields which they had
Who split the church into so many schisms,
The zeal of these eats t'other's patriarchisms:
And, vermin-like, they do that corse devour,
Whose putrefaction gave them life and pow'r.
Now they repent, (though late) and turn to you
Of the old church, that's constant, pure, and true.
Thanks to such lights as you are, who have stay'd
In that firm truth, from which they fondly stray'd,
Endur'd reproach, and want, all violent shocks,
Which roll'd like billows, while you stood like rocks,
Unmov'd by all their fury, kept your ground,
Fix'd as the poles, whiles they kept twirling round:
Submitted to all rage, and lost your all,
Yet ne'er comply'd with, or bow'd knee to Baal.
You preach'd for love of preaching, with desire
T' instruct, and to reform; while pay and hire,
Which made them preach, were ta'en away from you,
You still strove on, and led the people through
That wilderness of errour, into which
Those ignes-fatui, tempted by the itch
Of pride and change, had led them; and when th' times,
Envying your worth, voted your sermons crimes,
And made it treason to relieve or hear you,
And constituted to affront and jeer you,
Those patentees of graces and good livings,
Grown rich with fees, and fat with full thanks-givings,
Who roll'd a stone upon your mouths, for fear
Truth would find out a resurrection there:
Then from the press you piously did show
What, why, and how, we should believe and know,
And pray and practise; made it out to us
Why our church-institutes were these and thus;
And how we ought t' observe them, so that we
May find them that, which of themselves they be,
Commands and comforts: this, sir, we do find
Perform'd by this rare issue of your mind,
Your pious and your profitable lines,
Which can't be prais'd by such a pen as mine's,
But must b' admir'd and lov'd, and you must be
For ever thank'd and honour'd too by me,
And all that know or read you; since you do
Supply the pious and the learned too
So well, that both must say, to you they owe
What good they practise, and what good they know.

ON THE

LOSS OF A GARRISON MEDITATION.

ANOTHER city lost! Alas, poor king!
Still future griefs from former griefs do spring.
The world's a seat of change: kingdoms and kings,
Though glorious, are but sublunary things.
Crosses and blessings kiss; there's none that be
So happy, but they meet with misery.
He that ere while sat center'd to his throne,
And all did homage unto him alone;
Who did the sceptre of his power display
From pole to pole, while all this rule obey,
From stair to stair now tumbles, tumbles down,
And scarce one pillar doth support his crown.
Town after town, field after field,
This turns, and that perfidiously doth yield:
He's banded on the traitorous thought of those
That, Janus like, look to him and his foes.
In vain are bulwarks, and the strongest hold,
If the besiegers' bullets are of gold.
My soul, be not dejected: would'st thou be
From present trouble or from danger free?
Trust not in rampires, nor the strength of walls,
The town that stands to day, to morrow falls.
Trust not in soldiers, though they seem so stout;
Where sin's within, vain is defence without.
Trust not in wealth, for in this lawless time,
Where prey is penalty, there wealth is crime.
Trust not in strength or courage: we all see
The weak'st of times do gain the victory.
Trust not in honour: honour's but a blast,
Quickly begun, and but a while doth last.
They that to day to thee "Hosanna" cry,
To morrow change their note for "Crucify."
Trust not in friends, for friends will soon deceive thee;
They are in nothing sure, but sure to leave thee.
Trust not in wit: who run from place to place,
Changing religion, as Chance does her face,
In spite of cunning, and their strength of brain,
They're often catch, and all their plots are vain.
Trust not in counsel: potentates, or kings,
All are but frail and transitory things.
Since neither soldiers, castles, wealth, or wit,
Can keep off harm from thee, or thee from it;
Since neither strength nor honour, friends nor lords,
Nor princes, peace or happiness affords,
Trust thou in God, ply him with prayers still,
Be sure of help; for he both can, and will.

UPON THE KING'S IMPRISONMENT.

IMPRISON me, you traitors! must I be
Your fetter'd slave, while you're at liberty
T' usurp my sceptre, and to make my power
Gnaw its own bowels, and itself devour?
You glorious villains! treasons that have been
Done in all ages, are done o'er again!
Expert proficients, that have far out-done
Your tutor's presidents, and have out-run
The practice of all times, whose acts will be
Thought legendary by posterity.
Was't not enough you made me bear the wrong
Of a rebellious sword, and vip'rous tongue,
To lose my state, my children, crown, and wife,
But must you take my liberty and life?
Subjects can find no fortress but their graves,
When servants sway, and sovereigns are slaves.
'Cause I'll not sign, nor give consent unto
Those lawless actions that you've done and do,
Nor yet betray my subjects, and so be
As treacherous to them, as you to me;
Is this the way to mould me to your wills,
To expiate former crimes by greater ills?
Mistaken fools! to think my soul can be
Grasp'd or infring'd by such low things as ye!
Alas! though I'm immur'd, my mind is free,
I'll make your very jail my liberty.
Plot, do your worst, I safely shall deride,
In my crown'd soul, your base inferior pride,
And stand unmov'd; tho' all your plagues you bring,
I'll die a martyr, or I'll live a king.

ON THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES.

How! dead! nay, murder'd! not a comet seen!
Nor one strange prodigy to intervene!
I'm satisfi'd: Heav'n had no sight so rare,
Nor so prodigious, as his murderers are,
Who at this instant had not drawn the air,
Had they not been preserv'd b' his funeral pray'r.
And yet who looks aright, may plainly spy
The kingdom's to itself a prodigy;
The scattered stars have join'd themselves in one,
And have thrown Phœbus headlong from his throne.
They'd be the Sun themselves, and shine, and so
By their joint blaze inflame the world below,
Which b' imitation does t' a chaos fall,
And shake itself t' an earthquake general.
And 'tis the height of miracle that we
Live in these wonders, yet no wonders see.
Thus those that do enjoy a constant day,
Do scarce take notice of that wondrous ray.
Nature groan'd out her last, when he did fall
Whose influence gave quicking to us all.
His soul was anthem'd out in prayers, and those
Angelic hallelujahs sung in prose:
David the second! we no difference knew
Between th' old David's spirit and the new.
In him grave wisdom so with grace combines,
As Solomon were still in David's loins:
And had we lived in king David's time,
H' had equall'd him in all things but his crime.
Now since you're gone, great prince, this care we'll have,
Your books shall never find a death or grave:
By whose diviner flame the world must be
Purged from its dross, and chang'd to purity,
Which neither time nor treason can destroy,
Nor ign'rant errour, that's more fell than they.
A piece like some rare picture, at remove,
Shows one side eagle, and the other dove.
Sometimes the reason in it soars so high,
It shows affliction quells not majesty;
Yet still, crown, dignity, and self deny'd,
It helps to bear up courage, though not pride:
Trodden humility in robes of state,
Meekly despising all the frowns of Fate.
Your grandsire king, that show'd what good did flow
From the tall cedar to the shrub below,
By violent flame to ashes though calcin'd,
His soul int' you we transmigrated find;
Whose leaves shall like the Sybils' be ador'd,
When time shall open each prophetic word:

And shall like scripture be the rule of good
To those that shall survive the flaming flood:
Whose syllables are libraries, and can
Make a small volume turn a Vatican.
So th' hunted bezar, when he's sure to die,
Bequeathes his cordials to his enemy.
Rest, royal dust! and thank the storms that [drove,
Against its will, you to your haven above.
They have but freed you from those waves that curl'd
Their bloody pow'r to drown this boisterous world.
They've but chang'd throne for throne, and crown for crown;
You took a glorious, laid a thorny down.
You sit among your peers with saints and kings,
View how we shoot for sublunary things,
And labour for our ruin: you did fall,
Just like our Saviour, for the sins of all,
And for your own; for in this impious time
Virtue's a vice, and piety's a crime.
The sum of all whose faults being understood,
Is this, we were too bad, and you too good.

ON THE KING'S DEATH.

What means this sadness? why does every eye
Wallow in tears? what makes the low'ring sky
Look clouded thus with sighs? Is it because
The great defender of the faith and laws
Is sacrificed to the barbarous rage
Of those prodigious monsters of our age?
A prey to the insatiate will of those
That are the king's and kingdom's cursed foes!
'Tis true, there's cause enough each eye should be
A torrent, and each man a Niobe.
To see a wise, just, valiant, temperate man,
Should leave the world, who either will or can
Abstain from grief? To see a father die,
And his half-self, and orphans weeping by:
To see a master die, and leave a state
Unsettled, and usurpers gape to ha't:
To see a king dissolve to's mother dust,
And leave his headless kingdom to the lust
And the ambitious wills of such a route,
Which work its end, to bring their own about:
'Tis cause of sorrow; but to see these slain,
Nay, murder'd too, makes us grieve o'er again.
But to be kill'd by servants, or by friends,
This will raise such a grief as never ends.
And yet we find he, that was all these things,
And more, the best of Christians and of kings,
Suffer'd all this and more, whose sufferings stood
So much more great than these, as he more good.
Yet 'tis a vain thing to lament our loss;
Continued mourning adds but cross to cross.
What's pass'd can't be recall'd: our sadness may
Drive us to him, but can't bring him away;
Nor can a kingdom's cries restate the crown
Upon his head, which their sins tumbled down.
Rest then, my soul, and be contented in
Thy share of sufferings, as well as sin.
I see no cause of wonder in all this,
But still expect such fruits of wickedness.
Kings are but earth refin'd; and he that wears
A crown, but loads himself with griefs and fears.
The world itself to its first nothing tends;
And things that had beginnings, must have ends.
Those glorious lamps of Heav'n, that give us light,
Must at the last dissolve to darkness quite.
If the celestial architectures go
To dissolution, so must earthy too.
If ruin seize on the vast frame of Nature,
The little world must imitate the greater.
I'll put no trust in wealth, for I do see
Fate can take me from it, or it from me.
Trust not in honour, 'tis but people's cry, [high.
Who'll soon throw down whate'er they mounted
Nor trust in friends: he that's now hedg'd about,
In time of need can hardly find one out.
Nor all in strength or power; for sin will be
The desolation of my strength and me.
Nor yet in crowns and kingdoms: who has all,
Is expos'd to a heavy though a royal fall.
Nor yet in wisdom, policy, or wit:
It cannot keep me harmless, or I it.
He that had all man could attain unto,
He that did all that wit or power could do.
Or grace or virtue prompt, could not avoid
That sad and heavy load our sins have laid
Upon his innocent and sacred head, but must
Submit his person to bold rebels' lust,
And their insatiate rage, who did condemn
And kill him, while he pray'd and dy'd for them.
Our only trust is in the King of kings,
To wait with patience the event of things:
He that permits the father's tumbling down,
Can raise, and will, the son up to the crown.
He that permits those traitors' impious hands
To murther his anointed, and his lands
To be usurp'd, can, when he sees it fit,
Destroy those monsters which he did permit;
And by their headlong and unpitied fall,
Make the realm's nuptial of their funeral.
Meantime that sainted martyr, from his throne,
Sees how these laugh, and his good subjects groan;
And hugs his blessed change, whereby he is
Rob'd into a crown, and murder'd into a bliss.

A FUNERAL ELEGY ON MR. AUBREY.

Gone are those halcion days, when men did dare
Do good for love, undrawn by gain or fear!
Gone are our heroes, whose vast souls did hate
Vice, though't were cloth'd in sanctity or state!
Gone is our Aubrey, who did then take's time
To die, when worthy men thought life a crime!
One whose pure soul with nobleness was fill'd,
And scorn'd to live, when Peace and Truth were kill'd.
One, who was worthy by descent and birth,
Yet would not live a burthen on the Earth,
Nor draw his honour from his grandsire's name,
Unless his progeny might do the same.
No gilded Mammon, yet had enough to spend,
To feed the poor, and entertain his friend.
No gaping miser, whose desire was more
T' enrich himself, by making's neighbour poor,
Than to lay out himself, his wealth and health,
To buy his country's good and commonwealth.
Religion was his great delight and joy,
Not, as 'tis now, to plunder and destroy:
His lean'd on those two pillars, faith and reason,
Not false hypocrisy, nor headlong treason.
His piety was with him bred and grown;
He'd build ten churches, ere he'd pull down one.
Constant to's principles; and though the times
Made his worth sin, and his pure virtues crimes,

He stood unmov'd spite of all troubles hurl'd,
And durst support but not turn with the world.
Call'd to the magistracy, he appear'd
One that desir'd more to be lov'd than fear'd;
Justice and mercy on him mingled so,
That this flew not too high, not that too low:
His mind could not be carved worse or better,
By mean men's flattery, nor by great men's letter:
Nor sway'd by bribes, though proffer'd in the dark,
He scorn'd to be half justice and half clerk;
But all his distributions ev'nly ran,
Both to the peasant and the gentleman.
He did what Nature had design'd him to
In his due time, while he had strength to do.
And when decay and age did once draw nigh,
He'd nothing left to do but only die.
And when he felt his strength and youth decline,
His body's loss strengthen'd his soul's design:
And as the one did by degrees decay,
T' other ran swifter up the milky way.
Freed from those sicknesses that are the pages
Attending Nature's sad decay and ages,
His spotless soul d d from his body fly,
And hover in the heav'nly galaxy,
Whence he looks down, and lets the living see,
What he was once, and what we ought to be.

UPON THE DEATH OF THAT REVEREND AND LEARNED DIVINE,

MR. JOSIAS SHUTE.

Tush, tush! he is not dead; I lately spy'd
One smile at's first-born son's birth; and a bride
Into her heart did entertain delight
At the approach of her wish'd wedding night.
All which delights (if he were dead) would turn
To grief; yea mirth itself be forc'd to mourn.
Inspired poets would forget to laugh,
And write at once his and mirth's epitaph.
Sighs would engross our breath, there would appear
Anthems of joy, limbeck'd into a tear:
Each face would be his death-bed; in each eye
'Twere easy then to read his elegy;
Each soul would be close mourner, each tongue tell
Stories prick'd out to th' tune o'th' passing bell;
The world redrown'd in tears, each heart would be
A marble stone, each stone a Niobe.
But he, alas, is gone, nor do we know,
To pay for loss of him, deserving woe;
Like bankrupts in our grief, because we may
Not half we owe him give, we'll nothing pay.
For should our tears like the ocean issue forth,
They could not swell adequate to his worth:
So far his worth's above our knowledge that
We only know we've lost, we know not what.
The mourning Heaven, beholding such a dearth
Of tears, show'rs rain to liquify the Earth,
That we may see from its adulterate womb,
If it be possible, a second come.
Till then 'tis our unhappiness, we can't
Know what good dwelt in him, but by the want.
He was no whirligig lect'rer of the times,
That from a heel block to a pulpit climbs,
And there such stuff among their audience break,
They seem to have mouth, and words, yet cannot
Nor such as into pasquil pulpits come [speak.
With thundering nonsense, but to beat the drum
To civil wars, whose texts and doctrines run
As if they were o'th' separation;
And by their spiritual law have marri'd been
Without a ring, because they were no kin.
Knowledge and zeal in him so sweetly meet,
His pulpit seem'd a second Olivet,
Where from his lips he would deliver things
As though some seraphim had clapp'd his wings.
His painful sermons were so neatly dress'd,
As if an anthem were in prose express'd;
Divinity and art were so united,
As if in him both were hermaphrodited.
O what an excellent surgeon has he been
To set a conscience (out of joint by sin)!
He at one blow could wound and heal; we all
Wond'red to see a purge a cordial.
His manna-breathing sermons often have
Given all our good thoughts life, our bad a grave.
Satan and sin were never more put to't [Shute.
Than when they met with their still-conquering
His life was the use of's doctrine; so 'twas known
That Shute and saint, were convertible grown:
He did live sermons; the profane were vext
To see his actions comments on his text.
So imitable his virtues did appear,
As if each place to him a pulpit were.
He was himself a synod, our's had been
Void (had he liv'd) or but an idle din:
His presence so divine, that Heaven might be
(If it were possible) more heavenly.
And now we well perceive with what intent
Death made his soul become non-resident.
'Twas to make him (such honours to him given)
Regius professor to the King of Heaven;
By whom he's prelated above the skies,
And the whole world's his seat t' episcopise;
So that (methinks) one star more doth appear
In our horizon since his being there.
Death's grown tyrannical by imitation:
'Cause he was learned, by a sequestration
He took his living; but for's benefice
He is rewarded with eternal bliss.
Let's all prepare to follow him, for he's
But gone to Glory's school, to take degrees.

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR HEARN,

WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 15, 1644.

Sad spectacle of grief! how frail is man!
Whose self's a bubble, and his life a span!
Whose breath's like a careering shade, whose sun
Begins to set, when it begins to run.
Lo this man's sun sets i'th'meridian,
And this man's sun, speaks him the sun of man.
Among the rest that come to sacrifice
To's memory the torrents of their eyes,
I, though a stranger, and though none of those
That weep in rhyme, though I oft mourn in prose,
Sigh out some grief, and my big-belli'd eyes
Long for delivery at his obsequies.
For he that writes but truth of him, will be,
Though without art, slander'd with poesy.
And they that praise him right in prose or verse,
Will by the most be thought idolaters.
Men are s' incredulous; and yet there's none
Can write his worth in verse, but in his own.
He needs no other monument of fame,
But his own actions, to blaze out his name.
He was a glory to the doctor's gown,
Help to his friends, his country, and his town,

The Atlas of our health, who oft did groan
For others' sickness, e'er he felt his own.
Hippocrates and Galen in his brain
Met as in Gemini; it did contain
A library of skill, a panoply,
A magazine of ingenuity.
With every art his brain so well was mated,
As if his fancy had been calculated
For that meridian; he none would follow
But was in skill the Britanish Apollo.
His parents grow impatient, and the fear
Of death, limbeck'd their bodies into tears.
The widow'd Muses do lament his death;
Those that wrote mirth, do now retract their breath,
And breathe their souls in sighs; each strives to be
No more Thalia, but Melpomene.
He stood a champion in defence of health,
And was a terrour to death's common-wealth.
His Esculapius' art revok'd their breath,
And often gave a non-suit unto death.
Now we've a rout, death kill'd our general,
Our griefs break forth, grow epidemical.
Now we must lay down arms, and captives turn
To death; man has no rampire but an urn.
In him death gets an university;
Happy the bodies that so near him lie,
To hear his worth and wit, 'tis now no fear
To die, because we meet a Hearne there.
Earthquakes and comets usher great men's fall,
At this we have an earthquake general;
Th' ambitious vallies do begin t' aspire,
And would confront the mountains, nay be higher;
Inferior orbs aspire, and do disdain
Our Sol; each bear would ride in Charles his wain.
Our Moon's eclips'd, and th' occidental Sun
Fights with old Aries for his horizon.
Each petty slave gets horses, and would be
All Sols, and join to make a prodigy.
All things are out of course, which could not be,
But that we should some special death foresee.
Yet let's not think him dead who ne'er shall die,
Till time be gulf'd in vast eternity.
'Tis but his shadow that is past away;
While he's eclips'd in Earth, another day
His better part shall pierce the skies, and shine
In glory 'bove the Heavens chrystalline.
He is but freed from troubles that are hurl'd
Upon this small enchiridion of the world.
We could not understand him, he's gone higher
To read a lecture to an angel's choir.
He is advanc'd up a higher story,
To take's degrees i'th' upper form of glory.
He is our prodrome, gone before us whither
We all must go, though all go not together:
Dust will dissolve to dust, to earth; earth we're
all men; [when.
And must all die, none knows how, where, nor

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SCHOOLMASTER, MR. W. H.

Must he die thus? has an eternal sleep
Seiz'd on each Muse that it can't sing nor weep?
Had he no friends? no merits? or no purse
To purchase mourning? or had he that curse
Which has the scraping worldling still frequented,
To live unlov'd, and perish unlamented?
No, none of these; but in this Atlas' fall
Learning for present found its funeral.
Nor was't for want of grief, but scope and vent;
Not sullenness, but deep astonishment; [come
Small griefs are soon wept out; but great ones
With bulk, and strike the straight lamenters dumb.
This was the schoolmaster that did derive,
From parts and piety's prerogative,
The glory of that good, but painful art;
Who had high learning yet an humble heart.
The Drake of grammar learning, whose great pain
Circled that globe, and made that voyage plain.
Time was, when th' artless pedagogue did stand
With his viminous sceptre in his hand,
Raging like Bajazet o'er the tugging fry,
Who though unhors'd were not of th' infantry;
Applying, like a glister, hic hæc hoc,
Till the poor lad's beat to a whipping block;
And school'd so long to know a verb and noun,
Till each had Propria maribus of his own:
As if not fit to learn As in præsenti,
But legally, when they were one and twenty.
Those few that went to th' universities then,
Went with deliberation, and were men.
Nor were our academies in those days
Fill'd with chuck-farthing batchelors and boys;
But scholars with more beard and age went hence,
Than our new lapwing-lectures skip from thence.
By his industrious labour now we see
Boys coated, borne to th' university,
Who suck'd in Latin, and did scorn to seek
Their scourge and top in English, but in Greek.
Hebrew the general puzzler of old heads, [reads,
Which the gray dunce with pricks and comments
And dubs himself a scholar by it, grew
As natural t' him as if he'd been a Jew.
But above all he timely did inspire
His scholars' breasts with an etherial fire.
And sanctifi'd their early learning so,
That they in grace, as they in wit did grow:
Yet nor his grace nor learning could defend him
From that mortality that did attend him;
Nor can there now be any difference known,
Between his learned bones and those with none.
For that grand lev'ler death huddles to one place
Rich, poor, wise, foolish, noble and the base.
This only is our comfort and defence,
He was not immaturely ravish'd hence.
But to our benefit, and to his own,
Undying fame and honour let alone
Till he had finish'd what he was to do,
Then naturally split himself in two.
And that's one cause he had so few moist eyes,
He made men learned, and that made them wise,
And over-rule their passions, since they see
Tears would but show their own infirmity.
And 'tis but loving madness to deplore
The fate of him, that shall be seen no more.
But only I cropp'd in my tender years,
Without a tongue, or wit, but sighs and tears;
And yet I come to offer what is mine,
An immolation to his honour'd shrine;
And retribute what he conferr'd on me,
Either to's person or his memory.
Rest pious soul, and let that happy grave
That is entrusted with thy relics, have
This just inscription, that it holds the dust
Of one that was wise, learned, pious, just.

AN EPITAPH.

If beauty, birth, or friends, or virtue could
Preserve from putrefaction flesh and blood,

This lady had still liv'd; who had all those,
And all that Nature, art, or grace bestows.
But death regards not bad nor good;
All that's mortal is his food.
Only here our comfort lies:
Though death does all sorts confound,
Her better part surmounts the skies,
While her body sleeps i'th' ground.
Her soul returns to God, from whom it came,
And her great virtues do embalm her name.

AN EPITAPH ON MRS. G.

Whoever knows or hears whose sacred bones
Rest here within these monumental stones,
How dear a mother and how sweet a wife,
If he has bowels, cannot for his life
But on her ashes must some tears distil,
For if men will not weep, this marble will.

A PARAPHRASE

UPON THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES.

Thus said the royal Preacher, who did spring
"From holy David, Israel's blessed king;
All things are vain, most vain, nay vanity,
Yea vanity of vanities they be.
See how the industrious mortals toil and care!
Look how they travel, how turmoil'd they are!
When their work's ended, and their race is run,
What profit gain they underneath the Sun?
This generation that appears to day,
To morrow vanisheth and fleets away:
In whose unstable mansion there comes
The next, to fill their predecessor's rooms:
And these but come and go; but this vast frame
Th' Earth still remains, though not the very same:
The glorious heavenly charioteer new drest,
Riseth in burnish'd glory in the east,
And circles this vast globe with constant race,
Till it returns to its first rising place.
Th' unconstant wind that now doth southward blow,
Anon to th' north, from whence it came, will go:
It whirleth still about, yet in its change
It still returns from whence it first did range.
The posting river, though about it wanders,
Curling itself in intricate meanders,
Yet with a greedy, and a head-strong motion,
It runs to its original the ocean,
Whose vast unsatiate womb it cannot fill;
For as it's taking, so 'tis giving still:
And by alternate gratitude supplies
The thirsty earth, and makes new streams arise,
Which by an ever active imitation,
Return from whence they had origination.
Thus in this toilsome fabric every thing
Is full of labour, and doth trouble bring
To the still craving mortal, whose false breast
Vainly supposes this a place of rest;
And while he toils his labours to possess,
Endures more troubles than he can express.
The restless eye is never satisfied
With viewing objects; nor doth th' ear abide
Content with hearing; but the senses all
Grow by fruition more hydropical;
And every fresh enjoyment straight expires,
And's buried in the flames of new desires;
The thing which hath been in the days of yore,
Shall be again, and what's now done no more
Than what hereafter shall again be done;
And there's no new thing underneath the Sun:
There's no invention; that which we style wit,
Is but remembrance; and the fruits of it,
Are but old things reviv'd. In this round world,
All things are by a revolution hurl'd.
And though to us they variously appear,
There are no things but what already were.
What thing is there within this world that we
Can justly say is new, and cry 'come see?'
We can't remember things that have been done
I'th' nonage of the world, when time begun:
And there will come a time when those that shall
Succeed us, shan't remember us at all;
When things that have been or that shall be done,
Shall be entomb'd in vast oblivion.
I, that your preacher am, was he that sway'd
A royal sceptre, and have been obey'd
By th' Israelites, and in Jerusalem
Did wear great Judah's princely diadem,
And us'd my wealth, my power, and strength of [mind,
To seek and search for wisdom, and to find
Thereby the causes and effects of all
Things done upon this subsolary ball;
The works of our great Architect survey'd,
The firm foundation which his hand had laid;
The various superstructures small and great,
Men's labours how they strive to counterfeit,
And in their several postures how they strive
To feed, and fence, and keep themselves alive.
How do they love and hate, are foes and friends,
Upon mistaken grounds, and false self-ends;
How they do do, and undo, how they pant
And tug to kill imaginary want;
What they both do and suffer, how and why,
Their self-created troubles I did spy:
And in my tow'ring over-search I see
Both what men are, and what they ought to be.
A sore and tedious travel to the mind,
Which our great God in wisdom has design'd
For us poor sons of mortals, and thought fit
That we therein should exercise our wit.
All that hath been, and all that hath been done,
All creatures' actions underneath the Sun,
My searching soul hath seen by contemplation,
And lo all's vanity, and the soul's vexation.
All men, all things are crooked and perverse,
Full of defects are it, and they, and theirs,
All so imperfect that they're not at all;
And (which we may the great'st vexation call)
This crookedness cannot be rectifi'd,
Nor those defects (though numberless) supply'd.
When I'd arrive the very top of all,
That the mistaken Mammonists miscall,
And think their chiefest blessings, wealth and wit,
With all th' additaments that cleave to it:
Then did I to my heart communicate
And said, "lo, I've attain'd a vast estate,
And do in wisdom far transcend all them
That reigned before in Jerusalem;
And to complete the wisdom of my mind,
To my large knowlege have experience join'd:"
I did apply my active mind to know
Wisdom and folly, nay and madness too:
And from th' experience of all, I find
All this is but vexation of the mind:
For in much wisdom lies much grief; and those
That increase knowlege, do increase their woes."

A SPEECH MADE TO

THE LORD GENERAL MONCK,

AT CLOTHWORKERS-HALL, IN LONDON, THE 13TH OF MARCH, 1659, AT WHICH TIME HE WAS THERE ENTERTAINED BY THAT WORTHY COMPANY.

Nay then let me come too with my address,
Why may'n't a rustic promise or profess
His good affection t' you? Why not declare
His wants? how many, and how great they are?
And how you may supply them? since you may
See our hearts mourn, although our clothes be grey.
Great hero of three nations! whose blood [springs
From pious and from pow'rful grandsire kings,
With whose blood royal you've enrich'd your veins,
And by continued policy and pains
Have equall'd all their glory; so that now
Three kingless sceptres to your feet do bow,
And court protection, and alliance too;
And what great men still reach'd at, stoops to you.
But you're too truly noble to aspire
By fraud or force to greatness, or t' acquire
Sceptres and crowns by robbery, or base
And wilful breach of trusts, and oaths, nor place
Your happiness in ravished dominion,
Whose glory's only founded in opinion,
Attended still with danger, fear, and doubt,
And fears within, worse than all those without.
You must still watch and fear, and think, and must
Lose all content, to gratify one lust;
Should you invade the throne, or aim at pelf,
Throw down three nations to set up yourself;
Kings are but royal slaves, and prisoners too,
They always toil, and always guarded go.
You are for making princes, and can find
No work proportion'd to your pow'r and mind,
But Atlas-like to bear the world, and be
The great restorer of the liberty
Of three long captiv'd kingdoms, who were thrown
By others' strong delusions, and their own
Misguided zeal, to do and suffer what
Their very souls now grieve and tremble at,
Debauch'd by those they thought would teach and rule 'em,
Who now they find did ruin and befool 'em.
Our meanings still were honest, for alas!
We never dreamt of what's since come to pass;
'Twas never our intent to violate
The settled orders of the church or state,
To throw down rulers from their lawful seat,
Merely to make ambitious small things great,
Or to subvert the laws; but we thought then
The laws were good if manag'd by good men;
And so we do think still, and find it true,
Old laws did more good, and less harm than new;
And 'twas the plague of countries and of cities,
When that great-belli'd house did spawn committees.
We fought not for religion, for 'tis known,
Poor men have little, and some great ones none;
Those few that love it truly, do well know
None can take't from us, whe'r we will or no.
Nor did we fight for laws, nor had we need;
For if we had but gold enough to feed
Our talking lawyers, we had laws enough,
Without addressing to the sword or buff.
Nor yet for liberties; for those are things
Have cost us more in keepers, than in kings.
Nor yet for peace; for if we had done so,
The soldiers would have beat us long ago.
Yet we did fight, and now we see for what,
To shuffle men's estates; those owners that
Before these wars, could call estates their own,
Are beaten out by others that had none;
Both law and gospel overthrown together,
By those who ne'er believ'd in, or lov'd either.
Our truth, our trade, our peace, our wealth, our freedom,
And our full parliaments, that did get and breed 'em,
Are all devour'd, and by a monster fell,
Whom none, but you, could satisfy or quell.
You're great, you're good, you're valiant, and you're wise;
You have Briareus' hands, and Argus' eyes;
You are our English champion, you're the true
St. George for England, and for Scotland too.
And though his story's question'd much by some,
Whe'r true or false, this age and those to come,
Shall for the future find it so far true,
That all was but a prophecy of you;
And all his great and high achievements be
Explain'd by you in this mythology.
Herein you've far out-done him; he did fight
But with one single dragon; but by your might
A legion have been tam'd, and made to serve
The people, whom they mean t' undo and starve.
In this you may do higher, and make fame
Immortalize your celebrated name;
This age's glory, wonder of all after,
If you would free the son, as he the daughter.

THE

POEMS

OF

CHARLES COTTON.

THE

LIFE OF CHARLES COTTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet was the son of Charles Cotton, esq.[1] of Beresford, in Staffordshire, a man of considerable fortune and high accomplishments. Lord Clarendon says, he "had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen: such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the court, or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression upon his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgencies to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long[2]."

His son, who inherited many of these characteristics, was born on the 28th of April, 1630, and educated at the university of Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Mr. Ralph Rawson, whom he celebrates in the translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus. At the university he is said to have studied the Greek and Roman classics with distinguished success, and to have become a perfect master of the French and Italian languages. It does not appear, however, that he took any degree, or studied with a view to any learned profession; but after his residence at Cambridge, travelled into France and other parts of the continent. On his return, he resided during the greater part of his life at the family seat at Beresford.

In 1656, when he was in his twenty-sixth year, he married Isabella, daughter of sir Thomas Hutchinson, knight, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, a distant relation, and took her home to his father's house, as he had no other establishment. On his father's death, in 1658, he succeeded to the family estate, encumbered by those imprudencies noticed by lord Clarendon, from which it does not appear that he was ever able to relieve it.

[1] Who was the son of sir George Cotton, of Hampshire, and married the only child of sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, by his first wife, Olive, heiress of Edward Beresford, esq. of Beresford.—Topographer, vol. III. Suppl. 25. *C.*

[2] Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon. The other particulars of Cotton's life are taken from the Biog. Brit. and from sir John Hawkins' account of him prefixed to the Second Part of the Complete Angler. *C.*

From this time, almost all we have of his life is comprized in a list of his various publications, which were chiefly translations from the French, or imitations of the writers of that nation. In 1663, he published Mons. de Vaix's Moral Philosophy of the Stoics, in compliance, sir John Hawkins thinks, with the will of his father, who was accustomed to give him themes and authors for the exercise of his judgment and learning. In 1665, he translated the Horace of Corneille for the amusement of his sister, who, in 1670, consented that it should be printed. In this attempt he suffered little by being preceded by sir William Lower, and followed by Mrs. Catherine Phillips. In 1670, he published a translation of the Life of the Duke of d' Espernon; and about the same time, his affairs being much embarrassed, he obtained a captain's commission in the army, and went over to Ireland. Some adventures he met with on this occasion gave rise to his first burlesque poem, entitled A Voyage to Ireland, in three cantos. Of his more serious progress in the army, or when, or why he left it, we have no account.

In 1674, he published the translation of the Fair One of Tunis, a French novel; and of the Commentaries of Blaise de Montluc, marshal of France: and in 1675, The Planter's Manual, being instructions for cultivating all sorts of fruit trees. In 1678 appeared his most celebrated burlesque performance, entitled "Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie: a Mock Poem, on the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's Æneis, in English Burlesque." To this was afterwards added, "Burlesque upon Burlesque, or the Scoffer scoffed: being some of Lucian's Dialogues newly put into English fustian."

In 1681, he published The Wonders of the Peak, an original poem; which, however, proved that he had not much talent for the descriptive branch of poetry. His next employment was a translation of Montaigne's Essays, which was highly praised by the marquis of Halifax, and has often been reprinted, as conveying the spirit and sense of the original with great felicity. His style certainly approaches very closely to the antiquated gossip of that "old prater."

The only remaining production of our author is connected with his private history. One of his favourite recreations was angling, which led to an intimacy between him and honest Isaac Walton, whom he called his father. His house was situated on the banks of the Dove, a fine trout stream, which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford. Here he built a little fishing house dedicated to anglers, *piscatoribus sacrum*, over the door of which the initials of the names of Cotton and Walton were united in a cypher. The interior of this house was a cube of about fifteen feet, paved with black and white marble; the walls wainscoted, with painted pannels representing scenes of fishing: and on the doors of the beaufet were the portraits of Cotton and Walton. His partnership with Walton in this amusement induced him to write Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling, in a clear Stream, which have since been published as a second part, or Supplement to Walton's Complete Angler.

At what time his first wife died, is not recorded. His second was Mary, countess dowager of Ardglass, widow of Wingfield, lord Cromwell, second earl of Ardglass [3], who died in 1649. She must therefore have been considerably older than our poet, but she had a jointure of 1500l. a year, which, although it afforded him

[3] The Topographer, vol. iii. Suppl. 24. *C.*

many comforts, was secured from his imprudent management. He died in the parish of St. James's, Westminster, in 1687, and, it would appear, in a state of insolvency, as Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditor, administered to his effects, his widow and children having previously renounced the administration. These children were by the first wife. One of them, Mr. Beresford Cotton, published in 1694 the Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis, translated by his father; and perhaps assisted in the collection of his poems which appeared in 1689[4]. This gentleman had a company given him in a regiment of foot raised by the earl of Derby, for the service of king William: and one of his sisters was married to the celebrated Dr. George Stanhope, dean of Canterbury.

The leading features of Mr. Cotton's character may be gathered from the few circumstances we have of his life, and from the general tendency of his works. Like his father, he was regardless of pecuniary concerns, a lively and agreeable companion, a man of wit and pleasure, and frequently involved in difficulties from which he did not always escape without some loss of character. It has been reported that on one occasion he offended an aunt or grandmother, by introducing, in his Virgil Travestie, the mention of a singular ruff which she wore, and that this provoked the lady to revoke a clause in her will by which she had bequeathed an estate to him. The lines are supposed to be these.

> And then there is a fair great ruff,
> Made of a pure and costly stuff,
> To wear about her highness' neck,
> Like Mrs. Cockney's in the Peak.

But the story is probably not authentic. In his poems, we find a most affectionate epitaph on his aunt Mrs. Ann Stanhope.

His fate as a poet has been very singular. The Virgil Travestie and his other burlesque performances have been perpetuated by at least fifteen editions, while his poems, published in 1689[1], in which he displays true taste and elegance, have never been reprinted until now. The present, indeed, is but a selection, as many of his smaller pieces abound in those indelicacies which were the reproach of the reign of Charles II. In what remain, we find a strange mixture of broad humour and drollery mixed with delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, and even with devotional poetry of a superior cast. His Pindarics will probably not be thought unworthy of a comparison with those of Cowley. His verses are often equally harmonious, while his thoughts are less encumbered with amplification. In his burlesque poems, Butler appears to have been his model, but we have the Hudibrastic measure only: nothing can be more vulgar, disgusting or licentious than his parodies on Virgil and Lucian. That they should have been so often reprinted, marks the slow progress of the refinement of public taste during the greater part of the eighteenth century: but within the last thirty years it has advanced with rapidity, and Cotton is no longer tolerated. The Travestie, indeed, even when executed with a more chaste humour than in Cotton's Virgil, or Bridges' Homer, is an extravagance pernicious to true taste, and ought never to be encouraged unless where the original is a legitimate object of ridicule.

[4] This collection was made in a very slovenly manner, several of the pieces being repeated in different parts of the volume. *C.*

POEMS

OF

CHARLES COTTON.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO CŒLIA.

ODE.

Give me my heart again (fair treachery)
You ravish'd from me with a smile,
Oh! let it in some nobler quarrel die
Than a poor trophy of your guile.
And faith (bright Cœlia) tell me, what should you,
Who are all falsehood, do with one so true?

Or lend me yours awhile instead of it,
That I in time my skill may try,
Though ill I know it will my bosom fit,
To teach it some fidelity;
Or that it else may teach me to begin
To be to you what you to me have been.

False and imperious Cœlia, cease to be
Proud of a conquest is your shame,
You triumph o'er an humble enemy,
Not one you fairly overcame.
Your eyes alone might have subdu'd my heart,
Without the poor confed'racy of art.

But to the pow'r of beauty you must add
The witchcraft of a sigh and tear:
I did admire before, but yet was made
By those to love; they fix'd me there:
I else, as other transient lovers do,
Had twenty lov'd ere this as well as you.

And twenty more I did intend to love,
E're twenty weeks are past and gone,
And at a rate so modish, as shall prove
My heart a very civil one:
But Oh, (false fair!) I thus resolve in vain,
Unless you give me back my heart again.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

Have I lov'd my fair so long,
Six Olympiads at least,
And to youth and beauty's wrong,
On virtue's single interest,
To be at last with scorn oppress'd?

Have I lov'd that space so true,
Without looking once awry,
Lest I might prove false to you,
To whom I vow'd fidelity,
To be repay'd with cruelty?

Was you not, oh sweet! confess,
Willing to be so belov'd?
Favour gave my flame increase,
By which it still aspiring mov'd,
And had gone out, if disapprov'd.

Whence then can this change proceed?
Say; or whither does it tend?
That false heart will one day bleed,
When it has brought so true a friend
To cruel and untimely end.

SONNET.

What have I left to do but die,
Since Hope, my old companion,
That train'd me from my infancy,
My friend, my comforter is gone?

Oh fawning, false, deceiving friend!
Accursed be thy flatteries,
Which treacherously did intend
I should be wretched to be wise:

And so I am; for being taught
To know thy guiles, have only wrought
My greater misery and pain:

My misery is yet so great,
That, though I have found out the cheat
I wish for thee again in vain.

THE TEMPEST.

Standing upon the margent of the main,
Whilst the high boiling tide came tumbling in,
I felt my fluctuating thoughts maintain
As great an ocean, and as rude, within;
As full of waves, of depths, and broken grounds,
As that which daily laves her chalky bounds.

Soon could my sad imagination find
A parallel to this half world of flood.
An ocean by my walls of earth confin'd,
And rivers in the channels of my blood:
Discovering man, unhappy man, to be
Of this great frame Heaven's epitome.

There pregnant Argosies with full sails ride,
To shoot the gulphs of sorrow and despair,
Of which the love no pilot has to guide,
But to her sea-born mother steers by pray'r,
When, oh! the hope her anchor lost, undone,
Rolls at the mercy of the regent Moon.

'Tis my ador'd Diana, then must be
The guid'ress to this beaten bark of mine,
'Tis she must calm and smooth this troubled sea,
And waft my hope over the vaulting brine:
Call home thy venture, Dian, then at last,
And be as merciful as thou art chaste.

TO CŒLIA.

ODE.

When Cœlia must my old day set,
And my young morning rise,
In beams of joy so bright as yet
Ne'er bless'd a lover's eyes?
My state is more advanc'd, than when
I first attempted thee;
I su'd to be a servant then,
But now to be made free.

I've serv'd my time faithful and true,
Expecting to be plac'd
In happy freedom, as my due,
To all the joys thou hast:
Ill husbandry in love is such
A scandal to love's pow'r,
We ought not to mispend so much
As one poor short-liv'd hour.

Yet think not (sweet) I'm weary grown,
That I pretend such haste,
Since none to surfeit e'er was known,
Before he had a taste;
My infant love could humbly wait,
When young it scarce knew how
To plead; but, grown to man's estate,
He is impatient now.

THE PICTURE.

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
The vows of women kind,
Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
To him your shadow, that to choose
You swore you could the substance give?
Is't not enough that I must go
Into another clime,
Where feather-footed time
May turn my hopes into despair,
My youthful dawn to bristled hair,
But that you add this torment too?

Perchance you fear idolatry
Would make the image prove
A woman fit for love;
Or give it such a soul as shone
Through fond Pigmalion's living stone,
That so I might abandon thee.

O no! 'twould fill my genius' room,
My honest one, that when
Frailty would love again,
And, failing, with new objects burn,
Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
My wand'ring eyes to thee at home.

ELEGY.

Gods! are you just, and can it be
You should deal man his misery
With such a liberal hand, yet spare
So meanly when his joys you share?
Durst timorous mortality
Demand of this the reason why?
The argument of all our ills
Would end in this, that 'tis your wills.
Be it so then, and since 'tis fit
We to your harsh decrees submit,
Farewel all durable content,
Nothing but woe is permanent.
How strangely, in a little space,
Is my state chang'd from what it was,
When my Clorinda with her rays
Illustrated this happy place?
When she was here, was here, alas!
How sadly sounds that, when she was!
That monarch rul'd not under sky,
Who was so great a prince as I:
And if who boasts most treasure be
The greatest monarch, I was he;
As seiz'd of her, who from her birth
Has been the treasure of the Earth:
But she is gone, and I no more
That mighty sovereign, but as poor,
Since stript of that my glorious trust,
As he who grovels in the dust.
Now I could quarrel Heav'n, and be
Ringleader to a mutiny,
Like that of the gigantic wars,
And hector my malignant stars;
Or, in a tamer method, sit
Sighing, as though my heart would split;
With looks dejected, arms across,
Mourning and weeping for a loss
My sweet (if kind as heretofore)
Can in two short-liv'd hours restore.
Some god then, (sure you are not all
Deaf to poor lovers when they call)
Commiserating my sad smart,
Touch fair Clorinda's noble heart
To pity a poor sufferer,
Disdains to sigh, unless for her!
Some friendly deity possess
Her generous breast with my distress!

Oh! tell her how I sigh away
The tedious hours of the day;
Hating all light that does not rise
From the gay morning of her eyes.
Tell her that friends, which were to be
Welcome to men in misery,
To me, I know not how, of late
Are grown to be importunate.
My books which once were wont to be
My best beloved company,
Are (save a prayer-book for form)
Left to the canker or the worm.
My study's grief, my pleasure care,
My joys are woe, my hope despair,
Fears are my drink, deep sighs my food,
And my companion's solitude.
Night too, which Heav'n ordain'd to be
Man's chiefest friend's my enemy.
When she her sable curtain spreads,
The whole creation make their beds,
And every thing on Earth is bless'd
With gentle and refreshing rest;
But wretched I, more pensive made
By the addition of that shade,
Am left alone, with sorrow roar
The grief I did but sigh before;
And tears, which, check'd by shame and light,
Do only drop by day, by night
(No longer aw'd by nice respects,)
Gush out in floods and cataracts.
Ill life, ah love, why is it so!
To me is measur'd out by woe,
Whilst she, who is that life's great light,
Conceals her glories from my sight.
Say, fair Clorinda, why should he,
Who is thy virtue's creature, be
More wretched than the rest of men,
Who love and are belov'd again?
I know my passion, not desert,
Has giv'n me int'rest in a heart,
Truer than ever man possess d,
And in that knowledge I am bless'd:
Yet even thence proceeds my care,
That makes your absence hard to bear;
For were you cruel, I should be
Glad to avoid your cruelty;
But happy in an equal flame,
I, sweetest, thus impatient am.
Then since your presence can restore
My heart the joy it had before;
Since lib'ral Heaven never gave
To woman such a pow'r to save;
Practise that sovereign pow'r on one
Must live or die for you alone.

TAKING LEAVE OF CHLORIS.

She sighs as if she would restore
The life she took away before;
As if she did recant my doom,
And sweetly would reprieve me home:
Such hope to one condemn'd appears
From every whisper that he hears:
But what do such vain hopes avail,
If those sweet sighs compose a gale,
To drive me hence, and swell my sail?

See, see, she weeps! who would not swear
That love descended in that tear,
Boasting him of his wounded prize
Thus in the bleeding of her eyes?
Or that those tears with just pretence
Would quench the fire that came from thence?
But oh! they are (which strikes me dead)
Chrystal her frozen heart has bred,
Neither in love nor pity shed.

Thus of my merit jealous grown,
My happiness I dare not own,
But wretchedly her favours wear,
Blind to my self, unjust to her
Whose sighs and tears at least discover
She pities, if not loves her lover:
And more betrays the tyrant's skill,
Than any blemish in her will,
That thus laments whom she doth kill.

Pity still (sweet) my dying state,
My flame may sure pretend to that,
Since it was only unto thee
I gave my life and liberty;
Howe'er my life's misfortune's laid,
By love I'm pity's object made.
Pity me then, and if thou hear
I'm dead, drop such another tear,
And I am paid my full arrear.

SONG.

Fie, pretty Doris! weep no more,
Damon is doubtless safe on shore,
Despite of wind and wave;
The life is fate-free that you cherish,
And 'tis unlike he now should perish
You once thought fit to save.

Dry (sweet) at last, those twins of light,
Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,
And all of us are blind:
The tears that you so freely shed,
Are both too precious for the dead,
And for the quick too kind.

Fie, pretty Doris! sigh no more,
The gods your Damon will restore,
From rocks and quicksands free;
Your wishes will secure his way,
And doubtless he for whom you pray,
May laugh at destiny.

Still then those tempests of your breast,
And set that pretty heart at rest,
The man will soon return;
Those sighs for Heav'n are only fit,
Arabian gums are not so sweet,
Nor off'rings when they burn.

On him you lavish grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,
Whilst you continue true:
That man's disaster is above,
And needs no pity, that does love,
And is belov'd by you.

ON MY PRETTY MARTEN.

Come, my pretty little Muse,
Your assistance I must use,
And you must assist me too
Better than you use to do,
Or the subject we disgrace
Has oblig'd us many ways.
Pretty Matty is our theme,
Of all others the supreme;

Should we study for't a year,
Could we choose a prettier?
Little Mat, whose pretty play
Does divert us ev'ry day,
Whose caresses are so kind,
Sweet, and free, and undesign'd,
Meekness is not more disarming,
Youth and modesty more charming;
Nor from any ill intent
Nuns or doves more innocent:
And for beauty, Nature too
Here would show what she could do;
Finer creature ne'er was seen,
Half so pretty, half so clean.
Eyes as round and black as sloe,
Teeth as white as morning snow;
Breath as sweet as blowing roses,
When the morn their leaves discloses,
Or, what sweeter you'll allow,
Breath of Vestals when they vow,
Or, that yet doth sweeter prove,
Sighs of maids who die for love.
Next his feet my praise commands,
Which methinks we should call hands,
For so finely they are shap'd,
And for any use so apt,
Nothing can so dext'rous be,
Nor fine handed near as he.
These, without though black as jet,
Within are soft and supple yet
As virgin's palm, where man's deceit
Seal of promise never set.
Back and belly soft as down,
Sleeps which peace of conscience crown,
Or the whispers love reveal,
Or the kisses lovers steal:
And of such a rich perfume,
As, to say I dare presume,
Will out-ravish and out-wear
That of th' fulsome milliner.
Tail so bushy and so long,
(Which t' omit would do him wrong)
As the proudest she of all
Proudly would he fann'd withal.
Having given thus the shape
Of this pretty little ape,
To his virtues next I come,
Which amount to such a sum,
As not only well may pass
Both my poetry and dress
To set forth as I should do't,
But arithmetic to boot.
Valour is the ground of all
That we mortals virtues call;
And the little cavalier
That I do present you here,
Has of that so great a share,
He might lead the world to war.
What the beasts of greater size
Tremble at, he does despise,
And is so compos'd of heart,
Drums nor guns can make him start:
Noises which make others quake,
Serve his courage to awake.
Libyan lions make their feasts
Of subdu'd plebeian beasts,
And Hyrcanian tigers prey
Still on creatures less than they,
Or less arm'd; the Russian bears
Of tamer beasts make massacres.
Irish wolves devour the dams,
English foxes prey on lambs.
These are all effects of course,
Not of valour, but of force;
But my Matty does not want
Heart t' attack an elephant.
Yet his nature is so sweet,
Mice may nibble at his feet,
And may pass as if unseen,
If they spare his magazine.
Constancy, a virtue then
In this age scarce known to men,
Or to womankind at least,
In this pretty little beast
To the world might be restor'd,
And my Matty be ador'd.
Chaste he is as turtle doves,
That abhor adult'rate loves;
True to friendship and to love,
Nothing can his virtue move,
But his faith in either giv'n,
Seems as if 'twere seal'd in Heaven.
Of all brutes to him alone
Justice is, and favour known.
Nor is Matty's excellence
Merely circumscrib'd by sense,
He for judgment what to do,
Knows both good and evil too,
But is with such virtue blest,
That he chooses still the best,
And wants nothing of a wit
But a tongue to utter it:
Yet with that we may dispense,
For his signs are eloquence.
Then for fashion and for mien,
Matty's fit to court a queen;
All his motions graceful are,
And all courts outshine as far
As our courtiers Peakish clowns,
Or those Peaknils northern loons,
Which should ladies see, they sure
Other beasts would ne'er endure;
Then no more they would make suit
For an ugly pissing-coat
Rammish cat, nor make a pet
Of a bawdy mamoset.
Nay, the squirrel, though it is
Pretty'st creature next to this,
Would henceforward be discarded,
And in woods live unregarded.
Here sweet beauty is a creature
Purposely ordain'd by Nature,
Both for cleanness and for shape
Worthy a fair lady's lap.
Live long, my pretty little boy,
Thy master's darling, lady's joy,
And when fate will no more forbear
To lay his hands on him and her,
E'en then let fate my Matty spare,
And when thou dy'st then turn a star.

THE NEW YEAR.

TO MR. W. T.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star,
Tells us the day himself's not far;

And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus does appear,
Peeping into the future year
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy,
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now:
His reverse face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye,
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer;
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born?
Pox on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort;
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ingrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest,
With lusty brimmers of the best;
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet:
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next year she face about.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

How uneasy is his life
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind with arms enfolding,
Be she cross and always scolding,
Be she blithe or melancholy,
Have she wit or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squand'ring,
Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle,
Be she pious or ungodly,
Be she chaste or what sounds oddly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she saint, or be she devil;
Yet uneasy is his life,
Who is marry'd to a wife.

If fair, she's subject to temptation,
If foul, herself's solicitation,
If young and sweet, she is too tender,
If old and cross, no man can mend her,
If too too kind, she's over clinging,
If a true scold, she's ever ringing,
If blithe, find fiddles, or y' undo her,
If sad, then call a casuist to her,
If a wit, she'll still be jeering,
If a fool, she's ever fleering,
If too wary, then she'll shrew thee,
If too lavish, she'll undo thee,
If staid, she'll mope a year together,
If gadding, then to London with her,
If true, she'll think you don't deserve her,
If false, a thousand will not serve her,
If lustfull, send her to a spittle,
If cold, she is for one too little,
If she be of th' reformation,
Thy house will be a convocation,
If a libertine, then watch it,
At the window thou may'st catch it,
If chaste, her pride will still importune,
If a whore, thou know'st thy fortune:
So uneasy is his life
Who is marry'd to a wife.

These are all extremes I know,
But all womankind is so,
And the golden mien to none
Of that cloven race is known;
Or to one if known it be,
Yet that one's unknown to me.
Some Ulyssean traveller
May perhaps have gone so far,
As t' have found (in spite of Nature)
Such an admirable creature.
If a voyager there be
Has made that discovery,
He the fam'd Odcombian gravels,
And may rest to write his travels.

But alas! there's no such woman,
The calamity is common,
The first rib did bring in ruin,
And the rest have since been doing,
Some by one way, some another,
Woman still is mischief's mother,
And yet cannot man forbear,
Though it cost him ne'er so dear.
Yet with me 'tis out of season
To complain thus without reason,
Since the best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so
That my love creates my woe;
For if she be out of humour,
Straight displeas'd I do presume her,
And would give the world to know
What it is offends her so:

Or if she be discontented,
Lord, how am I then tormented!
And am ready to persuade her
That I have unhappy made her:
But if sick, I then am dying,
Meat and med'cine both defying:
So uneasy is his life
Who is marry'd to a wife.
What are then the marriage joys
That make such a mighty noise?
All's enclos'd in one short sentence,
Little pleasure, great repentance;
Yet it is so sweet a pleasure,
To repent we scarce have leisure,
Till the pleasure wholly fails,
Save sometimes by intervals:
But those intervals again,
Are so full of deadly pain,
That the pleasure we have got,
Is in conscience too dear bought.
Pox on't! would womankind be free,
What needed this solemnity,
This foolish way of coupling so,
That all the world (forsooth) must know?
And yet the naked truth to say,
They are so perfect grown that way,
That if 't only be for pleasure
You would marry, take good leisure,
Since none can ever want supplies
For natural necessities;
Without exposing of his life
To the great trouble of a wife.
Why then all the great pains taking?
Why the sighing? why the waking?
Why the riding? why the running?
Why the artifice and cunning?
Why the whining? why the crying?
Why pretending to be dying?
Why all this clutter to get wives,
To make us weary of our lives.
If fruition we profess
To be the only happiness,
How much happier then is he,
Who with the industrious bee
Preys upon the several sweets
Of the various flow'rs he meets,
Than he who with less delight
Dulls on one his appetite?
Oh 'tis pleasant to be free!
The sweetest Miss is liberty;
And though who with one sweet is bless'd
May reap the sweets of all the rest.
In her alone, who fair and true,
As love is all for which we sue,
Whose several graces may supply
The place of full variety,
And whose true kindness or address
Sums up the all of happiness;
Yet 'tis better live alone,
Free to all than ty'd to one,
Since uneasy is his life
Who is marry'd to a wife.

ODE.

TO LOVE.

Great Love, I thank thee, now thou hast
Paid me for all my suff'rings past,
And wounded me with Nature's pride,
For whom more glory 'tis to die
Scorn'd and neglected, than enjoy
All beauty in the world beside.

A beauty above all pretence,
Whose very scorns are recompence,
The regent of my heart is crown'd,
And now the sorrows and the woe,
My youth and folly help'd me to,
Are buried in this friendly wound.

Led by my folly or my fate,
I lov'd before I knew not what,
And threw my thoughts I knew not where:
With judgment now I love and sue,
And never yet perfection knew,
Until I cast mine eyes on her.

My soul, that was so base before
Each little beauty to adore,
Now rais'd to glory, does despise
Those poor and counterfeited rays
That caught me in my childish days,
And knows no power but her eyes.

Rais'd to this height, I have no more,
Almighty Love, for to implore
Of my auspicious stars or thee,
Than that thou bow her noble mind
To be as mercifully kind
As I shall ever faithful be.

SONG.

Sad thoughts make haste and kill me out,
I live too long in pain;
'Tis dying to be still in doubt,
And Death, that ends all miseries,
The chief and only favour is
The wretched can obtain.

I have liv'd long enough to know
That life is a disease,
At least it does torment me so,
That Death, at whom the happy start,
I court to come, and with his dart
To give me a release.

Come, friendly Death, then strike me dead,
For all this while I die,
And but long dying nothing dread;
Yet being with grief the one half slain,
With all thy power thou wilt gain
But half a victory.

ELEGY.

Away to th' other world, away,
In this I can no longer stay;
I long enough in this have stay'd
To see my self poorly betray'd,
Forsaken, robb'd, and left alone,
And to all purposes undone.
What then can tempt me to live on,
My peace and honour being gone!
O yes! I still am call'd upon
To stay by my affliction.
Oh fair affliction! let me go,
You best can part with me I know;
'Tis an ill-natur'd pride you take
To triumph o'er the fool you make,

And you lose time in trampling o'er
One, whilst you might make twenty more.
Your eyes have still the conqu'ring pow'r
They had in that same dang'rous hour
They laid me at your beauty's feet,
Your roses still as fair and sweet;
And there more hearts are to subdue,
But, oh! not one that's half so true.
Dismiss me then t' eternal rest,
I cannot live but in your breast;
Where, banish'd by inconstancy,
The world has no more room for me.

ODE.

TO CHLORIS.

Fair and cruel, still in vain
Must I adore, still, still persevere,
Languish still, and still complain,
And yet a med'cine for my fever
Never, never must obtain?

Chloris, how are you to blame,
To him that dies to be so cruel
Not to stay my falling frame,
Since your fair eyes do dart the fuel
That still nourishes my flame?

Shade those glories of thine eye,
Or let their influence be milder;
Beauty and disdain destroy
Alike, and make our passions wilder,
Either let me live or die.

I have lov'd thee (let me see,
Lord, how long a time of loving!)
Years no less than three times three,
Still my flame and pain improving,
Yet still paid with cruelty.

What more wouldst thou have of me?
Sure I've serv'd a pretty season,
And so prov'd my constancy,
That methinks it is but reason
Love or death should set me free.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

Could you and I our lives renew,
And be both young again,
Retaining what we ever knew
Of manners, times, and men,

We could not frame so loose to live,
But must be useful then,
Ere we could possibly arrive
To the same age again:

But youth's devour'd in vanities
Before we are aware,
And so grown old before grown wise,
We good for nothing are:

Or, if by that time knowing grown,
By reading books and men,
For others' service, or our own,
'Tis with the latest then.

Happy's that man, in this estate,
Whose conscience tells him still,
That though for good he comes too late,
He ne'er did any ill.

The satisfaction flowing thence
All dolours would assuage,
And be sufficient recompence
For all the ills of age.

But very few, (my friend) I fear,
Whom this ill age has bred,
At need have such a comforter
To make their dying bed.

'Tis then high time we should prepare
In a new world to live,
Since here we breathe but panting air,
Alas! by short reprieve.

Life then begins to be a pain,
Infirmity prevails,
Which, when it but begins to reign,
The bravest courage quails.

But could we, as I said, procure
To live our lives again,
We should be of the better sure,
Or the worst sort of men.

WINTER.

DE MONSIEUR MARIGNY.

DIRECTED TO SIR ROBERT COKE.

Bleak Winter is from Norway come,
And such a formidable groom,
With iscled beard and hoary head,
That, or with cold, or else with dread,
Has frighted Phœbus out on's wit,
And put him int' an ague fit:
The Moon, too, out of rev'rend care
To save her beauty from the air,
And guard her pale complexion,
Her hood and vizard mask puts on:
Old gray-pate Saturn too is seen,
Muffled up in a great bear's skin:
And Mars a quilted cap puts on,
Under his shining morion:
And in these posting luminaries
It but a necessary care is,
And very consonant to reason,
To go well clad in such a season.
The very Heaven itself, alas!
Is now so pav'd with liquid glass,
That if they ha'n't (on th' other side)
Learn'd in their younger days to slide,
It is so slippy made withal,
They cannot go two steps but fall.
The nectar which the gods do troll,
Is frozen i' th' celestial bowl;
And the cup-bearer, Ganimede,
Has capp'd his frizzled flaxed head.
The naked Gemini, God wot,
A very scurvy rheum have got;
And in this coldest of cold weathers,
Had they not been warm wrapp'd in feathers,
Mercury's heels had been, I trow,
Pepper'd with running kibes ere now.
Nor are these deities, whom love
To men has tempted from above
To pass their time on Earth, more free
From the cold blast than th' others be.
For Truth, amidst the blust'ring rout,
Can't keep her torch from blowing out.

Justice, since none would take her word,
Has for a waistcoat pawn'd her sword;
And it is credibly related,
Her fillet's to a quoif translated.
Fortune's foot's frozen to her ball,
Bright crystal from her nose does fall;
And all the work she now intends,
Is but to blow her fingers' ends.
The Muses have the schools forsook
To creep into the chimney nook,
Where, for default of other wood,
(Although it goes to his heart's blood)
Apollo, for to warm their shins,
Makes fires of lutes and violins.
The trout and grailing that did rove
At liberty, like swift-wing'd dove,
In ice are crusted up and pent,
Enslav'd with the poor element.
'Tis strange! but what's more strange than these,
Thy bounties, knight, can never freeze,
But e'en amidst the frost and snow
In a continued torrent flow!
Oh! let me come and live with thee,
I winter shall nor feel, nor see.

ON RUTT, THE JUDGE.

Rutt, to the suburb beauties full well known,
Was from the bag scarce crept into a gown,
When he, by telling of himself fine tales,
Was made a judge, and sent away to Wales:
'Twas proper and most fit it should be so,
Whither should goats but to the mountains go?

ON SIM AND SIMON.

Though Sim, whilst Sim, in ill repute did live,
He yet was but a knave diminutive;
But now his name being swell'd two letters bigger,
Simon's a knave at length, and not in figure.

VIRELAY.

Thou cruel fair, I go
To seek out any fate but thee,
Since there is none can wound me so,
Nor that has half thy cruelty;
Thou cruel fair, I go!

For ever then farewel!
'Tis a long leave I take: but, oh!
To tarry with thee here is Hell,
And twenty thousand Hells to go,
For ever though farewel!

LA ILLUSTRISSIMA.

ON MY FAIR AND DEAR SISTER, MRS. ANNE KING.

Oft have I lov'd, but ne'er aright,
Till th' other day I saw a sight [light.
That shot me through and through with conqu'ring

A beauty of so rare a frame
As does all other beauties shame,
And renders poetry to praise it lame.

Poor sotted poets, cease to praise
Your Lauras, Cynthias, Lydias,
Fondly ador'd in your mistaken days:

Tell me no more of golden hair,
Of all ill colours the worst wear,
And renders beauty terrible as fair:

Almanna's curls are black as night,
Thorough whose sable ring's a white,
Whiter than whiteness, strikes the wounded sight.

Tell me no more of arched brows,
Nor henceforth call them Cupid's bows,
Which common praise to common form allows:

Hers, shining, smooth, and black as jet,
Short, thick, and even without fret,
Exceed all simile and counterfeit.

Study no more for eulogies,
For English gray, or French blue eyes,
Which never yet but of a fool made prize:

Almanna's eyes are such as none
Could ever dare to gaze upon,
But in a trice he found his heart was gone.

Those lights the coldest blood can thaw,
And hearts by their attraction draw,
As warm chaf'd jet licks up a trembling straw.

No more for cheeks make senseless posies
Of lilies white, and damask roses,
Which more of fancy than of truth discloses:

In hers complexion's mixed so,
That white and red together grow,
Like lovers' blood sprinkled on virgin snow.

Cease, cease, of coral lips to prate,
Of rubies, and I can't tell what,
Those epithets are all grown stale and flat:

Almanna's rosy lips are such,
To praise them is for wit too much,
Till first inspir'd by their most blessed touch.

No more hang teeth upon a string,
And ropes of pearl for grinders bring,
Your treasure is too poor an offering:

Comparisons do hers no right,
Ivory's yellow in their sight, [white.
Which are than all things but themselves more

No more of odours go in quest
As far as the remotest East,
Thence to perfume a lady's rotten chest:

Her breath, much sweeter than the spring
With all its join'd perfumes can bring,
Gives life, and happy life, to ev'ry thing.

Tell me no more of swan-white breasts,
Which you call little Cupids' nests,
In those you praise fit for such wanton guests:

Almanna's ten times whiter are
Than those of the supremest fair,
But yet, alas! no Loves inhabit there.

Oh! set your wits no more o' th' last
To praise a nymph's contorted waist,
By such admirers fit to be embrac'd:

Here is a shape, and such a one
As regulates proportion,
And but to see is half fruition.

Tell me no more poetic lies
Of hard, cold, crusted, marble thighs,
Hopeless and fond impossibilities:

Hers, by the rule of symmetry,
Although unseen, we know must be
Above the poor report of poetry.

Tell me no more of legs and feet,
Where grace and elegancy meet,
But leave your lying, and come here to see't:

Here's shape, invention that disgraces,
And when she moves the charming Graces
Both number, figure, and adjust her paces:

But to this shape there is a mind
From flesh and blood so well refin'd,
As renders her the glory of her kind.

On the world's centre never yet
Were form and virtue so well met,
Nor priceless diamond so neatly set.

Beauty but beauty is alone,
But fair Almanna's such a one
As Earth may glory in, and Heav'n may own.

Almanna is the only she
Deserves the gen'ral eulogy,
The praise of all the rest is poetry.

CHANSON A BOIRE.

Come, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking;
It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster,
Mischance is by mirth and by courage withstood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
The present is with us, and does threaten no ill;
He's a fool that will sorrow
For the thing call'd to morrow, [will.
But the hour we've in hand we may wield as we

There's nothing but Bacchus
Right merry can make us,
That virtue particular is to the vine;
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good-nature; [do shine?
Whose thoughts can be dark when their noses

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking,
There's nothing that kills us so surely as sorrow;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stars, boys,
Each face of the gang will a sun be to morrow.

THE ANGLER'S BALLAD.

Away to the brook,
All your tackle out look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing;
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spite
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do,
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the angle.

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissors, and your hone
To adjust your points on,
With a net to be sure for your landing.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

Or stream now, or still,
A large pannier will fill,
Trout and grailing to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us;
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

The angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with so often tormented;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet;
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit
We conclude all things fit,
  Acquiescing with hearty submission;
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
  At the last unto downright sedition.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
  That an angler t' a fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate, what care we,
We're as honest as he,
  And so let him take that for his labour.

We covet no wealth
But the blessing of health,
  And that greater good conscience within;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our king,
  That from either no offers can win.

Whilst we sit and fish,
We do pray as we wish,
  For long life to our king James the second;
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
  With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

EPISTLE

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

From Porto Nova as pale wretches go
To swing on fatal tripus, even so,
My dearest friend, I went last day from thee,
Whilst for five miles the figure of that tree
Was ever in my guilty fancy's eye,
As if in earnest I'd been doom'd to die
For, what deserv'd it, so unworthily
Stealing so early, Jack, away from thee.
And that which (as 't well might) increas'd my fear,
Was the ill luck of my vile charioteer,
Who drove so nicely too, t' increase my dread,
As if his horses with my vital thread
Had harness'd been, which being, alas! so weak,
He fear'd might snap, and would not it should break,
Till he himself the honour had to do't
With one thrice stronger, and my neck to boot.
Thus far in hanging posture then I went,
(And sting of conscience is a punishment
On Earth, they say, the greatest, and some tell
It is moreo'er the only one in Hell,
The worm that never dies, being alone
The thing they call endless damnation:)
But leaving that unto the wise that made it,
And knowing best the gulph, can best evade it,
I'll tell you, that being pass'd thro' Highgate, there
I was saluted by the country air,
With such a pleasing gale, as made me smell
The Peak itself; nor is 't a miracle,
For all that pass that portico this way
Are transmontani, as the courtiers say;
Which suppos'd true, one then may boldly speak,
That all of th' north-side Highgate are i' th' Peak;
And so to hanging when I thought to come,
Wak'd from the dream, I found myself at home,
  Wonder not, then, if I, in such a case
So overjoy'd, forgot thee for a space;
And but a little space; for, by this light,
I thought on thee again ten times ere night;
Though when the night was come, I then indeed
Thought all on one of whom I'd greater need:
But being now cur'd of that malady,
I'm at full leisure to remember thee,
And (which I'm sure you long to know) set forth
In northern song my journey to the north.
  Know, then, with horses twain, one sound, one lame,
On Sunday's eve I to St. Alban's came.
Where, finding by my body's lusty state
I could not hold out home at that slow rate,
I found a coachman, who, my case bemoaning,
With three stout geldings, and one able stoning,
For eight good pounds did bravely undertake,
Or for my own, or for my money's sake,
Thro' thick and thin, fall out what could befall,
To bring me safe and sound to Basford-hall.
Which having drank upon, he bid good night,
And (Heaven forgive us) with the morning's light,
Not fearing God, nor his vicegerent constable,
We roundly rolling were the road to Dunstable,
Which, as they chim'd to prayers, we trotted through,
And 'fore elev'n ten minutes came unto
The town that Brickhill hight, where we did rest,
And din'd indifferent well, both man and beast.
'Twixt two and four to Stratford, 'twas well driven,
And came to Towcester to lodge at even.
Next day we din'd at Dunchurch, and did lie
That night four miles on our side Coventry.
Tuesday at noon at Lichfield town we baited,
But there some friends, who long that hour had waited,
So long detain'd me, that my charioteer
Could drive that night but to Uttoxeter.
And there the Wednesday, being market-day,
I was constrained with some kind lads to stay
Tippling till afternoon, which made it night
When from my Hero's tower I saw the light
Of her flambeaux, and fancy'd, as we drave,
Each rising hillock was a swelling wave,
And that I swimming was, in Neptune's spite,
To my long long'd for harbour of delight.
  And now I'm here set down again in peace,
After my troubles, business, voyages,
The same dull northern clod I was before,
Gravely inquiring how ewes are a score,
How the hay-harvest, and the corn was got,
And if or no there's like to be a rot;
Just the same sot I was e'er I remov'd,
Nor by my travel nor the court improv'd;
The same old-fashion'd squire, no whit refin'd,
And shall be wiser when the Devil's blind:
But find all here too in the self-same state,
And now begin to live at the old rate,
To bub old ale, which nonsense does create,
Write lewd epistles, and sometimes translate
Old tales of tubs, of Guyenne, and Provence,
And keep a clutter with th' old blades of France,
As D' Avenant did with those of Lombardy,
Which any will receive, but none will buy,
And that has set H. B. and me awry.
My river still through the same channel glides,
Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides;
And my poor fishing-house, my seat's best grace,
Stands firm and faithful in the self-same place
I left it four months since, and ten to one
I go a fishing ere two days are gone:
So that (my friend) I nothing want but thee
To make me happy as I'd wish to be;
And sure a day will come I shall be blest
In his enjoyment whom my heart loves best;

Which when it comes will raise me above men
Greater than crowned monarchs are, and then
I'll not exchange my cottage for Whitehall,
Windsor, the Louvre, or th' Escurial.

ANACREONTIC.

Fill a bowl of lusty wine,
Briskest daughter of the vine;
Fill't until it sea like flow,
That my cheek may once more glow.
I am fifty winters old,
Blood then stagnates and grows cold;
And when youthful heat decays,
We must help it by these ways.
Wine breeds mirth, and mirth imparts
Heat and courage to our hearts,
Which in old men else are lead,
And not warm'd, would soon be dead.

Now I'm sprightly, fill again,
Stop not though they mount to ten;
Though I stagger, do not spare,
'Tis to rock and still my ear;
Though I stammer, 'tis no matter,
I should do the same with water:
When I belch, I am but trying
How much better 'tis than sighing;
If a tear spring in mine eye,
'Tis for joy, not grief, I cry:
This is living without thinking,
These are the effects of drinking.

Fill amain, (boy) fill amain,
Whilst I drink I feel no pain;
Gout or palsy I have none,
Hang the cholic and the stone:
I methinks grow young again,
New blood springs in ev'ry vein;
And supply it (sirrah!) still,
Whilst I drink you sure may fill:
If I nod, boy, rouse me up
With a bigger, fuller cup;
But when that, boy, will not do,
Faith e'en let me then go to;
For 'tis better far to lie
Down to sleep, than down to die.

BURLESQUE.

UPON THE GREAT FROST.

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

You now, sir, may, and justly, wonder
That I, who did of late so thunder
Your frontier garrison by th' terry,
Should on a sudden grow so weary;
And thence may raise a wrong conclusion,
That you have bobb'd my resolution;
Or else that my poetic battery,
With which so smartly I did patter ye,
(Though I am not in that condition)
Has shot away her ammunition;
Or (if in kindness peradventure
You are more gentle in your censure)
That I my writing left pursuing,
'Cause I was weary of ill doing.
Now of these three surmises any,
Except the last, might pass with many;
But such as know me of the nation,
Know I so hate all reformation,
Since so much harm to do I've seen it,
That in myself I'll ne'er begin it;
And should you under your hand give it,
Not one of twenty would believe it.
But I must tell you, in brief clauses,
If you to any of these causes
Impute the six weeks' truce I've given,
That you are wide, sir, the whole Heaven:
For know, though I appear less eager,
I never mean to raise my leaguer,
Till or by storm, or else by famine,
I force you to the place I am in:
Yourself sans article to tender,
Unto discretion to surrender;
Where see what comes of your vain glory,
To make me lie so long before ye.
To show you next I want no powder,
I thus begin to batter louder;
And for the last vain hope that fed ye,
I think I've answer'd it already.
Now, to be plain, although your spirit
Will ill, I know, endure to hear it,
You must of force at least miscarry,
For reasons supernumerary:
And though I know you will be striving
To do what lies in mortal living,
And may, it may be, a month double
To lie before you give me trouble,
(Though with the stronger men but vapour ill)
And hold out stiff till th' end of April,
Or possibly a few days longer;
Yet then you needs must yield for hunger,
When having eaten all provisions,
You're like to make most brave conditions.
Now having friendship been so just to,
To tell you what you're like to trust to,
I'll next acquaint you with one reason
I've let you rest so long a season,
And that my Muse has been so idle:
Know Pegasus has got a bridle,
A bit and curb of crusted water,
Or if I call't plain ice, no matter,
With which he now is so commanded,
His days of galloping are ended,
Unless I with the spur do prick him;
Nay, rather though I whip and kick him:
He, who unbidden us'd to gambol,
Can now nor prance, nor trot, nor amble,
Nor stir a foot to take his airing,
But stands stiff froze, like that at Charing,
With two feet up, two down: 'tis pity
He's not erected in the city.
But, to leave fooling, I assure ye
There never was so cold a fury
Of nipping frost, and pinching weather,
Since Eve and Adam met together.
Our Peak, that always has been famous
For cold, wherewith to cramp and lame us,
Worse than its If, did now resemble a
Certain damn'd place call'd Nova Zembla,
And we who boast us human creatures,
Had happy been had we chang'd features,
Garments at least, though theirs be shabbed,
With those who that cold place inhabit,

The bears and foxes, who sans question
Than we by odds have warmer vests on.
How cold that country is, he knows most
Has there his fingers and his toes lost;
But here I know that every member
Alike was handled by December:
Who blew his nose had clout or fist all,
Instead of snivel fill'd with crystal:
As men were fierce, or gentle handed,
Their fists were clutch'd, or palms expanded;
Limbs were extended, or contracted,
As use or humour most affected;
For, as men did to th' air expose 'em,
It catch'd and in that figure froze 'em;
Of which think me not over ample,
If I produce you here example:
Where, though I am believ'd by scarce one,
None will, I hope, suspect the person,
Who, from lies he far remote is,
Will give in verbo sacerdotis.
One going to discharge at wild duck,
Had for his recompence the ill luck
(Or my informer's an impostor)
To be in that presenting posture,
Surpris'd with his left eye fast winking,
Till by good fires, and hot things drinking,
He thaw'd, to the beholders' laughter,
Unto itself a few hours after.
Two towns, that long that war had waged,
Being at foot-ball now engaged
For honour, as both sides pretended,
Left the brave trial to be ended
Till the next thaw, for they were frozen
On either part at least a dozen;
With a good handsome space between 'em,
Like Rollrich stones, if you've seen 'em,
And could no more run, kick, or trip ye,
Than I can quaff off Aganippe;
Till ale, which crowns all such pretences,
Mull'd them again into their senses.
A maid, compell'd to be a gadder,
T' abate th' extension of her bladder,
Which is an importuning matter,
Was so supported by her water,
To ease her knees with a third pillar,
That as she sat, the poor distiller
Look'd on the tripod, like the famous
Astrologer hight Nostradamus.
These stories sound so very oddly,
That though men may be pretty godly,
One should though store of mustard give 'em,
Ere they expect they should believe 'em.
But, to allure your faith a little,
What follows true is to a tittle:
Our country air was, in plain dealing,
Some weeks together so congealing,
That if, as men are rude in this age,
One spit had in another's visage;
The constable by th' back had got him,
For he infallibly had shot him.
Nay, friend with friend, brother with brother,
Must needs have wounded one another
With kindest words, were they not wary
To make their greetings sideways carry;
For all the words that came from gullets,
If long, were slugs; if short ones, bullets.
You might have read from mouths (sans fable)
"Your humble servant, sir," in label:
Like those (yet theirs were warmer quarters)
We see in Fox's Book of Martyrs.
Eyes that were weak, and apt to water,
Wore spectacles of their own matter;
And noses that to drop were ceased,
To such a longitude increased,
That whoe'er wrung for ease or losses,
Snapp'd off two handfuls of proboscis.
Beards were the strangest things, God save us!
Such as dame Nature never gave us!
So wild, so pointed, and so staring,
That I should wrong them by comparing
Hedge-hogs, or porcupines' small taggers,
To their more dangerous swords and daggers.
Mustachios look'd like heroes' trophies
Behind their arms i' th' herald's office;
The perpendicular beard appear'd
Like hop-poles in a hop-yard rear'd:
'Twixt these the underwoody acres
Look'd just like bavins at a baker's,
To heat the oven mouth most ready,
Which seem'd to gape for heat already.
In mouths with salivation flowing,
The horrid hairs about 'em growing,
Like reeds look'd, in confused order,
Growing about a fish-pond's border.
But stay, myself I caught have tripping,
(This frost is perilous for slipping)
I've brought this stupifying weather,
These elements, too near together;
The bearded, therefore, look'd as Nature,
Instead of forming human creature,
So many garrisons had made us,
Our beards t' our sconces palisadoes.
Perukes now stuck so firm and stedfast,
They all were riveted to head fast;
Men that bought wigs to go a wooing,
Had them made natural now and growing:
But let them have a care, for truly
The hair will fall 'twixt this and July.
The tender ladies, and the lasses,
Were vitrifi'd to drinking-glasses,
Contriv'd to such an admiration,
After so odd fantastic fashion,
One scarce knew at which end to guzzle,
The upper or the lower muzzle.
The earth to that degree was crusted,
That, let me never more be trusted,
(I speak without poetic figure)
If I don't think a lump no bigger
Than a good walnut, had it hit one,
Would as infallibly have split one,
As cannon-shot, that killing's sure at,
Had not both been alike obdurate.
The very rocks, which in all reason
Should stoutli'st have withstood the season,
Repetrifi'd with harder matter,
Had no more privilege than water.
Had Pegasus struck such a mountain,
It would have fail'd him for a fountain:
'Twas well Parnassus, when he started,
Prov'd to his hoof more tender-hearted,
Or else of Greece the sullen bully,
And Trojan Hector, had been dully
In threadbare prose, alas! related,
Which now in song are celebrated;
For steed poetic ne'er had whined
Greek Iliad, or Latin Æneid:
Nor Nero writ his ribble rabbles
Of sad complaints, love, and strange fables:
Then too Anacreon and Flaccus
Had ne'er made odes in praise of Bacchus,

And taught blind harpers for their bread sneak,
From feast to feast to make cats dead squeak.
Nor Martial giv'n so great offences,
With epigrams of double senses.
Rhyme then had ne'er been scann'd on fingers,
No ballad-makers then, or singers,
Had e'er been heard to twang out metre,
Music than which back-drones make sweeter:
Of poetry, that writing mystic,
There had not extant been one distich;
And, which is worst, the noblest sort on't,
And to the world the most important
Of th' whole poetical creation,
Burlesque, had never been in fashion.
But how have I this while forgot so
My mistress dove, who went to pot too,
My white dove, that was smoking ever,
In spite of winter's worst endeavour,
And still could so evade or fly him,
As never to be pinion'd by him:
Now, numb'd with bitterness of weather,
Had not the pow'r to stir a feather;
Wherein the nymph was to be pity'd,
But flagg'd her wings, and so submitted.
The ruffian bound though, knowing's betters,
Her silver feet in crystal fetters;
In which estate we saw poor Dove lie,
Even in captivity more lovely:
But in the fate of this bright princess
Reason itself, you know, convinces,
That her pinniferous fry must die all,
Imprison'd in the crystal vial;
And doubtless there was great mortality
Of trout and grailing of great quality,
Whom love and honour did importune
To stick to her in her misfortune,
Though we shall find, no doubt, good dishes
Next summer of plebeian fishes;
Or, if with greater art and trouble,
An old patrician trout we bubble,
In better liquor swim we'll make him,
By odds, than that from whence we take him.
Now, though I have in stuff confounded,
Of small truths and great lies compounded,
Giv'n an account, that we in England
May, for cold weather, vie with Greenland,
I ha'n't yet the main reason given,
Why I so very long have driven
My answer to the last you sent me,
Which did so highly compliment me:
Know, therefore, that both ink and cotton
So desperately hard were gotten,
It was impossible by squeezing
To get out either truth or leasing:
My fingers, too, no more being jointed,
My love and manners disappointed;
Nay, I was numb'd on that strange fashion,
I could not sign an obligation,
(Though Heaven such a friend ne'er sent me)
Would one a thousand pounds have lent me
On my own bond; and who is't buckles
To writing, pray, that has no knuckles?
But now I'm thaw'd beyond all conscience
Into a torrent of damn'd nonsense:
Yet still in this our climate frigid
I'm one day limber, next day rigid;
Nay, all things yet remain so crusty,
That were I now but half so lusty
As when we kiss'd four months agone,
And had but Dutch galloshoes on,
At one run I would slide to Lon—
But surely this transforming weather
Will soon take leave for altogether;
Then what now Lapland seems, in May
You'll swear is sweet Arcadia.

CLEPSYDRA.

Why, let it run! who bids it stay?
Let us the while be merry;
Time there in water creeps away,
With us it posts in sherry.

Time not employ'd's an empty sound,
Nor did kind Heaven lend it,
But that the glass should quick go round,
And men in pleasure spend it.

Then set thy foot, brave boy, to mine,
Ply quick to cure our thinking;
An hour-glass in an hour of wine
Would be but lazy drinking.

The man that snores the hour-glass out
Is truly a time-waster;
But we, who troll this glass about,
Make him to post it faster.

Yet though he flies so fast, some think,
'Tis well known to the sages,
He'll not refuse to stay and drink,
And yet perform his stages.

Time waits us whilst we crown the hearth,
And doats on ruby faces,
And knows that this career of mirth
Will help to mend our paces.

He stays with him that loves good time,
And never does refuse it,
And only runs away from him
That knows not how to use it.

He only steals by without noise
From those in grief that waste it,
But lives with the mad roaring boys
That husband it, and taste it.

The moralist, perhaps, may prate
Of virtue from his reading;
'Tis all but stale and foisted chat
To men of better breeding.

Time, to define it, is the space
That men enjoy their being;
'Tis not the hour, but drinking glass,
Makes time and life agreeing.

He wisely does oblige his fate,
Does cheerfully obey it,
And is of fops the greatest, that
By temp'rance thinks to stay it.

Come, ply the glass then quick about,
To titillate the gullet;
Sobriety's no charm, I doubt,
Against a cannon bullet.

ECLOGUE.

CORYDON, CLOTTEN.

CORYDON.

Rise, Clotten, rise, take up thy pipe and play,
The shepherds want thee, 'tis Pan's holiday;
And thou, of all the swains, wert wont to be
The first to grace that great solemnity.

CLOTTEN.

True, Corydon; but then I happy was,
And in Pan's favour had a minion's place:
Clotten had then fair flocks, the finest fleece
These plains and mountains yielded then was his.
In these auspicious times the fruitful dams
Brought me the earliest and the kindli'st lambs;
Nor nightly watch about them need I keep,
For Pan himself was shepherd to my sheep:
But now, alas! neglected and forgot
Are all my off'rings, and he knows me not.
The bloody wolf, that lurks away the day,
When night's black palm beckons him out to prey
Under the cover of those guilty shades,
No folds but mine the rav'nous foe invades;
And there he has such bloody havock made,
That, all my flock being devour'd or stray'd,
I now have lost the fruits of all my pain,
And am no more a shepherd, but a swain.

CORYDON.

So sad a tale thou tell'st me, that I must
Allow thy grief (my Clotten) to be just;
But mighty Pan has thousand flocks in store;
He, when it pleases him, can give thee more,
And has perhaps afflicted thee, to try
Thy virtue only, and thy constancy.
Repine not then at him, that thou art poor,
'Twas by his bounty thou wert rich before;
And thou should'st serve him at the same free rate,
When most distress'd, as when most fortunate.

CLOTTEN.

Thus do the healthful still the sick advise,
And thus men preach when they would fain seem wise;
But if in my wretched estate thou wert,
I fear me thy philosophy would start,
And give thee o'er to an afflicted sense,
As void of reason as of patience.
Had I been always poor, I should not be,
Perhaps, so discontent with poverty,
Nor now so sensible of my disgrace,
Had I ne'er known what reputation was;
But from so great a height of happiness
To sink into the bottom of distress,
Is such a change as may become my care,
And more than, I confess, I well can bear.

CORYDON.

But art thou not too sensible, my lad,
Of those few losses thou hast lately had?
Thou art not yet in want, thou still dost eat
Bread of the finest flour of purest wheat;
Who better cider drinks, what shepherd's board
Does finer curds, butter, or cheese afford?
Who wears a frock, to grace a holiday,
Spun of a finer wool, or finer grey?
Whose cabin is so neatly swept as thine,
With flow'rs and rushes kept so sweet and fine?
Whose name amongst our many shepherds' swains
So great as thine is throughout all these plains?
Who has so many friends, so pretty loves?
Who by our bubbling fountains and green groves
Passes away the summer heats so well?
And who but thee in singing does excel?
So that the swains, when Clotten sings or plays,
Lay down their pipes, and listen to his lays.
Wherein then can consist, I fain would know,
The misery that thou complain'st of so?

CLOTTEN.

Some of these things are true: but, Corydon,
That which maintain'd all these, alas! is gone.
The want of wealth I reckon not distress,
But of enough to do good offices;
Which growing less, those friends will fall away;
Poverty is the ground of all decay.
With our prosperities our friendships end,
And to misfortune no one is a friend,
Which I already find to that degree,
That my old friends are now afraid of me,
And all avoid me, as good men would fly
The common hangman's shameful company.
Those who by fortune were advanc'd above,
Being oblig'd by my most ready love,
Shun me, for fear lest my necessity
Should urge what they're unwilling to deny,
And are resolv'd they will not grant; and those
Have shar'd my meat, my money, and my clothes,
Grown rich with others' spoils as well as mine,
The coming near me now do all decline,
Lest shame and gratitude should draw them in,
To be to me what I to them have been;
By which means I am stripp'd of all supplies,
And left alone to my own miseries.

CORYDON.

In the relation that thy grief has made,
The world's false friendships are too true display'd;
But courage, man, thou hast one friend in store,
Will ne'er forsake thee for thy being poor:
I will be true to thee in worst estate,
And love thee more now, than when fortunate.

CLOTTEN.

All goodness then on Earth I see's not lost,
I of one friend in misery can boast,
Which is enough, and peradventure more
Than any one could ever do before;
And I to thee as true a friend will prove,
Not to abuse, but to deserve, thy love.

TO MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,

MR. ISAAC WALTON.

Whilst in this cold and blust'ring clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been for many years before:

Whilst from the most tempest'ous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made:

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this
You, our dear friend, have more repose:

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day:

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly:

A day without too bright a beam,
A warm, but not a scorching Sun,
A southern gale to curl the stream,
And (master) half our work is done.

There, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just with treach'rous bait
To make the preying trout our prey:

And think ourselves in such an hour
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This (my best friend) at my poor home
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then, should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flatt'ring dream.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST SON.

MADAM, let an humble stranger
Give you joy, without the danger
Of correction from your brow;
And I fancy 'tis not easy
For the rudest to displease ye,
Y'are in so good an humour now.

Such a treasure you have brought us,
As in gratitude has taught us
To praise and bless your happy womb;
And since you have oblig'd so many,
You cannot but expect sure (can ye?)
To be thank'd at least by some.

A more wish'd-for heir by Heaven
Ne'er to family was given,
Nor a braver boy to boot;
Finer ne'er was born before him,
One may know who got and bore him,
And now-a-days 'tis hard to do't.

You copy well, for which the rather,
Since you so well have hit the father,
Madam, once more try your skill,
To bring of th'other sex another
As fair, and good, and like the mother,
And double 'em after when you will.

TO CHLORIS.

STANZES IRREGULIERS.

LORD! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How! still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were!

Fie, Chloris! 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your errour, and be wise;
I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it,
And all the rest are so that lovers are;
I then myself your vassal swear,
And could be still so, (which is rare)
Nay, I could force my will
To love, and at a good rate still,
But on condition that you not abuse it;
I am now master of the gate,
And therefore, Chloris, 'tis too late
Or to insult, or to capitulate.

'Tis beauty that to womankind
Gives all the rule and sway,
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey:
Your beauty 'twas at first did awe me,
And into bondage, woeful bondage, draw me;
It was your cheek, your eye, your lip,
Which rais'd you first to the dictatorship:

But your six months are now expir'd,
'Tis time I now should reign;
And if from you obedience be requir'd,
You must not to submit disdain,
But practise what y'ave seen me do,
And love and honour me, as I did you;
That will an everlasting peace maintain,
And make me crown you sovereign once again.

And, faith, consult your glass, and see
If I ha'n't reason on my side;
Are those eyes still the same they use to be?
Come, come, they're alter'd, 'twill not be de-
And yet although the glass be true, [ny'd;
And show you, you no more are you,
I know you'll scarce believe it,
For womankind are all born proud, and never,
never leave it.

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still,
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine:
Your beauties sweet are in their height,
And I must still adore;
New years, new graces still create,
Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the beauties that have grac'd the world
before.

OLD TITYRUS TO EUGENIA.

Eugenia, young and fair, and sweet,
The glories of the plains,
In thee alone the Graces meet
To conquer all the swains:
Tall as the poplar of the grove,
Straight as the winged shaft of Love,
As the spring's early blossoms white,
Soft as the kisses of the light,
Serene and modest as the morn,
Ere vapours do from fens arise,
To dim the glory of the skies,
Untainted or with pride or scorn, [born.
T' oblige the world, bright nymph, thou sure wast

O! be still fair, thou charming maid,
For beauty is no crime;
May thy youth's flower never fade,
But still be in its prime:
Be calm, and clear, and modest still,
Oblige as many as you will,
Still, still be humble, still be sweet,
By those ways conquer all you meet;
But let them see 'tis undesign'd,
Nat'ral virtues, not put on
To make a prize of any one,
The native goodness of your mind,
And have a care of being over-kind.

That's (my Eugenia) a mistake,
That noblest ardours cools,
And serves on th' other side to make
Damn'd overweening fools.
Be courteous unto all, and free,
As far as virgin modesty;
Be not too shy, but have a care
Of being too familiar;
The swain you entertain alone,
To whom you lend your hand or lip,
Will think he has you on the hip,
And straight conclude you are his own,
Women so easy, men so vain, are grown.

Reserv'dness is a mighty friend
To form and virtue too,
A shining merit should pretend
To such a star as you:
'Tis not a roundelay well play'd,
A song well sung, a thing well said,
A fall well giv'n, a bar well thrown,
Should carry such a lovely one.
Should these knacks win you, you will be
(Of all the nymphs that with their beams
Gild sweet Columba's crystal streams)
Lost to the world, yourself, and me,
And more despis'd than freckled Lalage.

Maintain a modest kind of state,
'Tis graceful in a maid;
It does at least respect create,
And makes the fools afraid.
Eugenia, you must pitch upon
A Sylvia, not a Corydon;
'Twould grate my soul to see those charms
In an unworthy shepherd's arms.
A little coldness (girl) will do,
Let baffled lovers call it pride,
Pride's an excess o' th' better side;
Contempt to arrogance is due,
Keep but state now, and keep't hereafter too.

EPISTLE

TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

Sir, you may please to call to mind,
That letters you did lately find
From me, which I conceiv'd were very kind:

So hearty kind, that by this hand, sir,
Briefly, I do not understand, sir, [swer.
Why you should not vouchsafe some kind of an-

What though in rhyme you're no proficient?
Your love should not have been deficient,
When downright prose to me had been sufficient.

'Tis true, I know that you dare fight, sir,
But what of that? that will not fright, sir:
I know full well your worship too can write, sir.

Where the peace, therefore, broken once is,
Unless you send some fair responses,
I doubt there will ensue some broken sconces.

Then dream not valour can befriend you,
For if I justly once suspend you,
Your sanct'ary, nor your club, can yet defend you:

But fairly, sir, to work to go:
What the fiend is the matter, trow,
Should make you use an old companion so?

I know the life you lead a-days,
And, like poor swan, your foot can trace
From home to pray'rs, thence to the forenam'd place[1].

And can you not from your precation,
And your as daily club-potation,
To think of an old friend find some vacation?

'Tis true you sent a little letter,
With a great present, which was better,
For which I must remain your humble debtor.

But for th' epistle, to be plain,
That's paid with int'rest back again,
For I sent one as long at least as twain.

Then mine was rhyme, and yours but reason;
If, therefore, you intend t' appease one,
Let me hear from you in some mod'rate season.

'Tis what y'are bound to by the tie
Of friendship first, then equity,
To which I'll add a third, call'd charity.

For one that's banish'd the grand monde,
Would sometimes by his friends be own'd:
'Tis comfort after whipping to be moan'd.

But though I'm damn'd t' a people here,
Than whom my dog's much civiler,
I hear from you some twice or thrice a year.

Saints that above are plac'd in glory,
Unless the papists tell a story,
Commiserate poor souls in purgatory.

Whilst you, sir captain, Heav'n remit ye,
Who live in Heav'n on Earth, the city,
On me, who live in Hell, can have no pity.

In faith it looks unkind! pray mend it,
Write the least scrip you will, and send it,
And I will bless and kiss the hand that penn'd it.

[1] Viz. the sanctuary.

EPISTLE TO JOHN BRADSHAW, ESQ.

WHAT though I writ a tedious letter,
Whereas a shorter had been better,
And that 'twas writ in moor-land's metre,
To make it run, I thought, the sweeter,
Yet there was nought in that epistle,
At which your worship ought to bristle;
For though it was too long, 'twas civil,
And though the rhyme, 'tis true, was evil,
I will maintain 'twas well meant yet,
And full of heart, though void of wit:
Why with a horse-pox, then should you,
I thought my friend, keep such ado,
And set Tom Weaver on my back,
Because I ha'n't forsooth the knack
To please your over-dainty ear;
(Impossible for me I fear)
Nor can my poesy strew with posies
Of red, white, damask, Provence roses,
Bear's-ears, anemonies, and lilies,
As he did in diebus illis?
What man! all amblers are not couryats,
Neither can all who rhyme be laureats:
Besides the moor-lands not a clime is,
Nor of the year it now the time is
To gather flowers, I suppose,
Either for poetry or prose;
Therefore, kind sir, in courteous fashion,
I wish you spare your expectation.
And since you may be thin of clothing,
(Something being better too than nothing)
Winter now growing something rough,
I send you here a piece of stuff,
Since your old Weaver's dead and gone,
To make a fustian waistcoat on [1].
Accept it, and I'll rest your debtor,
When more wit sends it, I'll send better.
And here I cannot pretermit
To that epitome of wit,
Knowledge and art, to him whom we
Saucily call, and I more saucily
Presume to write the little *d*.
All that your language can improve
Of service, honour, and of love:
After whose name the rest I know
Would sound so very flat and low,
They must excuse, if in this case
I wind them up et cæteras.
Lastly, that in my tedious scribble
I may not seem incorrigible,
I will conclude by telling you
(And on my honest word 'tis true)
I long as much as new made bride
Does for the marriage even tide,
Your plump corpusculum t' embrace,
In this abominable place:
And therefore when the spring appears,
(Till when short days will seem long years)
And that under this scurvy hand,
I give you, sir, to understand,
In April, May, or then abouts,
Dove's people are your humble trouts,
Be sure you do not fail but come,
To make the Peak Elisium;
Where you shall find then, and for ever,
As true a friend [2] as was Tom Weaver [3].

[1] For rhimes take a new figure.
[2] Though not half so good a poet.
[3] A dissolute poet of Cromwell's time. *C.*

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS.

TO MR. ISAAC WALTON.

FAREWEL thou busy world, and may
We never meet again:
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vice and vanity do reign.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our bus'ness, all our conversation!

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
Oh how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye vallies, oh ye mountains,
Oh ye groves and chrystal fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turn to come and visit ye!
O solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still;
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd, to practise and to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po:
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority:
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
And from the vales to view the noble heights above!

Oh my beloved caves! from dog-star heats,
And hotter persecution safe retreats,
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly
To hide me from society,
Even of my dearest friends, have I
In your recesses' friendly shade
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be,
Might I in this desart place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here in this despis'd recess
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old,
And all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

RONDEAU.

Thou fool! if madness be so rife,
That, spite of wit, thou'lt have a wife,
I'll tell thee what thou must expect,
After the honey-moon neglect,
All the sad days of thy whole life.

To that a world of woe and strife,
Which is of marriage the effect,
And thou thy woe's own architect,
Thou fool!
Thou'lt nothing find but disrespect,
Ill words i'th' scolding dialect,
For she'll all tabor be, or fife;
Then pr'ythee go and whet thy knife,
And from this fate thy self protect,
Thou fool!

TO CUPID.

Fond Love, deliver up thy bow,
I am become more love than thou;
I am as wanton grown, and wild,
Much less a man, and more a child,
From Venus born, of chaster kind,
A better archer, though as blind.

Surrender without more ado,
I am both king and subject too,
I will command, but must obey,
I am the hunter and the prey,
I vanquish, yet am overcome,
And sentencing receive my doom.

No springing beauty 'scapes my dart,
And ev'ry ripe one wounds my heart;
Thus whilst I wound, I wounded am,
And, firing others, turn to flame,
To show how far love can combine
The mortal part with the divine.

Faith, quit thine empire, and come down,
That thou and I may share the crown,
I've tri'd the worst thy arms can do,
Come then, and taste my power too,
Which (howsoe'er it may fall short)
Will doubtless prove the better sport.

Yet do not; for in field and town,
The females are so loving grown,
So kind, or else so lustful, we,
Can neither err, though neither see;
Keep then thine own dominions, lad,
Two Loves would make all women mad.

SONNET.

Go false one, now I see the cheat,
Your love was all a counterfeit,
And I was gall'd to think that you,
Or any she, could long be true.

How could you once so kind appear,
To kiss, to sigh, and shed a tear,
To cherish and caress me so,
And now not let but bid me go?

Oh woman! frailty is thy name,
Since she's untrue y'are all to blame,
And but in man no truth is sound:

'Tis a fair sex, we all must love it,
But (on my conscience) could we prove it,
They all are false ev'n under ground.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR BERTAUD.

Whilst wish'ng Heaven in his ire
Would punish with some judgment dire
This heart to love so obstinate;
To say I love her is to lie,
Though I do love t' extremity,
Since thus to love her is to hate.

But since from this my hatred springs,
That she neglects my sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate,
My hatred is so full of flame,
Since from affection first it came,
That 'tis to love her thus to hate.

I wish that milder love, or death,
That ends our miseries with our breath,
Would my affections terminate;
For to my soul, depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worse than these
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

Let love be gentle or severe,
It is in vain to hope or fear
His grace or rage in this estate,
Being I from my fair one's spirit
Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
Thus foolishly to love and hate.

Or, if by my example here
It just and equal do appear,
She love and loath, who is my fate,
Grant me, ye powers, in this case,
Both for my punishment and grace,
That, as I do, she love and hate.

THE EIGHTH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

1. O Lord, our governor, whose potent sway
All pow'rs in Heav'n and Earth obey;
Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored name!
Thy glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,
Above the empirean sky.
2. Out of the mouths of infants, newly come
From the dark closet of the womb,
Thou hast ordained powerful truth to rise,
To baffle all thine enemies;
That thou the furious rage might'st calm again,
Of bloody and revengeful men.
3. When on thy glorious Heavens I reflect,
Thy work, almighty architect,
The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made
T' illuminate night's sable shade:
4. Oh! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
Should mind so poor a wretched thing;
Or man's frail offspring, that Almighty God
Should stoop to visit his abode?
5. For thou createdst him but one degree
Below the heav'nly hierarchy
Of bless'd and happy angels, and didst crown
Frail dust with glory and renown.
6. Over the works of thy almighty hand
Thou giv'st him absolute command,
And all the rest that thou hast made
Under his feet hast subject laid;
7. All sheep, and oxen, and the wilder breed
Of beasts, that on their fellows feed;
8 The air's inhabitants, and scaly brood,
That live and wanton in the flood,
And whatsoe'er does either swim or creep
Thorough th' investigable deep:
9. Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored name!

ADVICE.

Go, thou perpetual whining lover,
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her,
By them more obstinate she's made,
And thou by love, fond, constant love, betray'd.

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still,
Is more perverse the more you woo her,
When thou art humblest lays thee lower,
And when most prostrate to her will
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

By Heav'n 'tis against all nature,
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
To let a little female creature
Rule on the poor account of feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least,
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'do for ever bind her,
As firm and true as thine own breast,
On love and virtue's double interest:
But if thou canst not live without her,
This only she, when it comes to't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her)
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and wimper is no boot;
Go, hang thyself, and that will do't.

LYRICK.

EX CORNELIO GALLO.

TRANS.

Lydia, thou lovely maid, whose white
The milk and lily does outvie,
The pale and blushing roses light,
Or polish'd Indian ivory,

Dishevel, sweet, thy yellow hair,
Whose ray doth burnish'd gold disprize,
Disclose thy neck so white and fair,
That doth from snowy shoulders rise.

Virgin, unveil those starry eyes,
Whose sable brows like arches spread,
Unveil those cheeks, where the rose lies
Streak'd with the Tyrian purple's red.

Lend me those lips with coral lin'd,
And kisses mild of doves impart,
Thou ravishest away my mind,
Those gentle kisses wound my heart.

Why suck'st thou from my panting breast
The youthful vigour of my blood?
Hide those twin-apples, ripe, if press'd,
To spring into a milky flood.

From thy expanded bosom breathe
Perfumes Arabia doth not know;
Thy ev'ry part doth love bequeath,
From thee all excellencies flow.

Thy bosom's killing white then shade,
Hide that temptation from mine eye;
See'st not I languish, cruel maid!
Wilt thou then go, and let me die?

ESTRENNES.

TO CALISTA.

I reckon the first day I saw those eyes,
Which in a moment made my heart their prize
To all my whole futurity,
The first day of my first new year,
Since then I first began to be,
And knew why Heaven plac'd me here;
For till we love, and love discreetly too,
We nothing are, nor know we what we do.

Love is the soul of life, though that I know
Is call'd soul too, but yet it is not so.
Not rational at least, until
Beauty with her diviner light
Illuminates the groping will,
And shows us how to choose aright;
And that's first prov'd by th' objects it refuses,
And by being constant then to that it chooses.

Days, weeks, months, years, and lustres take
So small time up i'th' lover's almanack,

And can so little love assuage,
That we (in truth) can hardly say,
When we have liv'd at least an age,
A long one, we have lov'd a day.
This day to me, so slowly does time move,
Seems but the noon unto my morning love.

Love by swift time, which sickly passions dread,
Is no more measur'd than 'tis limited:
That passion where all others cease,
And with the fuel lose the flame,
Is evermore in its increase,
And yet being love, is still the same:
They err call liking love; true lovers know
He never lov'd who does not always so.

You, who my last love have, my first love had,
To whom my all of love was, and is paid,
Are only worthy to receive
The richest new year's-gift I have,
My love, which I this morning give,
A nobler never monarch gave,
Which each new-year I will present a new,
And you'll take care, I hope, it shall be due.

EPIGRAMME DE MONSIEUR DES-PORTES.

Some four years ago I made Phillis an offer,
Provided she would be my wh-re,
Of two thousand good crowns to put in her coffer,
And I think should have given her more.

About two years after, a message she sent me,
She was for a thousand my own,
But unless for an hundred she now would content me,
I sent her word I would have none.

She fell to my price six or seven weeks after,
And then for a hundred would do;
I then told her in vain she talk'd of the matter,
Than twenty no farther I'd go.

T' other day for six ducatoons she was willing,
Which I thought a great deal too dear.
And told her unless it would come for two shilling,
She must seek a chapman elsewhere.

This morning she's come, and would fain buckle
But she's grown so fulsome a wh-re, [gratis,
That now methinks nothing a far dearer rate is,
Than all that I offer'd before.

EPIGRAMME DE MONSIEUR COTIN.

I perish of too much desire
If she inexorable prove,
And shall with too much joy expire
If she be gracious to my love.

Thus nought can cure my wounded breast,
But I most certain am to die,
Or by the ill by which possess'd,
Or by the happy remedy.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

The lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages,
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends; (to be plain in my matter;)
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folk so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple, [Peak,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o'th'
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and brave;
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd.
Oh Coriate! thou traveller fam'd as Ulysses,
In such a stupendious labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flowr'd tabby gown,
When about some two hours and an half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon,
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd up my pipes to sing, loth to depart,
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burthen,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden:
And now farewel Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.
By pacing and trotting, betimes in the even,
E'er the Sun had forsaken one half of the Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good night-cap, and straight way to bed.
Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)

We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid e'er we met with a biding;
But there (having over night plied the tap well)
We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes Chapel: [the house?"
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been,
A cravat with black ribbon ty'd under his chin;
Tho' by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his ear.
Quoth he, (with low congee) "What lack you, my lord?" [afford."
"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house will
"You shall straight," quoth he; and then calls out, "Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."
"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i' th' morning so early,
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley."
Which words were scarce out, but, which made me admire,
My lordship was presently turn'd into 'squire:
"Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly again,
"What, must it be purl'd?"—"No, I love it best plain." [advice,
"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my
Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the price;
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle."
"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor be such,
For the best ale in England, it is not too much:
Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may stay;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, and white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsey she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her:
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will 't please you walk in?"
I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.
She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the nation
Should no where afford better accommodation:
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;
But I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk gull
A trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork out.
Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smok'd, like a new fir'd gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller: [for colour,
"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich, to boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years, [debtor,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better:
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly;
And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle and spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our haste,
And I think sir George Booth did not gallop so fast,
Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good woman, [mon;
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a com-
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she choose!
And if I should farther here spur on my course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse:
To night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,
To morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven,
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd it,
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it:
But to morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,
And better or worse be't, for murther will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to mattins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good:
I sent for chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;

When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter;
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner:
I din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bag-pipe more full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;
And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my sword,
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.
Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the best:
But, however, I staid at the church's commanding
Till we came to the peace passes all understanding,
Which no sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play;
All save master mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship and's mace:
Then he and his brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marched from pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days:
But then off went my scalp case, and down went my fist, [kist;
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was
By which, though thick-scull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper, [per:
But his man was there too, to invite me to sup-
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands.
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refus'd,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd;
But my quaint repartée had his worship possest
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches [speeches:
To see the fine fellow that made such fine
"Go, sirrah!" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West-Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet mine'd his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest, [bum,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,
I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desir'd him to lead me the way.
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there; [stairs,
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's;
But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince:
As he sat[1] in his chair, he did not much vary,
In state nor in face, from our eighth English Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like [Indies,
One of those little gentlemen brought from the
And screwing myself into congees and cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.

[1] By which you may note, that either the man was mistaken, or the mayor was not so good as his word, when he said he would not sit down till I came.

Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station;
So sweet mistress may'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other;
By which I perceiv'd, though it seemed a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was cold;
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-shoes, what if it be?
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse.
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:
However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.
Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:
Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire;
That of land, I had both sorts, some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more study'd than arts,
And was now to a captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound;
Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places wherever I came.
He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist;
When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.
To trouble you here with a longer narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,
Where, doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.
In short, then, we pip'd, and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the table,
With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espy'd me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half asham'd, for I found myself nak'd;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipp'd to horse, and away.
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
And by these the true colour one can no more know,
Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin below.
Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat:
Even such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;
And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the sands,
Till his horse, finding th' labour for three legs too sore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:

And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping, [shipping;
Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint;
But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us, no man knows whither.
And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed, [need;
Gott splutter her taste, some Welch ale her had
For her ride in great haste, and was like shit her breeches,
For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a louse, [house;
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
But in a small house near unto't there was store
Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welch are not wise of their fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we came,
My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
O'er hills and o'er vallies uncouth and uneven,
Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been
By the cripples lay there; but I went to my inn
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw,
Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,
For four chickens were slain by my dame and her daughter;
Of which to saint Win. ere my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare fricasée made:
I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some in, [seen;
Some naked, where botches and boils might be
Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her conscience, her name, nor herself, were more clear.
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white, [light,
But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scap'd master Oliver's hands;
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the margin o' th' spring
Is enclos'd with a certain octagonal ring;
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
To support and uphold from falling to ground
A cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
Now 'twixt the two angles, that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her bason pour forth,
Under ground is a place, where they bathe, as 'tis said,
And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth back in their head; [whores
For you are to know, that the rogues and the
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,
That a saint, and a virgin, endu'd with such grace,
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills:
I've study'd that point much, you cannot guess why, [than I.
But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous
And now for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,
With as many crystalline liberal glasses,
Did all importune me to drink of the water
Of saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to choose,
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite;
I took the glass from her, and, whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fancy'd a health to the saint:
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
I slipp'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have profan'd;
And giving two more to the poor that were there,
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat that I can tell;
When having half din'd, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast:
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.
But now my guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted:
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in;
For underneath Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to catch us.
Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed:
Redland Castle and Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connaway came at the last:
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood; [water
'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being drowned:
Perhaps tho' in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-castle e'er I beheld.
The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,

Came in as good time, as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;
Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
Where another King's Head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

THE STORM.

TO THE EARL OF——

How with ill-nature does this world abound!
When I, who ever thought myself most sound,
And free from that infection, now must choose
Out you, (my lord) whom least I should abuse
To trouble with a tempest, who have none
In your firm breast t' afflict you of your own:
But since of friendship it the nature is,
In any accident that falls amiss,
Whether of sorrow, terrour, loss, or pain,
Caus'd or by men or fortune, to complain
To those who of our ills have deepest sense,
And in whose favour we've most confidence,
Pardon, if in a storm I here engage
Your calmer thoughts, and on a sea, whose rage,
When but a little mov'd, as far outbraves
The tamer mutinies of Adria's waves,
As they, when worst for Neptune to appease,
The softest curls of most pacific seas;
And though I'm vain enough half to believe
My danger will some little trouble give,
I yet more vainly fancy 'twill advance
Your pleasure too, for my deliverance.
'Twas now the time of year, of all the rest,
For slow but certain navigation best;
The Earth had dress'd herself so fine and gay,
That all the world, our little world, was May;
The Sea, too, had put on his smoothest face,
Clear, sleek, and even as a looking-glass;
The rugged winds were lock'd up in their jails,
And were but Zephyrs whisper'd in the sails;
All nature seem'd to court us to our woe;
Good God! can elements dissemble too?
Whilst we, secure, consider'd not the whiles
That greatest treasons lie conceal'd in smiles.
Aboard we went, and soon were under sail,
But with so small an over-modest gale,
And to our virgin canvass so unkind,
As not to swell their laps with so much wind,
As common courtship would in breeding pay
To maids less buxom and less trim than they.
But of this calm we could not long complain,
For scarcely were we got out to the main
From the still harbour but a league, no more,
When the false wind (that seem'd so chaste before)
The ship's lac'd smock began to stretch and tear,
Not like a suitor, but a ravisher;
As if delight were lessen'd by consent,
And tasted worse for being innocent.
A sable curtain, in a little space,
Of thick wove clouds, was drawn o'er Phœbus' face,
He might not see the horrour of the fight,
Nor we the comfort of his heav'nly light:
Then, as this darkness had the signal been,
At which the furious storm was to begin,
Heaven's loud artillery began to play,
And with pale flashes made a dreadful day:
The centre shook by these, the ocean
In hills of brine to swell and heave began;
Which growing mountains, as they rolling hit,
To surge and foam, each other broke and split,
Like men, who, in intestine storms of state,
Strike any they nor know, nor yet for what;
But with the stream of fury headlong run
To war, they know not how nor why begun.
In this disorder straight the winds forlorn,
Which had lain ambush'd all the flatt'ring morn,
With unexpected fury rushes in,
The ruffling skirmish rudely to begin;
The sea with thunder-claps alarm'd before,
Assaulted thus anew, began to roar
In waves, that striving which should fastest run,
Crouded themselves into confusion.
At which advantage Æolus brought on
His large spread wings, and main battalion,
When by opposing shores the flying foe
Forc'd back against the enemy to flow,
So great a conflict follow'd, as if here
Th' enraged enemies embattled were;
Not only one another to subdue,
But to destroy themselves and nature too.
To paint this horrour to the life, weak art
Must want a hand, humanity a heart;
And I, the bare relation whilst I make,
Methinks am brave, my hand still does not shake;
For surely since men first in planks of wood
Themselves committed to the faithless flood,
Men born and bred at sea, did ne'er behold
Neptune in such prodigious furrows roll'd;
Those winds, which with the loudest terrour roar,
Never so stretch'd their lungs and cheeks before;
Nor on this floating stage has ever been
So black a scene of dreadful ruin seen.
Poor yacht! in such a sea how canst thou live?
What ransom would not thy pale tenants give
To be set down on the most desp'rate shore,
Where serpents hiss, tigers and lions roar?
And where the men, inhuman savages,
Are yet worse vermin, greater brutes, than these!
Who would not for a danger that may be
Exchange a certain ruin that they see?
For such, unto our reason, or our fear,
Ours did in truth most manifest appear;
And how could we expect a better end,
When winds and seas seem'd only to contend,
Not which should conquer other in this war,
But in our wreck which should have greatest share?
The winds were all let loose upon the main,
And every wind that blew a hurricane,
Nereus' whole pow'r too muster'd seem'd to be,
Wave rode on wave, and every wave a sea.
Of our small bark gusts rush'd the trembling sides
Against vast billows that contain'd whole tides,
Which in disdainful fury beat her back
With such a force, as made her stout sides crack,
'Gainst others that in crowds came rolling in,
As if they meant their liquid walls between
T' engage the wretched hulk, and crush her flat,
And make her squeeze to death her dying freight
Sometimes she on a mountain's ridge would ride,
And from that height her gliding keel then slide

Into a gulph, yawning and deep as Hell,
Whilst we were swooning all the while we fell;
Then by another billow rais'd so high,
As if the sea would dart her into th' sky,
To be a pinnace to the Argosy;
Then down a precipice so low and steep,
As it had been the bottom of the deep:
Thus whilst we up and down, and to and fro,
Were miserably toss'd and bandy'd so,
'Twas strange our little pink, tho' ne'er so tight,
Could weather't so, and keep herself upright;
Or was not sunk with weight of our despair,
For hope, alas! could find no anch'ring there:
Her prow, and poop, starboard, and larboard side,
B'ing with these elements so hotly ply'd,
'Twas no less than a miracle her seams
Not ripp'd and open'd, and her very beams
Continu'd faithful in these loud extremes;
That her tall masts, so often bow'd and bent
With gust on gust, were not already spent;
That all, or any thing, indeed, withstood
A sea so hollow, such a high-wrought flood.
Here, where no seaman's art nor strength avails,
Where use of compass, rudder, or of sails,
There now was none; the mariners all stood
Bloodless and cold as we; or though they could
Something, perhaps, have help'd in such a stress,
Were ev'ry one astonish'd ne'ertheless
To that degree, they either had no heart
Their art to use, or had forgot their art.
Meanwhile the miserable passengers,
With sighs the hardest, the more soft with tears,
Mercy of Heav'n in various accents crav'd,
But after drowning hoping to be sav'd.
How oft, by fear of dying, did we die?
And every death, a death of cruelty,
Worse than worst cruelties provok'd impose
On the most hated, most offending foes.
We fancy'd death riding on every wave,
And every hollow seem'd a gaping grave:
All things we saw such horrour did present,
And all of dying too were so intent,
Ev'ry one thought himself already dead,
And that for him the tears he saw were shed.
Such as had not the courage to behold
Their danger above deck, within the hold
Utter'd such groans in that their floating grave,
As even unto terrour terrour gave;
Whilst those above pale, dead, and cold appear,
Like ghosts in Charon's boat that sailing were.
The last day's dread, which none can comprehend,
But to weak fancy only recommend,
To form the dreadful image from sick fear,
That fear and fancy both were heighten'd here
With such a face of horrour, as alone
Was fit to prompt imagination,
Or to create it where there had been none.
Such as from under hatches thrust a head
T' inquire what news, seem'd rising from the dead,
Whilst those who staid above, bloodless with fear,
And ghastly look, as they new risen were.
The bold and timorous, with like horrour struck,
Were not to be distinguish'd by their look;
And he who could the greatest courage boast,
Howe'er within, look'd still as like a ghost.
Ten hours in this rude tempest we were tost,
And ev'ry moment gave ourselves for lost:
Heav'n knows how ill prepar'd for sudden death,
When the rough winds, as they'd been out of breath,
Now seem'd to pant, and panting to retreat,
The waves with gentler force against us beat;
The sky clear'd up, the Sun again shone bright,
And gave us once again new life and light;
We could again bear sail in those rough seas,
The seamen now resume their offices;
Hope warm'd us now anew, anew the heart
Did to our cheeks some streaks of blood impart;
And in two hours, or very little more,
We came to anchor faulcon-shot from shore,
The very same we left the morn before;
Where now in a yet working sea, and high,
Until the wind shall veer, we rolling lie,
Resting secure from present fear; but then
The dangers we escap'd must tempt again;
Which if again I safely shall get through,
(And sure I know the worst the sea can do)
So soon as I shall touch my native land,
I'll thence ride post to kiss your lordship's hand.

ODE.

Is't come to this, that we must part?
Then Heav'n is turn'd all cruelty,
And Fate has neither eyes nor heart,
Or else (my sweet) it could not be.

She's a blind deity I'm sure;
For woful sights compassion move,
And heav'nly minds could ne'er endure
To persecute the truest love.

Love is the highest attribute
Of pow'rs unknown we mortals know;
For that all homage we commute,
From that all good and mercies flow.

And can there be a deity
In those eternal seats above,
Will own so dire a cruelty,
As thus to punish faithful love?

Oh, heav'nly pow'rs! be good and just,
Cherish the law yourselves have made,
We else in vain in virtue trust,
And by religion are betray'd.

Oh! punish me some other way
For other sins, but this is none;
Take all the rest you gave away,
But let my dearest dear alone.

Strip me as into th' world I came,
I never shall dispute your will;
Or strike me dumb, deaf, blind, or lame,
But let me have Chlorinda still.

Why was she given me at all?
I thought indeed the gift too great
For my poor merit; but withal
I always knew to value it.

I first by you was worthy made,
Next by her choice; let me not prove
Blasphemous, if I'm not afraid
To say most worthy by my love.

And must I then be damn'd from bliss
For valuing the blessing more,
Be wretched made through happiness,
And by once being rich more poor?

This separation is, alas!
Too great a punishment to bear,
Oh! take my life, or let me pass
That life, that happy life, with her.

O my Chlorinda! couldst thou see
Into the bottom of my heart,
There's such a mine of love for thee,
The treasure would supply desert.

Let the king send me where he please,
Ready at drum and trumpet's call,
I'll fight at home, or cross the seas,
His soldier, but Chlorinda's thrall.

No change of diet, or of air,
In me can a distemper breed;
And if I fall, it should be fair,
Since 'tis her blood that I'm to bleed.

And sitting so, I nothing fear
A noble she of living fame;
And who shall then be by, may hear,
In my last groans, Chlorinda's name.

But I am not proscrib'd to die,
My adversaries are too wise;
More rigour and less charity
Condemns me from Chlorinda's eyes.

Ah, cruel sentence, and severe!
That is a thousand deaths in one;
Oh! let me die before I hear
A sound of separation.

And yet it is decreed, I see,
The race of men are now combin'd,
Though I still keep the body free,
To persecute a loyal mind.

And that's the worst that man can do,
To banish me Chlorinda's sight;
Yet will my heart continue true,
Maugre their power and their spite.

Meanwhile my exit now draws nigh,
When, sweet Chlorinda, thou shalt see
That I have heart enough to die,
Not half enough to part with thee.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

HYMN.

Rise, happy mortals, from your sleep,
Bright Phosphor now begins to peep,
In such apparel as ne'er drest
The proudest day-break of the East!
Death's sable curtain 'gins disperse,
And now the blessed morn appears,
Which has long'd and pray'd for him
So many centuries of years,
To defray th' arrears of sin.
Now through the joyful universe
Beams of mercy and of love
Shoot forth comfort from above,
And choirs of angels do proclaim
The holy Jesus' blessed name.

Rise, shepherds, leave your flocks, and run;
The soul's great Shepherd now is come!
Oh! wing your tardy feet, and fly
To greet this dawning majesty:
Heaven's messenger, in tidings bless'd,
Invites you to the sacred place,
Where the blessed Babe of joy,
Wrapp'd in his holy Father's grace,
Comes the serpent to destroy,
That lurks in ev'ry human breast.
To Judah's Beth'lem turn your feet,
There you shall salvation meet;
There, in a homely manger hurl'd,
Lies the Messias of the world.

Riding upon the morning's wings,
The joyful air salvation sings,
"Peace upon Earth, tow'rds men good will,"
Echoes from ev'ry vale and hill;
For why, the Prince of Peace is come,
The glorious Infant, who this morn
(By a strange mysterious birth)
Is of his virgin mother born,
To redeem the seed of Earth
From foul rebellious heavy doom.
Travel, magi of the East,
To adore this sacred Guest;
And offer up (with reverence)
Your gold, your myrrh, and frankincense.

At th' teeming of this blessed womb
All nature is one joy become;
The fire, the earth, the sea, and air,
The great salvation to declare:
The mountains skip with joy's excess,
The ocean's briny billows swell
O'er the surface of their lands,
And at this sacred miracle
Floods do clap their liquid hands,
Joy's inundation to express:
Babes spring in the narrow rooms
Of their tender mothers' wombs,
And all for triumph of the morn
Wherein the Child of bliss was born.

Let each religious soul then rise
To offer up a sacrifice,
And on the wings of pray'r and praise
His grateful heart to Heaven raise;
For this, that in a stable lies,
This poor neglected Babe, is he,
Hell and Death that must control,
And speak the blessed word, "Be free,"
To ev'ry true believing soul:
Death has no sting, nor Hell no prize,
Through his merits great, whilst we
Travel to eternity,
And with the blessed angels sing
Hosannahs to the heav'nly King.

CHORUS.

Rise, then, O rise! and let your voices
Tell the spheres the soul rejoices.
In Beth'lem, this auspicious morn,
The glorious Son of God is born.
The Child of glory, Prince of Peace,
Brings mercy that will never cease;
Merits that wipe away the sin
Each human soul was forfeit in;
And washing off the fatal stain,
Man to his Maker knits again:
Join then your grateful notes, and sing
Hosannahs to the heav'nly King.

SAPPHIC ODE.

How easy is his life, and free,
Who, urg'd by no necessity,
Eats cheerful bread, and over night does pay
For's next day's crapula.

No suitor such a mean estate
Invites to be importunate,
No supple flatt'rer, robbing villain, or
Obstreperous creditor.

This man does need no bolts nor locks,
Nor needs he starts when any knocks,
But may on careless pillow lie and snore,
With a wide open door.

Trouble and danger wealth attend,
An useful but a dangerous friend,
Who makes us pay, e'er we can be releas'd,
Quadruple interest.

Let's live to day then for to morrow,
The fool's too provident will borrow
A thing, which, through chance or infirmity,
'Tis odds he ne'er may see.

Spend all then ere you go to Heaven,
So with the world you will make even;
And men discharge by dying Nature's score,
Which done, we owe no more.

THE MORNING QUATRAINS.

The cock has crow'd an hour ago,
'Tis time we now dull sleep forego;
Tir'd nature is by sleep redress'd,
And labour's overcome by rest.

We have out-done the work of night,
'Tis time we rise t' attend the light,
And ere he shall his beams display,
To plot new bus'ness for the day.

None but the slothful, or unsound,
Are by the Sun in feathers found;
Nor, without rising with the Sun.
Can the world's bus'ness e'er be done.

Hark! hark! the watchful chanticler
Tells us the day's bright harbinger
Peeps o'er the eastern hills, to awe
And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
To roll away the burning car,
And, snorting flame, impatient bear
The dressing of the charioteer.

The sable cheeks of sullen Night
Are streak'd with rosy streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear,
To shade the other hemisphere.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for days loud welcome sings,
Mounting her body out of sight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

Now doors and windows are unbarr'd,
Each-where are cheerful voices heard;
And round about good-morrows fly,
As if day taught humanity.

The chimnies now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin;
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Mull's swoln and straddling paps to strip.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing;
And Silvio, with his bugle horn,
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

Now through the morning doors behold
Phœbus, array'd in burning gold,
Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
His warm and all enlight'ning rays.

Now each one to his work prepares,
'All that have hands are laboure's;
And manufactures of each trade,
By op'ning shops, are open laid.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
The angler goes unto the stream;
The woodman to the purlieus hies,
And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

Fair Amarillis drives her flocks,
All night safe folded from the fox,
To flow'ry downs, where Colin stays
To court her with his roundelays.

The traveller now leaves his inn,
A new day's journey to begin,
As he would post it with the day,
And early rising makes good way.

The sleek-fac'd schoolboy satchel takes,
And with slow pace small riddance makes;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to virtue's slow.

The fore-horse gingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load;
The field with busy people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

The world is now a busy swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm;
But let's take heed our acts be true,
For Heaven's eye sees all we do.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade;
And sin, though it could 'scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry.

NOON QUATRAINS.

The Day grows hot, and darts his rays
From such a sure and killing place,
That this half world are fain to fly
The danger of his burning eye.

His early glories were benign,
Warm to be felt, bright to be seen,
And all was comfort; but who can
Endure him when meridian?

Of him we as of kings complain,
Who mildly do begin to reign;
But to the zenith got of pow'r,
Those whom they should protect devour.

Has not another Phaeton
Mounted the chariot of the Sun,
And, wanting art to guide his horse,
Is hurry'd from the Sun's due course?

If this hold on, our fertile lands
Will soon be turn'd to parched sands,
And not an onion that will grow
Without a Nile to overflow.

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
E'en without labour fit to faint,
And willingly forsook their meat,
To seek out cover from the heat.

The lagging ox is now unbound,
From larding the new turn'd-up ground,
Whilst Hobbinol, alike o'er-laid,
Takes his coarse dinner to the shade.

Cellars and grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest;
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

When pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'er past,
In a more mild and temp'rate ray
We may again enjoy the day.

THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY MONSIEUR LE COMTE DE CREMAIL.

STANZES.

Oh, Night! by me so oft requir'd,
Oh, Night! by me so much desir'd,
Of my felicity the cause,
Oh, Night! so welcome to my eyes,
Grant, in this horrour of the skies,
This dreadful shade thy curtain draws,
That I may now adore this night
The star that burns and gives me light.

Spread o'er the Earth thy sable veil,
Heaven's twinkling sparklets to conceal,
That darkness seems to day t' improve;
For other light I do need none
To guide me to my lovely one,
But only that of mine own love;
And all light else offends my sight,
But hers whose eye does give me light.

Oblivion of our forepass'd woes,
Thou charm of sadness, and repose
Of souls that languish in despair,
Why dost thou not from Lethe rise?
Dost thou not see the whole world snies
With lovers, who themselves declare
Enemies to all noise and light,
And covet nothing but the night?

At her transparent window there
Thou'lt see Aminta's eye appear,
That, like a Sun set round with ray,
The shadows from the sky shall chase,
Changing the colour of its face
Into a bright and glorious day;
Yet do not fear this Sun so bright,
For 'tis a mighty friend to Night.

Rise then, lov'd Night, rise from the sea,
And to my Sun Aurora be,
And now thy blackest garment wear;
Dull sleep already thee foregoes,
And each-where a dumb silence does
Thy long'd-for long approach declare;
I know the star that gives me light,
To see me only stays for Night.

Ha! I see shades rise from th' abyss,
And now I go the lips to kiss,
The breasts and eyes have me deceiv'd;
Oh, Night! the height of my desire,
Canst thou put on so black attire
That I by none can be perceiv'd,
And that I may this happy night
See the bright star that gives me light?

Oh! that my dusky goddess could
In her thick mantle so enfold
Heaven's torches, as to damp their fire,
That here on Earth thou might'st for ever
Keep thy dark empire, Night, and never
Under the waves again retire;
That endless so might be the night,
Wherein I see the star, my light!

EVENING QUATRAINS.

The day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run;
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

With labour spent, and thirst oppress,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the night.

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show;
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them,
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd.

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the villains' yard;
The cart's on tail set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckold's crest.

The hedge is stript, the clothes brought in,
Naught's left without should be within;
The bees are hiv'd, and hum their charm,
Whilst every house does seem a swarm.

The cock now to the roost is prest,
For he must call up all the rest:
The sow's fast pegg'd within the stye,
To still her squeaking progeny.

Each one has had his supping mess,
The cheese is put into the press;
The pans and bowls clean scalded all,
Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phœbus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

NIGHT QUATRAINS.

The Sun is set, and gone to sleep
With the fair princess of the deep,
Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
When fainting with his proper heat:

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool
In spume of the Cerulean pool;
Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
Deep in Columbus' western waves.

From whence great rolls of smoke arise
To overshade the beauteous skies;
Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
In gelid tears of falling dew.

And now from the Iberian vales
Night's sable steeds her chariot hales,
Where double cypress curtains screen
The gloomy melancholic queen.

These, as they higher mount the sky,
Ravish all colour from the eye,
And leave it but an useless glass,
Which few or no reflections grace.

The crystal arch o'er Pindus' crown
Is on a sudden dusky grown,
And all's with fun'ral black o'erspread,
As if the day, which sleeps, were dead.

No ray of light the heart to cheer,
But little twinkling stars appear;
Which like faint dying embers lie,
Fit nor to work nor travel by.

Perhaps to him they torches are,
Who guide Night's sovereign's drowsy car,
And him they may befriend so near,
But us they neither light nor cheer.

Or else those little sparks of light
Are nails, that tire the wheels of Night,
Which to new stations still are brought,
As they roll o'er the gloomy vault.

Or nails that arm the horses' hoof,
Which trampling o'er the marble roof,
And striking fire in the air,
We mortals call a shooting star,

That's all the light we now receive,
Unless what belching Vulcans give;
And those yield such a kind of light
As adds more horrour to the night.

Nyctimène, now freed from day,
From sullen bush flies out to prey,
And does with ferret note proclaim
Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

The rail now cracks in fields and meads,
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds,
The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

The fire's new rak'd, and hearth swept clean,
By Madge, the dirty kitchen quean;
The safe is lock'd, the mouse-trap set,
The leaven laid, and bucking wet.

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love;
The ban-dog on the dunghill lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies.

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The bittern booms it in the reeds;
And Reynard ent'ring the back yard,
The Capitolian cry is heard.

The goblin now the fool alarms,
Hags meet to mumble o'er their charms;
The night-mare rides the dreaming ass,
And fairies trip it on the grass.

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores;
Yet, when he wakes, the swine shall find
A crapula remains behind.

The sober now and chaste are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest;
And to sound sleeps they've best pretence,
Have greatest share of innocence.

We should so live, then, that we may,
Fearless, put off our clots and clay,
And travel through Death's shades to light;
For every day must have its night.

ODE.

Good night, my love, may gentle rest
  Charm up your senses till the light,
Whilst I, with care and woe opprest,
  Go to inhabit endless night.

There, whilst your eyes shall grace the day,
  I must, in the despairing shade,
Sigh such a woeful time away,
  As never yet poor lover had.

Yet to this endless solitude
  There is one dangerous step to pass,
To one that loves your sight so rude,
  As flesh and blood is loth to pass.

But I will take it, to express
  I worthily your favours wore;
Your merits (sweet) can claim no less,
  Who dies for you, can do no more.

ODE DE MONSIEUR RACAN.

Ingrateful cause of all my harms,
I go to seek, amidst alarms,
  My death, or liberty;
And that's all now I've left to do,
Since (cruel fair!) in serving you
  I can nor live or die.

The king his towns sees desert made,
His plains with armed troops o'erspread,
Violence does control;
All's fire and sword before his eyes,
Yet has he fewer enemies
Than I have in my soul.

But yet, alas! my hope is vain
To put a period to my pain,
By any desperate ways;
'Tis you that hold my life enchain'd,
And (under Heaven) you command,
And only you, my days.

If in a battle's loud'st alarms
I rush amongst incensed arms,
Invoking Death to take me,
Seeing me look so pale, the foe
Will think me Death himself, and so
Not venture to attack me.

In bloody fields, where Mars doth make
With his loud thunder all to shake,
Both Earth and Heav'n to boot;
Man's pow'r to kill me I despise,
Since love, with arrows from your eyes,
Had not the pow'r to do't.

No! I must languish still unblest,
And in worst torments manifest
My firm fidelity;
Or that my reason set me free,
Since (fair) in serving you, I see
I can nor live nor die.

CONTENTATION.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND, MR. ISAAC WALTON.

Heav'n, what an age is this! what race
Of giants are sprung up, that dare
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,
And with his providence make war!

I can go no where but I meet
With malecontents and mutineers,
As if in life was nothing sweet,
And we must blessings reap in tears

O senseless man! that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be
By undiscerning Fortune plac'd,
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare:
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,
Th' other eternally doth toil;
Each of them equally a beast,
A pamper'd horse, or lab'ring moil.

The titulados oft disgrac'd,
By public hate or private frown,
And he whose hand the creature rais'd,
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,
Like a brute beast both feeds and lies;
Prone to the earth, he digs his grave,
And in the very labour dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf,
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see what wealth and pow'r,
Although they make men rich and great,
The sweets of life do often sour,
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,
Who in a moderate estate,
Where he might safely live at ease,
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,
Quits his own vine's securing shade,
T' expose his naked, empty head,
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair,
Mirrours, with every breath made dim,
Birds, caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,
Does ofter far, than serve, enslave,
And with the magic of a kiss,
Destroys whom she was made to save.

Oh, fruitful grief, the world's disease!
And vainer man to make it so,
Who gives his miseries increase
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make,
By giving shapes and names to things;
Which is the dangerous mistake
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness, which is health,
That persecution, which is grace;
That poverty, which is true wealth,
And that dishonour, which is praise.

Providence watches over all,
And that with an impartial eye;
And if to misery we fall,
'Tis through our own infirmity.

'Tis want of foresight makes the bold
Ambitious youth to danger climb;
And want of virtue, when the old
At persecution do repine.

Alas! our time is here so short,
That in what state soe'er 'tis spent,
Of joy or woe, does not import,
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,
If we will take our measures right,
And not what Heav'n has done, undo
By an unruly appetite.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to Heav'n too.

A very little satifies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed,
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

Who free from debt, and clear from crimes,
Honours those laws that others fear,
Who ill of princes, in worst times,
Will neither speak himself, nor hear.

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires,
But only the eschewing ill.

Who, with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

The world is full of beaten roads,
But yet so slippery withal,
That where one walks secure, 'tis odds
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,
Where the frequented are unsure;
And he comes soonest to his rest,
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

But he has fortunes worst withstood,
And happiness can never miss,
Can covet naught, but where he stood,
And thinks him happy where he is.

MELANCHOLY.

PINDARIC ODE.

What in the name of wonder's this
Which lies so heavy at my heart,
That I ev'n death itself could kiss,
And think it were the greatest bliss
Even at this moment to depart!
Life, even to the wretched dear,
To me's so nauseous grown,
There is no ill I'd not commit,
But proud of what would forfeit it,
Would act the mischief without fear,
And wade through thousand lives to lose my own.

Yea, Nature never taught me bloody rules,
Nor was I yet with vicious precept bred;
And now my virtue paints my cheeks in gules,
To check me for the wicked thing I said.
Tis not then I, but something in my breast,
With which unwittingly I am possest,
Which breathes forth horrour to proclaim,
That I am now no more the same:
One that some seeds of virtue had;
But one run resolutely mad,
A fiend, a fury, and a beast!
Or a demoniac at least,
Who, without sense of sin or shame,
At nothing but dire mischiefs aim,
Egg'd by the prince of fiends, and Legion is his [name.

Alas! my reason's overcast,
That sovereign guide is quite displac'd,
Clearly dismounted from his throne,
Banish'd his empire, fled and gone!
And in his room
An infamous usurper's come,
Whose name is sounding in mine ear
Like that, methinks, of Oliver.
Nay, I remember in his life
Such a disease as mine was mighty rife,
And yet, methinks, it cannot be,
That he
Should be crept into me;
My skin could ne'er contain sure so much evil,
Nor any place but Hell can hold so great a devil.

But by its symptoms now I know
What 'tis that does torment me so;
'Tis a disease,
As great a fiend almost as these,
That drinks up all my better blood,
And leaves the rest a standing pool,
And though I ever little understood,
Makes me a thousand times more fool.
Fumes up dark vapours to my brain,
Creates burnt choler in my breast,
And of these nobler parts possest,
Tyrannically there does reign.
Oh! when (kind Heaven) shall I be well again?

Accursed Melancholy! it was sin
First brought thee in;
Sin lodg'd thee first in our first father's breast,
By sin thou'rt nourish'd, and by sin increas'd,
Thou'rt man's own creature, he has giv'n thee pow'r
The sweets of life thus to devour:
To make us shun the cheerful light,
And creep into the shades of night,
Where the sly tempter ambush'd lies,
To make the discontented soul his prize.
There the progenitor of guile
Accosts us in th' old serpent's style;
Rails at the world as well as we,
Nay, Providence itself's not free:
Proceeding then to arts of flattery,
He there extols our valour and our parts,
Spreads all his nets to catch our hearts,
Concluding thus: "What generous mind
Would longer here draw breath,
That might so sure a refuge find
In the repose of death!"
Which having said, he to our choice presents
All his destroying instruments,
Swords and stilettos, halters, pistols, knives,
Poisons, both quick and slow, to end our lives.
Or if we like none of those fine devices,
He then presents us pools and precipices;
Or to let out, or suffocate our breath,
And by once dying to obtain an everlasting death.

Avaunt, thou devil, Melancholy!
Thou grave and sober folly!

Night of the mind, wherein our reasons grope
For future joys, but never can find hope.
Parent of murthers, treasons, and despair,
Thou pleasing and eternal care;
Go sow thy rank and pois'nous seeds
In such a soil of mind as breeds,
With little help, black and nefarious deeds;
And let my whiter soul alone,
For why should I thy sable weed put on,
Who never meditated ill, nor ill have never done!

Ah, 'tis ill done to me, that makes me sad
And thus to pass away
With sighs the tedious nights, and does
Like one that either is, or will be mad.
Repentance can our own foul souls make pure,
And expiate the foulest deed,
Whereas the thought others offences breed.
Nothing but true amendment one can cure.
Thus man, who of this world a member is,
Is by good nature subject made
To smart for what his fellows do amiss,
As he were guilty, when he is betray'd,
And mourning for the vices of the time,
Suffers unjustly for another's crime.

Go, foolish soul, and wash thee white,
Be troubled for thine own misdeeds
That heav'nly sorrow comfort breeds,
And true contrition turns delight.
Let princes thy past services forget.
Let dear-bought friends thy foes become,
Though round with misery thou art beset,
With scorn abroad, and poverty at home,
Keep yet thy hands but clear, and conscience pure,
And all the ills thou shalt endure
Will on thy worth such lustre set
As shall out-shine the brightest coronet.
And men at last will be asham'd to see,
That still,
For all their malice, and malicious skill,
Thy mind revives as it was us'd to be,
And that they have disgrac'd themselves to honour thee.

HOPE.

PINDARIC ODE.

Hope, thou darling, and delight
Of unforeseeing reckless minds,
Thou deceiving parasite,
Which no where entertainment finds
But with the wretched, or the vain;
'Tis they alone fond hope maintain.
Thou easy fool's chief favourite;
Thou fawning slave to slaves, that still remains
In galleys, dungeons, and in chains,
Or with a whining lover lov'st to play,
With treach'rous art
Fanning his heart,
A greater slave by far than they
Who in worst durance wear their age away.
Thou, whose ambition mounts no higher,
Nor does to greater fame aspire,
Than to be ever found a liar:
Thou treacherous fiend, deluding shade,
Who would with such a phantom be betray'd,
By whom the wretched are at last more wretched made.

Yet once, I must confess, I was
Such an overweening ass,
As in fortune's worst distress
To believe thy promises;
Which so brave a change foretold,
Such a stream of happiness,
Such mountain hopes of glitt'ring gold,
Such honours, friendships, offices,
In love and arms so great success;
That I even hugg'd myself with the conceit,
Was myself party in the cheat,
And in my very bosom laid
That fatal hope by which I was betray'd,
Thinking myself already rich, and great:
And in that foolish thought despis'd
Th' advice of those who out of love advis'd;
As I'd foreseen what they did not foresee,
A torrent of felicity,
And rudely laugh'd at those, who pitying wept for me.

But of this expectation, when 't came to 't,
What was the fruit?
In sordid robes poor Disappointment came,
Attended by her handmaids, Grief and Shame;
No wealth, no titles, no friend could I see,
For they still court prosperity,
Nay, what was worst of what mischance could do,
My dearest love forsook me too;
My pretty love, with whom, had she been true,
Even in banishment,
I could have liv'd most happy and content;
Her sight which nourish'd me withdrew.
I then, although too late, perceiv'd
I was by flattering Hope deceiv'd,
And call'd for it t'expostulate
The treachery and foul deceit:
But it was then quite fled away,
And gone some other to betray,
Leaving me in a state
By much more desolate,
Than if when first attack'd by fate,
I had submitted there
And made my courage yield unto despair.
For Hope, like cordials, to our wrong
Does but our miseries prolong,
Whilst yet our vitals daily waste,
And not supporting life, but pain
Call their false friendships back again
And unto Death, grim Death, abandon us at last.

In me, false Hope, in me alone,
Thou thine own treach'ry hast out-done:
For chance, perhaps may have befriended
Some one thou'st labour'd to deceive
With what by thee was ne'er intended,
Nor in thy pow'r to give:
But me thou hast deceiv'd in all, as well
Possible, as impossible,
And the most sad example made
Of all that ever were betray'd.
But thou hast taught me wisdom yet,
Henceforth to hope no more
Than I see reason for,
A precept I shall ne'er forget:
Nor is there any thing below
Worth a man's wishing, or his care,
When what we wish begets our woe,
And hope deceiv'd becomes despair.

Then, thou seducing Hope, farewel,
No more thou shalt of sense bereave me,
No more deceive me,
I now can countercharm thy spell,
And for what's past, so far I will be even,
Never again to hope for any thing but Heaven.

EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF ———

To write in verse, O count of mine,
To you, who have the ladies nine,
With a wet finger, at your call,
And I believe have kiss'd 'em all,
Is such an undertaking, none
But Peakrill bold would venture on:
Yet having found, that, to my woes
No help will be procur'd by prose,
And to write that way is no boot,
I'll try if rhyming will not do't.
Know then, my lord, that on my word,
Since my first, second, and my third,
Which I have pester'd you withal,
I've heard no syllable at all,
Or where you are, or what you do;
Or if I have a lord, or no.
A pretty comfort to a man
That studies all the ways he can
To keep an interest he does prize
Above all other treasuries.
But let that pass, you now must know
We do on our last quarter go;
And that I may go bravely out,
And trowling merry bowl about,
To lord and lady, that and this,
As nothing were at all amiss,
When after twenty days are past,
Poor Charles has eat and drunk his last.
No more plumb-porridge then, or pye,
No brawn with branch of rosemary,
No chine of beef, enough to make
The tallest yeoman's chine to crack;
No bag-pipe humming in the hall,
Nor noise of house-keeping at all,
Nor sign, by which it may be said,
This house was once inhabited.
I may, perhaps, with much ado,
Rub out a Christmas more or two;
Or, if the fates be pleas'd, a score,
But never look to keep one more.
Some three months hence, I make account
My spur-gall'd Pegasus to mount,
When, whither I intend to go,
My horse, as well as I, will know:
But being got, with much ado,
Out of the reach a stage or two,
Though not the conscience of my shame,
And Pegasus fall'n desp'rate lame,
I shake my stirrups, and forsake him;
Leaving him to the next will take him;
Not that I set so lightly by him,
Would any be so kind to buy him;
But that I think those who have seen
How ill my Muse has mounted been,
Would certainly take better heed
Than to bid money for her steed.
Being then on foot, away I go,
And bang the hoof, incognito,
Though in condition so forlorn,
Little disguise will serve the turn,
Since best of friends, the world's so base,
Scarce know a man when in disgrace.

But that's too serious. Then suppose,
Like trav'ling Tom [1], with dint of toes,
I'm got unto extremest shore,
Sick, and impatient to be o'er
That channel which secur'd my state
Of peace, whilst I was fortunate,
But in this moment of distress,
Confines me to unhappiness:
But where's the money to be had
This surly Neptune to persuade?
It is no less than shillings ten,
Gods will be brib'd as well as men.
Imagine then your Highlander
Over a can of muddy beer,
Playing at Passage with a pair
Of drunken fumblers for his fare;
And see I've won, oh, lucky chance,
Hoist sail amain, my mates, for France;
Fortune was civil in this throw,
And having robb'd me, lets me go.
I've won, and yet how could I choose,
He needs must win, that cannot lose;
Fate send me then a happy wind,
And better luck to those behind.

But what advantage will it be
That winds and tides are kind to me,
When still the wretched have their woes,
Wherever they their feet dispose?
What satisfaction, or delight
Are ragouts to an appetite?
What ease can France or Flanders give
To him that is a fugitive?
Some two years hence, when you come o'er,
In all your state, ambassador,
If my ill nature be so strong
T' out-live my infamy so long,
You'll find your little officer
Ragged as his old colours are;
And naked, as he's discontent,
Standing at some poor sutler's tent,
With his pike cheek'd, to guard the tun
He must not taste when he has done.
"Humph," says my lord, "I'm half afraid
My captain's turn'd a reformade,
That scurvy face I sure should know."
"Yes faith, my lord, 'tis even so,
I am that individual he:
I told your lordship how 't would be."
"Thou did'st so, Charles, it is confest,
Yet still I thought thou wer't in jest;
But comfort! poverty's no crime,
I'll take thy word another time."

This matters now are coming to,
And I'm resolv'd upon't; whilst you,
Sleeping in Fortune's arms, ne'er dream
Who feels the contrary extreme;
Faith write to me, that I may know,
Whether you love me still, or no;
Or if you do not, by what ways
I've pull'd upon me my disgrace;
For whilst I still stand fair with you,
I dare the worst my fate can do;
But your opinion long I find,
I'm sunk for ever to mankind.

[1] Coriat.

BEAUTY.

PINDARIC ODE.

IN ANSWER TO AN ODE OF MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BEAUTY! thou master-piece of Heaven's best skill,
Who in all shapes and lights art beauty still,
And whether black, or brown, tawny, or white,
Still strik'st with wonder every judging sight;
Thou triumph, which dost entertain the eye
With admiration's full variety;
Who, though thou variest here and there,
And trick'st thyself in various colour'd hair,
And though with several washes Nature has
Thought fit thy several lineaments to grace,
Yet beauty still we must acknowledge thee,
Whatever thy complection be.

Beauty, Love's friend, who help'st him to a throne,
By wisdom deify'd, to whom alone
Thy excellence is known,
And ne'er neglected but by those have none;
Thou noble coin, by no false sleight allay'd,
By whom we lovers militant are paid,
True to the touch, and ever best
When thou art brought unto the test,
And who dost still of higher value prove,
As deeper thou art search'd by love.
He who allows thee only in the light
Is there mistaken quite,
For there we only see the outer skin,
When the perfection lies within;
Beauty more ravishes the touch than sight,
And seen by day, is still enjoy'd by night,
For beauty's chiefest parts are never seen.

Beauty, thou active, passive good!
Who both inflam'st and cool'st our blood!
Thou glorious flow'r, whose sov'reign juice
Does wonderful effects produce,
Who, scorpion-like, dost with thee bring
The balm that cures thy deadly sting.
What pity 'tis the fairest plant
That ever Heaven made
Should ever ever fade:
Yet beauty we shall never want,
For she has off-sets of her own,
Which ere she dies will be as fairly blown,
And though they blossom in variety,
Yet still new beauties will descry.
And here the fancy's govern'd by the eye.

Beauty, thy conquests still are made
Over the vigorous more than the decay'd;
And chiefly o'er those of the martial trade;
And whom thou conquer'st still thou keep'st in
Until you both together fall: [thrall,
Whereas of all the conquerors, how few
Know how to keep what they subdue?
Nay, even froward age subdues thee too.
Thy power, Beauty, has no bounds,
All sorts of men it equally confounds,
The young and old does both enslave,
The proud, meek, humble, and the brave,
And if it wounds, it only is to save.

Beauty, thou sister to Heav'n's glorious lamp,
Of finer clay, thou finer stamp!
Thou second light, by which we better live,
Thou better sex's vast prerogative!
Thou greatest gift that Heaven can give!
He who against thee does inveigh,
Never yet knew where beauty lay,
And does betray
A deplorable want of sense,
Blindness, or age, or impotence:
For wit was given to no other end,
But beauty to admire, or to commend;
And for our sufferings here below
Beauty is all the recompence we know:
'Tis then for such as cannot see,
Nor yet have other sense to friend,
Adored Beauty, thus to slander thee,
And he who calls thee madness let him be,
By his own doom from beauty doom'd for me.

RONDEAU.

FORBEAR (fair Phillis) oh forbear
Those deadly killing frowns, and spare
A heart so loving, and so true,
By none to be subdu'd, but you,
Who my poor life's sole princess are.
You only can create my care;
But offend you, I all things dare;
Then, lest your cruelty you rue,
Forbear;
And lest you kill that heart, beware,
To which there is some pity due,
If but because I humbly sue.
Your anger therefore, sweetest fair,
Though mercy in your sex is rare,
Forbear.

WOMAN.

PINDARICK ODE.

WHAT a bold theme have I in hand,
What fury has possess'd my Muse,
That could no other subject choose,
But that which none can understand!
Woman, what tongue, or pen is able
To determine what thou art,
A thing so moving and unstable,
So sea-like, so investigable,
That no land map, nor seaman's chart,
Though they show us snowy mountains,
Chalky cliffs, and christal fountains,
Sable thickets, golden groves,
All that man admires and loves,
Can direct us to thy heart!
Which, though we seek it night and day,
Through vast regions ages stray,
And over seas with canvas wings make way;
That heart the whiles,
Like to the floating isles,
Our compass evermore beguiles,
And still, still, still remains Terra Incognita.

Woman! the fairest sweetest flow'r
That in happy Eden grew,
Whose sweets and graces had the pow'r
The world's sole monarch to subdue,
What pity 'tis thou wert not true.
But there, even there, thy frailty brought in sin,
Sin that has cost so many sighs and tears
Enough to ruin all succeeding heirs,
To beauty's temple let the Devil in.
And though (because there was no more)
It in one single story did begin;

Yet from the seeds shed from that fruitful core,
Have sprung up volumes infinite, and great,
With which th' o'er charged world doth sweat,
Of women false, proud, cruel, insolent;
And what could else befall,
Since she herself was president
Who was the mother of them all;
And who, altho' mankind indeed was scant,
To show her malice, rather than her want,
Would make a loathsome serpent her gallant.

O mother Eve, sure 't was a fault
So wild a rule to give,
Ere there were any to be taught,
Or any to deceive.
'Twas ill to ruin all thy offspring so,
E're they were yet in embrio,
Great mischiefs did attend thy easy will,
For all thy sons (which usually are
The mother's care)
For ever lost, and ruin'd were,
By thy instructing thy fair daughters ill.
What's he that dares his own fond choice approve
Or be secure his spouse is chaste;
Or if she be, that it will last?
Yet all must love.
Oh cruel Nature, that does force our wills
T' embrace those necessary ills!
Oh negligent, and treacherous eyes,
Given to man for true and faithful spies;
How oft do you betray your trust,
And, join'd confederate with our lust,
Tell us that beauty is, which is but flesh, that flesh but dust.

Heaven, if it be thy undisputed will
That still
This charming sex we must adore,
Let us love less, or they love more;
For so the ills that we endure,
Will find some ease, if not a cure:
Or if their hearts from the first gangrene be
Infected to that desperate degree
As will no surgery admit;
Out of thy love to men at least forbear
To make their faces so subduing fair,
And if thou wilt give beauty, limit it:
For moderate beauty, though it bear no price,
Is yet a mighty enemy to vice,
And who has virtue once, can never see
Any thing of deformity,
Let her complexion swart, or tawny be,
A twilight olive, or a midnight ebony.

She that is chaste, is always fair,
No matter for her hue,
And though for form she wear a star,
She's ugly, if untrue:
True beauty always lies within,
Much deeper, than the outer skin,
So deep, that in a woman's mind,
It will be hard, I doubt, to find;
Or if it be, she's so deriv'd,
And with so many doors contriv'd,
Harder by much to keep it in.
For virtue in a woman's breast
Seldom by title is possess'd,
And is no tenant, but a wand'ring guest.

But all this while I've soundly slept,
And rav'd as dreamers use:
Fy! what a coil my brains have kept
T' instruct a saucy Muse
Her own fair sex t' abuse.
'Tis nothing but an ill digestion
Has thus brought women's fame in question,
Which have been, and still will be what they are,
That is, as chaste, as they are sweet and fair;
And all that has been said
Nothing but ravings of an idle head,
Troubled with fumes of wine;
For now, that I am broad awake,
I find 'tis all a gross mistake,
Else what a case were his, and thine, and mine?

THE WORLD.

ODE.

Fie! what a wretched world is this?
Nothing but anguish, griefs, and fears,
Where, who does best, must do amiss.
Frailty the ruling power bears
In this our dismal vale of tears.

Oh! who would live that could but die,
Die honestly, and as he shou'd,
Since to contend with misery
Will do the wisest man no good.
Misfortune will not be withstood.

The most that helpless man can do
Towards the bett'ring his estate
Is but to barter woe for woe,
And he ev'n there attempts too late,
So absolute a prince is fate.

But why do I of fate complain;
Man might live happy, if not free,
And fortune's shocks with ease sustain,
If man would let him happy be:
Man is man's foe, and destiny.

And that rib woman, though she be
But such a little little part;
Is yet a greater fate than he,
And has the power, or the art
To break his peace; nay break his heart.

Ah, glorious flower, lovely piece
Of superfine refined clay,
Thou poison'st only with a kiss,
And dartest an auspicious ray
On him thou meanest to betray.

These are the world, and these are they
That life does so unpleasant make.
Whom to avoid there is no way
But the wild desert straight to take,
And there to husband the last stake.

Fly to the empty deserts then,
For so you leave the world behind;
There's no world where there are no men,
And brutes more civil are, and kind,
Than man whose reason passions blind.

For should you take an hermitage,
Tho' you might scape from other wrongs,
Yet even there you bear the rage
Of venomous, and slanderous tongues,
Which to the innocent belongs.

Grant me then, Heav'n, a wilderness,
And there an endless solitude,
Where, though wolves howl, and serpents hiss,
Though dang'rous, 'tis not half so rude
As the ungovern'd multitude.

And solitude in a dark cave,
Where all things hush'd, and silent be,
Resembleth so the quiet grave,
That there I would prepare to flee,
With death, that hourly waits for me.

DE VITA BEATA.

PARAPHRAS'D FROM THE LATIN.

Come, y' are deceiv'd, and what you do
Esteem a happy life's not so:
He is not happy that excels
I'th' lapidary's bagatelles;
Nor he, that when he sleeps doth lie
Under a stately canopy;
Nor he, that still supinely hides,
In easy down, his lazy sides;
Nor he that purple wears, and sups
Luxurious draughts in golden cups;
Nor he that loads with princely fare,
His bowing tables, whilst they'll bear;
Nor he that has each spacious vault
With deluges of plenty fraught,
Cull'd from the fruitful Libyan fields,
When Autumn his best harvest yields:
But he whom no mischance affrights,
Nor popular applause delights,
That can unmov'd, and undismay'd
Confront a ruffian's threat'ning blade;
Who can do this; that man alone
Has power fortune to dethrone.

Q. CICERO DE MULIERUM LEVITATE.

TRANSL.

Commit a ship unto the wind
But not thy faith to woman-kind,
For th' ocean's waving billows are
Safer than woman's faith by far.
No woman's good, and if there be
Hereafter such a thing as she,
'Tis by, I know not what, of fate,
That can from bad, a good create.

DESPAIR.

ODE.

It is decreed, that I must die,
And could lost men a reason show
For losing so themselves, 'tis I,
Woman and fate will have it so.

Woman, more cruel than my fate,
From thee this sentence was severe,
'Tis thou condemn'st me, fair ingrate,
Fate's but the executioner.

And mine must be fate's hands to strike
At this uncomfortable life,
Which I do loath, 'cause you dislike,
And court cold death to be my wife.

In whose embraces though I must
Fail of those joys, that warm'd my heart,
And only be espous'd to dust,
Yet death and I shall never part.

That's one assurance I shall have,
Although I wed deformity,
And must inhabit the cold grave,
More than I, sweet, could have with thee.

And yet if thou could'st be so kind,
As but to grant me a reprieve,
I'm not to death so much inclin'd,
But I could be content to live.

But so, that that same life should be
With thee, and with thy kindness blest;
For without thee, and all of thee,
'Twere dying only with the rest.

But that, you'll say's too arrogant,
T' enslave your beauties, and your will,
And cruelty in you to grant,
Who saving one, must thousands kill.

And yet you women take a pride
To see men die by your disdain;
But thou wilt weep the homicide,
When thou consider'st whom thou'st slain.

Yet don't; for being as I am,
Thy creature, thou in this estate,
To life and death hast equal claim,
And may'st kill him thou didst create.

Then let me thine own doom abide,
Nor once for him o'ercast thine eyes,
Who glories that he liv'd and dy'd
Thy lover, and thy sacrifice.

POVERTY.

PINDARIC ODE.

Thou greatest plague that mortals know!
Thou greatest punishment,
That Heav'n has sent
To quell and humble us below!
Thou worst of all diseases and all pains,
By so much harder to endure,
By how much thou art hard to cure,
Who, having robb'd physicians of their brains,
As well as of their gain,
A chronical disease doth still remain!
What epithet can fit thee, or what words thy ills
explain!

This puzzles quite the Æsculapian tribe
Who, where there are no fees, can have no wit,
And make them helpless med'cines still provide,
Both for the sick, and poor alike unfit:
For inward griefs all that they do prepare
Nothing but crumbs, and fragments are,
And outwardly apply no more
But sordid rags unto the sore.
Thus poverty is drest, and dos'd
With little art and little cost,
As if poor remedies for the poor were fit,
When poverty in such a place doth sit,
That 'tis the grand projection only that must con-
quer it

Yet poverty, as I do take it,
Is not so epidemical
As many in the world would make it,
Who all that want their wishes poor do call;

For if who is not with his divident
Amply content,
Within that acceptation fall,
Most would be poor, and peradventure all.
This would the wretched with the rich confound:
But I not call him poor does not abound,
But him, who, snar'd in bonds, and endless strife,
The comforts wants more than supports of life;
Him, whose whole age is measur'd out by fears,
And though he has wherewith to eat,
His bread does yet
Taste of affliction, and his cares
His purest wine mix and allay with tears.

'Tis in this sense that I am poor,
And I'm afraid shall be so still,
Obstrep'rous creditors besiege my door,
And my whole house clamorous echoes fill;
From these there can be no retirement free,
From room to room they hunt and follow me;
They will not let me eat, nor sleep, nor pray,
But persecute me night and day,
Torment my body and my mind;
Nay, if I take my heels, and fly,
They follow me with open cry:
At home no rest, abroad no refuge can I find.

Thou worst of ills! what have I done,
That Heav'n should punish me with thee?
From insolence, fraud, and oppression,
I ever have been innocent and free.
Thou wert intended (poverty)
A scourge for pride and avarice,
I ne'er was tainted yet with either vice;
I never in prosperity,
Nor in the height of all my happiness,
Scorn'd, or neglected any in distress,
My hand, my heart, my door
Were ever open'd to the poor;
And I to others in their need have granted,
Ere they could ask, the thing they wanted;
Whereas I now, although I humbly crave it,
Do only beg for peace, and cannot have it.

Give me but that, ye bloody persecutors,
(Who formerly have been my suitors)
And I'll surrender all the rest
For which you so contest.
For Heav'n's sake, let me but be quiet,
I'll not repine at clothes nor diet;
Any habit ne'er so mean,
Let it be but whole and clean,
Such as nakedness will hide,
Will amply satisfy my pride;
And as for meat
Husks and acorns I will eat,
And for better never wish;
But when you will me better treat,
A turnip is a princely dish:
Since then I thus far am subdu'd,
And so humbly do submit,
Faith, be no more so monstrous rude,
But some repose at least permit;
Sleep is to life and human nature due,
And that, alas, is all for which I humbly sue.

DEATH.

PINDARIC ODE.

At a melancholic season,
As alone I musing sat,
I fell, I know not how, to reason
With myself of man's estate,
How subject unto death and fate:
Names that mortals so affright,
As turns the brightest day to night,
And spoils of living the delight,
With which so soon as life is tasted,
Lest we should too happy be,
Even in our infancy,
Our joys are quash'd, our hopes are blasted;
For the first thing that we hear,
(Us'd to still us when we cry)
The nurse to keep the child in fear,
Discreetly tells it, it must die,
Be put into a hole, eaten with worms;
Presenting death in thousand ugly forms,
Which tender minds so entertain,
As ever after to retain,
By which means we are cowards bred,
Nurs'd with unnecessary dread,
And ever dream of dying, 'till we're dead.

Death! thou child's bug-bear, thou fools' terrour,
Ghastly set forth the weak to awe;
Begot by fear, increas'd by errour,
Whom none but a sick fancy ever saw;
Thou who art only fear'd
By the illiterate and tim'rous herd,
But by the wise
Esteem'd the greatest of felicities:
Why, sithence by an universal law,
Entail'd upon mankind thou art,
Should any dread, or seek t' avoid thy dart,
When of the two, fear is the greatest smart?
O senseless man, who vainly flies
What Heaven has ordain'd to be
The remedy
Of all thy mortal pains and miseries.

Sorrow, want, sickness, injury, mischance,
The happi'st man's certain inheritance,
With all the various ills,
Which the wide world with mourning fills,
Or by corruption, or disaster bred,
Are for the living all, not for the dead.
When life's sun sets, death is a bed
With sable curtains spread,
Where we lie down
To rest the weary limbs, and careful head,
And to the good, a bed of down.
There, there no frightful tintamarre
Of tumult in the many-headed beast,
Nor all the loud artillery of war,
Can fright us from that sweet, that happy rest,
Wherewith the still and silent grave is blest;
Nor all the rattle, that above they keep,
Break our repose, or rouse us from that everlasting sleep.

The grave is privileg'd from noise and care,
From tyranny, and wild oppression,
Violence has so little power there,
Ev'n worst oppressors let the dead alone:
We're there secure from princes' frowns,
The insolences of the great,
From the rude hands of barb'rous clowns,
And policies of those that sweat,
The simple to betray, and cheat:
Or if some one with sacrilegious hand
Would persecute us after death,
His want of power shall his will withstand,
And he shall only lose his breath;
For all that he by that shall gain
Will be dishonour for his pain,
And all the clutter he can keep
Will only serve to rock us while we soundly sleep.

The dead no more converse with tears,
With idle jealousies and fears;
No danger makes the dead man start,
No idle love torments his heart,
No loss of substance, parents, children, friends,
Either his peace, or sleep offends;
Nought can provoke his anger or despite,
He out of combat is, and injury,
'Tis he of whom philosophers so write;
And who would be a Stoic let him die,
For whilst we living are, what man is he,
Who the world's wrongs does either feel, or see,
That possibly from passion can be free!
But must put on
A noble indignation
Warranted both by virtue and religion.

Then let me die, and no more subject be
Unto the tyrannizing pow'rs,
To which this short mortality of ours,
Is either preordain'd by destiny,
Or bound by natural infirmity.
We nothing, whilst we here remain,
But sorrow, and repentance gain,
Nay, ev'n our very joys are pain;
Or, being past,
To woe and torment turn at last:
Nor is there yet any so sacred place,
Where we can sanctuary find,
No man's a friend to sorrow and disgrace;
But flying one, we other mischiefs meet;
Or if we kinder entertainment find,
We bear the seeds of sorrow in the mind,
And keep our frailty, when we shift our feet.
Whilst we are men we still our passions have,
And he that is most free, is his own slave,
There is no refuge but the friendly grave.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY.

CARMEN IRREGULARE.

Enough! enough! I'll hear no more,
And would to Heav'n I had been deaf before
That fatal sound had struck my ear:
Harsh rumour has not left so sad a note
In her hoarse trumpet's brazen throat
To move compassion, and inforce a tear.
Methinks all nature should relent and droop,
The centre shrink, and heaven stoop,
The day be turn'd to mourning night,
The twinkling stars weep out their light,
And all things out of their distinction run
Into their primitive confusion,
A chaos with cold darkness overspread,
Since the illustrious Ossory is dead.

When Death that fatal arrow drew,
Ten thousand hearts he pierced through,
Though one alone he outright slew;
Never since sin gave him his killing trade,
He, at one shot, so great a slaughter made;
He needs no more at those let fly,
They of that wound alone will die,
And who can now expect to live, when he
Thus fell unprivileg'd we see!
He met death in his greatest triumph, war,
And always thence came off a conqueror,
Through ratt'ling shot, and pikes the slave he sought
Knock'd at each cuirass for him, as he fought,
Beat him at sea, and baffled him on shore,
War's utmost fury he outbrav'd before:
But yet, it seems, a fever could do more.

The English infantry are orphans now,
Pale sorrow hangs on every soldier's brow:
Who now in honour's path shall lead you on,
Since your beloved general is gone?
Furl up your ensigns, case the warlike drum,
Pay your last honours to his tomb;
Hang down your manly heads in sign of woe;
That now is all that your poor loves can do;
Unless by Winter's fire, or Summer's shade
To tell what a brave leader once you had:
Hang your now useless arms up in the hall,
There let them rust upon the sweating wall;
Go, till the fields, and, with inglorious sweat,
An honest, but a painful living get:
Your old neglected callings now renew,
And bid to glorious war a long adieu.

The Dutch may now have fishing free,
And, whilst the consternation lasts,
Like the proud rulers of the sea,
Show the full stature of their masts;
Our English Neptune, deaf to all alarms,
Now soundly sleeps in Death's cold arms,
And on his ebon altar has laid down
His awful trident, and his naval crown.
No more shall the tall frigate dance
For joy she carries this victorious lord,
Who to the capstain chain'd Mischance,
Commanding on her lofty board.
The sea itself, that is all tears,
Would weep her soundless channel dry,
Had she unhappily but ears,
To hear that Ossory could die.
Ah, cruel fate, thou never struck'st a blow,
By all mankind regretted so;
Nor can 't be said who should lament him most,
No country such a patriot e'er could boast,
And never monarch such a subject lost.

And yet we knew that he must one day die,
That should our grief assuage;
By sword, or shot, or by infirmity;
Or, if these fail'd, by age.
But he, alas! too soon gave place
To the successors of his noble race:
We wish'd, and coveted to have him long,
He was not old enough to die so soon,
And they to finish what he had begun,
As much too young:
But time, that had no hand in his mischance,
Is fitter to mature, and to advance
Their early hopes to the inheritance
Of titles, honours, riches, and command,
Their glorious grandsire's merits have obtain'd,
And which shines brighter than a ducal crown,
Of their illustrious family's renown.
Oh, may there never fail of that brave race,
A man as great, as the great Ossory was,
To serve his prince, and as successful prove
In the same valour, loyalty, and love;
Whilst his own virtues swell the cheeks of fame,
And from his consecrated urn doth flame
A glorious pyramid to Boteler's name.

ODE BACCHIQUE.

DE MONSIEUR RACAN.

Now that the day's short and forlorn,
Dull melancholy Capricorn
To chimney-corners men translate,
Drown we our sorrows in the glass,
And let the thoughts of warfare pass,
The clergy, and the third estate.

Menard, I know what thou hast writ,
That sprightly issue of thy wit
Will live whilst there are men to read:
But, what if they recorded be
In memory's temple, boots it thee,
When thou art gnawn by worms, and dead?

Henceforth those fruitless studies spare,
Let's rather drink until we stare
Of this immortal juice of ours,
Which does in excellence precede
The beverage which Ganimede
Into th' immortals' goblet pours.

The juice that sparkles in this glass
Makes tedious years like days to pass,
Yet makes us younger still become,
By this from lab'ring thoughts are chas'd
The sorrow of those ills are past,
And terrour of the ills to come.

Let us drink brimmers then, time's fleet,
And steals away with winged feet,
Haling us with him to our urn,
In vain we sue to it to stay,
For years like rivers pass away,
And never, never do return.

When the spring comes attir'd in green,
The winter flies and is not seen:
New tides do still supply the main:
But when our frolic youth's once gone,
And age has ta'en possession,
Time ne'er restores us that again.

Death's laws are universal, and
In princes' palaces command,
As well as in the poorest hut,
We're to the Parcæ subject all,
The threads of clowns and monarchs shall,
Be both by the same scissors cut.

Their rigours, which all this deface,
Will ravish in a little space
Whatever we most lasting make,
And soon will lead us out to drink,
Beyond the pitchy river's brink,
The waters of oblivion's lake.

EPISTLE TO SIR CLIFFORD CLIFTON,

THEN SITTING IN PARLIAMENT.

When from thy kind hand, my dearest, dear brother,
Whom I love as th'adst been the son of my mother,
Nay, better to tell you the truth of the story,
Had you into the world but two minutes before me;
I receiv'd thy kind letter, good Lord! how it eas'd me
Of the villainous spleen, that for six days had seiz'd me:
I start from my couch, where I lay dull and muddy,
Of my servants inquiring the way to my study.
For, in truth, of late days I so little do mind it,
Should one turn me twice about I never should find it:
But by help of direction, I soon did arrive at
The place where I us'd to sit fooling in private.
So soon as got thither, I straight fell to calling,
Some call it invoking, but mine was plain bawling:
I call'd for my Muse, but no answer she made me,
Nor could I conceive why the slut should evade me.
I knew I there left her, and lock'd her so safe in,
There could be no likelihood of her escaping:
Besides had she scap'd, I was sure to retrieve her,
She being so ugly that none would receive her,
I then fell to searching, since I could not hear her,
I sought all the shelves, but never the nearer:
I tumbled my papers, and rifled each packet,
Threw my books all on heaps, and kept such a racket,
Disordering all things, which before had their places
Distinct by themselves in several classes,
That who'd seen the confusion, and look'd on the ware,
Would have thought he had been at Babylon fair.
At last, when for lost I had wholly resign'd her,
Where canst thou imagine, dear knight, I should find her?
Faith, in an old drawer, I late had not been in,
'Twixt a coarse pair of sheets of the housewife's own spinning,
A sonnet instead of a coif her head wrapping,
I happily took her small ladyship napping.
"Why, how now, minx," quoth I, "what's the matter I pray,
That you are so hard to be spoke with to day?
Fie, fie on this idleness, get up and rouse you:
For I have at present occasion to use you:
Our noble Mecænas, sir Clifford of Cud-cou,
Has sent here a letter, a kind and a good one,
Which must be suddenly answer'd, and finely,
Or the knight will take it exceeding unkindly."
To which having some time sat musing and mute,
She answer'd she'd broke all the strings of her lute;
And had got such a rheum with lying alone,
That her voice was utterly broken and gone:
Besides this, she had heard, that of late I had made
A friendship with one that had since been her maid;
One Prose, a slatternly ill-favour'd toad,
As common as hackney, and beaten as road,
With whom I sat up sometimes whole nights together,
Whilst she was exposed to the wind and weather.
Wherefore, since that I did so slight and abuse her,
She likewise now hop'd I would please to excuse her.
At this sudden reply I was basely confounded,
I star'd like a Quaker, and groan'd like a Roundhead.
And in such a case, what the fiend could one do?
My conscience convinc'd her reproaches were true;
To swagger I durst not, I else could have beat her,
But what if I had, I'd been never the better,
To quarrel her then had been quite out of season,
And ranting would ne'er have reduc'd her to reason;
I therefore was fain to dissemble repentance,
I disclaim'd and forswore my late new acquaintance.
But the jade would not buckle, she pish'd and she pouted,
And wriggling away, fairly left me without it:

I caught her, and offered her money, a little,
At which she cry'd that were to plunder the spittle:
I then, to allure her, propos'd to her Fame,
Which she so much despised, she pish'd at the name;
And told me in answer, that she could not glory at
The sail-bearing title of Muse to a laureat,
Much less to a rhymer, did nought but disgust one,
And pretended to nothing but pitiful fustian.
But oh, at that word, how I rated and call'd her,
And had my fist up, with intent to have maul'd her:
At which, the poor slut, half afraid of the matter,
Changing her note, 'gan to wheedle and flatter;
Protesting she honour'd me, Jove knew her heart,
Above all the peers o' th' poetical art:
But that of late time, and without provocation,
I had been extremely unjust to her passion.
Me thought this sounded, I then laid before her,
How long I had serv'd her, how much did adore her;
How much she herself stood oblig'd to the knight,
For his kindness and favour, to whom we should write;
And thereupon called, to make her amends,
For a pipe and a bottle, and so we were friends.
Being thus made friends, we fell to debating
What kind of verse we should congratulate in;
I said 't must be doggrel, which when I had said,
Maliciously smiling, she nodded her head,
Saying doggrel might pass to a friend would not show it,
And do well enough for a Derbyshire poet.
Yet mere simple doggrel, she said, would not do't,
It needs must be galloping doggrel to boot, [feet,
For amblers and trotters, tho' they'd thousands of
Could never however be made to be fleet;
But would make so damnable slow a progression,
They'd not reach up to Westminster till the next session.
Thus then unto thee, my dear brother, and sweeting,
In Canterbury verse I send health and kind greeting,
Wishing thee honour, but if thou be'st cloy'd wi't,
Above what thy ancestry ever enjoy'd yet;
May'st thou sit where now seated, without fear of blushing,
Till thy little fat buttock e'en grow to the cushion.
Give his majesty money, no matter who pays it,
For we never can want it so long as he has it;
But, wer't wisdom to trust saucy counsel in letters,
I'd advise thee beware falling out with thy betters;
I have heard of two dogs once that fought for a bone,
But the proverb's so greasy I'll let it alone;
A word is enough to the wise; then resent it,
A rash act than mended is sooner repented:
And, as for the thing call'd a traitor, if any
Be prov'd to be such, as I doubt there's too many;
Let him e'en be hang'd up, and never be pray'd for,
What a pox were blocks, gibbets, and gallowses made for? [choose,
But I grow monstrous weary, and how should I
This galloping rhyme has quite jaded my Muse:
And I swear, if thou look'st for more posting of hers,
Little knight, thou must needs lend her one of thy spurs.
Farewell then, dear bully, but ne'er look for a name,
For, expecting no honour, I will have no shame:
Yet that you may guess at the party that writes t'ye,
And not grope in the dark, I'll hold up these lights t' ye.
For his stature, he's but a contemptible male,
And grown something swab with drinking good ale;
His looks, than your brown, a little thought brighter,
Which grey hairs make every year whiter and whiter;
His visage, which all the rest mainly disgraces,
Is warp'd, or by age, or cutting of faces;
So that, whether 't were made so, or whether 't were marr'd,
In good sooth, he's a very unpromising bard:
His legs, which creep out of two old-fashion'd knapsacks,
Are neither two mill-posts, nor yet are they trap-sticks;
They bear him, when sober, bestir 'em and spare not,
And who the devil can stand when they are not?
Thus much for his person, now for his condition,
That's sick enough full to require a physician:
He always wants money, which makes him want ease,
And he's always besieg'd, tho' himself of the peace,
By an army of duns, who batter with scandals,
And are foemen more fierce than the Goths or the Vandals;
But when he does sally, as sometimes he does,
Then hey for Bess Juckson, and a fig for his foes:
He's good fellow enough to do every one right,
And never was first that ask'd, what time of night:
His delight is to toss the can merrily round,
And loves to be wet, but hates to be drown'd:
He fain would be just, but sometimes he cannot,
Which gives him the trouble that other men ha' not.
He honours his friend, but he wants means to show it,
And loves to be rhyming, but is the worst poet.
Yet among all these vices, to give him his due,
He has the virtue to be a true lover of you. [it,
But how much he loves you, he says you may guess
Since nor prose, nor yet metre, he swears can express it.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR BERTAUD.

Whilst wishing, Heaven, in his ire,
Would punish with some judgement dire,
This heart to love so obstinate;
To say I love her is to lie,
Though I do love t' extremity,
Since thus to love her is to hate.

But since from this my hatred springs,
That she neglects my sufferings,
And is unto my love ingrate;
My hatred is so full of flame,
Since from affection first it came,
That 'tis to love her, thus to hate.

I wish that milder love, or death,
That ends our miseries with our breath,
Would my afflictions terminate,
For to my soul depriv'd of peace,
It is a torment worse than these,
Thus wretchedly to love and hate.

Let love be gentle or severe,
It is in vain to hope or fear
His grace, or rage in this estate;
Being I, from my fair one's spirit,
Nor mutual love, nor hatred merit,
Thus senselessly to love and hate.

Or, if by my example here,
It just and equal do appear,

She love and loath who is my fate;
Grant me, ye powers, in this case,
Both for my punishment and grace,
That as I do, she love and hate.

CONTENTMENT.

PINDARIC ODE.

Thou precious treasure of the peaceful mind,
Thou jewel of inestimable price,
Thou bravest soul's terrestrial paradise,
Dearest contentment, thou best happiness
That man on Earth can know,
Thou greatest gift Heav'n can on man bestow,
And greater than man's language can express;
(Where highest epithets would fall so low,
As only in our dearth of words to show
A part of thy perfection; a poor part
Of what to us, what in thyself thou art)
What sin has banish'd thee the world,
And in thy stead despairing sorrow hurl'd
Into the breasts of human kind;
Ah, whither art thou fled! who can this treasure find!

No more on Earth now to be found,
Thou art become a hollow sound,
The empty name of something that of old
Mankind was happy in, but now,
Like a vain dream, or tale that's told,
Art vanish'd hence, we know not how.
Oh, fatal loss, for which we are
In our own thoughts at endless war,
And each one by himself is made a sufferer!

Yet 't were worth seeking, if a man knew where,
Or could but guess of whom t' inquire:
But 'tis not to be found on Earth, I fear,
And who can best direct will prove a liar,
Or be himself the first deceiv'd,
By none, but who'd be cheated too, to be believ'd.

Show me that man on Earth, that does profess
To have the greatest share of happiness,
And let him if he can,
Forbear to show the discontented man:
A few hours' observation will declare,
He is the same that others are.
Riches will cure a man of being poor,
But oft creates a thirst of having more, [store.
And makes the miser starve, and pine amidst his

Or if a plentiful estate,
In a good mind, good thoughts create,
A generous soul, and free,
Will mourn at least, though not repine,
To want an overflowing mine
Still to supply a constant charity;
Which still is discontent, whate'er the motive be.

Th' ambitious, who to place aspire,
When rais'd to that they did pretend,
Are restless still, would still be higher;
For that's a passion has no end.
'Tis the mind's wolf, a strange disease,
That ev'n satiety can't appease,
An appetite of such a kind,
As does by feeding still increase,
And is to eat, the more it eats, inclin'd.
As the ambitious mount the sky,
New prospects still allure the eye,
Which makes them upwards still to fly;
Till from the utmost height of all,
Fainting in their endeavour, down they fall,
And lower, than at first they were, at last do lie.

I then would know where lies the happiness
Of being great,
For which we blindly so much strive and press,
Fawn, bribe, dissemble, toil, and sweat;
Whilst the mind, tortur'd in the doubtful quest,
Is so solicitous to be at rest;
Nay, when that greatness is obtain'd, is yet
More anxious how to keep, than 't was to get
Unto that glorious height of tickle place,
And most, when unto honour rais'd, suspects disgrace.

Were men contented, they'd sit still,
Embrace, and hug their present state,
Without contriving good or ill,
And have no conflicts with the will,
That still is prompting them to love, to hate,
Fear, envy, anger, and I can't tell what,
All which, and more, do in the mind make war,
And all with contentation inconsistent are.

And he who says he is content,
But hides ill-nature from mens' sight;
Nor can he long conceal it there,
Something will vent,
For all his cunning and his care,
That will disclose the hypocrite.
A man may be contented for an hour
Or two, or three; perhaps a night;
But then his pleasure wanting power,
His taste goes with his appetite.
Frailty the peace of human life confounds;
Flesh does not know, reason obeys no bounds.

But 'tis ourselves that give this frailty sway,
By our own promptness to obey
Our lust, pride, envy, avarice;
By being so confederate with vice,
As to permit it to controul
The rational immortal soul,
Which, whilst by these subjected and opprest,
Cannot enjoy itself, nor be at rest;
But, or transorted is with ire,
Puff'd up with vain and empty pride;
Or languishes with base desire,
Or pines with th' envy it would hide.
And (the grave Stoic let me not displease)
All men that we converse with here,
Have some, or all of their disturbances,
And rarely settled are, and clear.
If ever any mortal then could boast
So great a treasure, with that man 'tis lost;
And no one should, because none truly can,
Though sometimes pleas'd, say, he's a contented man.

EPIGRAM.

Fie, Delia, talk no more of love,
It galls me to the heart;
You threescore are, I doubt above,
For all your plaist'ring art.
And therefore spare your pains you may;
For though you press me night and day,

I can't do that my soul abhors:
Or, by your art's assistance, though I might
Prevail upon my appetite,
I durst not couple, though I swear,
With you, of all the world, for fear
Of cuckolding my ancestors.

IN MENDACEM.

EPIG.

MENDAX, 'tis said th'art such a liar grown,
That thou'st renounc'd all truth, and 'tis well done;
Lying best fits our manners and our times:
But pr'ythee, Mendax, do not praise my rhymes.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

WHY, dearest, should'st thou weep, when I relate
The story of my woe?
Let not the swarthy mists of my black fate
O'ercast thy beauty so;
For each rich pearl lost on that score,
Adds to mischance, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those stars, that to my bliss should [guide,
Oh, spare that precious tear!
Nor let those drops unto a deluge tide,
To drown your beauty there;
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your lustre, but the world its light.

THE PICTURE.

SET BY MR. LAWS.

How, Chloris, can I e'er believe
The vows of womankind,
Since yours I faithless find,
So faithless, that you can refuse
To him your shadow, t' whom, to choose,
You swore you could the substance give?

Is 't not enough that I must go
Into another clime,
Where feather-footed Time
May turn my hopes into despair,
My downy youth to bristled hair,
But that you add this torment too?

Perhaps you fear m' idolatry
Would make the image prove
A woman fit for love;
Or give it such a soul as shone
Through fond Pygmalion's living bone,
That so I may abandon thee.

Oh, no! 'twould fill my genius' room,
Mine honest one, that when
Frailty would love again,
And falt'ring with new objects burn,
Then, sweetest, would thy picture turn
My wand'ring eyes to thee at home.

ON ONE,

WHO SAID HE DRANK TO CLEAR HIS EYES.

As Phœbus, drawing to his western seat,
His shining face bedew'd with beamy sweat,
His flaming eyes at last grown blood-shot red,
By atoms sprung from his hot horses' speed,
Drives to that sea-green bosom of his love's,
And in her lap his fainting light improves:
So, Thyrsis, when at th' unresisted flame
Of thy fair mistress' eye thine dull became,
In sovereign sack thou didst an eye-salve seek,
And stol'st a blest dew from her rosy cheek:
When straight thy lids a cheerful vigour wore,
More quick and penetrating than before.
I saw the sprightly grape in glory rise,
And with her day thy drooping night surprise;
So that, where now a giddy darkness dwells,
Brightness now breaks through liquid spectacles.
Had Adam known this cure in Paradise,
He'd 'scap'd the tree, and drunk to clear his eyes.

ON THE GREAT EATER OF GRAY'S-INN.

OH! for a lasting wind! that I may rail
At this vile cormorant, this harpey-male:
That can, with such an hungry haste, devour
A year's provision in one short-liv'd hour.
Prodigious calf of Pharaoh's lean-ribb'd kine,
That swallowest beef, at every bit a chine!
Yet art thyself so meagre, men may see
Approaching famine in thy phys'nomy.
The world may yet rejoice, thou wert not one
That shar'd Jove's mercy with Deucalion;
Had he thy grinders trusted in that boat,
Where the whole world's epitome did float,
Clean and unclean had dy'd, th' Earth found a [want
Of her irrational inhabitant:
'Tis doubted, there their fury had not ceas'd,
But of the human part too made a feast!
How fruitless then had been Heaven's charity?
No man on Earth had liv'd, nor beast, but thee.
Had'st thou been one to feed upon the fare
Stor'd by old Priam for the Grecian war,
He and his sons had soon been made a prey,
Troy's ten years' siege had lasted but one day;
Or thou might'st have preserv'd them, and at once
Chopp'd up Achilles and his Myrmidons.
Had'st thou been Bell, sure thou had'st sav'd [wives;
the lives
O' th' cheating priests, their children, and their
But at this rate, 'twould be a heavy tax
For Hercules himself to clean thy jakes. [please
Oh! that kind Heav'n to give to thee would
An estridge-maw, for then we should have peace.
Swords then, or shining engines, would be none,
No guns, to thunder out destruction;
No rugged shackles would be extant then,
Nor tedious grates, that limit free-born men.
But thy gut-pregnant womb thy paws do fill
With spoils of Nature's good, and not her ill.
'Twas th' inns of court's improvidence to own
Thy wolfish carcase for a son o' th' gown:
The danger of thy jaws they ne'er foresaw;
For, faith! I think thou hast devour'd the law.
No wonder thou'rt complain'd of by the rout,
When very curs begin to smell thee out.
The reasons Southwark rings with howlings, are,
Because thou robb'st the bull dogs of their share.
Beastly consumer! not content to eat
The wholesome quarters destin'd for men's meat,
But excrement, and all: nor wilt thou bate
One entrail, to inform us of thy fate:

Which will, I hope, be such an ugly death,
As hungry beggars can in cursings breathe.
But I have done, my Muse can scold no more,
She to the bearward's sentence turns thee o'er;
And, since so great's thy stomach's tyranny,
For writing this, pray God, thou eat not me.

AN EPITAPH

ON MY DEAR AUNT, MRS. ANN STANHOPE.

Forbear, bold passenger, forbear
The verge of this sad sepulchre!
Put off thy shoes, nor dare to tread
The hallowed earth, where she lies dead:
For in this vault the magazine
Of female virtue's stor'd, and in
This marble casket is confin'd
The jewel of all womankind.
For here she lies, whose spring was crown'd
With every grace in beauty found;
Whose summer to that spring did suit,
Whose autumn crack'd with happy fruit:
Whose fall was, like her life, so spent,
Exemplary, and excellent.
For here the fairest, chastest maid,
That this age ever knew, is laid:
The best of kindred, best of friends,
Of most faith, and of fewest ends;
Whose fame the tracks of time survives;
The best of mothers, best of wives.
Lastly, which the whole sum of praise implies,
Here she, who was the best of women, lies.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

See, how like twilight slumber falls
T' obscure the glory of those balls;
And, as she sleeps,
See how light creeps
Thorough the chinks, and beautifies
The rayey fringe of her fair eyes.

Observe Love's feuds, how fast they fly
To every heart from her clos'd eye;
What then will she,
When waking be?
A glowing light for all t' admire,
Such as would set the world on fire.

Then seal her eye-lids, gentle sleep,
Whiles cares of her mine open keep:
Lock up, I say,
Those doors of day,
Which with the morn for lustre strive,
That I may look on her, and live.

THE RETREAT.

I am return'd, my fair, but see
Perfection in none but thee:
Yet many beauties have I seen,
And in that search a truant been,
Through fruitless curiosity.

I've been to see each blear-ey'd star,
Fond men durst with thy light compare;
And, to my admiration, find
That all, but I, in love are blind,
And none but thee divinely fair.

Here then I fix, and, now grown wise,
All objects, but thy face, despise:
(Taught by my folly) now I swear,
If you forgive me, ne'er to err,
Nor seek impossibilities.

THE TOKEN.

Well, cruel mistress, though you're too unkind,
Since thus my banishment's by you design'd,
I go, but with you leave my heart behind.

A truer heart, I'm sure, you never wore,
'Tis the best treasure of the blind god's store,
And, truly, you can justly ask no more.

Then blame me not, if curious to know,
I ask, on what fair limb you will bestow
The token, that my zeal presents you now?

I shall expect so great an interest
For such a gift, as t' have that gem possest,
Not of your cabinet, but of your breast.

There fixt, 'twill glory in its blest remove,
And flaming degrees by a vigil prove,
Icy disdain to thaw, nay, kindle love.

SONG.

MONTROSS.

Ask not, why sorrow shades my brow,
Nor why my sprightly looks decay?
Alas! what need I beauty now,
Since he, that lov'd it, dy'd to day!

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
Mirtillo, brave Mirtillo's slain?
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my breast such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so,
That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, though he lie
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of Death:
And under yon sad cypress tree
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

SONG.

Pr'ythee, why so angry, sweet?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a smile again.

In that pretty anger is
Such a grace,
As Love's fancy would embrace,
As to new crimes may youth entice,
So that disguise becomes that face.

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence:
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks,
So fair, so bright an innocence.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
That eyes, dest in an angry shape,
Should kindle as with amorous fire.

A JOURNEY INTO THE PEAK.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAIN.

Sir, coming home into this frozen clime,
Grown cold, and almost senseless, as my rhyme,
I found that winter's bold impetuous rage
Prevented time, and antedated age;
For in my veins did nought but crystal dwell,
Each hair was frozen to an isicle;
My flesh was marble, so that, as I went,
I did appear a walking monument:
'T might have been judg'd, rather than marble,
Had there been any spark of fire in't. [flint,
My mistress looking back, to bid good night,
Was metamorphos'd like the Sodomite.
Like Sinon's horse our horses were become,
And since they could not go, they slided home:
The hills were hard, to such a quality,
So beyond reason in philosophy,
If Pegasus had kick'd at one of those,
Homer's Odysses had been writ in prose.
These are strange stories, sir, to you, who sweat
Under the warm Sun's comfortable heat;
Whose happy seat of Pooley far outvies
The fabled pleasures of blest Paradise:
Whose Canaan fills your house with wine and oil,
Till 't crack with burthens of a fruitful soil:
Which house, if it were plac'd above the sphere,
Would be a palace fit for Jupiter.
The humble chapel, for religious rites;
The inner rooms, for honest, free delights;
And Providence, that these miscarry loth,
Has plac'd the tower a centinel to both:
So that there's nothing wanting to improve
Either your piety, or peace, or love.
Without, you have the pleasure of the woods,
Fair plains, rich meadows, and transparent floods;
With all that's good and excellent, beside
The tempting apples by Euphrates' side;
But that which does above all these aspire,
Is Delphos, brought from Greece to Warwickshire.
But, oh, ungodly Hodge! that valued not
That saving juice o' th' enigmatic pot;
Whose charming virtue made me to forget
T' inquire of Fate; else I had staid there yet,
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on
The cutting air of this our frozen zone.
But once again, dear sir, I mean to come,
And thankful be, as well as troublesome.

HER NAME.

To write your name upon the glass,
Is that the greatest you'll impart
Of your commands? when, dear, alas!
'Twas long since graven in my heart!
But you foresee my heart must break, and, sure,
Think 't in that brittle quarry more secure.

My breast impregnable is found,
Which nothing but thy beauty wracks,
Than this frail metal far more sound,
That every storm and tempest cracks.
And, if you add faith to my vows and tears,
More firm and more transparent it appears.

Yet I obey you, when, behold!
I tremble at the forced fact,
My hand too saucy and too bold,
Timorously shivers at the act;
And 'twixt the wounded glass and th' harder stone,
I hear a murmuring emulation.

'Tis done; to which let all hearts bow,
And to the tablet sacrifice;
Incense of loyal sighs allow,
And tears from wonder-strucken eyes;
Which, should the schismatics of Sion see,
Perchance they'd break it for idolatry.

But, cursed be that awkward hand
Dares rase the glory from this frame,
That, notwithstanding thy command,
Tears from this glass thy ador'd name:
Whoe'er he be, unless he do repent,
He's damn'd for breaking thy commandement.

Yet, what thy dear will here has plac'd,
Such is its unassured state,
Must once, my sweetest, be defac'd,
Or by the stroke of Time or Fate;
It must at last, howe'er, dissolve and die,
With all the world, and so must thou and I.

EPITAPH

ON MR. ROBERT PORT.

Here lies he, whom the tyrant's rage
Snatch'd in a venerable age;
And here, with him, entomb'd do lie
Honour and Hospitality.

SONG.

SET BY MR. COLEMAN.

Bring back my comfort, and return,
For well thou know'st that I
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die.
Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore
To those sequester'd joys I had before.

Absence, in most, that quenches love,
And cools the warm desire,
The ardour of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire:
Th' opinion therefore I deny,
And term it, though a tyranny,
The nurse to faith, and truth, and constancy.

Yet, dear, I do not urge thy stay,
That were to prove unjust
To my desires; nor court delay:
But, ah! thy speed I must;
Then bring me back the stol'n delight
Snatch'd from me in thy speedy flight,
Destroy my tedious day, my longing night.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

TO MR. COTTON.

Unlucky fire, which tho' from Heaven deriv'd,
Is brought too late, like cordials to the dead,
When all are of their sovereign sense deprived,
And honour, which my rage should warm, is fled.

Dead to heroic song this isle appears,
The ancient music of victorious verse;
They taste no more than he his dirges hears,
Whose useless mourners sing about his herse.

Yet shall this sacred lamp in prison burn,
And through the darksome ages hence invade
The wondering world, like that in Tully's urn,
Which, tho' by time conceal'd, was not decay'd.

And, Charles, in that more civil century,
When this shall wholly fill the voice of Fame,
The busy antiquaries then will try
To find amongst their monarchs' coin thy name.

Much they will bless thy virtue, by whose fire
I'll keep my laurel warm, which else would fade;
And, thus enclos'd, think me of Nature's choir,
Which still sings sweetest in the shade.

To Fame, who rules the world, I lead thee now,
Whose solid power the thoughtful understand;
Whom, tho' too late weak princes to her bow,
The people serve, and poets can command.

And Fame, the only judge of empire past,
Shall to Verona lead thy fancy's eyes;
Where Night so black a robe on Nature cast,
As Nature seem'd afraid of her disguise.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

IN ANSWER TO THE SEVENTH CANTO, OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HIS GONDIBERT, DIRECTED TO MY FATHER.

WRITTEN BY SIR WILLIAM, WHEN PRISONER IN THE TOWER. 1652.

Oh, happy fire! whose heat can thus control
The rust of age, and thaw the frost of death,
That renders man immortal, as his soul,
And swells his fame with everlasting breath.

Happy's that hand, that unto honour's clime
Can lift the subject of his living praise;
That rescues frailty from the scythe of Time,
And equals glory to the length of days.

Such, sir, is yours, that, uncontrol'd as Fate,
In the black bosom of o'ershading Night
Can sons of immortality create,
To dazzle envy with prevailing light.

In vain they strive your glorious lamp to hide
In that dark lanthorn to all noble minds;
Which through the smallest cranny is descry'd,
Whose force united no resistance finds.

Blest is my father, that has found his name
Amongst the heroes by your pen reviv'd;
By running in Time's wheel, his thriving fame
Shall still more youthful grow, and longer liv'd.

Had Alexander's trophies thus been rear'd,
And in the circle of your story come,
The spacious orb full well he might have spar'd,
And reap'd his distant victories at home.

Let men of greater wealth than merit cast
Medals of gold for their succeeding part;
That paper monument shall longer last,
Than all the rubbish of decaying art.

LES AMOURS.

She, that I pursue, still flies me;
Her, that follows me, I fly;
She, that I still court, denies me:
Her, that courts me, I deny.
Thus in one web we're subt'ly wove,
And yet we mutiny in love.

She, that can save me, must not do it;
She, that cannot, fain would do:
Her love is bound, yet I still woo it:
Hers by love is bound in woe.
Yet, how can I of love complain.
Since I have love for love again?

This is thy work, imperious child,
Thine's this labyrinth of love,
That thus hast our desires beguil'd,
Nor see'st how thine arrows rove.
Then prythee, to compose this stir,
Make her love me, or me love her.

But, if irrevocable are
Those keen shafts, that wound us so,
Let me prevail with thee thus far,
That thou once more take thy bow;
Wound her hard heart, and by my troth,
I'll be content to take them both.

ELEGY.

How was I blest when I was free
From mercy, and from cruelty!
When I could write of love at ease,
And guess at passions in my peace;
When I could sleep, and in my breast
No love-sick thoughts disturb'd my rest;
When in my brain of her sweet face
No torturing idea was,
Not planet-struck with her eye's light,
But blest with thoughts as calm as night!
Now I could sit and gaze to death.
And vanish with each sigh I breathe;
Or else in her victorious eye
Dissolve to tears, dissolving die:
Nor is my life more pleasant than
The minutes of condemned men,
Toss'd by strange fancies, wrack'd by fears,
Sunk by despair, and drown'd in tears,
And dead to hope; for, what bold he
Dares hope for such a bliss as she?
And yet I am in love: ah! who
That ever saw her, was not so?
What tiger's unrelenting seed
Can see such beauties, and not bleed?
Her eyes two sparks of heavenly fire,
To kindle and to charm desire;
Her cheeks Aurora's blush; her skin
So delicately smooth and thin,
That you may see each azure vein
Her bosom's snowy whiteness stain:
But with so rich a tincture, as
China 'bove baser metals has,

She's crown'd with unresisted light
Of blooming youth, and vigorous sp'rit;
Careless charms, unstudied sweetness,
Innate virtue, humble greatness,
And modest freedom, with each grace
Of body, and of mind, and face;
So pure, that men nor gods can find
Throughout that body, or that mind,
A fault, but this, to disapprove,
She cannot, or she will not love.
Ah! then some god possess her heart
With mine uncessant vows and smart;
Grant but one hour that she may be
In love, and then she'll pity me.
Is it not pity such a guest
As cruelty should arm that breast
Against a love assaults it so?
Can heavenly minds such rigour know?
Then make her know, her beauties must
Decay, and moulder into dust:
That each swift atom of her glass
Runs to the ruin of her face;
That those fair blossoms of her youth
Are not so lasting as my truth,
My lasting firm integrity:
Tell her all this; and if there be
A lesson to present her sense
Of more persuading eloquence,
Teach her that too, for all will prove
Too little to provoke her love.
Thus dying people use to rave,
And I am grown my passion's slave;
For fall I must, my lot's despair,
Since I'm so worthless, she so fair.

Ὁ πλόκαμος ὑπερεφνίκιος.

HER HAIR.

ODE.

Welcome, blest symptom of consent,
More welcome far,
Than if a star,
Instead of this bright hair,
Should beautify mine ear,
And light me to my banishment.

Methinks I'm now all sacred fire,
And wholly grown
Devotion:
Sensual love's in chains,
And all my boiling veins
Are blown with sanctify'd desire.

Sure, she is Heaven itself, and I,
In fervent zeal,
This lock did steal,
And each life-giving thread,
Snatch'd from her beamy head,
As once Prometheus from the sky.

No: 'tis a nobler treasure: she
(Won to believe)
Was pleas'd to give
These rays unto my care:
The spheres have none so fair,
Nor yet so blest a deity.

Yet knows she not what she has done,
She'll hear my prayers,
And see my tears;
She's now a Nazarite
Robb'd of her vigorous light,
For her resisting strength is gone.

I now could glory in my power.
And in pretence
Of my suspence,
Revenge, by kissing those
Twins, that Nature's pride disclose,
My languishing and tedious hours.

Yet I'll not triumph: but, since she
Will that I go
Thus wrapt in woe,
I'll tempt my prouder fate
T' improve my estimate,
And justle with my destiny.

As well I may, thus being sure,
Whether on land
I firmly stand;
Or Fortune's footsteps trace,
Or Neptune's foamy face,
Mischance to conquer, or endure.

If on a swelling wave I ride,
When Eolus
His winds lets loose,
Those winds shall silent lie,
And moist Orion dry,
By virtue of this charming guide.

Or, if I hazard in a field,
Where Danger is
The sole mistress,
Where Death, in all his shapes,
Commits his horrid rapes,
And he, that but now slew, is kill'd:

Then in my daring crest I'll place
This plume of light
T' amaze the sight
O' th' fiercest sons of Mars,
That rage in bloody wars,
And make them fly my conquering face.

Thus in her favour I am blest;
And, if by these
Few of her rays,
I am exalted so,
What will my passions do
When I have purchas'd all the rest?

They must continue in the same
Vigour and force,
Better nor worse:
I lov'd so well before,
I cannot love her more,
Nor can I mitigate my flame.

In love then persevere I will
Till my hairs grow
As white as snow:
And when in my warm veins
Nought but trembling cold remains,
My youthful love shall flourish still.

SONG.

Join once again, my Celia, join
Thy rosy lips to these of mine,
Which, though they be not such,
Are full as sensible of bliss,
That is, as soon can taste a kiss,
As thine of softer touch.

Each kiss of thine creates desire,
Thy odorous breath inflames love's fire,
And wakes the sleeping coal:
Such a kiss to be I find
The conversation of the mind,
And whisper of the soul.

Thanks, sweetest, now thou'rt perfect grown,
For by this last kiss I'm undone;
Thou breathest silent darts,
Henceforth each little touch will prove
A dangerous stratagem in love,
And thou wilt blow up hearts.

THE SURPRISE.

On a clear river's flow'ry side,
When Earth was in her gaudy pride,
Defended by the friendly shade
A woven grove's dark entrails made,
Where the cold clay, with flowers strew'd,
Made up a pleasing solitude;
'Twas there I did my glorious nymph surprise,
There stole my passion from her killing eyes.

The happy object of her eye
Was Sidney's living Arcady;
Whose amorous tale had so betray'd
Desire in this all-lovely maid;
That, whilst her cheek a blush did warm,
I read love's story in her form:
And of the sisters the united grace,
Pamela's vigour in Philoclea's face.

As on the brink this nymph did sit,
(Ah! who can such a nymph forget?)
The floods straight dispossess'd their foam,
Proud so her mirror to become;
And ran into a twirling maze,
On her by that delay to gaze;
And, as they pass'd, by streams' succeeding force,
In losing her, murmur'd t' obey their course.

She read not long, but clos'd the book,
And up her silent lute she took,
Perchance to charm each wanton thought,
Youth, or her reading, had begot.
The hollow carcase echo'd such
Airs, as had birth from Orpheus' touch,
And every snowy finger, as she play'd,
Danc'd to the music that themselves had made.

At last she ceas'd: her odorous bed
With her enticing limbs she spread,
With limbs so excellent, I could
No more resist my factious blood:
But there, ah! there, I caught the dame,
And boldly urg'd to her my flame:
I kiss'd: when her ripe lips, at every touch,
Swell'd up to meet, what she would shun so much.
I kiss'd, and play'd in her bright eyes,
Discours'd, as is the lover's guise,
Call'd her the auth'ress of my woe:
The nymph was kind, but would not do;
Faith, she was kind, which made me bold,
Grow hot, as her denials cold.
But, ah! at last I parted, wounded more
With her soft pity, than her eyes before.

THE VISIT.

Dark was the silent shade, that hid
The fair Castanna from my sight:
The night was black (as it had need)
That could obscure so great a light.
Under the concave of each lid
A flaming ball of beauty bright,
Wrapt in a charming slumber lay,
That else would captivate the day.

(Led by a passionate desire)
I boldly did attempt the way;
And though my dull eyes wanted fire,
My seeing soul knew where she lay.
Thus, whilst I blindly did aspire,
Fear to displease her made me stay,
A doubt too weak for mine intent,
I knew she would forgive, and went.

Near to her maiden bed I drew,
Blest in so rare a chance as this;
When by her odorous breath I knew
I did approach my love, my bliss:
Then did I eagerly pursue
My hopes, and found and stole a kiss:
Such as perhaps Pygmalion took,
When cold his ivory love forsook.

Soft was the sleep sat on her eyes,
As softest down, or whitest snow;
So gentle rest upon them lies,
Happy to charm those beauties so;
For which a thousand thousand dies,
Or living, live in restless woe;
For all that see her killing eye,
With love or admiration die.

Chaste were the thoughts that had the power
To make me hazard this offence;
I mark'd the sleeps of this fair flower,
And found them full of innocence;
Wond'ring that hers, who slew each hour,
Should have so undisturb'd a sense:
But, ah! these murders of mankind
Fly from her beauty, not her mind.

Thus, while she sweetly slept, sat I
Contemplating the lovely maid,
Of every tear, and every sigh
That sallied from my breast, afraid.
And now the morning star drew nigh,
When, fearing thus to be betray'd,
I softly from my nymph did move,
Wounded with everlasting love.

DE LUPO.

EPIGRAM.

When Lupus has wrought hard all day,
And the declining Sun,
By stooping to embrace the sea,
Tells him the day's nigh done;

Then to his young wife home he hies,
With his sore labour sped,
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
"Pray, husband, come to bed."
"Thanks, wife," quoth he, "but I were blest,
Would'st thou once call me to my rest."

ON UPSTART.

UPSTART last term went up to town,
There purchas'd arms, and brought them down:
With Welborne's then he his compares,
And with a horrid loudness swears,
That his are best: "For look," quoth he,
"How gloriously mine gilded be!
Thine's but a threadbare coat," he cry'd,
Compar'd to this!" Who then reply'd:
"If my coat be threadbare, or rent, or torn,
There's cause; than thine it has been longer worn."

EPITAPH

ON MRS. MARY DRAPER.

READER, if thou cast thine eye
On this weeping stone below:
Know, that under it doth lie
One, that never man did know.

Yet of all men full well known
By those beauties of her breast:
For, of all she wanted none,
When Death call'd her to her rest.

Then the ladies, if they would
Die like her, kind reader, tell,
They must strive to be as good
Alive, or 'tis impossible.

CÆLIA'S FALL.

CÆLIA, my fairest Cælia, fell,
Cælia, than the fairest, fairer;
Cælia, (with none I must compare her)
That all alone is all in all,
Of what we fair and modest call;
Cælia, white as alabaster,
Cælia, than Diana chaster;
This fair, fair Cælia, grief to tell,
This fair, this modest, chaste one, fell.

My Cælia, sweetest Cælia, fell,
As I have seen a snow-white dove
Decline her bosom from above,
And down her spotless body fling
Without the motion of the wing,
Till she arrest her seeming fall
Upon some happy pedestal:
So soft, this sweet, I love so well,
This sweet, this dove-like Cælia, fell.

Cælia, my dearest Cælia, fell,
As I have seen a melting star
Drop down its fire from its sphere,
Rescuing so its glorious sight
From that paler snuff of light:
Yet is a star bright and entire,
As when 'twas wrapt in all that fire:
So bright, this dear, I love so well,
This dear, this star-like Cælia, fell.

And yet my Cælia did not fall
As grosser earthly mortals do,
But stoop'd, like Phœbus, to renew
Her lustre by her morning rise,
And dart new beauties in the skies.
Like a white dove, she took her flight,
And, like a star, she shot her light:
This dove, this star, so lov'd of all,
My fair, dear, sweetest, did not fall.

But, if you'll say my Cælia fell,
Of this I'm sure, that, like the dart
Of Love it was, and on my heart;
Poor heart, alas! wounded before,
She needed not have hurt it more:
So absolute a conquest she
Had gain'd before of it, and me,
That neither of us have been well
Before, or since my Cælia fell.

HER SIGH.

SHE sighs, and has blown over now
The storms that threat'ned in her brow:
The Heaven's now serene and clear,
And bashful blushes do appear,
Th' errour sh' has found
That did me wound,
Thus with her od'rous sigh my hopes are crown'd.

Now she relents, for now I hear
Repentance whisper in my ear,
Happy repentance! that begets
By this sweet airy motion heats,
And does destroy
Her heresy,
That my faith branded with inconstancy.

When Thisbe's Pyramus was slain,
This sigh had fetch'd him back again,
And such a sigh from Dido's chest
Wafted the Trojan to her breast.
Each of her sighs
My love does prize
Reward, for thousand thousand cruelties.

Sigh on, my sweet, and by thy breath,
Immortal grown, I'll laugh at death.
Had fame so sweet a one, we should
In that regard learn to be good:
Sigh on, my fair,
Henceforth, I swear,
I could cameleon turn, and live by air.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MY DEAR UNCLE,

MR. RADCLIFF STANHOPE.

SUCH is th' unsteady state of human things,
And death so certain, that their period brings,
So frail is youth, and strength, so sure this sleep,
That much we cannot wonder, though we weep.
Yet, since 'tis so, it will not misbecome,
Either perhaps our sorrows or his tomb
To breathe a sigh, and drop a mourning tear,
Upon the cold face of his sepulchre.
Well did his life deserve it, if to be
A great example of integrity,

Honour and truth, fidelity and love,
In such perfection, as if each had strove
T' outdo posterity, may deserve our care,
Or to his funeral command a tear.
Fairhful he was, and just, and sweetly good,
To whom ally'd in virtue, or in blood:
His breast (from other conversation chaste)
Above the reach of giddy vice was plac'd:
Then, had not Death (that crops in 's savage speed
The fairest flower with the rankest weed)
Thus made a beastly conquest of his prime,
And cut him off before grown ripe for time,
How bright an evening must this morn pursue,
Is to his life a contemplation due.
Proud Death, t' arrest his thriving virtue thus!
Unhappy fate! not to himself, but us,
That so have lost him; for, no doubt but he
Was fit for Heav'n, as years could make him be:
Age does but muster sin, and heap up woes
Against the last and general rendezvous;
Whereas he dy'd full of obedient truth,
Wrapt in his spotless innocence of youth.
Farewel, dear uncle, may thy hop'd-for bliss
To thee be real, as my sorrow is;
May they be nam'd together, since I do
Nothing more perfect than my sorrow know;
And if thy soul into men's minds have eyes,
It knows I truly weep these obsequies.

ON THE LORD DERBY.

To what a formidable greatness grown
Is this prodigious beast, rebellion,
When sovereignty, and its so sacred law,
Thus lies subjected to his tyrant awe!
And to what daring impudence he grows,
When, not content to trample upon those,
He still destroys all that with honest flames
Of loyal love would propagate their names!
In this great ruin, Derby, lay thy fate,
(Derby, unfortunately fortunate)
Unhappy thus to fall a sacrifice
To such an irreligious power as this;
And blest, as 'twas thy nobler sense to die
A constant lover of thy loyalty.
Nor is it thy calamity alone,
Since more lie whelm'd in this subversion:
And first, the justest, and the best of kings,
Rob'd in the glory of his sufferings,
By his too violent fate inform'd us all,
What tragic ends attended his great fall;
Since when his subjects, some by chance of war,
Some by perverted justice at the bar, [takes,
Have perish'd: thus, what th' other leaves, this
And whoso 'scapes the sword, falls by the axe:
Amongst which throng of martyrs none could boast
Of more fidelity, than the world has lost
In losing thee, when (in contempt of spite)
Thy steady faith, at th' exit crown'd with light,
His head above their malice did advance,
They could not murder thy allegiance,
Not when before those judges brought to th' test,
Who, in the symptoms of thy ruin drest,
Pronounc'd thy sentence. Basilisks! whose breath
Is killing poison, and whose locks are death.
Then how unsafe a guard man's virtue is
In this false age, (when such as do amiss
Control the honest sort, and make a prey
Of all that are not villainous as they)
Does to our reason's eyes too plain appear
In the mischance of this illustrious peer.
Bloodthirsty tyrants of usurped state!
In facts of death prompt and insatiate!
That in your flinty bosoms have no sense
Of manly honour, or of conscience;
But do, since monarchy lay drown'd in blood,
Proclaim 't by act high treason to be good:
Cease yet at last, for shame! let Derby's fall,
Great and good Derby's, expiate for all;
But if you will place your eternity
In mischief, and that all good men must die,
When you have finish'd there, fall on the rest,
Mix your sham'd slaughters with the worst and best;
And, to perpetuate your murthering fame,
Cut your own throats, despair, and die, and damn.

Ainsi soit il.

ON MARRIOT[1].

TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

Thanks for this rescue, Time; for thou hast won
In this more glory than the states have done
In all their conquests; they have conquer'd men,
But thou hast conquer'd that would conquer them,
Famine! and in this parricide hast shown
A greater courage than their acts dare own;
Thou'st slain thy eating brother, 'tis a fame
Greater than all past heroes e'er could claim:
Nor do I think thou could'st have conquer'd him
By force; it surely was by stratagem.
There was a dearth when he gave up the ghost:
For (on my life) his stomach he ne'er lost,
That never fail'd him; and, without all doubt,
Had he been victuall'd, he had still held out:
Howe'er, it happen'd for the nation well,
All fear of famine now's impossible, [rhymes,
Since we have 'scap'd his reign! Blest were my
Could they but prove, that for the people's crimes
He an atonement fell; for in him dy'd
More bulls, and rams, than in all times beside,
Though we the numbers of them all engross'd,
Offer'd with antique piety and cost:
And 't might have well become the people's care
To have embowell'd him, if such there were,
Who, in respect of their forefathers' peace,
Would have attempted such a task as this;
For 'tis discreetly doubted he'll go hard
To eat up all his fellows i' th' churchyard:
Then, as from several parts each mangled limb
Meet at the last, they all will rise in him;
And he (as once a pleader) may arise
A general advocate at the last assize.
I wonder, Death durst venture on this prize,
His jaws more greedy were, and wide, than his;
'Twas well he only was compos'd of bone,
Had he been flesh, this eater had not gone;
Or had they not been empty skeletons,
As sure as death he'd crush'd his marrow-bones;
And knock'd 'em too, his stomach was so rife,
The rogue lov'd marrow, as he lov'd his life,

[1] See Verses on the Great Eater of Gray's Inn, p. 745.

Behold! behold, O brethren! you may see,
By this late object of mortality,
'Tis not the lining of the inward man [can
(Though ne'er so soundly stuff'd and cramm'd) that
Keep life and soul together; for if that
Could have preserv'd him, he had kick'd at Fate
With his high shoes, and liv'd to make a prey
Of butchers' stinking offal to this day.
But he is gone; and 't had been excellent sport,
When first he stalked into Pluto's court,
Had one but seen with what an angry gust
The greedy rascal worried Cerberus:
I know he'd do't before he would retreat,
And he and's stomach are not parted yet;
But, that digested, how he'll do for meat
I can't imagine: for the devil a bit
He'll purchase there, unless this tedious time
The tree of Tantalus was sav'd for him:
Should it prove so, no doubt he would rejoice,
Spite of the Devil and Hell's horrid noise.
But then, could 't not be touch'd, 't would prove a curse
Worse than the others, or he'd bear it worse:
Oh! would his fortitude in suffering rise
So much in glory 'bove his gluttonies,
That, rather than confess them to his sire,
He would, like Porcia, swallow coals of fire,
He might extinguish Hell; and, to prevent
Eternal pains, void ashes, and repent:
For, without that, his torments still would last,
"It were damnation for him to fast."
But how had I been like to have forgot
Myself, with raving of a thing is not,
Of his eternity! I should condole
His death and ruin, had he had a soul;
But he had none; or 't was mere sensitive;
Nor could the gormandizing beast outlive:
So that 't may properly of him be said,
"Marriot, the eater of Gray's Inn, is dead,
And is no more!" Dear Jove, I thee entreat,
Send us no more such eaters, or more meat.

TO CÆLIA'S AGUE.

ODE.

Hence, fond disease! I say, forbear,
And strive t' afflict my fair no more!
In vain are thy attempts on her,
She was, alas! so cold before.

Yet thou at once, by sympathy,
Disturb'st two persons in one ill;
For when she freezes, then I fry,
And so complete her ague still.

Sure thou my choice would'st fain disgrace,
By making her look pale and green;
Had she no beauties but her face,
I never had a lover been.

For sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks,
Must, as her youth does fade, decay:
But virtue, which her bosom decks,
Will, when they're sunk and wither'd, stay.

Thou would'st eclipse that virtue too,
For such a triumph far too dear,
Making her tremble, as they do,
Whom jealous guilt has taught to fear.

I wish thy malice might so thrive
To my advantage, as to shake
Her flinty breast, that I might live,
And on that part a battery make.

But since assaults without some fire
Are seldom to perfection brought,
I may, like thee, baffled retire:
Thou hast her burning fit forgot.

Since thy attempts then never can
Achieve the power to destroy
This wonder and delight of man,
Hence to some grosser body fly.

Yet, as returning stomachs do
Still covet some one dish they see;
So when thou from my fair dost go,
Kind ague, make her long for me.

A VALEDICTION.

I go, I go, perfidious maid,
Obeying thee, my froward fate,
Whether forsaken or betray'd,
By scorn or hate.

I go, th' exact'st professor of
Desire, in its diviner sense,
That ever in the school of love
Did yet commence.

Cruel and false, could'st thou find none
Amongst those fools thy eyes engross'd,
But me to practise falsehood on,
That lov'd thee most?

I lov'd thee 'bove the day's bright eye,
Above mine own; who melting drop,
As oft as opening they miss thee,
And 'bove my hope:

Till (by thy promise grown secure)
That hope was to assurance brought,
My faith was such, so chastely pure,
I doubted not

Thee, or thy vows; nor should I yet
(Such, false one, is my love's extreme)
Should'st thou now swear, the breath's so sweet
That utters them.

Ah, syren! why didst th' me entice
To that unconstant sea, thy love,
That ebbs and flows so in a trice?
Was it to prove

The power of each attractive spell
Upon my fond enamour'd youth?
No: I must think of thee so well,
Thou then spak'st truth.

Else amongst overweening boys,
Or dotards, thou had'st chosen one
Than me, methinks, a fitter choice
To work upon.

Mine was no wither'd old man's suit,
Nor like a boy's just come from school:
Had'st thou been either deaf or mute,
I'd been no fool.

Faith! I was then, when I embrac'd
A false belief thy vows were true;
Or, if they were, that they could last
A day or two.

Since I'd been told a woman's mind
Varies as oft as April's face;
But I suppos'd thine more refin'd,
And so it was.

Till (sway'd by thy unruly blood)
Thou changedst thy uncertain will,
And 'tis far worse to have been good,
Than to be ill.

Methinks thou'rt blemish'd in each part,
And so or worse than others are;
Those eyes grown hollow as thy heart,
Which two suns were.

Thy cheeks are sunk, and thy smooth skin
Looks like a conquest now of Time;
Sure thou'd'st an age to study in
For such a crime.

Thou'rt so transform'd, that I in thee
(As 'tis a general loss) more grieve
Thy falling from thyself, than me
Fool to believe!

For I by this am taught to prize
The inward beauties of the breast,
'Bove all the gaieties of the eyes
Where treasons rest.

Whereas, grown black with this abuse
Offer'd to Love's commanding throne,
Thou may'st despair of an excuse,
And wish 't undone.

Farewel, thou pretty brittle piece
Of fine-cut crystal, which once was,
Of all my fortune and my bliss,
The only glass,

Now something else: but in its state
Of former lustre, fresh and green
My faith shall stand, to show thee what
Thou should'st have been.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

God Cupid's power was ne'er so shown,
Since first the boy could draw a bow,
In all past ages, as this one,
This lovesick age we live in now:
Now he and she, from high to low,
Or lovers are, or would seem so.

His arrows now are every where,
In every lip, and every eye,
From young, from old, from foul, and fair,
This little archer lets them fly:
He is a traitor to Love's throne,
That has no love, or seems t' have none.

If she be young and fair, we do
Think her the blessing of this life;
And, out of that opinion, woo
Her for a mistress or a wife;
And if they think us able men,
The pretty souls will love again.

Or, if she be a wife, and that
A jealous ass corrupts her bed,
We build our pleasures on his fate,
And for her sake do crown his head;
So what he fears a truth doth prove,
And what's this but a trick of love?

If she be left a widow, then
Her first amours have warm'd her blood;
She'll think us puppies, or no men,
Should not her wants be understood:
Pity then makes us lovers prove,
And Pity is the child of Love.

If she be wither'd, and yet itch
To do as once in time of old,
We love a little, for she's rich,
Though but to scare away the cold:
She has (no doubt) the gift t' assuage,
Then never stand upon her age.

Thus maid, wife, widow, do all wound,
Though each one with a different eye;
And we by love to love are bound,
Either in heat or policy;
That is, we love, or say we do,
Women, we love ourselves, or you.

Cupid may now slacken his nerve,
Hang bow and quiver in some place
As useless grown, useless they serve
For trophies of what once he was:
Love's grown a fashion of the mind,
And we shall henceforth love by kind.

Lord! what a childish ape was this!
How vain improvident an elf!
To conquer all at once, when 'tis,
Alas! a triumph o'er himself!
He has usurp'd his own fear'd throne,
Since now there's nothing to be done.

And yet there is, there is one prize,
Lock'd in an adamantine breast;
Storm that then, Love, if thou be'st wise,
A conquest above all the rest,
Her heart, who binds all hearts in chains,
Castanna's heart untouch'd remains.

THE CONTEST.

Come, my Corinna, let us try
Which loves you best, of you, and I;
I know you oft have in your glass
Seen the faint shadow of your face;
And, consequently, then became
A wond'ring lover, as I am:
Though not so great a one, for what
You saw but a glimpse of that,
So sweet, so charming majesty,
Which I in its full lustre see.
But if you then had gaz'd upon
Yourself, as your reflection,
And seen those eyes for which I die,
Perhaps you'd been as sick as I.
Thus, sweetest, then it is confess'd,
That of us lovers, I love best:
You'll say 'tis reason, that my share
Be great as my affections are,
When you insensibly are grown
More mine, by conquest, than your own.
But, if this argument I name
Seem light to such a glorious claim;
Yet, since you love yourself, this do,
Love me, at least, for loving you:
So my despair you may destroy,
And you your loved self enjoy;
Acting those things, can ne'er be done,
Whilst you remain yourself alone:
So for my sighs you make amends,
So you have yours, and I my ends.

THE FALSE ONE.

IN IMITATION OF THAT OF HORACE.

Non erat & Cœlo, &c.

BEHOLD, false maid, yon horned light,
Which in Heav'n's arched vault doth range,
And view part of thyself in it;
Yet she but once a month does change.

The raging sea, th' uncertain air,
Or, what does yet more change admit,
Of variation emblems are;
When thou, and only thou, art it.

Philosophers their pains may spare
Perpetual motion where to find;
If such a thing be any where,
'Tis, woman, in thy fickle mind.

How oft, incenter'd in thine arms,
Big with betraying sighs and tears,
Hast thou secur'd me, by thy charms,
From other lovers' natural fears?

Sighs, that improv'd the honest flame,
Which made my faithful bosom pant;
And tears so gentle, as might claim
Belief from hearts of adamant.

These were the arts seduc'd my youth,
A captive to thy wanton will:
That with a falsehood, like to truth,
In the same instant cure and kill.

Go, tell the next you will betray,
(I mean that fool usurps my room)
How for his sake I'm turn'd away;
To the same fortune he must come.

When I, restored to that sense
Thou hast distemper'd, sound and free,
Shall, with a very just pretence,
Despise and laugh at him and thee.

ODE.

VALEDICTORY.

I GO; but never to return:
With such a killing flame I burn,
Not all th' enraged waves that beat
My ship's calk'd ribs, can quench that heat:
Nor thy disdains, which colder are
Than climates of the northern star,
Can freeze the blood, warm'd by thine eye:
But, sweet, I must thy martyr die.

Oh! canst thou know, that losing thee,
The universe is dead to me,
And I to it: yet not become
So kind, as to revoke my doom?
Gentle heart, do: if I remove,
How can I hope t' achieve thy love?
If not, I shall 't a blessing call,
That she who wounds may see my fall.

Or say thou lov'st, and bid me go
Where never Sun his face did show:
Or to, what's worse, want of thy light,
Which dissipates the shades of night;
To dangers, death, Hell dares not own,
Scarcely to apprehension known,
Arm'd with thy will, (despite of fear)
I'll seek them, as if thou wert there.

But, if thou wilt I die, and that,
By, worse than thousand deaths, thy hate;
When I am dead, if thou but pay
My tomb a tear, and sighing say,
Thou dost my timeless fall deplore,
Wishing thoud'st known my truth before:
My dearest dear, thou mak'st me then,
Or sleep in peace, or live again.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. LELY,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE EXCELLENTLY VIRTUOUS LADY, THE LADY ISABELLA THYNN.

NATURE and art are here at strife;
This shadow comes so near the life:
Sit still, (dear Lely) thou'st done that
Thyself must love and wonder at.
What other ages e'er could boast,
Either remaining yet, or lost,
Are trivial toys, and must give place
To this, that counterfeits her face:
Yet I'll not say, but there have been,
In every past age, paintings seen
Both good and like, from every hand,
That once had mast'ry and command,
But none like her! Surely she sat
Thy pencil thus to celebrate
Above all others that could claim
An echo from the voice of Fame.
For he, that most, or with most cause,
Speaks, or may speak, his own applause,
Can't, when he shows his master-piece,
Brag, he e'er did a face like this.
Such is thy chance to be the man,
None, but who shares thy honour, can:
If such another do arise,
To steal more glory from her eyes;
But 'twould improvident bounty show
To hazard such a beauty so:
'Tis strange thy judgment did not err,
Or want a hand, beholding her,
Whose awing graces well might make
Th' assured'st pencil to mistake.
To her and truth, then, what a crime,
To us, to all the world, and time,
(Who most will want her copy) 'twere
To have it then unlike appear!
But she's preserved from that fate,
Thou know'st so well to imitate,
And in that imitation show
What oil and colour mixt can do,
So well, that had this piece the grace
Of motion, she and none else has;
Or, if it could the odour breathe,
That her departing sighs bequeath,
And had her warmth, it then would be
Her glorious self, and none but she.
So well 'tis done! But thou canst go
No farther than what art can do:
And when all's done, this, thou hast made,
Is but a nobler kind of shade;
And thou, though thou hast play'd thy part,
A painter, no creator, art.

TO CHLORIS.

ODE.

Farewel, my sweet, until I come,
Improv'd in merit, for thy sake,
With characters of honour, home,
Such as thou canst not then but take.

To loyalty my love must bow,
My honour too calls to the field,
Where, for a lady's busk, I now
Must keen, and sturdy iron wield.

Yet, when I rush into those arms,
Where death and danger do combine,
I shall less subject be to harms,
Than to those killing eyes of thine.

Since I could live in thy disdain,
Thou art so far become my fate,
That I by nothing can be slain,
Until thy sentence speaks my date.

But, if I seem to fall in war,
T' excuse the murder you commit,
Be to my memory just so far,
As in thy heart t' acknowledge it:

That's all I ask; which thou must give
To him, that dying, takes a pride
It is for thee; and would not live
Sole prince of all the world beside.

ODE.

The day is set did Earth adorn,
To drink the brewing of the main;
And, hot with travel, will ere morn
Carouse it to an ebb again.

Then let us drink, time to improve,
Secure of Cromwell and his spies;
Night will conceal our healths and love,
For all her thousand thousand eyes.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Without the evening dew and show'rs,
The Earth would be a barren place,
Of trees, and plants, of herbs, and flow'rs,
To crown her now enamell'd face:

Nor can wit spring, or fancies grow,
Unless we dew our heads in wine,
Plump Autumn's wealthy overflow,
And sprightly issue of the vine.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine is the cure of cares and sloth,
That rust the metal of the mind;
The juice that man to man does both
In freedom and in friendship bind.

This clears the monarch's cloudy brows,
And cheers the hearts of sullen swains;
To wearied souls repose allows,
And makes slaves caper in their chains.

CHORUS.

Then let us drink, secure of spies,
To Phœbus, and his second rise.

Wine, that distributes to each part
Its heat and motion, is the spring;
The poet's head, the subject's heart,
'Twas wine made old Anacreon sing.

Then let us quaff it, whilst the night
Serves but to hide such guilty souls,
As fly the beauty of the light;
Or dare not pledge our loyal bowls.

CHORUS.

Then let us revel, quaff, and sing,
Health, and his sceptre, to the king.

ODE.

Fair Isabel, if aught but thee
I could, or would, or like, or love;
If other beauties but approve
To sweeten my captivity:
I might those passions be above,
Those pow'rful passions, that combine
To make and keep me only thine.

Or, if for tempting treasure, I
Of, the world's god, prevailing gold,
Could see thy love and my truth sold,
A greater, nobler treasury:
My flame to thee might then grow cold,
And I, like one whose love is sense,
Exchange thee for convenience.

But when I vow to thee, I do
Love thee above or health or peace,
Gold, joy, and all such toys as these,
'Bove happiness and honour too:
Thou then must know, this love can cease,
Nor change for all the glorious show
Wealth and discretion bribes us to.

What such a love deserves, thou, sweet,
As knowing best, may'st best reward:
I, for thy bounty well prepar'd,
With open arms my blessing meet.
Then do not, dear, our joys retard;
But unto him propitious be,
That knows no love, nor life, but thee.

IN AMOREM MEDICUM.

EPIG.

For cares whilst love prepares the remedies,
The main disease in the physician lies.

THE LEGEND OF THE FAMOUS, FURIOUS, EXPERT, AND VALIANT GUITAR-MASTERS,

CAVELIERO COMER AND DON HILL.

BALLAD.

You, that love to read the tracts
Of tall fellows' fights and facts,
In this song will hear a wonder,
How two fiddlers fell asunder.

Lampon, &c.

Comer had the first abuse,
Which admitted no excuse;
But, since Hill so ill did treat him,
Dick, in wrath, resolv'd to beat him.
Lampon, &c.

Straight a broom-staff was prepar'd,
Which Don Hill no little scar'd;
But he resolv'd, if Dick did baste him,
That his patience should out-last him.
Lampon, &c.

Whilst (good Christian) thus he meant
To despise his punishment,
And first to appease his foe send,
Lo! in sight was Dick's fierce nose-end.
Lampon, &c.

Whom, in terrour, Hill did ask,
If he durst perform his task;
Dick, in wrath, reply'd, "God damn me!
To that purpose now come am I."
Lampon, &c.

And withal, with main and might,
Up he trips this proper knight,
And with such fury he quell'd Hill,
That to the ground he levell'd Hill.
Lampon, &c.

This shows music discord has,
Which the cause of this war was;
And, that Hill's beaten, is a token
That their string of friendship's broken.
Lampon, &c.

Now behold! this mortal cause
Is referr'd to Harry Laws;
And since he's beaten Hill does tell though,
Law shall give him salve for's elbow.
Lampon, &c.

ODE.

TO CHLOE.

False one, farewel, thou hast releas'd
The fire imprison'd in my breast;
Your beauties make not half the show
They did a year or two ago:
For now I find
The beauties those fair walls enshrin'd,
Foul and deform'd appear,
Ah! where
In woman is a spotless mind?

I would not now take up thine eyes,
But in revenge to tyrannize;
Nor should'st thou make me blot my skin
With the black thou wear'st within:
If thou would'st meet,
As brides do, in the nuptial sheet,
I would not kiss nor play;
But say,
Thou nothing hast that can be sweet.

I was betray'd by that fair sign
To entertainment cold within;
But found that fine built fabric lin'd
With so ill contriv'd a mind,
That now I must
For ever (Chloe) leave to trust
The face that so beguiles
With smiles;
Falsehood's a charm to love or lust.

ODE.

TO CHLORIS FROM FRANCE.

Pity me, Chloris, and the flame
Disdain and distance cannot tame;
And pity my necessity,
That makes my courtship, wanting thee,
Nothing but fond idolatry.

In dark and melancholy groves,
Where pretty birds discourse their loves,
I daily worship on my knee
Thy shadow, all I have of thee,
And sue to that to pity me.

I vow to it the sacred vow,
To thee, and only thee, I owe;
When (as it knew my true intent)
The silent picture gives consent,
And seems to mourn my banishment.

Presaging thence my love's success,
I triumph in my happiness,
And straight consider how each grace
Adorns thy body, or thy face;
Surrender up to my embrace.

I think this little tablet now,
Because less cruel, fair as thou;
I do from it mercy implore,
'Tis the sole saint I do adore;
I do not think I love thee more.

Yet be not jealous, though I do
Thus doat of it, instead of you;
I love it not, for any line
Where captivating beauties shine;
But only (Chloris) as 'tis thine.

And, though thy shadow here take place,
By intimating future grace,
It goes before, but to impart
To thee how beautiful thou art,
And show a reason for my smart.

Nor is 't improper, sweet, since thou
Art in thy youthful morning now,
Whilst I, depriv'd of thine eye's light,
Do drooping live a tedious night
In Paris, like an anchorite.

Recal me, then, that I may see,
Once more, how fair and kind you be;
Into thy sunshine call again
Him thus exil'd by thy disdain,
And I'll forget my loss and pain.

AN INVITATION TO PHILLIS.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And thou shalt all the pleasures prove,
The mountains' tow'ring tops can show,
Inhabiting the vales below.
From a brave height my star shall shine
T' illuminate the desart clime.

Thy summer's bower shall overlook
The subtle windings of the brook,
For thy delight which only springs,
And cuts her way with turtle's wings.
The pavement of thy rooms shall shine
With the bruis'd treasures of the mine;
And not a tale of love but shall
In miniature adorn thy wall.
Thy closet shall queens' caskets mock
With rustic jewels of the rock;
And thine own light shall make a gem
As bright of these, as queens of them.
From this thy sphere thou shalt behold
Thy snowy ewes troop o'er the mold,
Who yearly pay my love a-piece
A tender lamb, and silver fleece.
And when Sol's rays shall all combine
Thine to out-burn, though not outshine,
Then, at the foot of some green hill,
Where crystal Dove runs murm'ring still,
We'll angle for the bright-ey'd fish,
To make my love a dainty dish;
Or, in a cave, by Nature made,
Fly to the covert of the shade,
Where all the pleasures we will prove,
Taught by the little god of love.
And when bright Phœbus' scorching beams
Shall cease to gild the silver streams,
Then in the cold arms of the flood
We'll bathing cool the factious blood;
Thy beauteous limbs the brook shall grace,
Like the reflex of Cynthia's face;
Whilst all the wond'ring fry do greet
The welcome light, adore thy feet,
Supposing Venus to be come
To send a kiss to Thetis home.
And following night shall trifled be,
Sweet, as thou know'st I promis'd thee:
Thus shall the summer's days and nights
Be dedicate to thy delights.
Then live with me, and be my love,
And all these pleasures shalt thou prove.
But when the sapless season brings
Cold winter on her shivering wings,
Freezing the river's liquid face
Into a crystal looking-glass,
And that the trees their naked bones
Together knock like skeletons,
Then, with the softest, whitest locks,
Spun from the tribute of thy flocks,
We will o'ercast thy whiter skin,
Winter without, a spring within.
At the first peep of day I'll rise,
To make the sullen hare thy prize;
And thou with open arms shall come,
To bid thy hunter welcome home.
The partridge, plover, and the poot,
I'll with the subtle mallard shoot;
The fell-fare and the greedy thrush
Shall drop from ev'ry hawthorn bush;
And the slow heron down shall fall,
To feed my fairest fair withal;
The feather'd people of the air
Shall fall to be my Phillis' fare:
No storm shall touch thee, tempest move;
Then live with me, and be my love.
But from her cloister when I bring
My Phillis to restore the spring,
The ruffling Boreas shall withdraw,
The snow shall melt, the ice shall thaw;
The aguish plants fresh leaves shall show,
The Earth put on her verdant hue;
And thou (fair Phillis) shalt be seen
Mine and the summer's beauteous queen.
These, and more pleasures, shalt thou prove;
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE ENTERTAINMENT TO PHILLIS.

Now Phœbus is gone down to sleep
In cold embraces of the deep,
And night's pavillion in the sky
(Crown'd with a starry canopy)
Erected stands, whence the pale Moon
Steals out to her Endymion;
Over the meads and o'er the floods,
Thorough the ridings of the woods,
Th' enamour'd huntress scours her ways,
And through night's veil her horns displays.
I have a bower for my love
Hid in the centre of a grove
Of aged oaks, close from the sight
Of all the prying eyes of night.
The polish'd walls of marble be
Pilaster'd round with porphyry,
Casements of crystal, to transmit
Night's sweets to thee, and thine to it;
Fine silver locks to ebon doors,
Rich gilded roofs, and cedar floors,
With all the objects may express
A pleasing solitariness.
Within my love shall find each room
New furnish'd from the silk-worm's loom,
Vessels of the true antique mold,
Cups cut in amber, myrrh, and gold;
Quilts blown with roses beds with down,
More white than Atlas' aged crown;
Carpets where flowers woven grow,
Only thy sweeter steps to strew,
Such as may emulation bring
To the wrought mantle of the Spring.
There silver lamps shall silent shine,
Supply'd by oils of jessamine;
And mists of odours shall arise
To air thy little Paradise.
I have such fruits, too, for thy taste,
As teeming Autumn never grac'd;
Apples as round as thine own eyes,
Or, as thy sister beauties prize,
Smooth as thy snowy skin, and sleek
And ruddy as the morning's cheek;
Grapes, that the Tyrian purple wear,
The sprightly matrons of the year,
Such as Lyæus never bare
About his drowsy brows so fair;
So plump, so large, so ripe, so good,
So full of flavour and of blood.
There's water in a grot hard by
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
Sweet as the milk of sand-red cow,
Brighter than Cynthia's silver bow;
Cold as the goddess' self e'er was,
And clearer than thy looking-glass.
But, oh! the sum of all delight
For which the day submits to night,
Is that, my Phillis, thou wilt find,
When we are in embraces twin'd.
Pleasures that so have tempted Jove
To all his masquerades of love;

For them the prince his purple waves,
And strips him naked as his slaves.
'Tis they that teach humanity
The thing we love, the reason why:
Before we live, but ne'er till then,
Are females women, or males men:
This is the way, and this the trade,
That does perfect what Nature made.
Then go; but first thy beauties screen,
Lest they that revel on the lawns,
The nymphs, the satyrs, and the fawns,
Adore thee for night's horned queen.

THE LITANY.

From a ruler that's a curse,
And a government that's worse;
From a prince that rules by awe,
Whose tyrannic will's his law;
From an armed council-board,
And a sceptre that's a sword,
Libera nos, &c.

From a kingdom, that from health
Sickens to a commonwealth;
From such peers as stain their blood,
And are neither wise, nor good;
From a gentry steep'd in pots,
From unkennelers of plots,
Libera nos, &c.

From a church without divines,
And a presbyter that whines;
From John Calvin, and his pupils,
From a sentence without scruples,
From a clergy without letters,
And a free state bound in fetters,
Libera nos, &c.

From the bustle of the town,
And the knavish tribe o' th' gown;
From long bills where we are debtors,
From bum-bailiffs and their setters;
From the tedious city lectures,
And thanksgivings for protectors,
Libera nos, &c.

From ill victuals when we dine,
And a tavern with ill wine;
From vile smoke in a short pipe,
And a landlord that will gripe;
From long reck'nings, and a wench
That claps in English, or in French,
Libera nos, &c.

From demesnes, whose barren soil
Ne'er produc'd the barley oil;
From a friend for nothing fit,
That nor courage has, nor wit;
From all liars, and from those
Who write nonsense verse, or prose,
Libera nos, &c.

From a virgin that's no maid;
From a kicking, stumbling jade;
From false servants, and a scold,
From all women that are old;
From loud tongues that never lie,
And from a domestic spy,
Libera nos, &c.

From a domineering spouse,
From a smoky, dirty house;
From foul linen, and the noise
Of young children, girls or boys;
From ill beds, and full of fleas,
From a wife with essences,
Libera nos, &c.

From trepans of wicked men,
From the interest of ten;
From rebellion, and the sense
Of a wounded conscience;
Lastly, from the poet's evil,
From his highness[1], and the Devil,
Libera nos, &c.

TO SOME GREAT ONES.

EPIGRAM.

Poets are great men's trumpets, poets feign,
Create them virtues, but dare hint no stain:
This makes the fiction constant, and doth show
You make the poets, not the poets you.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY WORTHY FRIEND,

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

To pay my love to thee, and pay it so,
As honest men should what they justly owe,
Were to write better of thy life than can
Th' assured'st pen of the most worthy man:
Such was thy composition, such thy mind
Improv'd to virtue, and from vice refin'd.
Thy youth, an abstract of the world's best parts,
Enur'd to arms, and exercis'd in arts;
Which with the vigour of a man became
Thine, and thy country's pyramids of flame;
Two glorious lights to guide our hopeful youth
Into the paths of honour and of truth.
These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee,
What man should in his full perfection be:
So sweet a temper into every sense,
And each affection, breath'd an influence,
As smooth'd them to a calm, which still withstood
The ruffling passions of untamed blood,
Without a wrinkle in thy face, to show
Thy stable breast could a disturbance know.
In fortune humble, constant in mischance,
Expert of both, and both serv'd to advance
Thy name, by various trials of thy spirit,
And give the testimony of thy merit;
Valiant to envy of the bravest men,
And learned to an undisputed pen,
Good as the best in both, and great; but yet
No dangerous courage, nor offensive wit:
These ever serv'd, the one for to defend,
The other nobly to advance thy friend;
Under which title I have found my name
Fix'd in the living chronicle of Fame
To times succeeding; yet I hence must go,
Displeas'd I cannot celebrate thee so.
But what respect, acknowledgment, and love,
What these together, when improv'd, improve;
Call it by any name, (so it express
Aught like a tribute to thy worthiness,

[1] O. Cromwell.

And may my bounden gratitude become)
Lovelace, I offer at thy honour'd tomb.
And tho' thy virtues many friends have bred
To love thee living, and lament thee dead,
In characters far better couch'd than these,
Mine will not blot thy fame, nor theirs increase:
'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,
That, maugre Time and Fate, it shall not die.

TO POET E. W[1].

OCCASIONED FOR HIS WRITING A PANEGYRIC ON OLIVER CROMWELL.

From whence, vile poet, didst thou glean the wit
And words for such a vicious poem fit?
Where couldst thou paper find was not too white,
Or ink, that could be black enough to write!
What servile devil tempted thee to be
A flatterer of thine own slavery?
To kiss thy bondage, and extol the deed,
At once that made thy prince and country bleed?
I wonder much thy false heart did not dread,
And shame to write, what all men blush to read:
Thus with a base ingratitude to rear
Trophies unto thy master's murtherer!
Who call'd thee coward (——) much mistook
The characters of thy pedantic look;
Thou hast at once abus'd thyself and us;
He's stout, that dares flatter a tyrant thus.
Put up thy pen and ink, muzzle thy Muse,
Adulterate hag, fit for a common stews,
No good man's library: writ thou hast,
Treason in rhyme has all thy works defac'd:
Such is thy fault, that when I think to find
A punishment of the severest kind
For thy offence, my malice cannot name
A greater, than, once to commit the same.
Where was thy reason, then, when thou began
To write against the sense of God and man?
Within thy guilty breast despair took place,
Thou would'st despairing die in spite of grace.
At once thou'rt judge and malefactor shown,
Each sentence in thy poem is thine own.
Then, what thou hast pronounc'd to execute,
Hang up thyself, and say, I bid thee do't;
Fear not thy memory, that cannot die,
This panegyric is thy elegy,
Which shall be, when or wheresoever read,
A living poem to upbraid thee dead.

AN EPITAPH

ON ROBERT PORT, ESQ. DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT; AND NOW SET UP IN ELUM CHURCH, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

Virtue in those good times that bred good men,
No testimony crav'd of tongue, or pen:
No marble columns, nor engraven brass,
To tell the world that such a person was:
For then each pious act, to fair descent,
Stood for the worthy owner's monument:
But in this change of manners, and of states,
Good names, tho' writ in marble, have their fates.
Such is the barb'rous and irrev'rent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.

[1] Edmund Waller. *C.*

Yet may this happy stone, that bears a name,
(Such as no bold survivor dares to claim)
To ages yet unborn unblemish'd stand,
Safe from the stroke of an inhuman hand.
Here, reader, here a Port's sad reliques lie,
To teach the careless world mortality;
Who, while he mortal was, unrivall'd stood,
The crown and glory of his ancient blood:
Fit for his prince's and his country's trust,
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just.
A loyal husband to his latest end,
A gracious father, and a faithful friend.
Belov'd he liv'd, and dy'd o'ercharg'd with years,
Fuller of honour than of silver hairs:
And, to sum up his virtues, this was he
Who was what all we should, but cannot be.

PHILOXIPES AND POLICRITE.

AN ESSAY TO AN HEROIC POEM.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This canto serves first to relate
Philoxipes his birth and parts;
His prince's friendship, wealth, and state;
His youth, his manners, arms, and arts;
His strange contempt of Love's dread dart:
Till a mere shadow takes his heart.

In Thetis' lap, and by her arms embrac'd,
Betwixt the Syrian and Cilician coasts,
The poets Cyprus fortunately plac'd,
Like Nature's casket, all her treasure boasts:
An isle that once, for her renowned loves,
Stood consecrate to Venus and her doves.

From whose fair womb once sprung as fair a seed,
To shame the brood of the corrupted world,
The graceful sexes of her happy breed,
In one another's chaste embraces curl'd:
Nor other difference knew, than did arise
From em'lous virtue for the virtue's prize.

And these were strifes, where Envy had no place;
She was not known in such a virtuous war;
Nor had Ambition, with her giant race,
In such contentions a malignant share:
Love was the cause, and virtue was the claim,
That could their honest, gentle hearts inflame.

But none, amongst that never-failing race,
Could match Philoxipes, that noble youth,
In strength, and beauty, fortitude, and grace,
In gentle manners, and unblemish'd truth;
In all the virtues and the arts, that should
Embellish manhood, or ennoble blood.

A prince descended from the royal lines
Of Greece and Troy, united in one bed,
Where merit and reward did once combine
The seeds of Æacus and Leomed;
And in a brave succession did agree
Bold Felamon, and fair Hesione.

From this illustrious pair fam'd Teucer sprung,
Who, when return'd from Ilium's fun'ral fire,
Without due vengeance for his brother's wrong,
Was banish'd home by his griev'd father's ire:

And into Cyprus fortunately came
To build a city to his country's name.

Great Salamis, whose polish'd turrets stood
For many ages in the course of time,
T' o'erlook the surface of the swelling flood,
The strength and glory of that fruitful clime,
Was his great work, from whose brave issue, since,
The world receiv'd this worthy, matchless prince.

Worthy his ancestors, and that great name,
His own true merits, with the public voice,
Had won throughout the isle, as his just claim,
Above whatever past a gen'ral choice:
A man so perfect, none could disapprove,
Save that he could not, or he did not love.

Books were his business, his diversion arms,
His practice honour, his achievements fame;
He had no time to love; nor could the charms,
Of any Cyprian nymph his blood inflame:
He thought the fairest print of womankind
Too small a volume to enrich his mind.

He lov'd the tawny lion's dang'rous chase,
The spotted leopard, or the tusked boar;
Their bloody steps would the young hunter trace,
And having lodg'd them, their tough entrails gore:
Love was too soft to feed his gen'rous fire,
And maids too weak to conquer his desire.

In all his intervals of happy truce,
Knowledge and arts, which his high mind endow'd,
Were still his objects, and what they produce
Was the brave issue of his solitude: [praise
He shunn'd dissembling courts, and thought less
Adher'd to diadems, than wreaths of bays.

Although betwixt him and the youthful king,
Who, at this time, the Paphian sceptre sway'd,
A likeness in their manners, and their spring
Had such a true and lasting friendship made,
That, without him, the king did still esteem
His court a cottage, and her glories dim.

One was their country, one the happy earth,
That (to its glory) these young heroes bred;
One year produc'd either's auspicious birth,
One space matur'd them, and one council led:
All things, in fine, wherein their virtues shone,
Youth, beauty, strength, studies, and arms, were one.

This, so establish'd friendship, was the cause,
That when this modest prince would fain retire
From the fond world's importunate applause,
Oft cross'd the workings of his own desire;
And made him, with a fav'rite's love and skill,
Devote his pleasures to his master's will.

But once his presence and assistance stood
In balance with this hopeful monarch's bliss;
Love's golden shaft had fir'd his youthful blood,
Nor any ear must hear his sighs but his:
Artiphala his heart had overthrown,
Maugre his sword, his sceptre, and his crown.

From her bright eyes the wounding light'ning flew
Through the resistance of his manly breast,
By none, but his Philoxipes, that knew
Each motion of his soul to be exprest:
He must his secrets keep, and courtships bear,
Conceal them from the world, but tell them her.

This held him most to shine in the court's sphere,
And practise passion in another's name,
To dally with those arms that levell'd were
His high and yet victorious heart t' inflame:
He sigh'd and wept, expressing all the woe
Despairing lovers in their phrenzy show;

And with so good success, that in some space
The magic of his eloquence, and art,
Had wrought the king into this princess' grace,
And laid the passage open to her heart:
Such royal suiters could not be deny'd,
The whole world's wonder, and one Asia's pride.

The king, thus fix'd a monarch in his love,
And in his mistress' fair surrender crown'd,
Could sometimes now permit his friend's remove,
As having other conversation found;
And now resign him to the peace he sought,
To practise what the wise Athenian taught.

Solon, that oracle of famous Greece,
Could in the course of his experience find
None to bequeath his knowledge to but this,
This glorious youth, bless'd with so rich a mind,
So brave a soul, and such a shining spirit,
As virtue might, by lawful claim, inherit.

It was his precept that did first distil
Virtue into this hopeful young man's breast;
That gave him reason to conduct his will;
That first his soul in sacred knowledge dress'd;
And taught him, that a wise man, when alone,
Is to himself the best companion.

He taught him first into himself retire,
Shunning the greatness, and those gaudy beams,
That often scorch their plumes who high aspire,
And wear the splendour of the world's extremes,
To drink that nectar, and to taste that food,
That, to their greatness, make men truly good.

And his unerring eye had aptly chose
A place so suited to his mind and birth,
For the sweet scene of his belov'd repose,
As all the various beauties of the Earth,
Contracted in one plot, could ne'er outvie
To nourish fancy, or delight the eye.

From the far fam'd Olympus' haughty crown,
Which with curl'd cypress perriwigs his brows,
The crystal Lycus tumbles headlong down,
And thence unto a fruitful valley flows;
Twining with am'rous crooks her verdant waist,
That smiles to see her borders so embrac'd.

Upon whose flow'ry banks a stately pile,
Built from the marble quarry, shining stood:
Like the proud queen of that Elysian isle,
Viewing her front in the transparent flood;
Which, with a murmuring sorrow, kiss'd her base,
As loath to leave so beautiful a place.

Lovely, indeed; if tall and shady groves,
Enamel'd meads, and little purling springs,
Which from the grots, the temples of true loves,
Creep out to trick the earth in wanton rings,
Can give the name of lovely to that place,
Where Nature stands clad in her chiefest grace.

This noble structure, in her site thus bless'd,
Was round adorn'd with many a curious piece;
By ev'ry cunning master's hand express'd,
Of famous Italy, or antique Greece:

As Art and Nature both together strove [love.
Which should attract, and which should fix his

There, whilst the statue and the picture vie
Their shape, and colour, their design, and life,
They value took from his judicious eye,
That could determine best the curious strife:
For naught, that should a prince's virtues fill,
Escap'd his knowledge, or amus'd his skill.

But in that brave collection there was one,
That seem'd to lend her light unto the rest;
Wherein the mast'ry of the pencil shone
Above whatever painter's art express'd;
A woman of so exquisite a frame,
As made all life deform'd, and nature lame.

A piece so wrought. as might to ages stand
The work and likeness of some deity,
To mock the labours of a human hand:
So round, so soft, so airy, and so free,
That it had been no less than to prophane,
To dedicate that face t' a mortal name.

For Venus, therefore, goddess of that isle,
The cunning artist nam'd this brave design,
The critic eyes of wond'rers to beguile;
As if, inspired, had drawn a shape divine:
Venus Urania, parent of their bliss,
Could be express'd in nothing more than this.

And such a power had the lovely shade
Over this prince's yet unconquer'd mind,
That his indiff'rent eye full oft it stay'd,
And by degrees his noble heart inclin'd
To say, that could this frame a woman be,
She were his mistress, and no fair but she.

Cætera desunt.

TO MR. ALEXANDER BROME.

EPODE.

Now let us drink, and with our nimble feet
The floor in graceful measures beat;
Never so fit a time for harmless mirth
Upon the sea-girt spot of earth.
The king's return'd! Fill nectar to the brim,
And let Lyæus proudly swim:
Our joys are full, and uncontrolled flow,
Then let our cups (my hearts) be so:
Begin the frolic, send the liquor round,
And as our king, our cups be crown'd.
Go, boy, and pierce the old Falernian wine,
And make us chaplets from the vine.
Range through the drowsy vessels of the cave,
Till we an inundation have;
Spare none of all the store, but ply thy task,
Till Bacchus' throne be empty cask;
But let the must alone, for that we find
Will leave a crapula behind.
Our griefs once made us thirsty, and our joy,
If not allay'd, may now destroy.
Light up the silent tapers, let them shine,
To give complexion to our wine;
Fill each a pipe of the rich Indian fume,
To vapour incense in the room,
That we may in that artificial shade
Drink all a night ourselves have made.
No cup shall be discharg'd, whilst round we sit,
Without a smart report of wit;
Whilst our inventions, quicken'd thus and warm,
Hit all they fly at, but not harm;
For it wit's mast'ry is, and chiefest art,
To tickle all, but make none smart.
Thus shall our draughts and conversation be
Equally innocent and free:
Our loyalty the centre, we the ring,
Drink round, and changes to the king;
Let none avoid, dispute, or dread his cups,
The strength or quantity he sups:
Our brains, of raptures full, and so divine,
Have left no room for fumes of wine;
And though we drink like freemen of the deep,
We'll scorn the frail support of sleep;
For whilst with Charles his presence we are blest,
Security shall be our rest.
Anacreon, come, and touch thy jolly lyre,
And bring in Horace to the choir:
Mould all our healths in your immortal rhyme,
Who cannot sing, shall drink in time.
We'll be one harmony, one mirth, one voice,
One love, one loyalty, one noise;
Of wit, and joy, one mind, and that as free,
As if we all one man could be.
Drown'd be past sorrows, with our future care,
For (if we know how bless'd we are)
A knowing prince at last is wafted home,
That can prevent, as overcome.
Make then our injuries, and harms to be
The chorus to our jollity,
And from those iron times, past woes recall,
Extract one mirth to balance all.

ON TOBACCO.

What horrid sin condemn'd the teeming Earth,
And curst her womb with such a monstrous birth?
What crime America, that Heav'n would please
To make thee mother of the world's disease?
In thy fair womb what accidents could breed,
What plague give root to this pernicious weed?
Tobacco! oh, the very name doth kill,
And has already fox'd my reeling quill:
I now could write libels against the king,
Treason, or blasphemy, or any thing
'Gainst piety, and reason; I could frame
A panegyre to the protector's name:
Such sly infection does the world infuse
Into the soul of ev'ry modest Muse.
What politic Peregrine was 't first could boast,
He brought a pest into his native coast?
Th' abstract of poison in a stinking weed,
The spurious issue of corrupted seed;
Seed belch'd in earthquakes from the dark abyss,
Whose name a blot in Nature's herbal is.
What drunken fiend taught Englishmen the crime,
Thus to puff out, and spawl away their time?
Pernicious weed, (should not my Muse offend,
To say Heav'n made aught for a cruel end)
I should proclaim that thou created wert,
To ruin man's high, and immortal part.
Thy Stygian damp obscures our reason's eye,
Debauches wit, and makes invention dry;
Destroys the memory, confounds our care;
We know not what we do, or what we are:
Renders our faculties and members lame
To ev'ry office of our country's claim.
Our life's a drunken dream devoid of sense:
And the best actions of our time offence.

Our health, diseases, lethargies, and rheum,
Our friendship's fire, and all our vows are fume.
Of late there's no such things as wit, or sense,
Counsel, instruction, or intelligence:
Discourse that should distinguish man from beast,
Is by the vapour of this weed supprest;
For what we talk is interrupted stuff,
The one half English, and the other puff:
Freedom and truth are things we do not know,
We know not what we say, nor what we do:
We want in all the understanding's light,
We talk in clouds, and walk in endless night.
We smoke, as if we meant, conceal'd by spell,
To spy abroad, yet be invisible:
But no discovery shall the statesman boast,
We raise a mist wherein our selves are lost,
A stinking shade, and whilst we pipe it thus,
Each one appears an ignis fatuus.
Courtier and peasant, nay the madam nice
Is likewise fall'n into the common vice:
We all in dusky errour groping lie,
Robb'd of our reasons, and the day's bright eye,
Whilst sailors from the main top see our isle
Wrapt up in smoke, like the Ætnean pile.
What nameless ill does its contagion shroud
In the dark mantle of this noisome cloud?
Sure 'tis the devil: Oh, I know that's it,
Foh! how the sulphur makes me cough and spit?
'Tis he; or else some fav'rite fiend, at least,
In all the mischief of his malice drest,
Each deadly sin that lurks t' intrap the soul;
Does here conceal'd in curling vapours roll:
And for the body such an unknown ill,
As makes physicians' reading, and their skill,
One undistinguish'd pest, made up of all
That men experience'd do diseases call;
Coughs, asthmas, apoplexies, fevers, rheum,
All that kill dead, or lingeringly consume;
Folly and madness, nay the plague, the pox,
And ev'ry fool wears a Pandora's box.
From that rich mine the stupid sot doth fill,
Smokes up his liver, and his lungs, until
His reeking nostrils monstrously proclaim,
His brains and bowels are consuming flame.
What noble soul would be content to dwell
In the dark lanthorn of a smoky cell?
To prostitute his body and his mind
To a debauch of such a stinking kind?
To sacrifice to Molech, and to fry,
In such a base, dirty idolatry;
As if frail life, which of itself's too short,
Were to be whift away in drunken sport.
Thus, as if weary of our destin'd years,
We burn the thread so to prevent the shears.
What noble end can simple man propose
For a reward to his all-smoking nose?
His purposes are levell'd sure amiss,
Where neither ornament nor pleasure is.
What can he then design his worthy hire?
Sure 'tis t' inure him for eternal fire:
And thus his aim must admirably thrive,
In hopes of Hell, he damns himself alive.
But my infected Muse begins to choke
In the vile stink of the increasing smoke,
And can no more in equal numbers chime,
Unless to sneeze, and cough, and spit in rhyme.
Half stifled now in this new time's disease,
She must in fumo vanish, and disease.
This is her fault's excuse, and her pretence,
This satire, perhaps, else had look'd like sense.

LAURA SLEEPING.

ODE.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings;
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace;
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft love,
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lovers' sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning door;
Sweet as the winds that gently fly,
To sweep the Spring's enamell'd floor.

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born christal streams,
Under the bright enamour'd Sun.

But when she waking shall display
Her light, retire within your bar,
Her breath is life, her eyes are day,
And all mankind her creatures are.

LAURA WEEPING.

ODE.

Chaste, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow from her bed,
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pace,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear,
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet sorrow, drest in such a look,
As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
Charact'red with clandestine fire.

Down dropp'd a tear, to deck her cheeks
With orient treasure of her own;
Such as the diving Negro seeks
T' adorn the monarch's mighty crown.

Then a full show'r of pearly dew,
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall:
As in due homage to bestrew;
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

So have I seen the springing morn
In dark and humid vapours clad,
Not to eclipse, but to adorn
Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

Spare (Laura) spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for other sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

Then let them shine forth to declare
The sweet serenity within,
May each day of thy life be fair,
And to eclipse one hour be sin.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAYNE,

ON CAPTAIN HANNIBALL.

EPIG.

Your captain Hanniball does snort and puff,
Arm'd in his brazen-face, and greasy buff, [roar,
'Mongst punks, and panders, and can rant, and
With Cacala the turd, and his poor whore.
But I would wish his valour not mistake us,
All captains are not like his brother Dacus;
Advise him then be quiet; or I shall
Bring captain Hough, to bait your Hanniball.

IN IMITATION OF A SONG

IN THE PLAY OF ROLLO.

Take, O take, my fears away,
Which thy cold disdains have bred;
And grant me one auspicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties shed.
But thy killing beams restrain,
Lest I be by beauty slain.

Spread, O spread, those orient twins
Which thy snowy bosom grace,
Where love in milk and roses swims,
Blind with lustre of thy face.
But let love thaw them first, lest I
Do on those frozen mountains die.

TO SIR ASTON COCKAYNE,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF OVID.

Long live the poet, and his lovely Muse,
The stage with wit and learning to infuse,
Embalm him in immortal elegy,
My gentle Naso, for if he should die,
Who makes thee live, thou'lt be again pursu'd,
And banish'd Heaven for ingratitude.
Transform again thy metamorphosis
In one, and turn thy various shapes to his,
A twin-born Muse in such embraces curl'd,
As shall subject the scribblers of the world,
And spite of time, and envy, henceforth sit,
The ruling Gemini of love and wit. [glide
So two pure streams in one smooth channel
In even motion, without ebb or tide,
As in your pens Tybur and Ancor meet,
And run meanders with their silver feet.
Both soft, both gentle, both transcending high,
Both skill'd alike in charming elegy;
So equally admir'd the laurel's due
Without distinction both to him and you:
Naso was Rome's fam'd Ovid, you alone
Must be the Ovid to our Albion;
In all things equal, saving in this case,
Our modern Ovid has the better grace.

PHILODRAMATOS.

DE DIE MARTIS, & DIE VENERIS.

EPIG.

Saturn and Sol, and Luna chaste,
'Twixt Mars and Venus still are plac'd,
Whilst Mercury and Jove divide
The lovers on the other side.
What may the hidden mystery
Of this unriddled order be?
The gods themselves do justly fear,
That should they trust these two too near,
Mars would be drown'd in Venus, and so they
Should lose a planet, and the week a day.

ALIUD.

Should Mars and Venus have their will,
Venus would keep her Friday ill.

TRANSLATIONS OUT OF SEVERAL POETS.

HORACE HIS SECOND EPODE TRANSLATED.

Happy's that man that is from city care
Sequester'd, as the ancients were;
That with his own ox ploughs his father's lands,
Untainted with usurious bands:
That from alarms of war in quiet sleeps;
Nor's frighted with the raging deeps:
That shuns litigious law, and the proud state
Of his more potent neighbour's gate.
Therefore, he either is employ'd to join
The poplar to the sprouting vine,
Pruning luxurious branches, grafting some
More hopeful offspring in their room:
Or else his sight in humble vallies feasts,
With scatter'd troops of lowing beasts:
Or refin'd honey in fine vessels keeps;
Or shears his snowy tender sheep:
Or, when Autumnus shows his fruitful head
I th' mellow fields with apples covered,
How he delights to pluck the grafted pear,
And grapes, whose cheeks do purple wear!
Of which to thee, Priapus, tithes abound,
And Silvan patron of his ground.
Now, where the aged oak his green arms spreads,
He lies, now in the flow'ry meads:
Whilst through their deep-worn banks the murmuring floods
Do glide, and birds chant in the woods:
And bubbling fountains flowing streams do weep,
A gentle summons unto sleep.
But when cold Winter does the storms prepare,
And snow of thund'ring Jupiter;
Then with his dogs the furious boar he foils,
Compell'd into objected toils:
Or, on the forks extends his mashy net,
For greedy thrushes a deceit.
The fearful hare too, and the stranger crane
With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
Who but with such diversions would remove
All the malignant cares of love?
But, if to these he have a modest spouse,
To nurse his children, keep his house,
Such, as the Sabine women, or the tann'd
Wife o'th' painful Apulian,

To make a good fire of dry wood, when come
From his hard labour weary home;
The wanton cattle in their booths to tie,
Stripping their stradling udders dry,
Drawing the must from forth the cleanly vats,
To wash down their unpurchas'd cates;
Mullet or thornback cannot please me more,
Nor oysters from the Lucrine shore,
When by an eastern tempest they are tost,
Into the sea, that sweeps this coast.
The turkey fair of Afric shall not come,
Within the confines of my womb:
As olives from the fruitfull'st branches got,
Ionian snites so sweet are not;
Or sorrel growing in the meadow ground,
Or mallows for the body sound;
The lamb kill'd for the Terminalia;
Or kid redeem'd from the wolf's prey.
Whilst thus we feed, what joy 'tis to behold
The pastur'd sheep haste to their fold!
And th' wearied ox with drooping neck to come
Haling th' inverted culture home;
And swarms of servants from their labour quit
About the shining fire sit!
Thus when the usurer Alphius had said,
Now purposing this life to lead,
I'th' Ides call'd in his money; but for gain
I'th' Kalends put it forth again.

HORAT. ODE IX. LIB. 3.

AD LYDIAM.

HOR.

Whilst I was acceptable unto thee,
And that no other youthful arm might cling
About thy snowy neck, than mine more free,
More blest I flourish'd than the Persian king.

LYD.

And, for no other woman's beauty, when [come
Thou sigh'dst; and when thy Chloe did not
Before thy Lydia, thy Lydia then
Flourish'd more fam'd than Ilia of Rome.

HOR.

Now Thracian Chloe is my only dear,
Skill'd on the harp, and skilful in an air!
For whom to die I not at all should fear,
If gentle fate my soul in her would spare.

LYD.

The son of Ornithus the Thurine, me
With equal violence of heat doth move:
For whom, with all my heart, I twice would die,
So fate would spare the gentle boy, my love.

HOR.

What if our friendship should renew,
And link our loves in a more lasting chain?
Yellow-hair'd Chloe should I slight for you,
Should my access to thee be free again?

LYD.

Though than a glorious star he is more bright,
And thou than is the Adriatic sea
More raging, and than spongy cork more light,
Yet should I love to live and die with thee.

HER HEART AND MINE.

OUT OF ASTREA.

MADRIGAL.

Well may I say that our two hearts
Composed are of flinty rock;
Mine as resisting rigorous darts;
Yours as it can indure the shock
Of love, and of my tears and smart.

But when I weigh the griefs, whereby
My suff'rings I perpetuate,
I say, in this extremity,
In constancy, that I am that
Rock, which you are in cruelty.

AN ODE OF JOHANNES SECUNDUS,

TRANSLATED.

TO MY DEAR TUTOR MR. RALPH RAWSON.

The world shall want Phœbean light,
And th' icy Moon obscured lie,
And sparkling stars their rooms shall quit
I' th' gloomy sky:

The Crab shall shorter cut the day,
The Capricorn prolong its hours,
And t' abridge night's unpleasant stay,
Command the powers:

Earth shall be plough'd by crooked ships,
And cars shall roll upon the seas,
Fishes in woods, boars in the deep
Shall live and graze:

Before I'll lay aside that care
Of thee, that's in my bosom bred,
Whether i'th' centre, or i'th' air,
Alive, or dead.

EPIG.

TRANSLATED OUT OF HIERON. AMALTHEUS.

Acon his right, Leonilla her left eye
Doth want; yet each in form the gods outvie.
Sweet boy, with thine thy sister's light improve;
So shall she Venus be, and thou blind Love.

MART. LIB. X. EP. 47.

AD SEIPSUM.

These, pleasant Martial, are the things
That to man's life contentment brings;
Wealth by succession got, not toil;
A glowing hearth; a fruitful soil;
No strife; few suits; a mind not drown'd
In cares; clean strength; a body sound;
Prudent simplicity; equal friends;
No diet, that to lavish tends;
A night not steep'd in drink, yet freed
From care; a chaste and peaceful bed;
Untroubled sleeps, that render night
Shorter, and sweeter till the light;

To be best pleas'd with thine own state,
Neither to wish, nor fear thy fate.

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 3.

AD MUSAM.

It was enough five, six, seven books to fill,
Yea and too much; why, Muse, dost scribble still?
Cease, and be modest. Fame no farther grace
Can add; my book's worn out in every place.
When ras'd Messalla's monumentals must
Lie with Licinus's lofty tomb in dust,
I shall be read, and travellers that come
Transport my verses to their father's home.
Thus I had once resolv'd, (her clothes and head
Besmear'd with ointment) when Thalia said,
"Canst thou, ungrateful, thus renounce thy rhyme?
Tell me, how would'st thou spend thy vacant time?
To tragic buskins would'st thy sock transfer,
And in heroic verse sing bloody war?
That tyrannous pedants with awful voice
May terrify old men, virgins, and boys:
Let rigid antiquaries such things write,
Who by a blinking lamp consume the night,
With Roman air touch up thy poem's dress,
That th' age may read its manners, and confess:
Thou'lt find thou may'st with trifling subjects play,
Until their trumpets to thy reed give way."

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 35.

IN PESSIMOS CONJUGES.

Since y'are alike in manners, and in life,
A wicked husband, and a wicked wife,
I wonder much you are so full of strife!

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 59.

IN VACERRAM.

But antique poets thou admirest none,
And only praisest them are dead and gone.
I beg your pardon, good Vacerra, I
Can't on such terms find in my heart to die.

ID. LIB. VIII. EP. 41.

AD FAUSTINUM.

Sad Athenagoras nought presents me now,
As in December he was wont to do.
If Athenagoras be sad, or no,
I'll see: I'm sure that he has made me so.

ID. LIB. XII. EP. 7.

DE LIGIA.

If by her hairs Ligia's age be told,
'Tis soon cast up, that she is three years old.

DE FORTUNA; AN SIT CŒCA.

EPIG. EX JOHANN. SECUNDO.

Why do they speak the goddess Fortune blind?
Because she's only to th' unjust inclin'd;
This reason, not her blindness, does declare,
They only Fortune need who wicked are.

OUT OF ASTREA.

MADRIGAL.

I think I could my passion sway,
Though great, as beauty's power can move
To such obedience, as to say,
I cannot; or I do not love.
But to pretend another flame,
Since I adore thy conqu'ring eye,
To thee and truth, were such a shame,
I cannot do it, though I die.

If I must one, or th' other do,
Then let me die, I beg of you.

STANZES UPON THE DEATH OF CLEON.

OUT OF ASTREA.

The beauty which so soon to cinders turn'd,
By death of her humanity depriv'd,
Like light'ning vanish'd, like the bolt it burn'd:
So great this beauty was, and so short-liv'd.

Those eyes, so practis'd once in all the arts,
That loyal love attempted; or e'er knew:
Those fair eyes now are shut, that once the hearts
Of all that saw their lustre, did subdue.

If this be true, beauty is ravish'd hence,
Love vanquish'd droops, that ever conquered,
And she who gave life by her influence,
Is, if she live not in my bosom, dead.

Henceforth what happiness can fortune send,
Since death, this abstract of all joy has won;
Since shadows do the substance still attend,
And that our good does but our ill fore-run?

It seems, my Cleon, in thy rising morn,
That destiny thy whole day's course had bound,
And that thy beauty, dead, as soon as born,
Its fatal hearse has in its cradle found.

No, no, thou shalt not die; I death will prove,
Who life by thy sweet inspiration drew;
If lovers live in that which doth them love,
Thou liv'st in me, who ever lov'd most true.

If I do live, love then will have it known,
That even death itself he can controul,
Or, as a god, to have his power shown,
Will that I live without or heart, or soul.

But, Cleon, if Heav'n's unresisted will
'Point thee, of death th' inhuman fate to try,
Love to that fate equals my fortune still,
Thou by my mourning, by thy death I die.

Thus did I my immortal sorrows breathe, [woe;
Mine eyes to fountains turn'd of springing
But could not stay the wounding hand of death;
Lament; but not lessen misfortune so.

When Love with me having bewail'd the loss
Of this sweet beauty, thus much did express,
" Cease, cease to weep, this mourning is too gross,
Our tears are still than our misfortune less."

SONG OF THE INCONSTANT HYLAS.

OUT OF ASTREA.

If one disdain me, then I fly
Her cruelty, and her disdain;
And e'er the morning gild the sky,
Another mistress do obtain.
They err who hope by force to move
A woman's heart to like; or love.

It oft falls out that they, who in
Discretion seem us to despise,
Nourish a greater fire within,
Although perhaps conceal'd it lies.
Which we, when once we quit our rooms,
Do kindle for the next that comes.

The faithful fool that obstinate
Pursues a cruel beauty's love,
To him, and to his truth ingrate
Idolater does he not prove?
That from his pow'rless idol, never
Receives a med'cine for his fever.

They say the unweary'd lover's pains
By instance meet with good success;
For he by force his end obtains:
'Tis an odd method of address,
To what design so e'er 't relate,
Still, still to be importunate.

Do but observe the hourly fears
Of your pretended faithful lover,
Nothing but sorrow, sighs, and tears,
You in his cheerfull'st looks discover;
As though the lover's sophistry
Were nothing but to whine and cry.

Ought he by a man's name be stil'd,
That (losing the honour of a man)
Whines for his pippin, like a child
Whipp'd and sent back to school again,
Or rather fool that thinks amiss,
He loves, but knows not what love is!

For my part I'll decline this folly,
By others' harms (thank fate) grown wise,
Such dotage begets melancholy,
I must profess love's liberties;
And never angry am at all
At them who me inconstant call.

SONNET.

OUT OF ASTREA.

Since I must how eradicate the flame,
Which, seeing you, love in my bosom plac'd,
And the desires which thus long could last,
Kindled so well, and nourish'd in the same.
Since time, that first saw their original,
Must triumph in their end, and victor be,
Let's have a brave design, and to be free,
Cut off at once the briar, rose, and all.

Let us put out the fire love has begot,
Break the tough cord tied with so fast a knot,
And voluntary take a brave adieu.
So shall we nobly conquer love and fate,
And at the liberty of choice do that,
Which time itself, at last, would make us do.

STANZES DE MONSIEUR DE SCUDERY.

Fair nymph, by whose perfections mov'd,
My wounded heart is turn'd to flame;
By all admired, by all approv'd,
Indure at least to be belov'd,
Although you will not love again.

Aminta, as unkind as fair,
What is there that you ought to fear?
For cruel if I you declare,
And that indeed you cruel are,
Why the reproach may you not hear?

Even reproaches should delight,
If friendship for me you have none;
And if no anger, I have yet
Enough perhaps that may invite
Your hatred, or compassion.

When your disdain is most severe,
When you most rigorous do prove,
When frowns of anger most you wear;
You still more charming do appear,
And I am more and more in love.

Ah! let me, sweet, your sight enjoy,
Though with the forfeit of my life;
For fall what will, I'd rather die,
Beholding you, of present joy,
Than absent, of a ling'ring grief.

Let your eyes lighten till expiring
In flame my heart a cinder lie;
Falling is nobler than retiring,
And in the glory of aspiring,
'Tis brave to tumble from the sky.

Yet I would any thing embrace,
Might serve your anger to appease;
And, if I may obtain my grace,
Your steps shall leave no print, nor trace
I will not with devotion kiss.

If (cruel) you will have it so,
No word my passion shall betray;
My wounded heart shall hide its woe:
But if it sigh, those sighs will blow,
And tell you what my tongue would say.

Should yet your rigour higher rise,
Even those offending sighs shall cease;
I will my pain and grief disguise:
But (sweet) if you consult mine eyes,
Those eyes will tell you my distress.

If th' utmost my respect can do,
Still more your cruelty displease;
Consult your face, and that will show
What love is to such beauty due,
And to the state of my disease.

EPITAPH DE MONSIEUR MAYNARD.

JOHN, who below here reposes at leisure,
By pilf'ring on all hands, did rake up a treasure
Above what he e'er could have hop'd for himself;
He was master of much, but imparted to no man;
So that had he not had a wife that was common,
Ne'er any man living had shar'd of his wealth.

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR MAYNARD.

ANTONY feigns him sick of late,
Only to show how he at home,
Lies in a princely bed of state,
And in a nobly furnish'd room,
Adorn'd with pictures of Vandike's,
A pair of chrystal candlesticks,
Rich carpets, quilts, the devil, and all:
Then you his careful friends, if ever,
You wish to cure him of his fever,
Go lodge him in the hospital.

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR CORNEILLE.

MARTIN, pox on him, that impudent devil,
That now only lives by his shifts,
By borrowing of dribblets, and gifts,
For a forlorn guinea I lent him last day,
Which I was assured he never would pay;
On my own paper would needs be so civil,
To give me a note of his hand.
But I did the man so well understand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trepann'd,
And therefore told him 'twas needless to do't:
For, said I, "I shall not be hasty to dun ye,
And 'tis enough surely to part with my money,
Without losing my paper to boot."

EPIG. DE MONSIEUR DE BENSAURADE.

HERE lies a great load of extr'ordinary merit,
Who taught us to know e'er he did hence depart,
That a man may well live without any heart,
And die (which is strange!) without rend'ring his spirit.

SEDE D' AMORE.

MADRIGAL. FROM CAVALIER GUARINI.

TELL me, Cupid, where's thy nest,
In Clora's eyes, or in my breast?
When I do behold her rays,
I conclude it in her face:
But when I consider how
They both wound and burn me too,
I conclude then by my smart,
Thou inhabit'st in my heart.
Mighty love, to show thy power,
Though it be but for an hour,
Let me beg without offence,
Thou wilt shift thy residence,
And erect thyself a nest
In my eyes, and in her breast.

FOCO DI SDEGNO.

FROM CAVALIER GUARINI. MADRIGAL.

FAIR and false, I burn 'tis true,
But by love am no ways moved;
Since your falsehood renders you
So unfit to be beloved,
Tigress, then, that you no more,
May triumph it in my smart;
It is fit you know before,
That I now have cur'd my heart.
Henceforth then if I do mourn,
And that still I live in pain.
With another flame I burn;
Not with love; but with disdain.

RISPOSTA DEL TASTO.

BURN or freeze at thine own pleasure,
Thou art free to love, or no;
'Tis as little loss, as treasure,
Whether thou be'st friend or foe.
Lover false and unadvised,
Who to threaten are so vain,
Light thy love I ever prized,
And less value thy disdain.
If to love 'twas ever bootless,
And neglected was thy smart:
The disdains will be as fruitless,
Of thy fickle hollow heart.

WINTER.

HARK, hark, I hear the north wind roar,
See how he riots on the shore;
And with expanded wings outstretch,
Ruffles the billows on the beach.

Hark, how the routed waves complain,
And call for succour to the main,
Flying the storm as if they meant
To creep into the continent.

Surely all Æol's huffing brood
Are met to war against the flood,
Which seem surpris'd, and have not yet
Had time his levies to complete.

The beaten bark, her rudder lost,
Is on the rolling billows tost;
Her keel now ploughs the ooze, and soon
Her top-mast tilts against the Moon.

'Tis strange! the pilot keeps his seat;
His bounding ship does so curvet,
Whilst the poor passengers are found,
In their own fears already drown'd.

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the main.

Now stars conceal'd in clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep;
And lobsters spued from the brine,
With Cancer constellations shine.

Sure Neptune's watery kingdoms yet
Since first their corral graves were wet,
Were ne'er disturb'd with such alarms,
Nor had such trial of their arms.

See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made up of innumerable tides,
And tumbles headlong to the strand,
As if the sea would come to land.

A sail, a sail, I plainly spy,
Betwixt the ocean and the sky,
An Argosy, a tall built ship,
With all her pregnant sails a-trip.

Nearer, and nearer, she makes way,
With canvas wings into the bay;
And now upon the deck appears
A crowd of busy mariners.

Methinks I hear the cordage crack,
With furrowing Neptune's foaming back,
Who wounded, and revengeful roars
His fury to the neighb'ring shores.

With massy trident high, he heaves
Her sliding keel above the waves,
Opening his liquid arms to take
The bold invader in his wrack.

See how she dives into his chest,
Whilst raising up his floating breast
To clasp her in, he makes her rise
Out of the reach of his surprise.

Nearer she comes, and still doth sweep
The azure surface of the deep,
And now at last the waves have thrown
Their rider on our Albion.

Under the black cliff, spumy base,
The sea-sick hulk her freight displays,
And as she walloweth on the sand,
Vomits her burthen to the land.

With heads erect, and plying oar,
The ship-wreck'd mates make to the shore;
And dreadless of their danger, climb
The floating mountains of the brine.

Hark, hark, the noise their echo make
The island's silver waves to shake;
Sure with these throes, the lab'ring main
'S deliver'd of a hurricane.

And see the seas becalm'd behind,
Not crisp'd with any breeze of wind;
The tempest has forsook the waves,
And on the land begins his braves.

Hark, hark, their voices higher rise,
They tear the welkin with their cries;
The very rocks their fury feel,
And like sick drunkards nod and reel.

Louder, and louder, still they come,
Nile's cataracts to these are dumb;
The Cyclope to these blades are still,
Whose anvils shake the burning hill.

Were all the stars enlight'ned skies,
As full of ears as sparkling eyes;
This rattle in the christal hall,
Would be enough to deaf them all.

What monstrous race is hither tost,
Thus to alarm our British coast
With outcries, such as never yet
War, or confusion could beget.

Oh! now I know them, let us home,
Our mortal enemy is come,
Winter and all his blust'ring train,
Have made a voyage o'er the main.

Vanish'd the countries of the Sun,
The fugitive is hither run,
To ravish from our fruitful fields
All that the teeming season yields.

Like an invader, not a guest,
He comes to riot, not to feast;
And in wild fury overthrows
Whatever does his march oppose,

With bleak and with congealing winds,
The Earth in shining chains he binds;
And still as he doth farther pass,
Quarries his way with liquid glass.

Hark, how the blusterers of the Bear,
Their gibbous cheeks in triumph tear,
And with continued shouts do ring
The entry of their palsy'd king.

The squadron nearest to your eye,
Is his forlorn of infantry,
Bow-men of unrelenting minds,
Whose shafts are feather'd with the winds.

Now you may see his vanguard rise
Above the earthy precipice,
Bold horse on bleakest mountains bred,
With hail instead of provend fed.

Their lances are the pointed locks,
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks,
Their shields are crystals as their swords,
The steel the rusted rock affords.

See the main body now appears,
And hark the Æolian trumpeters,
By their hoarse levets do declare,
That the bold general rides there.

And look where mantled up in white,
He sleds it like the Muscovite;
I know him by the port he bears,
And his life-guard of mountaineers.

Their caps are furr'd with hoary frost,
The bravery their cold kingdom boasts;
Their spongy plads are milk-white frieze,
Spun from the snowy mountain's fleece.

Their partizans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;
And pendant by their brawny thighs,
Hang cimeters of burnish'd ice.

See, see, the rear-ward now has won
The promontory's trembling crown,
Whilst at their numerous spurs, the ground
Groans out a hollow murmuring sound.

The forlorn now halts for the van;
The rear-guard draws up to the main;
And now they altogether crowd
Their troops into a threat'ning cloud.

Fly, fly; the foe advances fast
Into our fortress, let us haste
Where all the roarers of the north
Can neither storm, nor starve us forth.

There under ground a magazine
Of sovereign juice is collar'd in,
Liquor that will the siege maintain.
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

'Tis that, that gives the poet rage,
And thaws the jelly'd blood of age;
Matures the young, restores the old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortune sweet,
And Venus frolic in the sheet.

Then let the chill sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar.

Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit;
Where though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to:
When having drank all thine and mine,
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live,
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
The afflicted into joy, th' opprest
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favour return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie,
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses.
Poor unregarded virtue praise,
And the neglected poet bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice
That does this happiness produce,
And will preserve us free together,
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

Then let old Winter take his course,
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply,
With all his loud artillery,
Whilst sack and claret man the fort,
His fury shall become our sport.

Or, let him Scotland take, and there
Confine the plotting Presbyter;
His zeal may freeze, whilst we kept warm
With love and wine, can know no harm.

AN ELEGY UPON THE LORD HASTINGS.

Amongst the mourners that attend his herse
With flowing eyes, and wish each tear a verse,
T' embalm his fame, and his dear merit save
Uninjur'd from th' oblivion of the grave;
A sacrificer I am come to be,
Of this poor off'ring to his memory.
O could our pious meditations thrive
So well, to keep his better part alive!
So that, instead of him, we could but find
Those fair examples of his letter'd mind:
Virtuous emulation then might be
Our hopes of good men, though not such as he.
But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,
Pale virtue droops, now her best pattern's lost.
'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human parts,
The strength of goodness, learning, and of arts,
Full crowds of friends, nor all the pray'rs of them,
Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,
Affection's mark, secure of all men's hate,
Could rescue him from the sad stroke of fate.
Why was not th' air drest in prodigious forms,
To groan in thunder, and to weep in storms?
And, as at some men's fall, why did not his
In nature work a metamorphosis?
No; he was gentle, and his soul was sent
A silent victim to the firmament.
Weep, ladies, weep, lament great Hastings' fall;
His house is bury'd in his funeral:
Bathe him in tears, till there appear no trace
Of those sad blushes in his lovely face:
Let there be in 't of guilt no seeming sense,
Nor other colour than of innocence.
For he was wise and good, though he was young;
Well suited to the stock from whence he sprung:
And what in youth is ignorance and vice,
In him prov'd piety of an excellent price.
Farewel, dear lord, and since thy body must
In time return to its first matter, dust;
Rest in thy melancholy tomb in peace: for who
Would longer live, that could but now die so?

END OF VOL. VI.

G. Woodfall, Printer,
Paternoster-row, London.

Chalmers, Alexander (ed.)
The works of the English poets